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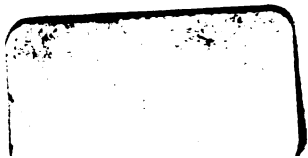
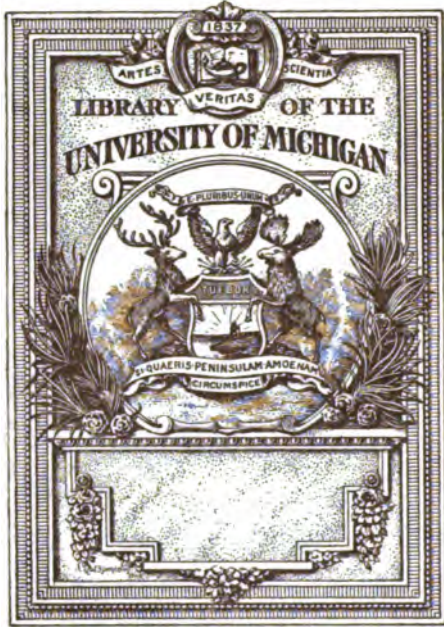
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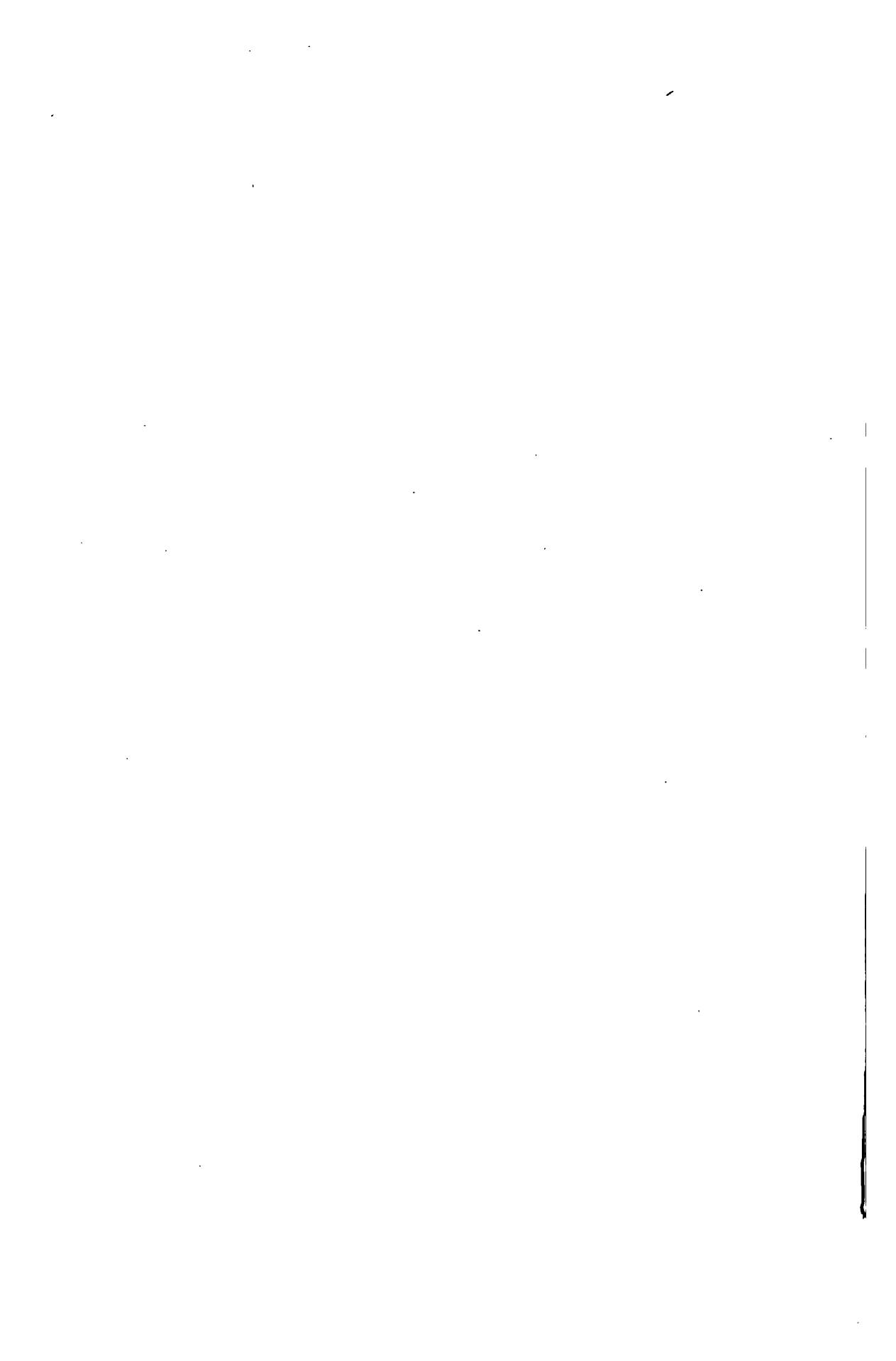
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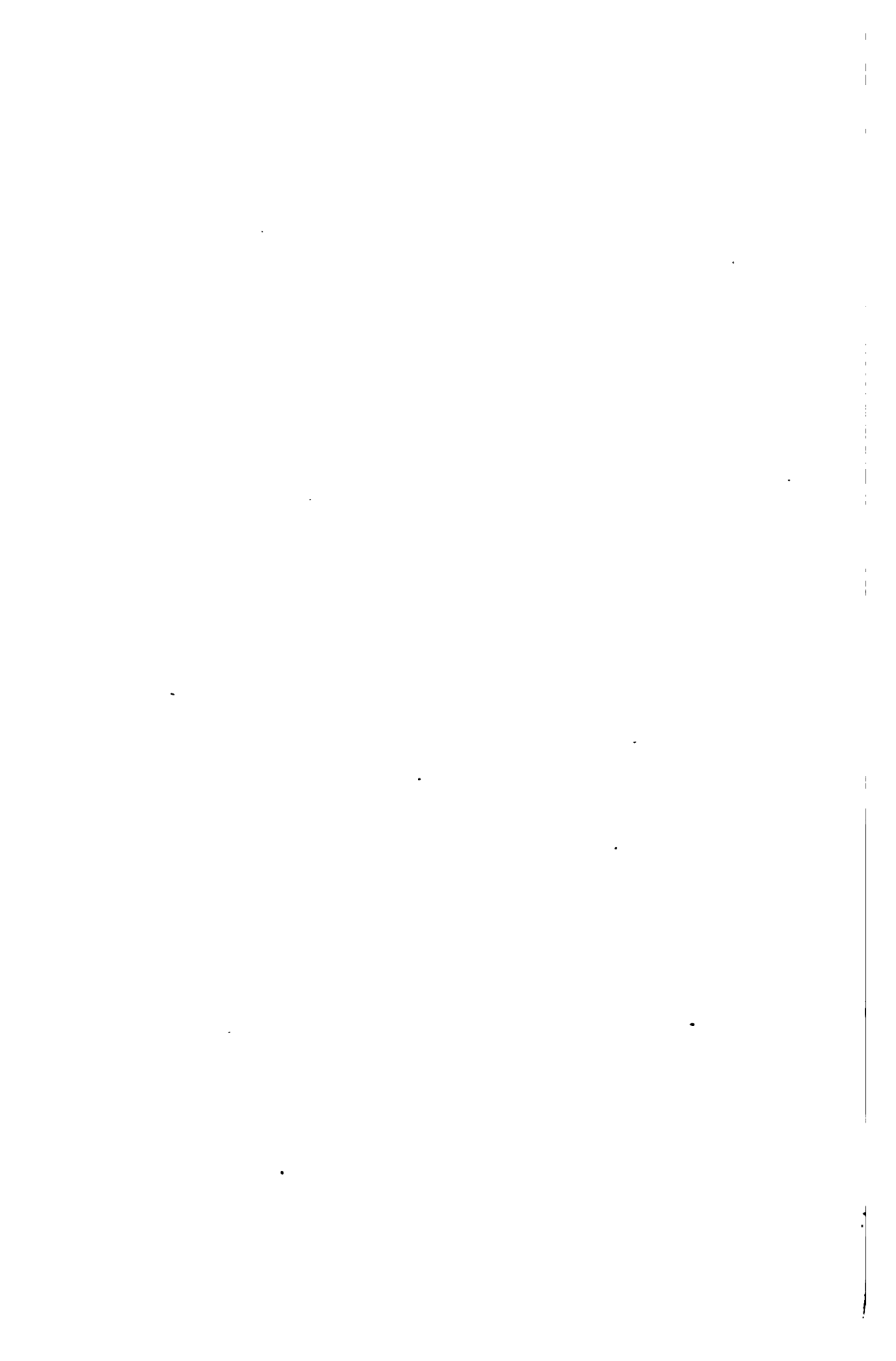
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LITTELL'S
LIVING AGE.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE most important part of the late news from England, is the great stride which Sir Robert Peel has made in the direction of Free Trade. He has entirely taken the duties off about four hundred articles, which yielded about seven millions to the revenue. Among those free articles are *cotton*,—which paid a duty of about a cent and a quarter a pound,—pearl ashes, lard oil, and many other articles which may now be largely shipped from the United States. We are especially pleased that many of these articles are the produce of the western country, which will thus be brought into closer connexion with England, and will not be so ready to quarrel with a good customer.

If we may put the church after the state, the news next interesting is the action of the University of Oxford upon Mr. Ward's book. It was decided by more than two to one, that passages of this book were contrary to the doctrine of the Church of England, and inconsistent with good faith in Mr. Ward, who had obtained preferment by subscribing her articles. Upon the question of degrading Mr. Ward, many persons doubted the authority of the convocation—but there was still a considerable majority by which it was done. It was then proposed to proceed to condemn Tract No. 90, but the proctors interposed their veto against the consideration of the subject, so that nothing was done in that matter.

Lord John Russell spoke of the state of affairs "across the Atlantic," as a reason why parliament should be contented with no *small* surplus in the Treasury.

There is a startling coincidence of allusions to commercial troubles, as if our "prosperity" were already hurrying us over the brink into the vortex of a "commercial crisis," such as signalized the years 1825-6 and 1835-6. In the distant west, an American paper describes a process of speculation which, after enriching European capitalists, has tempted Americans into such a scramble of exports and imports as to anticipate the genuine movements of trade, to glut the markets on both sides, and to induce a reaction. In the far East—in China—the way to the immense market opened to us has, as we foresaw, been choked by rash enterprise, heaping the Chinese with goods of which they have yet to learn the want, and for which they have no means of exchange; while the same rash enterprise has put the tea-trade into a temporary state of congestion. They have as yet nothing to give us legitimately but tea; but we do not want more tea while it is so dear in this country; and it must continue as dear while the duties in this country are so enormous. It is of no use, therefore, to smother them with ginghams and broadcloths, which they do not want and cannot buy; yet they have been so smothered, and the exporters may bring upon themselves the usual consequences. Signs are observed at home. Lord Howick has denounced the inordinate and demoralizing speculation in railway shares; a game of hazard in which the board of trade throw the dice, and the gamblers, staking little fortunes, play for millions—staking ruin against infinite riches. The commercial Argus of the *Times* has discovered other tokens of a coming crash:

"Letters are constantly received denouncing the directors of joint-stock companies for all sorts of irregular practices; including the formation of them with insufficient means; the withholding of shares from *bona fide* subscribers, and selling them surreptitiously at a large premium at the same time; and finally a resort to the old and nefarious

system of 'rigging,' so often exposed on former occasions—which means the purchase for a time of a larger number of shares than are known to have been issued, which subjects the sellers on the day of settlement to such terms as the fraudulent buyers may think fit to impose."

There may be exaggeration in these vaticinations; but our prosperity is certainly alarming. The fatal day approaches, while we make merry in the city with festive wreaths:

"Fatis aperit Cassandra futuris
Ora, Dei jussu non unquam credita Teucris."
Spectator, 15 Feb.

In the House of Commons, on 25 February, Sir Robert Inglis, moving for papers, drew attention to the compulsory emigration of liberated Africans from Sierra Leone. Up to the year 1844, the British government acted upon a liberal construction of the order in council issued on the abolition of the slave-trade, "that when landed in any place where there is a Court of Mixed Commission, the slave should be protected and provided for." Sir Robert briefly recalled the horrors to which slaves are subjected in the passage from Africa—horrors unavoidably protracted after the capture of a slaver until its arrival in port; so that the negroes, as Governor Nicolls said, "come out of the ships like ghosts." On the 12th June last, the Governor of Sierra Leone issued a proclamation under the authority of the colonial office, that allowances to liberated Africans landed in the colony would cease after adjudication; clothing and maintenance before adjudication being continued as before; and that should they prefer remaining in that colony instead of emigrating to the West Indies, they must provide for themselves. Now it is extremely improbable that persons landed under the circumstances described could exercise a fair and real discretion as to whether they would remain or migrate. Among the liberated Africans is a great proportion of children; in the *Progreso*, in which the Reverend Pasco Hill, author of a *Narrative of Fifty Days on board a Slaver*, took a voyage, there were 213 children out of 447 blacks: it is a mockery to give choice and option to the children, if even they could be given to the grown-up men. The governor, in fact, withheld the operation of the proclamation as to all children under nine years of age. Sir Robert contended that the government, having taken upon itself, by a benevolent despotism, the charge of the slaves, who have as little a choice of their own after the capture of a slaver as before it, cannot absolve themselves from the implied compact under which 52,000 Africans have been introduced into Sierra Leone and provided for. It has been said that the colony is expensive; but, taking the expenditure at an average of 10,000*l.* a year, is it not the fact that the revenue exceeds the expenditure? In that colony the Africans have extraordinary opportunities of education; and about one fifth of the population are under a course of instruction. Yet, in June last, liberated African children were required, under a peremptory order of the governor, either to be taken out to the people located in the villages, or to migrate to the West Indies; and 100 boys and girls actually did migrate. He did not object to admitting into the West Indies those who are really free; but this so-called option is like Dr. Johnson's description of a *congé d'élire*, which is recommending a man thrown out of a window to fall softly to the ground. Sir

Robert Inglis condemned also the preponderance of males who are allowed to migrate to the West Indies. He adverted to attempts made to obtain free laborers on the coast of Africa for Mauritius; contending that the demand would be supplied, like that for slaves, by the African kings, who possess an absolute property in their own subjects, and send them, or make inroads into other countries for prisoners of war. He called upon the house not to weigh the purse of the West Indians against the blood and lives of the Africans.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.—In reply to Lord Mahon, on Monday, Sir Robert Peel said, that negotiations had been entered into on this subject with France, Belgium, and Saxony, for the purpose of giving facilities to the book-trade in those countries and in this. These negotiations were carried on for some time, but they did not lead to any final or satisfactory result. Negotiations were afterwards entered into with Prussia; and after a certain time it was alleged, on the part of Prussia, that the law of copyright in this country was defective and ought to be amended. Since that time, two bills had passed parliament to amend the law of copyright. The negotiations with Prussia were now renewed; and in the event of their being brought to a satisfactory conclusion, they might perhaps form the basis for the renewal of negotiations with other countries.—*Spectator*.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.

HARPERS' ILLUMINATED AND ILLUSTRATED BIBLE, No. 21. This work comes out very rapidly now. Among the other pictures is one of Mordecai sitting in the King's Gate unmoved as Haman passes by—and it really was very provoking.

THIRLWALL'S HISTORY OF GREECE, No. 8. 25 cents.

COPLAND'S DICTIONARY OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE, Part 4. 50 cents. Edited, with additions, by Charles A. Lee, M.D. This has a very lively Table of Contents on the cover, beginning Colic, Colon, Coma, Concretions, Congestions, &c.

HARPERS' ILLUSTRATED SHAKESPEARE, Nos. 43—44. Much Ado about Nothing. Price 25 cents.

From Greeley & McElrath, New York.

POPULAR LECTURES ON ASTRONOMY. By M. Arago. With Additions and Corrections by Dr. Lardner. Price 25 cents. Dr. Lardner's Lectures have so much excited popular attention to the subject of Astronomy, that we presume this work will meet with the extensive sale it deserves.

The publishers have heretofore been issuing a series of "*Useful Works for the People*," the old stock of which was destroyed in the fire which lately consumed the office of the New York Tribune—and this is a new beginning.

We are far from agreeing with all the opinions of the New York Tribune; but it is conducted with so much energy, and (so far as we can judge) with such entire honesty of purpose, that we rejoice in its success, and wish well to all its collateral business—not doubting that the same desire to *deserve* well of the public, will guide the selection which the publishers make of books for the market.

From the Edinburgh Review.

Political Philosophy. In Three Parts. Part First. Principles of Government—of Monarchical Government. Part Second. Of Aristocracy—Aristocratic Governments. Part Third. Of Democracy—Mixed Monarchy. By HENRY LORD BROUGHAM, F. R. S., Member of the Royal Institute of France Three Volumes. 8vo. London: 1842-44.

This work was published, as may be seen by the dates, at successive periods. On the appearance of the first number, we expressed our satisfaction at a beginning being made to supply a great deficiency in our Political Literature; and we promised to examine and report on the whole work when it should be concluded. If any apology for our not having sooner performed this promise be due, either to the public or to the distinguished author, it is to be found, partly in the great extent and difficulty of the subject, and partly in the manner in which he has treated it.

The influence on human affairs of different forms of government, may be considered historically, theoretically, or practically: or, in other words, may be made the subject of a history, a science, or an art. The writer may describe the nature, and relate the origin, the growth, and the fate of the principal political constitutions which have actually existed. He may tell the causes—some the result of design, but more of accident—through which the early simple governments, in some cases, were preserved unaltered; in others were changed from one pure form into another; and in others became mixed. He may show how the mixed forms gradually grew more and more complicated; until at length the system of divided powers, of balances, and of checks, became unmanageable, and the machine, unfit to resist attack, or perhaps even to bear the friction of its own ordinary working, was broken up by foreign conquest or by revolution. This is the historical treatment of the subject.

Or, instead of relating what has existed, he may show what is capable of existing. He may explain the different modes in which the supreme power may be distributed or collected, the effects which it is the tendency of each form to produce, and the modifications to which that tendency is subject from intrinsic and extrinsic accidents—from the intrinsic influence of race, religion, climate, and situation, and the extrinsic action of one nation upon another. This is the scientific treatment.

Or, lastly, assuming that those who have the power of creating or altering the constitution of a nation have some given end in view—its power, its wealth, its freedom, its tranquillity, or its intelligence—he may show what is the constitution under which, in any particular case, any one or more of these objects is most likely to be effected, what are the incidental sacrifices, and how these sacrifices may be diminished. This may be called practical politics, or the *art*, as distinguished from the *science* and the *history* of government.

Whichever of these three modes of treating the vast subject of government were adopted, it could not be considered adequately except at great length. Lord Brougham has united them, and has therefore been forced to compress into one treatise the matter of three. This, of course, has rendered his work more complete in its outline, and less so in its details; and has also impaired

the continuity and cohesion of its parts. It has rendered it more useful as a book, and less perfect as a treatise. It is a sacrifice of artistical merit to utility.

By far the largest portion of the work is purely historical. Of the twenty chapters of the first volume, the last ten are devoted to the history of Monarchy in France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, and Sweden; and the greater part of the remainder is employed in the history of the Asiatic despotisms, and of the feudal system. The second volume contains twenty-eight chapters, of which only the first six treat of the nature and consequences of aristocratic government; the remaining twenty-two being histories of the aristocracies of Poland, Hungary, Rome, Ancient Greece, Modern Italy, and Switzerland. The third volume contains thirty-five chapters, of which the first twenty-one treat of democracy and mixed government; and the rest contain the constitutional histories of England, the United States, France, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland. Throughout are dispersed disquisitions as to the influence on human happiness of different administrative institutions, and precepts as to the modes by which they may be best adapted to given political forms; and frequently, after noticing the defects of existing institutions, the means of remedying them are pointed out.

For this mixture of narrative, of philosophical exposition, and of positive precept, so far as we are merely a part of the public, we are grateful; but as Reviewers, we feel that it gives us only a choice of difficulties. Anything like a general view of the whole work would be a condensed and yet meagre abstract; and if we select portions, and give to them their due consideration, a very few will be all to which we can afford any attention.

The historical part we shall not criticise—not certainly because we undervalue it—it is executed with great research and sagacity, and contains many brilliant and clear condensations, many striking comparisons and contrasts, and much valuable criticism, both historical and political—but simply because we have not room for it. From the practical portion, we shall select for examination a very few of the most important, or the most remarkable passages. Of the scientific portion, we shall endeavor to give an outline as full as is consistent, not with the importance of the subject, or of the treatise, but with our confined limits.

In the first chapter, Lord Brougham inquires into the origin of civil governments. He disposes summarily but efficiently of the rival theories of original contract, proprietary right, and prescription; and asserts that the rational foundation of all government—the origin of a right to govern, and a correlative duty to obey—is expediency—the general benefit of the community. In the second chapter, after stating the generally admitted proposition, that in every state there must be a supreme power, an individual or a body possessing authority in itself, legally absolute and uncontrolled, and that this authority may be exercised by acts, either legislative or executive, he proceeds, in the following passages, to give an outline of his subject, and to mark its principal divisions:—

“There are three great divisions under which governments, where they are of the simple and unmixed form, may be classed according to the hands in which the supreme power is lodged. It

may be vested in a single person, or it may be vested in a particular class different from the bulk of the community, or it may be vested in the community at large. In the first case, the government is called a Monarchy; in the second, an Aristocracy; in the third, a Democracy.

"In order that any one of these forms of government should be pure, the supreme power should be vested in one of these three bodies or authorities exclusively, and without any control or check from any other. A pure or absolute monarchy implies that the sovereign should have the whole power, legislative and executive, in his own person. If his power is shared, or if his functions are exercised subject to any control or check, the government is no longer purely monarchical, but in some degree mixed. In like manner, if the aristocracy shares its authority with the people at large, or allows any check over its operations to the people at large, or to any individual functionary *over whose creation it has no control*, the government is no longer a pure but a mixed Aristocracy—and so of a Democracy.

"It must, however, be kept in mind, that in order to detract from the purity of any of these forms, the supreme power itself must be actually divided, and not merely an arrangement made voluntarily by the party having the supreme power, and which only subsists during that party's pleasure.

"In a monarchy, the choice by the sovereign of a council to aid him in his office, or to exercise a portion of his power, does not detract from his power, and does not render the government a mixed one. [So,] if the sovereign can do whatever he pleases, except that the judges of his own nomination act for life—in other words, if all he is prevented from doing is judging causes in his own person—if he is independent of all other control in his legislative and executive functions, and only restrained by being obliged to judge through persons of his own nomination, even if these are named by him for life—we call it an absolute, and not a mixed monarchy. The limitations arising from this judicial arrangement are plainly little more than nominal, because he may choose such tools as he can rely upon, and has no one to control or watch his choice.

"Again, the purity of the democratic form is not diminished, by arrangements made for the purpose of enabling a people inhabiting an extensive territory to administer its own affairs. It may delegate for this purpose the legislative, the executive, and the judicial power to individuals as to bodies; it may be satisfied that these should be vested in certain portions of the community, and none remain in the nation at large, except the choice of those ruling portions; and still the government is purely democratic, and not at all mixed, because no body or individual exists in the community having power independent of the people—and because the people have not shared their own power with others over whom they have no control, but only deputed others to exercise their authority."⁶

We doubt whether Lord Brougham adopts a convenient nomenclature, when he applies the epithet pure to a monarchy in which there are irremovable functionaries, or to a democracy in which the people act through representatives. How can an absolute monarch be *prevented* from judging

causes in his own person? How can he be *obliged* to allow the judges whom he finds, or whom he has nominated, to retain their offices for life? The power that restrains or coerces him must at least be equal to his own, and in that case he is not, in fact, absolute—the constitution is not a pure monarchy. Again, if the people at large have retained, or rather have proposed to retain, no power but that of electing legislative and executive functionaries, it is clear that they hold that power merely at the will of those whom they have elected. The legislative body elected for three years, may pass a law that it shall sit for seven, or that it shall sit so long as it pleases, or that it shall be elected by only a portion of the people, or that it shall appoint its own successors, or that its powers shall be hereditary. If it be answered, that it would not venture to do so, the reply is, that the fear of resistance operates as a practical check on all governments whatsoever. Even in the purest democracy, the majority is controlled by the fear of provoking the resistance of the minority. But we have seen that there must exist, in every state, a supreme power uncontrolled by law. We are now inquiring as to the modes in which this supreme power may be distributed or collected, and for the purposes of this inquiry the question always is, what the individuals, or the bodies possessing a portion of this power, legally *can* do—not what they are *likely* to do; their *εξουσία*, not their *δυναμις*. Even if we suppose the delegation of legislative power to be partial as well as temporary—if we suppose that the people at large retains exclusively to itself, not merely the right of election, but also the power of altering the more important parts of the constitution—as is the case in the United States—can it be maintained, that the constitution remains equally democratic, whatever be the period for which that partial delegation is made? Can it be said, that if in one country the legislative and executive functionaries are elected for life, in another for twenty years, in another for ten, and in another every six months, the management of affairs in each country equally depends on the will of the people? And if the delegation of power for twenty years impair the purity of the democratic principle, so must, *pro tanto*, its delegation for six months, or for one month.

Lord Brougham admits, that if an aristocracy allows any check on its proceedings to an individual functionary, *over whose creation it has no control*, it is no longer a pure aristocracy. But if that check be effectual, it is *pro tanto* an introduction of the monarchical principle, even though the individual functionary be created by the aristocratic body. If, in a purely aristocratic government, the aristocratic body make a law appointing a president for life, and requiring his concurrence in all subsequent legislation, the government is from that instant partly monarchical. The will of an individual can now control that of the whole community. Like the horse in the fable, the community has taken a bit into its mouth and a rider on its back. And the effect is the same in kind, though not in degree, whether the president be appointed for life, or for ten years, or for a month, whether we have an absolute or only a suspensive veto.

The result is, that to obtain a precise nomenclature, we must confine the term pure monarchy to the form of government in which an individual is legally omnipotent—the term pure aristocracy to the form which allows no legal resistance to the

* Vol. i., p. 73 to 77.

will of the select body—and the term democracy to the form in which there is nothing to suspend or impede the action of the will of the bulk of the community.

It follows also, that the only form which is frequently found pure is monarchy. There are few aristocracies without a doge or a president, exercising a temporary but real control. Still more rare is a pure democracy. It is impossible in any state which is not small enough to enable all the inhabitants to attend the place of meeting; and even where there are no physical objections, the moral ones are generally sufficient to exclude it.

The majority of the forms adopted by the civilized world do not belong exclusively to either of these classes, but admit the principles of all. They are not monarchies, aristocracies, or democracies, but mixed forms, in which it is often difficult to say whether the monarchical, the aristocratic, or the democratic principle prevails.

It may be advisable, however, to state more fully what we mean by each of these principles.

The monarchical principle requires little further explanation. It consists, as we have already remarked, in the subservience of the will of the whole community to that of an individual. It is not essential to monarchical power that this subservience should be universal, or even general: it is not essential even that the individual should have the power to command. If there are any acts in which his concurrence is necessary, and there is no authority that can legally force him to concur, his power to prevent is, for many purposes, a power to act, just as a power to forbid is often equivalent to a power to command. It is, however, essential that he should form a part of the legislative body, not merely as a member, but as an independent branch; or, in other words, that he should have a veto, permanent or suspensive. If he have not, his opposition may at any time be legally got rid of either by a law, or by an arbitrary executive act. The President of the United States, therefore, has monarchical power; he can resist, and indeed often has resisted, the will of the community. The Doge of Venice had not. In his highest functions he was only a member of a council, unable to oppose the will of the majority.

The aristocratic principle consists in the possession of legislative power by a small body of persons.

The democratic principle consists in its possession, directly or indirectly, by a large number of persons.

These definitions are obviously vague. The excuse is, that the ideas which they express are vague. If we were to define the aristocratic principle as the influence of a minority, the democratic principle as the influence of a majority of the people, almost all the institutions which are usually called democratic must be called aristocratic. The only legal share in the government of France possessed by the people, consists in their right to elect the Chamber of Deputies. This is always held to be the democratic portion of the French constitution. But out of the thirty-four million inhabitants of France, not more than one hundred thousand are electors. Without doubt, the democratic element would be increased if the franchise were extended. But that the difference between the aristocratic and democratic principles consists rather in the positive number of the persons admitted to power, than in the proportional num-

bers of those admitted and excluded, will become evident; if we consider what would be the effect if the inhabitants of France were diminished, but the proportions of electors and non-electors preserved. If France contained only three hundred and forty thousand persons, of whom one thousand elected a legislative body, the institution would be aristocratic. On the other hand, if the British House of Commons were elected by the householders of the metropolis, it would still be a democratic, not an aristocratic institution, although the metropolitan householders constitute a small minority of the inhabitants of the British islands. The Ecclesia of Athens was a democratic assembly, though out of the four hundred thousand inhabitants of Attica, not twenty-five thousand had a right to vote. So far as the conduct of a body depends on their number, it must depend on their positive number, not on the proportion which that number bears to the number of some other class of persons. If that number be very large, it is subject to the contagion with which fear and hope, love and hatred—in short, all the passions—are propagated from mind to mind, and exaggerated as they are diffused. It is more generous and more cruel—more sanguine and more desponding—more rash and more easily frightened—more ready to undertake and more ready to abandon what it has undertaken—more confiding and more suspicious—more prone to erect idols and more prone to break them—than would be the case with the individuals composing it, if they had to feel, and to think, and to act separately. It is likely, as its number increases, to contain a larger proportion of ignorant, violent, and uncultivated persons. It is likely, in short, to possess the qualities—some noble, but most of them dangerous, hateful, or contemptible—which belong to a mob. On the other hand, in proportion as the number is small, it is likely to be cool, selfish, and unimpassioned; to allow its perseverance to run into obstinacy, and its caution into timidity; to be tenacious of old impressions and unsusceptible of new ones; to be steady in its sympathies and in its antipathies; to be sparing of reward and unrelenting in punishment; to be permanently grateful and permanently unforgetting; to be marked, in short, by the austere, respectable, but somewhat unattractive character which we associate with the name of a senate.

We have followed Lord Brougham in applying the term "aristocratic" to the legislative influence of a small number of persons; but we should have preferred, if usage had permitted it, the term "oligarchical." The word "oligarchy" is univocal, and is associated with no idea except that which it expresses. The word "aristocracy" is often used to express mere excellence, without any reference to power—as when we talk of the aristocracy of talent or the aristocracy of learning. Derivatively, it means either the government of the best numbers of the society, or, according to Aristotle,* a government *πρὸς τὸ ἄριστον τῆ πόλις*—a government which endeavors to promote the welfare of the community, or the objects in the attainment of which the community thinks that its welfare consists. It has almost every defect, therefore, which an appellative can have. It is equivocal, it is associated with an extraneous idea, and its derivative meaning differs from both its received meanings. Its use, however, to express government by a few, is so established, that we think it, on the whole, best to retain it.

* *Pol.*, lib. iii. cap. vii.

In the remainder of the first volume, Lord Brougham treats of pure or absolute monarchy—that is, of the form of government in which there is no legal restraint whatever on the will of the reigning individual. He divides pure monarchy into Oriental or despotic, and European or constitutional. In each, the monarch is absolute—in neither is there any direct legal check to his will; in each, therefore, the checks are indirect, but in the former the only indirect checks are religious opinions, and the fear of resistance; in the latter, to these checks are added habits and feelings among the people, the results of a former prevalence of the aristocratic or democratic principle, now obsolete or abolished, and institutions which the monarch, though he has legally the power to destroy them, does not venture actually to destroy.

We doubt the convenience of this distinction. It is a distinction founded on the nature, not of the forms of government in question, but of the people who are subject to them. It is like the distinction drawn by Aristotle between *βασιλεια* and *τυραννις*—the former being the absolute rule of one for the good of all, the latter, the absolute rule of one for his own benefit. Under the Antonines, as well as under Commodus, the Roman constitution was expressed by the maxim, *Quod principi placuit legis habet vigorem*; so, in Denmark as well as in Turkey, the will of the reigning individual cannot be legally opposed. The accidental circumstances, that the personal character of the monarch induced the Antonines to exercise their will beneficially, and Commodus to exercise his will mischievously, and that the character of the people, and the situation of the country, lead the despot, whatever be his personal character, to act very differently in Turkey and in Denmark, have nothing to do with the question, What is the form of government?

We think that the best mode of treating the subject would have been to consider pure monarchy, whether European or Oriental, as the same form of government, modified in its effects by the character of the people over whom it is exercised.

Lord Brougham's statement of the effects of absolute monarchy, when the state of society is favorable to their unmitigated development, is, as might be expected, eloquent and full. He describes the people as brutalized by fear, the despot by dominion, and all improvement as arrested by the jealousy of power. He inquires, whether pure monarchy have any redeeming qualities, and, with the single exception of a promptitude of decision and action, denies that it has any. But these he treats as doubtful merits, generally balanced by evils of the same kind with the advantages; promptitude of decision being often precipitate, and promptitude of action being impaired by want of means, occasioned partly by the deteriorating effects of despotism, and partly by its inability to call forth rapidly and fully the resources, such as they are, of its subjects. He does not exempt from his censure the influence of despotism even on the foreign concerns of a nation—its intercourse with other states, its treaties and alliances, on the maintenance of peace, or the prosecution of war. "To go no further," he says, "than the tendency of such governments towards war at all times, if in every other respect they were faultless, this would be their condemnation. War is emphatically the game of kings, and they will always love it, and, if absolute, will never cease to play at it, until the exhausted resources of their states, the

fear of revolt, or the danger of being conquered, force them into quiet."—(Vol. i., p. 151.)

That the monarchs who govern barbarous nations are prone to war, is true; and so are the rulers, and indeed the people in barbarous nations, whatever be the form of government. Uncivilized man is a beast of prey. The early history of every nation, democratic, aristocratic, or monarchical, is perpetual war. But when Lord Brougham attributes a peculiar tendency towards war to the monarchical principle—when he maintains that when a single individual has to decide on peace or war, he is more likely than an aristocratic body or a popular assembly to decide for war—we dissent from him.

What are the results of experience? Are the modern European nations pacific in proportion to their freedom? Is the peace of the world more endangered by Austria or by Prussia, than by France or by England? Have democratic institutions produced peace in America?

The motives to war are two—ambition and vanity. The one shows itself in the desire of an extension of territory or of influence; the other in the desire to acquire glory or avenge insult. The English people are free from ambition; perhaps they are the only great people that ever has been so. An English writer naturally associates the unambitious with the popular character of the government, and supposes that the former quality is the result of the latter. But the government of France is as democratic as that of England, perhaps more so, and yet she is absolutely mad with ambition. Nor is this peculiar to the present time. In proportion as the people of France have been able to influence their government, they have forced it on wars of conquest. The unprovoked conquest of Savoy was one of the first acts of the convention; it was immediately followed by the incorporation of Belgium and the subjection of Holland. The conquests of Napoleon seduced the French to endure his oppressions, and make them now idolize his memory. The pacific policy of the restoration was the great obstacle to its popularity. In the hope of pleasing the people, the government perpetrated the wanton invasion of Spain, and the experiment was successful. No sooner did the Revolution of 1830, lead the people to believe their influence supreme, than they demanded war and conquest, the boundary of the Rhine and the retention of Algiers. Even within the last year, the government obtained some popularity by engaging in the war with Morocco, and lost it again by dictating a triumphant but reasonable peace. That France is not now at open war in any part of the globe except Africa—that in Europe she is incurring only that portion of the evils of war which consists in the waste of the national resources on fortifications, armies, and fleets, and the discouragement of industry and commerce by the doubtfulness of the future—is altogether owing to the prevalence in her councils of the monarchical over the democratic principle.

If there be any portion of the world in which the desire of conquest is peculiarly irrational, it is America, where a population not greatly exceeding that of France is scattered over a country more than four times as large as Europe; and yet, throughout that hemisphere, ambition has been the curse of every state in which the influence of the people has become dominant. The democracy of the United States bullied Spain out of Louisiana, bullied Mexico out of Texas, rose *en masse* along

their northern frontier in the hope of seizing the Canadas, and is now ready for war, in the hope of appropriating the Oregon country, two thousand miles from their own back settlements. As for the southern republics, no sooner had they freed themselves from the monarchical influence of Spain and Portugal, than they began to fight with one another for frontiers; and that in a country where the great evils are the paucity of people and the extent of territory.

If popular governments are prone to wars of ambition, still more are they to those of vanity. Let any practical diplomatist say, whether it be easier to induce a minister who represents the will of an absolute monarch, or one who depends on the majority of a popular assembly, to repair or even to confess a wrong, or to accept equitable terms of satisfaction or compromise. The reasons for this are numerous, and, we fear, not likely to be removed or even weakened. In the first place, the secrecy which covers the negotiations between monarchs saves their vanity. A concession is easily made where its only real evil depends on its publicity, and that publicity can be prevented. A victory is of little value when it is recorded only in the archives of a state-paper office. A popular government lives in the face of day, and has to apologize to its own subjects for every act of prudence or of justice. In the second place, an individual can generally be forced to hear both sides of the question. There are few disputes in which each party is not in some degree in the wrong, or in which he can avoid perceiving that he is so; if once he be compelled to give a deliberate attention to all his opponent's arguments. The instant that this discovery has been mutually made, if there be no *mala fides*—that is to say, if the controversy arise not from ambition but from vanity, if it be the cause of quarrel, not its mere pretext—an accommodation is almost inevitable. A nation does not listen to reason. It cannot be forced to study both sides of a question, and never does so voluntarily. It reads only its own state-papers, its own newspapers, and its own pamphlets; it hears only its own speakers, it accepts all their statements of facts and of law; and holding itself to be obviously and notoriously right on every point, believes that it would be dishonored in the face of all Europe by the slightest concession. Again, every popular government is infested by faction. It always contains one party, sometimes more than one, whose great, and sometimes whose principal object is the subversion of the existing ministry. The foreign policy of a ministry is generally its most vulnerable point. It is the subject about which the mass of the people always understand least, and sometimes feel most. If a minister be bold, the opposition halloo him on to make extravagant demands, in the hope that he may be entangled by war or disgraced by retreat; if he be prudent, they accuse him of sacrificing the interests or the honor of the country, of surrendering to foreign ambition, or quailing before foreign insolence. And lastly, there is in every nation in which the democratic element prevails, an important power whose immediate interests are opposed to peace, external as well as internal, and that is the daily press. A newspaper lives on events. It lives by taking of those events the view that agrees best with the passions and prejudices of the people. It pleases them best by stimulating their pride, their vanity, their resentment, and their antipathies. It is the demagogue of a nation of readers; and, like other

demagogues, is generally popular in proportion to the violence and the mischievousness of its counsels.

It is true that an undue tendency to war, or at least an insufficient dread of its evils, is frequent in every government—whether the monarchical, the aristocratic, or the democratic principle prevail; but so far from believing that this defect belongs peculiarly to monarchical government, we believe that form of government to be, on the whole, less subject to it than any other, except perhaps a pure aristocracy.

We now proceed to consider the other of the two branches with which Lord Brougham has subdivided pure monarchies, namely, the monarchies which he terms constitutional—those in which the authority of the sovereign, though legally unfettered, is moderated by popular habits or feelings, the relics of lost privileges, or by institutions which he cannot venture to abolish. Of these institutions the most important is an hereditary nobility. Lord Brougham treats it as the test which distinguishes constitutional monarchy from pure despotism.

We extract from Lord Brougham's statement of the effects peculiar to this form of government, the small portion for which we have room—

“A monarchy is naturally extravagant—it is splendid and it is expensive—it is reckless of the general suffering from the burdens of taxation; and it is prone to consider only the interests and enjoyments of courts and persons in authority. A richly endowed hierarchy—numerous governments of towns and provinces—a large military staff—in maritime countries expensive colonies—must all be kept up to provide for the nobles and their families, and their followers.

“The maintenance of a standing army, numerous, expensive, and well disciplined, is another charge upon all monarchies. Large armies are incompatible with the genius, almost with the existence, of a commonwealth. With the institutions of a pure monarchy they square perfectly—they are in complete harmony with its spirit.

“The whole arrangements of the state are modelled upon the monarchical footing. In a country where the public are wholly excluded from the administration of state affairs, they cannot safely be admitted to manage even their own local interests, because the habit of acting in these would inevitably beget the desire to interfere in the affairs of the community at large.

“The influence of the monarchical principle, but especially when combined with aristocracy, as in European monarchies it ever must be, tends to the establishment of a division of property, not very wholesome for public liberty, or for the character of the people, though attended with some redeeming consequences: we allude to the rule of primogeniture. The law of entails is the abuse of the law of primogeniture; and their consequences are prejudicial to the happiness of families, as well as to the wealth and commerce of the country.

“The will of the court and upper classes becomes the law, and their habits the example for all. Court favor and the countenance of nobles are the objects of universal pursuit. No spirit of free speech or free action can be said anywhere to exist. Among the upper classes, those who are brought into immediate contact with power, fear prevails almost as much as in pure despotisms. The alarms, the suspicions, the precau-

tions, prevalent in the society of the superior classes in Italy and Germany, are almost equal to any which can be observed in the courts of the East.

“The vigor of the monarchical government, both at home and abroad, is the quality most boasted of by its admirers; and to this it can lay claim from the unity of its councils, and the undivided force which it brings to their execution. But there is one virtue which this constitution and all monarchy possesses beyond any other—the fixed order of succession by inheritance. In this respect it excels both despotisms and commonwealths. The former are constantly subject to revolution and violence; the latter are unstable from opposite causes; but monarchies, established by law and accompanied with regular institutions, have the hereditary principle of succession in perfection. That this rule leads to great occasional mischiefs, there can be no doubt. Nevertheless, the dangers which are sure to result from suffering the place of chief magistrate to be played for by intriguing, or fought for by ambitious men, are so formidable as to make reflecting persons overlook all lesser risks in the apprehension of the worst of calamities, civil war. This is the redeeming quality of monarchy; it is far enough from leaving the question all one way, but upon the balance it gives a great gain.”—(Vol. i., p. 357 to 363.)

We have already remarked that pure democracy is impossible in any country larger than an ordinary English parish; and there is no case in Europe, modern or ancient, in which any nation on the scale of the great European monarchies, has adopted enough either of the aristocratic or of the democratic principle, to entitle its form of a government to be described as an aristocracy or as a democracy, and has retained that form for a period sufficient to enable us to estimate its permanent effects. The modern American States, indeed, are essentially democratic; but the situation of the United States, without a formidable neighbor, is too peculiar; and the independence of the others is too recent, to allow them to be used as fair objects of comparison. It is impossible, therefore, to infer from actual experiences, whether, if thirty, or twenty, or ten millions of persons constituted one nation, with a government essentially aristocratic or essentially democratic, and surrounded by other powerful states, that government would have a less tendency to extravagance, to the maintenance of large standing armies, to centralization, or to primogeniture, than is now the case with Austria or Prussia. As direct proof is unattainable, we will inquire into the results, on each point, of analogical reasoning.

First, as to extravagance. The mixed governments of Europe, those which are distinguished from its absolute monarchies by a strong infusion of the aristocratic or democratic principle, are in general also distinguished by their greater public expenditure. The expenses of the Danish, the Prussian, or even the Austrian court, are insignificant, compared with those of the courts of England or France; or indeed, if the extent of territory and population be compared, of Holland. The amount of the annual taxation compared with the population, is more than three times as great in each of the three mixed governments, as it is in any of the three absolute governments. There is, indeed, one great source of expense in mixed governments, from which absolute governments are comparatively free—the creation of offices for the sake

of patronage. An absolute monarch can give money, and that is always the cheapest way of rewarding or buying. In a mixed government, a place is created or retained, duties are attached to it—generally useless, often mischievous; still, as they are troublesome, they must be remunerated, and a claimant who would have been satisfied with £100 a-year as a pension, must have £300 on the condition of residence and employment. It is thus that England retains its three hundred Ecclesiastical Courts. Every one admits that two hundred and ninety-nine of them are instruments for the creation of trouble, delay, and expense. An absolute government would sweep them away by a decree of ten lines. Every year the mixed government of England attacks them, and is repulsed.

Second, the amount of the standing army of a nation seems to depend little on the form of its government. The largest in proportion to its population is that of Holland; the next is that of France; the smallest is that of China. When Spain and Portugal were absolute monarchies, their standing armies were trifling, and so are those of most of the Italian monarchies. Ireland, with eight millions of people, requires a standing army more than twice as large as is necessary in Great Britain, with a population of above twenty-one millions.

Third, again, with respect to centralization. France, under a mixed government, is incomparably more centralized than she was under an absolute monarch. The local administration of Spain under her absolute kings was almost democratic. So was that of Norway, when she formed part of the absolute monarchy of Denmark: so is that of India, though she has been ruled by absolute monarchs for twenty-five centuries. An Indian village scarcely knows the existence of its monarch except through his revenue-officers. The fortunes and lives of the inhabitants are at his mercy; but while his taxes are paid, he abstains from all interference. The tendency of the British government is at once towards democracy and centralization; and every advance towards the former is generally accompanied by a much greater advance towards the latter. So far from believing that the exclusion of the people from political power is likely to exclude them from the management of their local interests, we are inclined to think that an absolute government, partly to avoid trouble, partly to avoid expense, and still more from carelessness, is more likely than any other to abandon to the parishioners what it considers the trifling matters of the parish.

Fourth, primogeniture is natural only in a peculiar state of society, that in which the possession of land gives political power, proportioned in some measure to its extent or value; and even then seldom exists except among the owners of land. It is essentially an aristocratic custom. In Oriental despotisms, therefore, where the land is generally the property of the sovereign, it is unknown. It is rare in the United States of America, except in the Southern States, where a proprietor can vote for his slaves. It is rare in the British islands, excepting among the high landed aristocracy. No man with a fortune consisting of £90,000 in the funds, or even of a landed estate worth only £20,000, thinks of making an eldest son. Even if it were lawful in France, it probably would be uncommon. The aristocratic element is so weak in France, that the slight amount of political power

which a man could secure to his son by leaving to him his whole property, would seldom be sufficient to conquer his natural feelings of parental justice. The prevalence of primogeniture in the absolute European monarchies, arises from the former prevalence among them all of the aristocratic element. The monarchs have always endeavored to restrain it. In England, perpetual entails were abolished by the Tudors, the race under whom the monarchical element was strongest. In Scotland, where the aristocratic element has always been more powerful than in any other part of the British islands, a larger proportion of the land is subject to perpetual primogeniture than in any country in Europe, except perhaps some parts of Germany.

We cannot think, therefore, that either extravagance, standing armies, centralization, or primogeniture, flow naturally from the monarchical principle. And we must add, that even if we thought monarchy peculiarly favorable to these three latter institutions, we should not treat that tendency as necessarily a vice. Standing armies, indeed, may be too large, and centralization may be excessive; and such is generally the case on the continent of Europe. But they each may be deficient. The standing army of America is insufficient to keep her at peace at home or abroad, to prevent her inhabitants from injuring one another, or from attacking her neighbors. The local authorities of England are the seats of ignorance, selfishness, jobbing, corruption, and often of oppression. Every diminution of their power has been an improvement; and, if we had room, we could show that the case is the same as to primogeniture. Both the power to entail, and the wish to exercise it, may certainly be excessive, as we think they both are in Scotland and in Germany; but both or either of them may be deficient, as we think they both are in France and in Hindostan.

We agree with Lord Brougham that the influence of absolute monarchy, even when tempered by European civilization, is unfavorable to the character of its subjects. We agree with him that it is destructive of free action, and, to a certain degree, of free speech, and that it impairs most of the manly and independent virtues. But we do not believe that "the alarms, the suspicions, and the precautions prevalent in the society of the superior classes in Italy and Germany, are almost equal to any which can be observed in the courts of the East." That where every man of eminence is conscious that he hates the existing government, and is anxious to subvert it, he should be always on his guard against betraying his feelings and his wishes to the distributors of punishment and favor—and that the government itself, knowing that all the ground beneath it is mined, should be always on the watch for an explosion—all this is inevitable in countries which have been recently the scenes of revolutionary movement; and where the sovereign owes his power to conquest, or to foreign support, or to promises treacherously evaded or shamelessly broken. But this state of mutual alarm, suspicion, and precaution, is not a necessary incident to the absolute European monarchies. It does not exist in Prussia, or in Denmark, or in the German provinces of Austria, or, in fact, in any portion of Europe, except parts of Russia, Poland, and Italy. On political subjects, without doubt, there is less freedom of speech in Vienna or

in Berlin than in Edinburgh or in London; but there are other subjects on which there is much more; and we believe that it would be safer to talk Chartism in Naples than Abolition in New Orleans.

We fear that we shall be thought paradoxical if we suggest some doubts as to the superiority which Lord Brougham ascribes to the principle of succession, over that of election, in absolute monarchies. In limited monarchies, where the king reigns but does not govern—where he has only to accept the ministers who can obtain a parliamentary majority, to sign whatever they lay before him, and to receive their resignations when they find it necessary to retire—there is scarcely any drawback to the advantages of hereditary succession. The sovereign's great office is to be a keystone, merely to fill space—to occupy the supreme station, in order to keep others out of it. He may be—perhaps it is better that he should be—the person in his kingdom who knows least, and cares least, about politics. His personal character is comparatively unimportant. We say comparatively; because, even in the most limited monarchy, the social influence of the sovereign for good or for evil is considerable. His habits and tastes are always matters of notoriety, and often of imitation. Access to his society is always coveted. He may give that access in a manner useful, or mischievous, or absolutely indifferent. He may call to his court those who are most distinguished by genius or by knowledge; or those whose only merit is their birth or their station; or parasites, buffoons, or profligates. Even in the appointment of ministers, he may sometimes exercise a sort of selection. He is sometimes able to delay for a short period the fall of those whom he likes, and the accession of those whom he dislikes; and he can sometimes permanently exclude an individual. But even these powers he can seldom exercise unless in a state of balanced parties. If one party have a decided ascendancy in the legislative assemblies, and in the constituencies, the limited sovereign is little more than a phantom; and there can be no doubt that it is better that a phantom should be hereditary. An absolute king always is, or ought to be, a substance. Supposing such a monarch to covet the leisure, the quiet, and the irresponsibility of a limited king—to desire that the fittest persons should be his ministers, and manage public affairs without his interference—how is he to discover who are the fittest persons? How is he to avoid appointing or retaining persons positively unfit? He has no parliament to direct his choice—no opposition to expose the errors of those whom he has chosen; he cannot mix in society, and hear the independent voice of public opinion. Even the press gives him little assistance: first, because a free press probably cannot exist—certainly never does exist—in an absolute monarchy; and secondly, because the press is never a well-informed, an impartial, or even an incorrupt adviser. A king governed by newspapers would resemble a judge who should allow himself to be influenced by anonymous letters. There is one mode, and only one mode, by which he can satisfy himself that his ministers are fit for their office; and that is, by giving up his scheme of non-interference, and performing himself a great part of their functions. Every absolute king who is an honest man, must be in constant communication with the heads of every department—he must take part in

every council—he must exercise his own judgment on every important measure—he must, in short, be the chief of his own cabinet. But if the exercise of the art of government—the most important, the most complicated, and the most difficult of arts—the art which requires most knowledge, most intellect, and most virtue—is advisedly to be thrown upon a person appointed by accident, and, as Lord Brougham has well remarked, probably rendered by education even less fit than he was by nature, some vast advantage must counterbalance these enormous evils.

Lord Brougham finds this advantage in a diminution of the chances of civil war. But does this advantage really exist? If Europe possessed a universal, a well-known, and an unalterable law of hereditary royal succession, and if the facts calling that law into operation were always certain and always notorious, so that, on the decease of a king, there never could be a doubt as to his legitimate successor, we should have, what Lord Brougham terms, “the hereditary principle of succession in perfection.” But it is obvious that such a law does not exist, and cannot exist. In some absolute monarchies, the law of succession excludes females—in others it excludes foreigners—in all it excludes bastards—and in all it necessarily can be altered by the reigning monarch. If the Salic be the existing law, and the monarch has only daughters, he abolishes it, like Ferdinand VII. of Spain. If it admit females, and the reigning monarch wishes to exclude them, he abolishes it, and introduces the Salic law, like Philip V. of Spain. In each case a civil war is probable. If he have no issue, he adopts—if his issue be illegitimate, he legitimizes it. Even if it be legitimate, its legitimacy may be contested, and the peace of the kingdom may depend on a mixed question of law and fact, in which every element of the decision may be doubtful. The children of kings generally make royal marriages, and the party who ascends, or becomes likely to ascend a foreign throne, is generally required, before he leaves his own country, to renounce all claims to its succession. Is such a renunciation binding on the renouncing party? Is it binding on his issue? Those who might claim if there had been no renunciation, always maintain that it is not—those who claim against it, that it is; and the consequence is, as in the case of the Spanish succession after Charles II., a complication of foreign and civil war. Again, most monarchies are composite, and the different parts are subject to different laws of succession. Females succeed in Jutland, and are excluded in Holstein. If the prince-royal of Denmark should die, as will probably be the case, without male issue, will the kingdom of Denmark be dismembered? If kept entire, will it be at the expense of civil war? Or will the result be an unopposed usurpation, like the retention of Sardinia and Montserrat, both female fiefs, by the present king of Piedmont, in disregard of the claims of his predecessor's daughter? If we compare the wars of succession, foreign and civil, which have laid waste Europe, between the Norman Conquest and the French Revolution, it will be found that they exceed all other wars put together in number, and still more in duration. A war of succession is the most lasting of wars. The hereditary principle keeps it in perpetual life—a war of election is always short, and never revives.

On the whole, if it were possible to keep an

absolute monarchy elective, we should hold that form of government, bad as it is, to be more conducive to the welfare of the people than an absolute hereditary monarchy. It secures the object of monarchy—the management of public affairs by one strong will and one sagacious intellect. No English monarch equalled Cromwell or William III.—no French monarch Napoleon or Louis Philippe. Absolute hereditary monarchy secures nothing—not even, as we have seen, undisputed succession. But, excepting in one peculiar case, no absolute monarchy can remain elective. The monarch has, by supposition, the power to render his throne hereditary; for, if he have not that power, he is not absolute. If he have it he will exercise it. Even Marcus Antoninus delivered the whole civilized world to Commodus. The difficulty was long ago stated by Aristotle—“It has been supposed,” he says, “that a king having the power to make his son his successor, may not exercise it. But this cannot be believed. It would be an act of virtue of which human nature is incapable.”—(*Pol.*, lib. iii. cap. xv.)

The exception to which we have referred, is that of the Roman Catholic ecclesiastical monarchies. Of these monarchies, so numerous until the end of the last century, we believe that the Papacy alone remains. It is the only one which Lord Brougham has thought worthy of his attention; and yet the others deserve to be mentioned, on account at least of their number and their durability. In Germany alone there were seventy up to the close of the last century. Many were considerable—three were Electorates. In many of them the succession of archbishops or bishops, or abbots, or abbeesses—for in several of them the ruler was a nun—lasted for more than one thousand years, uninterrupted by foreign violence or by revolution. And yet nothing could be more absurd than the system of election. A man qualified himself for the exercise of the highest legislative and executive functions by renouncing the world, by studies which have no connexion with its affairs, by unacquaintance with men and with things. The electoral body consisted in general of persons similarly educated, and so did all the executive functionaries; so that unfitness seemed to be the qualification for office.

These strange governments, however, were not unpopular. It was thought good to live under the crossier. They were regretted while those who had experienced them lived. The elective sovereign must in general have been a man of some distinction. He had not been spoiled by the early possession or the early prospect of power, and he was often anxious to dignify, by some acts of permanent utility, a dynasty which began and ended with himself.

Omitting, for the reasons already given, the remainder of the first volume as historical, we proceed to the second, which treats of aristocracy.

Lord Brougham defines aristocracy to be the form of government “in which the supreme power is in the hands of a portion of the community, and that portion is so constituted, that the rest of the people cannot gain admittance, or can gain admittance only with the consent of the select body.”—(*Vol. ii.*, p. 1.) He does not lay down any ratio of the governing, to the excluded portion of the community, as essential; and as he admits that the exclusion of the Roman Catholics, by the penal laws, did not render the government of Ireland an aristocracy, and that the exclusion

of slaves did not render Athens, and does not render Virginia aristocratic, it follows, that he does not consider a government an aristocracy, although the supreme power is in the hands of a minority *relatively* small, if the number of persons constituting that minority be *positively* great. But it must be admitted that the words of Lord Brougham's definition are more extensive; and so are the words of every definition of aristocracy that we have seen. We believe that the best corrective of the established nomenclature would be to introduce a cross division, and to divide governments not only into monarchical, aristocratic, and democratic, with reference to the possession of power by one, by few, or by many; but also into *exclusive* and *non-exclusive*, with reference to the admission to power, or exclusion from it, of particular classes. Pure monarchies are, in one sense, the most exclusive, since all power is concentrated in the prince. In another sense they are the least so, since he can delegate, or even transfer it, as he pleases. All other forms are more or less exclusive. Wherever slavery prevails, slaves are excluded. With a very few exceptions, one of which occurs in an Anglo-American state, women are always excluded. In most governments, persons bound by a foreign allegiance are excluded, though there is now an example in Europe of a person who is a king in one country and a peer in another—who exercises in one, supreme legislative and executive authority, and in the other, can merely vote and protest. In many countries, all who do not profess a particular form of religion are excluded; in many, all who do not belong to a certain race; in still more, all who do not possess a certain amount of property or income. The representative institutions of France are democratic, but highly exclusive. They are democratic, because they give political power to a very large number of persons. They are exclusive, because they deny that power to a much larger number. The English house of lords is an aristocratic institution—it gives power to a small number of persons. It is very slightly exclusive, since it is open to all males professing Christianity, and born in the British allegiance.

The most convenient definition of a pure aristocracy then is, the form of government in which the whole legislative power is vested in a small number of persons, without any legal control by the people at large, or by any individual. Such aristocracies are, as Lord Brougham remarks, rare; but as the aristocratic element is widely diffused, it is an important subject of investigation; and the best mode is that which he has adopted, namely, to ascertain the qualities of a pure aristocracy, and thence to infer the influence of the aristocratic element in mixed governments. The vices ascribed by Lord Brougham to aristocracy are, that it places the government in the hands of persons, 1. irresponsible; 2. uninfluenced by public opinion; 3. affected by interests differing from those of the community at large; and, 4. peculiarly unfitted by education for exercising the high functions of their station.

"The training," he says, "of patricians, next to princes, is peculiarly adapted to spoil them. They are born to power and preëminence, and they know that, do what they will, they must ever continue to retain it. They see no superiors; their only intercourse is with rivals, or associates, or adherents, and other inferiors. They are pampered by the gifts of fortune in various other

shapes. Their industry is confined to the occupations which give play to the bad passions. Intrigue, violence, malignity, revenge, are engendered in the wealthier members of the body and the chiefs of parties. Insolence towards the people, with subserviency to their wealthier brethren, are engendered in the needy—too proud to work, not too proud to beg; mean enough to be the instruments of other men's misdeeds, base enough to add their own."—(Vol. ii., p. 55.)

He adds, that it is the tendency of aristocracy to produce among the people a general dissoluteness of manners, eagerness in the pursuit of wealth, and extravagance in its employment; and "not only to vex and harass, but to enslave men's minds. They become possessed with exaggerated notions of the importance of the upper classes; they bow to their authority as individuals, not merely as members of the ruling body—transferring the allegiance which the order justly claims, as ruler, to the individuals of whom it is composed; they ape their manners, and affect their society. Hence an end to all independent, manly conduct."—(Vol. ii., p. 57.)

We regret that the necessity of curtailment has prevented our inserting more of this passage. Much of the great vigor and vividness of the original depends on its developments and illustrations. But we have extracted enough to show its great merit rhetorically as well as philosophically; and it has the additional value of being testimony. The author belongs to the class which he describes—he paints those with whom he lives. But if we examine the picture in detail, it will be found that many of its features belong not to the institution itself, but to the forms which it has most usually assumed, particularly in modern times: or to other institutions with which it is only occasionally and accidentally connected. Thus the distinctness of the interests of the ruling body from those of the community at large, belongs to all governments in proportion, not as they are aristocratic or democratic, but as they are exclusive. It was its exclusive, not its aristocratic character, which occasioned the Protestant government of Ireland to be mischievous. So the slave legislation of the Southern Anglo-American States—perhaps the legislation by which the interests of the great majority of the inhabitants of any country have been most cruelly and most shamelessly sacrificed—is the legislation of a government eminently democratic. So Lord Brougham treats as aristocratic the unjust advantages given by British legislation to landowners; but they arise from the exclusive, not from the aristocratic elements in the British constitution—not from power being in the hands of a few, but from almost all who do not possess land being excluded from it.

If we suppose the supreme power to reside in a senate sitting only for life, but itself, as was the case with most of the ancient senates, filling up its vacancies—such an institution would be aristocratic; but, as it would not be necessarily exclusive, it would not necessarily be governed by interests distinct from those of the community at large. Nor would "the education of the rulers be such as peculiarly to unfit them for worthily exercising the high functions of their station." This was not true of the Roman senate. It is not true of any aristocracy which is not hereditary. Nor would the tendency of such an aristocracy necessarily be to promote general dissoluteness of manners, self-indulgence, and extravagance; or,

on the other hand, rapacity. Indeed, the opposed, but not inconsistent, vices of prodigality and rapacity, seem to belong more to democratic governments, in which wealth is the great source of distinction. No community is so stained by them as Anglo-America. And lastly, as it appears that "insolence, selfishness, and luxurious indulgence" do not necessarily belong to an aristocracy, it is not necessarily subject to the odium which, according to Lord Brougham, (p. 56,) these vices inflict on it.

In fact, nearly all these censures affect not aristocracy but a privileged order—an institution which may exist under any form of government except a pure democracy, and need not possess power legislative or even executive. The noblesse of France, while her monarchs were absolute, had all the qualities which Lord Brougham has described as patrician. It was ill-educated, selfish, and luxurious, born to preëminence, insolent to its inferiors and submissive to its master, and became to its fellow-countrymen an object of admiration and of imitation; but at the same time, of hatred so intense, that the main purpose of French legislation for the last fifty years has been to prevent its reëstablishment. But though such an order could not have existed unless it had once possessed political power, yet at the time of which we are speaking that power was gone. All that remained were some traditional rights, which as soon as they were attempted to be employed melted away. Its immunity from taxation, its social distinctions, its monopoly of the higher military, diplomatic, and household offices, its pensions and its ribands, it owed merely to custom, and to the will of an absolute master that the custom should continue. It was not an aristocracy, or even an aristocratic institution. On the other hand, the French Chamber of Peers is an aristocratic institution. It is a small body of persons possessing a portion of the supreme legislative power. But of the six aristocratic defects enumerated by Lord Brougham, only the first, the absence of individual responsibility, belongs to it.

Lord Brougham now proceeds to inquire whether the aristocratic institution possesses any virtues to be set in opposition to so many imperfections.

"There cannot," he says, "be any doubt that the quality of firmness and steadiness of purpose belongs peculiarly to an aristocracy. The very vices which we have been considering lead naturally to this virtue, and it is a very great merit in any system of government. A system of administration, a plan of finance, a measure of commercial or agricultural legislation, a project of criminal or other judicial administration, may seem to have failed, yet the patrician body will give it a further trial. They adopted it on mature deliberation, and not on the spur of a passing occasion; they will not be hastily driven from it. Akin to this merit is the slowness with which such a government is induced to adopt any great change. Indeed, resistance to change is peculiarly the characteristic of an aristocracy; and the members of the ruling body and their adherents obtain at all periods, in a greater or less degree, the power of stemming the revolutionary tide. This makes them equally resist improvements; but it tends to steady and poise the political machine. The history of our own House of Lords abounds in examples of these truths. But for their determination to resist measures which they deemed detrimental to the state, or to which they had objec-

tions from a regard for the interests of their own order, many measures of crude and hasty legislation would have passed in almost every parliament."—(Vol. ii., pp. 57, 58.)

To these merits of aristocracy he adds that it is pacific, partly from dislike of change, partly from military unfitness, partly from jealousy of military eminence, and partly from the want of individual ambition; that it encourages genius in arts and in letters; that it excites and preserves the spirit of personal honor; and that it is favorable to order and subordination.

To a certain degree it appears to us that Lord Brougham again attributes to aristocracy, as a form of government, effects—such as a high sense of honor and refined taste—which are the results of the existence of a privileged order; an institution which, as we have already remarked, is as consistent with an absolute monarchy or a mixed government as with an aristocracy. An aristocratic government without a privileged order would not contain persons sufficient in number to affect materially the general tone of society. If its members sat only for life, they would carry into it the feelings of the classes from which they were taken. Nor do we agree with him as to the beneficial influences of aristocracy on the fine arts or on letters. The greatest works of the arts which address the eye belong to absolute monarchies, the next greatest to democracies. The Pharaohs built Thebes and the Pyramids, the Moguls Agra and Delhi, a Roman emperor the Coliseum, a Democracy the Pantheon. Of the Italian works of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, referred to by Lord Brougham, the greatest belong to the absolute monarchy of the Popes. The poorest period in English history, that which produced the fewest men eminent in arts or in letters, was the period during which the aristocratic element was predominant—the reigns of the first three Georges.

That an aristocratic government is pacific is true; it is pacific, not only from the reasons mentioned in the text, but also from its prudence and its want of passion. It is equally true that it is eminently firm, steady of purpose, and averse from change. These are the qualities which render the aristocratic element a necessary part of a well-framed government. It gives bone to the constitution. But in politics as in physiology, there is no disease more certainly fatal than ossification. Lord Brougham uses our house of lords as an example of the utility of a body in perpetual resistance to change. Admitting, as he fairly does, that it has frequently stood in the way of improvements, constitutional, economical, and administrative, he seems to think that great advantage has arisen from "its having had, during the last ten years, a preponderating share in the government of the country."—(Vol. ii., p. 59.)

That the house of lords has prevented much evil there is no doubt. But how much good has it prevented? How much evil has it prolonged? How much has it created? Without referring to the long period in which, under the domination of Lord Eldon, it steadily defeated almost every legal and administrative improvement, it is to the house of lords that we owe the present state of Ireland. Had it allowed the house of commons in 1825 to grant Catholic emancipation, and a provision for the Catholic clergy, the British islands would now have been morally as well as legally an united kingdom. One of the worst

effects of this hostility to change, is its tendency to produce the most complete of all changes—a revolution. With one remarkable exception, that of Venice, pure aristocracies have been the most short-lived of governments. They are barriers behind which abuses accumulate until the whole structure suddenly gives way.

It is remarkable that, in his statement of the virtues of aristocracy, Lord Brougham includes only its moral virtues. He gives it no credit for peculiar talent, knowledge, or skill. This may arise in part from his generally assuming it to be hereditary. But the members of even an hereditary aristocracy are likely to possess far more than average political knowledge. Politics constitute their profession; and we agree with Lord Brougham, that they are the only class among whom it is to be wished that the political profession should exist. The selected members of an aristocratic body—and there are many such bodies in which all, and very few in which none, are selected—are generally men of eminent talent. The most distinguished body in the United States is the Senate, in France the House of Peers, and, according to Lord Brougham, the British House of Lords possesses a general superiority “in capacity, in learning, in calmness, and in statesmanlike views of both foreign and domestic policy.”

—(Vol. iii., p. 65.)

To this must be added experience; not merely the personal experience of its members, most of whom have passed a political life, but the experience which belongs to the body itself. A legislative body which never dies, which is recruited by insensible additions and substitutions, acquires a traditional wisdom exceeding that of the individuals who compose it. The correct appreciation, too, which those individuals obtain of one another, gives the lead to those who are best fitted for it. A newly constituted assembly is likely to exhibit less, an ancient one to exhibit more, than the average intelligence and knowledge of its members.

We now proceed to the third of Lord Brougham's great divisions—democracy. He defines democracy to be, “the constitution which allows the superior power to reside in the whole number of citizens, having never parted with it to a prince, or vested it in the hands of a select body of the community, from which the rest are excluded.”—(Vol. iii., p. 2.) Inattention to the cross division of exclusive and non-exclusive, which, as we have remarked, runs through all forms of government, as it rendered Lord Brougham's definition of aristocracy too wide, renders this too narrow. It comprehends no exclusive form. Lord Brougham endeavors to meet this difficulty by considering democracies as less or more pure as they are more or less exclusive. But, for scientific purposes, though there may be degrees of impurity, there cannot be degrees of purity. Whatever is not perfectly pure is impure. If a definition of pure democracy be necessary, we think that the most convenient one would be—the government in which supreme legislative power is vested in a large number of persons, without any participation or any control on the part of any other body, or of any individual. But, as we have already said, such governments, if they have ever existed, are so rare, that we prefer considering, not democracies, but the democratic principle; which we have already defined to be the possession of legislative power, directly or indirectly, by a large

number of persons. Lord Brougham reaffirms that the constitution is not the less democratic, because the people legislate only through representatives. We must repeat our dissent. The delegation of legislative power is, *pro tanto*, a suspension of it. It substitutes, *pro tanto*, the will of a few for that of many. In proportion to the period of delegation, the opinions and wishes of the delegates, however complete may have been their coincidence, at the time of delegation, with those of their then constituents, are likely to deviate from those of their constituents for the time being. The first reformed house of commons represented the feelings and wishes of its existing constituents more completely, probably, than any previous, or indeed any subsequent, house. But, if it had been entitled to sit for fourteen years, would it now represent them? Delegation certainly does not destroy, but it weakens the democratic principle; and we consider all governments in which it prevails, as aristocratic or mixed. Aristocratic, if the delegating body be a small one, as was the case in Venice; mixed, if the delegating body, though perhaps itself a minority, be large, as is the case in France and in the American slave-states. Consistently with his own nomenclature, Lord Brougham has considered the subject of representation under the head of democracy. In pursuance of ours, we reserve it until we come to mixed governments.

Lord Brougham sums up the virtues of the purely democratic system under nine heads. Of these, five—namely, its tendency to render administration pure, to promote political discussion, to diminish civil expenditure, to render the resources of the state available for its defence, and to force individuals to respect public opinion—must be at once admitted. The remaining four we will briefly consider, using Lord Brougham's words, but somewhat changing his arrangement.

“1. The fundamental peculiarity,” says Lord Brougham, “by which this is distinguished from other forms of government is, that the people having the administration of their own concerns in their own hands, the great cause of misgovernment, the selfish interest of rulers, is wanting; and if the good of the community is sacrificed, it must be owing to incapacity, passion, or ignorance, and not to deliberate evil design. The sovereign in a monarchy pursues his own interest; the privileged body in an aristocracy that of their order, or of its individual members. No such detriment can arise in a purely popular government. At least the chances are exceedingly small, and the mischief can only arise from some party, or some individuals, obtaining so much favor with the people at large as to mislead them for their own ends; a thing of necessarily rare occurrence, because there will always be a conflict of parties, and the people are prone to suspicion of all powerful men.

“2. No risk is run of incapable or wicked men holding the supreme direction of affairs, either in the legislature or in an executive department. No infant in the cradle, no driveling idiot, no furious maniac, no corrupt or vicious profligate, can ever govern the state, and bring all authority into hatred or contempt.

“3. The course of legislation must always keep pace with the improvement of the age. The people always communicate to the laws the impression of their own opinions. No sinister interests can interfere to check the progress of improve-

ment. No prejudices of one class, no selfish views, have any weight.

"4. The personal ambition of an individual, his feelings of slighted dignity, his sense of personal honor, as well as his desire of aggrandizement, have no place under this scheme of polity. Had the virtuous Washington himself become enamored of military glory, and desired to extend the dominion of republican institutions over Canada or New Spain, the people would have speedily taught him that war is a game the people are too wise to let their rulers play."—(Vol. iii., p. 109—111—110.)

We have already stated our reasons for believing the democratic element to be far more favorable to war than either of the others. The reference made by Lord Brougham to the United States is unfortunate. They have already extended the dominion of republican institutions over a portion of New Spain; and if the popular will had been omnipotent, would have seized Canada. Nor can we agree with him in ascribing to democracy a peculiar exemption from legislation unjust or unenlightened; or from the domination of persons morally or intellectually unfit for power. Where the democratic element prevails in an exclusive constitution, laws are often made for the express purpose of oppressing the excluded classes. And when there is no legal exclusion, a democratic majority is often a grievous tyrant to the minority. In the southern states of the American Union, the slaves are oppressed; in the northern states, the rich; in all, the people of color. In the Swiss cantons, consisting partly of a town and partly of a rural district, the popular assembly, if the town interest prevail, tries to oppress the country; if the country interest, to oppress the town; and as the oppression of one portion of the community is always injurious to all, the good of the community is in fact "sacrificed to deliberate evil design." That Lord Brougham, with history open to him, and in fact having studied her pages diligently—with Athens and Rome representing the past, and Ireland and Canada the present—should gravely say that the chances are exceedingly small that some party or some individuals will be able for their own ends to mislead the people at large, is incomprehensible.

We admit that the people will always communicate to their legislators the impression of their own opinions; but for that very reason we do not believe that, where the democratic element is the strongest, and still less where it is the only one—and Lord Brougham is now speaking of pure democracies—the course of legislation will keep pace with the improvement of the age. In every country, there are a few individuals whose political wisdom far exceeds that of the mass of their fellow-countrymen. In a monarchy, or in an aristocracy, it is possible that they may guide or even constitute the government. In a democracy, it is not. The majority of every nation consists of rude, uneducated masses;—ignorant, intolerant, suspicious, unjust, and uncandid; without the sagacity which discovers what is right, or the intelligence which comprehends it when pointed out, or the morality which requires it to be done. Does any one believe that the public conduct of America, her ambition, her quarrelsomeness, or her dishonesty, reflect the intellectual and moral advance of the country? That advance is as great in America as in Europe. Their best men are equal to ours. The mass of the people is

superior to any European population. But the democratic element has become triumphant; and its influence has been shown by popular violence, by international litigiousness, by anti-commercial Tariffs, and by Repudiation. So far from there being, in a democracy, no risk of wicked men holding the supreme direction of affairs, we believe that it is a danger to which even absolute monarchy is hardly more exposed. How else has demagogue been a byword of reproach, from the times of Cleon to those of Marat?

Lord Brougham's enumeration of the vices of democracy is executed with great spirit; but as we generally agree with it, and as the substance had often been said before, though seldom so well, we will dwell on only one of its points. "There is one establishment," says Lord Brougham, "which appears incompatible with democracy, and that is a system of religious instruction endowed and patronized by law, with a preference given to it by the state over all other systems, and a preference given to its teachers over the teachers of all other forms of belief—in other words, a religious establishment.—(Vol. iii., p. 126.) He assigns as the grounds of this incompatibility, first, the reluctance of the dissenting portion of the community to contribute to the diffusion of what they believe to be religious error. And, secondly, that an establishment supposes a clerical order possessing great personal weight, endowed by the state, but unconnected with the government; and that the existence of such an order is wholly repugnant to democracy. To ascertain whether this be a virtue or a vice of democracy, he inquires into "the virtues and vices of religious establishments;" or rather compares their vices with those of the voluntary system.

He states the objections to an establishment to be three. First, that to be compelled to support a religion which a man conscientiously disapproves, is a serious grievance; secondly, that an establishment always gives to the government secular support, and becomes itself, therefore, subject to secular influences; and thirdly, that it tends to the restraint of freedom of speech and thought, to intolerant practices, and to the destruction of general improvement.

He then enumerates five objections to the voluntary system. First, that if the people were left to supply themselves with religious knowledge, many of them, and among these the classes which most require it, would often remain without it; secondly, that "if the people are to provide for the support of their own pastors, so must they select them also;" thirdly, that it promotes among the people the most dangerous of all excitements, religious excitement; fourthly, among the clergy religious fanaticism; and fifthly, political agitation. He then decides that the disadvantages of the voluntary system preponderate; and consequently that the absence of a religious establishment is among the defects of democracy.

It is obviously impossible that, within our limits, we should discuss the many questions thus raised; but we cannot refrain from considering a few of them. In the first place, the word "establishment" is ambiguous. It may bear the meaning which Lord Brougham has given to it, of a religious system patronized by law, with a preference given to it by the state over all other systems; and a preference given to its teachers over the teachers of all other forms of belief. That is to say, a *privileged church*. Or it may mean

merely an *endowed* church—a church whose ministers are either salaried by the state, or allowed by the state to possess property in their corporate, not in their individual character, but which receives from the state no other patronage or preference. Such is the Presbyterian church in Ireland; such are the various churches of Canada. If the bishops should be removed from the house of lords, diocesan courts and church-rates abolished, and the universities and the few offices from which they are now excluded opened to dissenters—events some of them certain, and all probable—the Church of England will cease to be a privileged church, but will continue an endowed one. Now, we see no reason for thinking that a church endowed, but not privileged, is inconsistent with democracy; and we are inclined to think that such a church may possess nearly all the advantages which belong to an establishment in Lord Brougham's sense, and be free from almost all its disadvantages.

Secondly, we do not perceive the incompatibility of even a privileged church with democracy. Some of the most democratic portions of Europe, Belgium, Norway, and parts of Switzerland, possess such churches. They are inconsistent, not with democracy generally, but with a democracy in which there is no one preponderant sect.

And lastly, Lord Brougham appears to us to take too English, and too Protestant a view of the voluntary system. The two countries in which that system prevails most extensively, are the United States and Ireland. In neither of them is there any want of religious teachers. The instruction may not be good, but it certainly is abundant. Again, throughout the Roman Catholic world, though the people may pay the priest, they neither elect, nor can they remove him. He is dependent on their favor for only a portion of his income. This dependence, indeed, has been sufficient, under peculiar circumstances, to render the Irish priest a most mischievous agitator; but such is not its necessary effect. In the United States, there is no clerical agitation. Everybody there is a politician, except the religious instructor.

On the whole, although we agree in Lord Brougham's preference of even a privileged church to the voluntary system, we do not think that the latter is open to all the objections which he has made; or that the former is necessarily incompatible with democracy.

We have now arrived at the fourth and last class of governments, those in which two or more of the three elements, the monarchical, the aristocratic, and the democratic—or, in other words, of the legislative powers of one, of a few, or of many—are combined.

It is obvious that such governments are divisible, according to the elements which they admit, into four. A mixed government may combine only the monarchical and democratic elements, or only the monarchical and aristocratic, or only the aristocratic and democratic, or may unite all three. The first of these is almost peculiar to small uncivilized tribes. As soon as such a tribe has swelled into a nation, the direct and constant exercise of power by the mass of the people becomes so difficult, that the chief makes himself absolute, and the government ceases to be mixed; or some smaller body is either substituted for the people, or appointed to share its power, and the constitution assumes one of the three other forms of mixed government. Nor is the mixture of monarchy and aristocracy common. A small select

body, neither restrained nor supported by the democratic element, either deposes the monarch and reigns, as in Venice, a pure aristocracy; or, as is more frequently the case, is itself deposed by him, and the result is a pure monarchy; or is forced to share its power with the monarch and the people, or with the people alone, and the government falls into one of the two remaining mixed forms. The mixture of the aristocratic and democratic forms is not uncommon. With the exception of Neuchâtel, which is purely monarchical, this is the constitution of all the Swiss cantons. It is the form into which the constitution of every country which rejects the monarchical principle seems naturally to fall. The most common, however, of mixed governments is the fourth, that in which the three elements are combined: and, what is more important, it is the form of government to which all nations seem to tend as they advance in greatness and in political knowledge.

But we now come to a set of cross divisions. Governments must be considered not merely according to the elements which they admit, but according to the mode and degree in which each element is admitted. The individual in whom the monarchical principle resides, may be hereditary or elected. If elected, he may be appointed for life, or for a term of years, or annually. The constituency that elects him may be aristocratic or democratic. If elected for a period, he may, or he may not, be reëligible. Some portion of the legislative power he must have; but he may have the initiative of all measures, or of some, or of none. He must have a veto; but it may be absolute or suspensive. He must be irresponsible while his power continues; but after it has ceased he may or may not be legally accountable for his conduct while in office. He may be authorized to exercise his powers personally, or only through his ministers. His ministers may or may not be responsible for his acts. Their offices may admit them to the legislative assemblies, or exclude them, or have nothing to do with their presence there.

So the body in which the democratic principle resides, may reserve some portion of direct legislative power, as in the case in the United States, where the constitution cannot be altered except by a convention, in which the electoral body becomes legislative; or it may part with the whole, as is the case in the British constitution. It may appoint its deputies for life, or for any shorter period. It may appoint them directly, or be authorized only to appoint electors. It may or may not be restricted in the selection of either the one or the other. It may or may not be empowered to bind its deputies by instructions.

These remarks are applicable, with little variation, to the body constituting the aristocratic element. There might be some pedantry, but there would be no impropriety, if we were to subject aristocratic bodies to the same division to which we have subjected governments; and to term a select legislative body appointed by the sovereign monarchical, an hereditary or self-perpetuated one aristocratic, one created directly or indirectly by the people democratic, and one in which two or more of these modes of creation or succession should concur, mixed.

Again, there is almost an equal variety in the modes in which the executive power may be distributed or collected. The monarch may have the whole, or some part of it, or none. In England, the aristocratic legislative body is also the highest

legal court of appeal. The initiative, and the details of arbitrary executive acts, belong principally to the democratic body, and occupy, under the name of private business, a very large portion of its time and attention. In the United States, the aristocratic legislative body shares with the monarch the power of making treaties, and of appointing some of the highest officers; and there are few modern constitutions in which the principal executive powers are not divided between the different legislative authorities.

The judicial power may be exercised by judges—hereditary, or appointed for life, or for a given period, or at the will of the appointer, or for one particular case. They may be appointed by the sovereign, or by a select body, or by the people, or by lot. Every one of these varieties may be found in one country. In fact, they all coexist in England.

Again, every mixed government is more or less exclusive, from that of France, where only about three persons out of a thousand have legislative power, direct or indirect, to those in Switzerland, in which every male above the age of sixteen is an elector, and for some purposes a legislator.

When the number of combinations is so vast, it appears to us to be dangerous to ascribe to the mixed form of government any qualities as universal, or even as general. A distinction, apparently trifling, of law, or of mere administration, may affect the whole working of a constitution. England is, we believe, the only country in the world in which the sovereign is not present at the meetings of his own cabinet. There is, perhaps, no other single cause which has tended so much to weaken the monarchical element in the English constitution. But it is no part of that constitution; it is a mere usage, which sprang up accidentally, in consequence of George the First's ignorance of English. Important as it is, and now we trust unalterable, the fact of its existence is little known out of the British islands, and perhaps is not notorious even there.

Again, in France, no proceedings can be taken against any officer of the government for any official act, unless by the permission of the government;—a permission which the government can refuse at its discretion, and in a large proportion of cases does refuse. This law can scarcely be said to affect the French constitution as a form of government. It does not render it more monarchical, aristocratic, or democratic; but its first effect is to deprive all the inhabitants of France of any legal security against the oppression of their government. Its second effect is to drive them to supply, by illegal resistance, the want of a legal remedy. In England, if a tax-collector should endeavor to enter a house in order to count the windows, the owner, after warning him of the consequence, would quietly submit, then bring his action, and be amply recompensed by damages. The collector knows this, and nothing of the kind takes place. In France, such an occurrence occasioned, a year or two ago, deplorable scenes of violence and bloodshed. The collectors and the inhabitants both believed that the government would protect its officers. The collectors tried to force their way into the houses, the inhabitants to repel them, and the consequence was a petty civil war.

Again, the American president is elected for only four years, but is then reëligible. Washington allowed himself to be reëlected once, but not

oftener. This example has been generally followed. No president has served more than eight years; but every one has served a candidate for reëlection at the end of his first term of four years, and many of them have succeeded. The consequence is, that the first business of every president is to secure his reëlection. To raise his own party and to depress his opponents—to dismiss the whole body of executive officers, and supply their places with his own partisans—to support slavery if he be strong in the south, or abolition if his strength lie in the north; to be a free-trader in the one case, and a protector of domestic industry in the other; to favor the great monied institutions if they support him; to destroy them, at the risk of paralyzing the whole commerce and industry of the country, if they oppose him; to be litigious, insolent, and warlike in his diplomacy, if his friends lie among the dealers in arms or in privateers, or among manufacturers anxious to engross the home market; to be pacific if he rely on the importers of plantation supplies, and the exporters of cotton or tobacco; but under all circumstances, to adopt the language, stiffen the prejudices, inflame the passions, and obey the orders of the mass of the people.—Such are the occupations in which every president spends the first four years of his reign, and, if he be not reëlected, the whole. To the influences which thus corrupt and degrade* the person who is both her chief magistrate and her prime minister, we attribute much of the deterioration of the public, and, we fear we must add, the private character of America—the bluster, the vanity, the rapacity, the violence, and the fraud, which render her a disgrace to democratic institutions, and a disgrace to the Anglo-Saxon race.

But if Washington had refused to be reëlected, it is probable that this frightful source of misgovernment and demoralization would never have broken out. The interests, and, what is more important, the passions of all parties, the jealousy of competitors, the inconstancy of the people, and the unpopularity which is unavoidably acquired in four years of supreme administration, would have effectually prevented any of his successors for asking for an honor and a power of which even Washington had not thought himself worthy. And though the constitution of America would have remained the same, its practical working would have been essentially altered.

Although, therefore, we have ventured to ascribe certain qualities to the three pure constitutions, or rather to the influence of the monarchical, aristocratic, and democratic elements respectively, we are afraid to give any general character to the indefinitely various forms in which those elements may be combined. All that we can affirm is, that it appears to be probable, first, That by combining the three elements, or at least two of them, a form of government may be obtained which, in ordinary circumstances, will be more favorable to the welfare of the people than any one of the simple forms. Secondly, That the forms under which there has been the greatest moral and intellectual progress, and, we are inclined to think, the greatest happiness, have been mixed. And Thirdly, That the very worst forms of government, forms which, like that of Poland, after having rendered nations for centuries misera-

* See a proposition, at the end of this article, for a conservative change of the constitution.—L. A.]

ble in themselves, and a source of misery to their neighbors, have utterly destroyed them, or been destroyed themselves, have also been mixed.

Lord Brougham is bolder. He states, that a mixed government possesses over all others, three great advantages, namely, first, "That it protects the public interest from rash, ill-concerted counsels; secondly, That it secures the freedom and the rights of all classes in the community; and lastly, That it maintains the stability of the political system."^{*}

Now it is certain that the introduction of the aristocratic element has a tendency to diminish the rashness, passion, and short-sightedness which belong sometimes to a pure monarchy, and always to a pure democracy; but it is by no means certain that the introduction of the democratic element would produce the same effect in a pure monarchy, or even in a pure aristocracy. The Venetian government, the most prudent that has ever existed, was a pure aristocracy. That of Prussia, also eminently prudent, is a pure monarchy. The conduct of France was far more prudent, her councils far less ill-concerted, before the revolution of 1789, than they have been since she substituted a mixed government for an absolute monarchy.

Again, the protection of the rights of all classes of the community, depends not so much on the government being mixed or pure, as on the degree in which it is exclusive. The excluded classes are always in danger of oppression, and many mixed governments have been eminently exclusive. It was the mixed exclusive government of England that enacted the penal laws against Roman Catholics. It was from the mixed exclusive government of Denmark that the people fled for refuge to an absolute king. The Austrian monarchy is pure in Lombardy and mixed in Hungary. But in Lombardy it is non-exclusive: no class has any privileges or immunities at the expense of the community. In Hungary, four fifths of the inhabitants are excluded from all political and from most social rights. Mixed government has not saved them; as it did not save the Roman Catholics of Ireland, from a degree of oppression to which no class is subject in any of the absolute European monarchies, except Russia and Turkey, if these monarchies are to be called European.

Lastly, There are reasons for doubting the superior stability of mixed governments. Pure democracies, indeed, are necessarily unstable. They must be destroyed by the mere increase of territory or of population; but many pure monarchies have endured for centuries undisturbed by any serious internal commotion. So have some pure aristocracies. Perhaps, when we consider the rarity of that form of government, and the frequency of the mixed form, the former has exhibited as much stability as the latter. On the whole, we are inclined so far to disagree from Lord Brougham as to think, that a pure monarchy, or a pure aristocracy, is more stable than any mixed form admitting only two elements; but so far to agree with him as to believe, that the greatest amount of stability is to be obtained by the union of all three.

Throughout this discussion we have adhered to our own nomenclature, and have included among mixed governments those in which the body of the people act through their representatives.

If we had adopted the nomenclature of Lord Brougham, and had included among pure democracies all governments in which the legislative authorities are elected directly or even indirectly by the people, we should scarcely have ventured to attribute to mixed government even the qualified superiority which we have assigned to it. If the president and the senate of the United States were elected for life; if the president could act only by the advice of his ministers, and those ministers were responsible, and instead of being excluded from Congress, were *ex-officio* members—the constitution would still, according to Lord Brougham's nomenclature, be not a mixed government but a pure democracy, since all legislative, and indeed all executive authority would flow, directly or indirectly, from the people. But we are inclined to think that such a constitution would work well;—quite as well as if the president, or the senate, or both of them, were rendered hereditary, and the constitution thus changed from pure to mixed. In the very striking chapter in which Lord Brougham anticipates the consequences of the further moral and intellectual improvement of mankind,* he states that a progress is making by the people which will in time enable old countries to be governed democratically; and that the tendency of human affairs is, that the people should select their chief magistrate. And if they elect their king and their house of commons, it is nearly certain that they will also think fit to elect their house of lords. We are not sure that for a well-educated people this would not be the best constitution; and if it is to be called a pure democracy, we can no longer affirm, as a universal proposition, that a mixed constitution always offers better chances for public welfare than a pure one.

We have now to consider an institution which is treated by Lord Brougham as compatible with every form except pure monarchy and aristocracy, and by us as confined to mixed government—representation.

Representation, however, is not a subject to be discussed in a couple of pages. We shall shortly sum up the most important of Lord Brougham's conclusions, without expressing dissent or concurrence. Where we agree with him, the mere expression of our assent could add nothing to his authority; and where we disagree, the mere expression of our dissent, unsupported by argument, would be dogmatical, and, indeed, presumptuous.

The substance of Lord Brougham's canons of representative government is this:—

The power of the people is to be transferred for a period exceeding one year, but not exceeding three years, to their representative. They are not to attempt to resume it during that time, or to fetter him by instructions. There should be no qualification of eligibility; and all persons of full age, unconvicted of infamous offences, who have received a good plain education, should be electors. The election should be direct, and by open voting, but in such a manner (*how* is not specified) as to protect the voters' independence. The constituencies should consist, not of mere towns or counties, but of electoral districts so large as to prevent corruption—from five thousand to six thousand electors being the *minimum*—and so arranged as to secure representatives of all the great

* Vol. iii., p. 158.

* Vol. iii., chap. xx.

classes in the community, but not giving to any one large town a proportionate and therefore a very numerous representation.

To these canons Lord Brougham allows no exception. He does not propose them merely as the theoretic principles of the best form of representative government, but as the principles to which every such government ought to be made to conform. Many years ago, in his Letter to Lord John Russell, he recommended their adoption, so far as they have not been already so adopted, into the British constitution. It is therefore Lord Brougham's deliberate advice that the British house of commons should be triennial; and should be chosen in large electoral districts by the suffrage of all persons who have received a good plain education; which in a short time must practically be universal suffrage. Now, without infringing our rule of expressing on the subject of representation neither assent nor dissent, we may remark that such a change would be a revolution—using that word to signify not a violent anarchical movement, but a change in the depositaries of power. It would greatly increase the democratic power, and it would place that power in the hands of those who have now no share in it, or a share so small as to leave them almost without influence. It would exceed in magnitude the changes effected by the Reform act—at least as much as those changes exceeded all that was proposed by Mr. Pitt or by Mr. Brougham.

We have now reached the last of the portions of Lord Brougham's work which we have selected for criticism—his view of the existing British constitution. It is to be observed that his exposition is not merely legal, but also practical; that he states not merely the theory of the constitution, but its actual working.

"The great virtue," he says, of the constitution of England, is the purity in which it recognizes and establishes the fundamental principle of all mixed governments; that the supreme power of the state being vested in several bodies, the consent of each is required to the performance of any legislative act; and that no change can be made in the laws, nor any addition to them, nor any act done affecting the lives, liberties, or property of the people, without the full and deliberate assent of each of the ruling powers.*

Consistently with this view, he holds that the constitution wills that the opinions of the monarch "should have a sensible weight, even against the most conflicting sentiments of the people and of the peers,"† and should operate as a check on the other branches of the system. And he further maintains, that the government cannot be carried on for any length of time, unless the ministers of the day have the decided support of both houses of parliament.‡

We venture to question this view both in theory and in practice. It appears to us that important legislation has taken place in past times, and is likely to occur in future times, against the deliberate will of one, and sometimes of two, of the ruling bodies; and, further, that the government can be carried on for an indefinite period with a decided majority in only one house of parliament; and, lastly, we believe that those who gradually introduced the usages, the aggregate of which forms the British constitution, intended that this should be the case. For the facts, we need refer

only to the most recent history—to the Emancipation act, carried against the deliberate will of George the Fourth; to the Reform act, carried against the deliberate will of the house of lords; to much subsequent legislation, disapproved of by both the crown and the peers; and to Lord Grey's ministry—the most powerful at home and abroad, the strongest in every way that modern times have seen—ruling not merely without the support of both houses, but opposed in one of them by a decided and constantly-increasing majority. If it be said that in these cases the consent of the sovereign and of the peers, however reluctant, was in fact given, the answer is, that it was given because the constitution itself prevented its refusal. The sovereign acts only through his ministers, and no minister would have dared to advise George the Fourth to veto the emancipation bill. The majority of the house of lords knew that a few pieces of parchment could convert it into a minority. They believed that the expedient would be used; and though they refused their consent to the Reform bill, they neglected to record their dissent. If the constitution had willed, "that the individual monarch should be a substantive part of the political system as a check on the other branches,"* it would have allowed him liberty of action. It would not have required that to give validity to his acts other persons should adopt them, and assume their responsibility. The fact is, that the influence really exercised by the sovereign is unconstitutionally exercised. The constitution supposes the crown to take no part in legislation, until the proposed law has passed through both houses. In the rare cases in which the sovereign has interfered in legislation, he has done so by preventing the introduction into parliament of the measures to which he was opposed, and we doubt whether such a case will ever occur again. "If he can find any eight or ten men," says Lord Brougham, "in whom he has confidence, who are willing to serve him, and whom the houses will not reject, he has the choice of those to whom the administration of affairs shall be confided."† Certainly; but in general it is found that there are only eight or ten men in the kingdom who are willing to serve him, and whom the houses will not reject. It has frequently happened that these were not the eight or ten men in whom the sovereign had confidence; but he has been obliged to continue, or even to appoint them ministers. His right of choice is that given by a *conseil d'état*.

Again; if the framers of the constitution had intended "the separation and entire independence of its component parts;"‡ if they had intended that the house of lords should possess a real "veto upon all the measures that pass the commons,"§ it seems inconceivable that they should have subjected that house to absolute dependence on the crown—that they should have allowed the sovereign to pack it at his pleasure:—to give it a tory, a whig, or a radical majority, as often as he may think fit. Nor can it be said that this power is obsolete, or even dormant. It was used by Lord Oxford—it was used by Lord Brougham—it was abused by Mr. Pitt. He packed the Irish house of lords, by adding to it more than one hundred and fifty peers—forty-six of them in one year; and then to make this gross injustice irre-

* Vol. iii., p. 295. † *Ibid.*, p. 302. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 315.

* Vol. iii., p. 302.
‡ *Ibid.*, p. 301.

† *Ibid.*
§ *Ibid.*, p. 305.

parable, prohibited by the act of union its further increase. He found the British house consisting of only two hundred and ten temporal peers; in thirteen years he added to it eighty-five. When the tory reign ended with Lord Liverpool, one hundred and seventy-eight British peers, and twenty-eight Irish, all belonging to one party, had been added to it. If it be true that no government can be carried on unless the minister have a decided majority in the house of lords, either the government of the party now in power is immortal, or the accession of a liberal minister must be accompanied by the creation of two hundred peers.

If we reason with respect to the British constitution as we do with respect to every other elaborate contrivance;—if we infer the intentions of its framers from the results which they have effected—it appears clear that differences of opinion between the three legislative bodies were foreseen, and means taken to give a decided preponderance to that which should have the support of the people. We say, which should have the support of the people; because the house of commons, unless decidedly supported by the people—that is to say, by the constituencies—is not merely the weakest of the three estates, but is absolutely powerless; but supported by the people, it rules easily if one of the other two estates assist it; and rules, though not without difficulty, even if the other two oppose it. Thus the commons and the crown united, can at once trample under foot the opposition of the lords; the commons and the lords united are practically in no danger of opposition from the crown, and if opposition were to take place, could terminate it by depriving the sovereign of his ministers. But the crown and the lords united, are impotent against a house of commons backed by its constituencies. All that they can do is to dissolve; and a reëlection sends them back only a more numerous and a more determined opposition. It must have been for the purpose of producing this result, that the power of creating new boroughs was gradually withdrawn from the crown. While that power existed, the commons were as much at the mercy of the crown as the lords are now. As soon as it ceased, they became as independent as the lords would have become, if the bill which restricted the power of creating peers had passed. Those who deprived the crown of the power of increasing or packing the house of commons, and those who continued to the crown the power of increasing and packing the house of lords, must have intended, that in the British constitution the democratic element should be supreme.

There is no proposal for constitutional change that Lord Brougham dismisses so contemptuously, as an alteration in the constitution of the house of lords. "It deserves," he says, "to be noted, that all these senseless projects have long since been abandoned by their thoughtless authors, who, a few years ago, considered the safety of the empire to depend upon what they termed Peerage Reform."^{*} He believes that the consequences of a large creation in 1832 would have been dreadful; that it would inevitably have ruined the constitution.† Now, we dread all great changes simply because they are great changes—because we know that their whole results never can be anticipated—and that even if they effect their

intended purposes, they may effect them at a sacrifice which would not have been submitted to, if it had been foreseen. We do not believe, indeed, that peerage reform would produce so great a change as is expected by its enemies, or by its friends; but the change would be great, and that is a sufficient reason for avoiding, or, at all events, for deferring it, as long as it can be deferred. But we cannot think that it is a senseless project. We cannot but feel that a state of circumstances is possible, we trust not probable, in which it may be beneficial and even necessary. While the house of lords plays no part in the great game of political power—while it contents itself with performing the important but subordinate duties of a court of revision, in which the legislation of the commons is reconsidered, improved, suspended—and, when the popular will is not decidedly expressed, even rejected, it will continue unaltered in form, and, unless some profligate administration should repeat Mr. Pitt's profuse creations, unaltered in substance; but, if in an evil hour it should assume equality with the commons—if it should attempt to share the sovereignty which that house now exclusively exercises—if it should try to dictate what party and what persons shall be our governors, the days of its apparent independence are numbered.

We will explain our views by supposing a possible, though certainly not a probable, state of circumstances: Suppose that, in the last session, the public opinion of the constituent bodies had been decidedly in favor of a ten hours' bill—that Sir Robert Peel had resisted, had dissolved, and had been met by a house of commons with a hostile majority of 300, and had endeavored to govern with only 150 supporters—had endeavored, in short, to treat the house of commons as more than one minister has treated the house of lords—the commons would have passed a vote of want of confidence. If that produced no effect, they would have addressed the crown to remove its ministers—if that failed, they would have stopped the supplies. As the hostile majority would have been unassailable, as a fresh dissolution would only have increased its numbers and its determination, the crown must have complied, and appointed a new administration. If now the house of lords had followed the precedent set by the commons—if it had resolved that the new cabinet had not its confidence—had requested its removal—and had enforced that request by rejecting the money bills and the mutiny bill, the necessary consequence would have been, not that the commons or the crown would have yielded, but that the hostile majority of the peers would have been neutralized by a large creation; and the result of one or two such occurrences must be peerage reform. The house of lords would soon become too large to act as a deliberating body; and the course which has been twice taken to meet that difficulty would be repeated. At the time of the Union with Scotland, it was supposed that the introduction of all the Scotch peers would form too large an accession to the house; they were required, therefore, to select representatives out of their own body. The same objection was removed by the same expedient on the Union with Ireland. The distinctions between British, Irish, and Scotch peers, now become useless, would be abolished; and on every new parliament the whole peerage would be required to select a representative body. Such a body, if persons filling or who had filled certain

* Vol. ii., p. 16.

† Vol. iii., p. 306.

high offices, were *ex-officio* members, would constitute an aristocratic assembly; perhaps not remarkably inferior in virtue, in knowledge, in talents, in diligence, and even in wealth, to that which it is now our happiness to possess.

It is true that it would not be independent; since any minister, enjoying the decided support of the country and of the house of commons, would be able, by a creation and a dissolution, to obtain a majority in the lords. But, under such circumstances, is the house of lords now, under the existing system, independent? Its independence is confined to the case of parties in the country, and in the house of commons, being nearly equally balanced. In such a case the power of creation is virtually suspended. If the minister, with a majority of twenty-five, create peers from the house of commons, he destroys his majority, even if he should lose only one reelection out of three. If, to avoid this, he exclude from the peerage his supporters, he equally destroys his majority by disgusting the vain and selfish portion of his adherents; but if he have such a majority in the house as to be able to bear some loss on elections, and such a majority in the constituencies as will render that loss trifling, he can now govern the lords by the threat implied, rather than expressed, of mere creation;—as effectually, perhaps, as he could do after the supposed peerage reform, when there would be the further necessity of a dissolution.

A few years ago, there did appear to be almost a probability that such a reform might become necessary. The house of lords indeed abstained not only from straining, but, in a great measure, from exercising its political as distinguished from its legislative powers. Though exempt from dissolution and safe from creation, not merely independent, but if such were its desire, dominant; with the power of expelling by a single vote an administration which it disliked and distrusted, it yet refrained from giving that vote. It did not address the crown to dismiss its ministers, though such an address would, in the then state of parties, have been a command; but it displayed a temper, and pursued a course of obstruction, which excited alarm among our most intrepid and our wisest statesmen.

"Year after year," says Lord John Russell, "the commons grow more impatient at the frustration of measures for which they have labored for many a weary night, which contain nothing revolutionary or intemperate, and which are dispatched before dinner by some thirty peers, who, without reading the bills, and without listening to explanation, mar the fruits of a session. Year after year, the lords, strong in their numbers, grow more and more eager for decisive battle. With these dispositions, the superiority of the lords in matters of government may one day be asserted, or England may no longer bear the double sway of government in one house, and opposition in the other. Who are in that case to give the victory? Evidently the people of the United Kingdom. The country will ask in the end whether these measures were useful; and if so, why they were rejected? They will inquire who they are who have misused the power of legislation to indulge a party spleen; and those on whom that charge justly rests, will be the losers in the conflict."^{*}

The conflict which Lord John Russell depre-

^{*} Letter to the Electors of Stroud, 1839, p. 41—43.

ated, was averted, partly by the wisdom, firmness, and authority of the Duke of Wellington, and partly by the speedy termination of the real struggle in the house of commons. We now know, that such was the temper of the constituencies in 1839 and 1840, that if it had taken place, the victory would have rested with the lords. On a dissolution, the people would have sided with them. The danger lay in the precedent;—in the fear that, in a different state of public feeling, the lords, pleased with their apparent recovery of political power, might, on some other occasion, exercise their legal right to oppose the popular will; and thus force the crown to exercise its legal right of putting down that opposition by a creation, which, in the state of parties which now exists, or in any which can be expected to exist in that house, must be a very numerous one; and then, as we said before, peerage reform is inevitable. If that event should actually occur—if the most distinguished, and, on the whole, the most enlightened hereditary body that the world has ever seen, should be changed into an elected senate, on whom will the responsibility rest?—On those who endeavor to alarm the prudence of the house of lords, or on those who may inflame its ambition? On those who, by pointing out its political subordination, endeavor to secure its legislative authority; or on those who may tempt it to temporary triumph, and ultimate defeat, by ascribing to it a political independence and a political equality, which it possesses neither in theory nor in practice? On those who may have to sacrifice its existing constitution to the welfare of the state; or on those who, without any necessity—in the mere insolence of power, by the wanton creations of forty years—converted it from a moderately-sized council, fairly representing both the great parties, into a large assembly; in which one set of opinions is always persisted in, one class of measures approved, and one body of leaders supported, by the same overwhelming and hereditary majority!

We now close these volumes, with gratitude to the author, for much amusement, information, and instruction—with respect for his learning, and with admiration of his genius. We feel that the account which we have given of his work is very imperfect. We have been forced to omit the whole of the historical portion, and many philosophical discussions of great merit; among others, those on Party, on Checks, on Federal Union, and on Judicial arrangements. This, however, is not of much importance. Lord Brougham will be read in his own, not in our pages. On looking back at what we have written, we are struck by its controversial tone. This is perhaps unavoidable in criticism, where the subject-matter admits of only probable reasoning. On such subjects, when there is perfect coincidence of opinion in the author and the critic, there is little opportunity and no necessity for remark; but when this perfect coincidence does not exist, if the matter be important, the critic feels bound to express his dissent; and, if the author be one whose opinions carry great weight, to support it by argument and illustration. We have agreed in opinion with Lord Brougham much oftener than we have disagreed; but in the one case we have generally been silent—in the other, we have thought it necessary to state at some length the grounds of our dissent. No one, we are sure, will judge us with more candor than the great author himself.

He will feel that, whenever we have ventured to express dissent, it has been from no love of paradox or of opposition, but from a sincere difference of opinion on some of the most important, and, at the same time, most doubtful questions on which the human mind can be employed.

We are so deeply impressed with the truth of the opinions of the Edinburgh Reviewer, as to the tendency of reflecting the President—that we again ask the attention of our readers to remarks published four years ago, and then favorably received by some influential journals.

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

It seems probable, that soon or late, an alteration will be made in the Constitution, by which a president of the United States shall be prohibited from reelection.

If the change be now made, it can be accompanied by some other modifications and provisions which appear to us likely to be advantageous.

As the constitution now stands, a man whom the people delight to trust and honor, may be retained in their service, in this capacity as long as they please. And it seems desirable, that one who has long given his mind and his heart to questions of national policy—who has accumulated a vast stock of knowledge and wisdom—and who by his position at the head of the government has had, confidentially as it were, unusual opportunities of learning many of the secret springs by which our own and foreign affairs are moved—it seems desirable that such a man should not be ostracised, and that for the simple reason that he is *the just*, that is to say, in the opinion of the majority of the people.

We may readily imagine that at so early an age as *forty*, a man might, by great energy and wisdom in some public emergency, have been advanced to this highest elective post in the world. Is it expedient then, after drawing what advantage we can from him for four years, to cast him aside from the public service? His early elevation would thus prove an evil to himself and to the country. Far better for both had he continued twenty-five years longer in a subordinate station.

And yet there are many disadvantages attending the reeligibility of the president. Upon these we need say nothing, as public opinion seems to be settled.

We now beg leave to offer to the consideration of the members of congress and of the state legislatures, the following

AMENDMENT.

The president of the United States shall be elected for seven years, and shall not a second time be eligible to the office. But after the expiration of his term of service, he shall be ex officio a member of the senate of the United States.

It seems to us that it would greatly add to the beauty and strength of our government, to retain the presence and the experience of even the very few persons who could ever be in the senate in such a capacity. Who does not see that the services of Mr. Adams, with his incomparable memory of everything that has occurred during his long life, would be of great importance? And General Jackson, although he disappointed the high hopes we formed of him, we should be glad

that the influence he continued to exercise, should have been wielded from his place in the senate. To Mr. Van Buren, partly from his opposition to De Witt Clinton in the state of New York, but mainly from other causes, we have been as steadily opposed as any other person can have been; and yet we should be glad to provide an honorable and important position for him, in which he could bring to bear upon questions of moment, the knowledge and experience he has acquired.

To all *conservatives*, we say in conclusion, that such an alteration as we have proposed, is more in accordance with the general plan of the constitution, than the single alteration of making the office for one term of four years and no more.

Publishers' Circular, Feb. 1841.

From the Assistant of Education.

SONG OF EXPECTATION.

"Until the day break and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain."—Cant. iv. 6.
"Looking for that blessed hope."—Titus ii. 13.

To watch the morning's dawn
I'll get me to the hill,
And till the shadows flee away,
I'll keep the watch-tower still.

For morning surely comes,
And who can paint its light?
Eternal glory is at hand,
To chase the dreary night.

Oh! I would catch its earliest gleam,
To set my soul on fire,
And such seraphic ardors breathe,
As angel hosts inspire.

For long our pilgrimage hath been,
And dark the pilgrin's day,
The coming glory, blessed hope,
Chief solace of our way.

And though the glory lingers yet,
It cheers the fainting eye,
To mark, amidst surrounding gloom,
The star of prophecy.

I'll trim my lamp the while,
And chant a midnight lay,
Till perfect light and gladness come,
In glory's endless day.

From the Sailor's Magazine.

THE EVENING STAR.

STAR of the mariner! thy car,
O'er the blue waters twinkling clearly,
Reminds him of his home afar,
And scenes he still loves—oh! how dearly!
He sees his native fields—he sees
Grey twilight gathering o'er his mountains,
And hears the murmuring of green trees,
The bleat of flocks and gush of fountains:—
How beautiful, when, through the shrouds
The fierce presaging storm-winds rattle,
Thou glitterest clear amid the clouds,
O'er waves that lash and gales that battle;
And as, athwart the billows driven,
He turns to Thee in fond devotion,
Star of the sea! thou tell'st that heaven
O'erlooks alike both Land and Ocean

THE RIGHT OF SEARCH COMMISSION.

DIPLOMATISTS have taken a leaf out of the book of parliamentary tacticians. Our late ministers carried to perfection the art of substituting commissions when acts of parliament might, by provoking a collision between two great parties, have endangered their own tenure of office. Our present ministers have extended its range of application, by appointing a commission to examine evidence and report on a substitute for the Right of Search Treaties with France, instead of negotiating about them. At this moment any definite settlement of the Right of Search controversy would create a dangerous excitement either in France or England; but the report of a commission will set men to think and talk about minor matters, and keep them from insisting upon immediate action, where immediate action would be dangerous.

A more impracticable task than has been imposed upon the Duc De Broglie and Sir Stephen Lushington, if it is expected that they are to do more than serve as lightning-conductors to a dangerous excitement, can scarcely be imagined. They are to devise a means of repressing the slave-trade, equally efficacious with a right of search strictly enforced. "Results in the way of repression, at least equal to those which the right of search has led us to hope for," are said to be required by M. Guizot himself. The attempt to put an end to the slave-trade by force is to be persevered in. At least this appears to be the only intelligible interpretation of the language used in the letters both of the French and English ministers. And if this interpretation is correct—if the forcible suppression of the slave-trade is still contemplated—mutual right of search is indispensable to its attainment.

The soreness excited by the Right of Search Treaties has its origin in the obstructions which arise under them to commerce and navigation within certain latitudes. The same or equal obstructions would arise under any other efficient measures for the forcible suppression of the slave-trade, if such could be devised. It is impossible to discover from the outside of a vessel what it carries in the hold. The repression of the slave-trade by naval armaments requires that the mere appearance of a vessel in the waters where the slave-trade is carried on should render it an object of suspicion and liable to be searched. The loss of time, profit, and temper, occasioned by the exercise of so stringent a police, cannot be materially lessened to traders by subjecting them only to searchers of their own nation. The privilege of being searched by a countryman of their own would not go far to reconcile the passengers in St. James' street to a preventive police established to put down gambling-houses. Such a preventive police would soon lead to the desertion of the quarter within which it had authority, to the deterioration of property and the extinction of traffic: and the African Coast Guard has precisely the same effect. For one kidnapper whose ends are frustrated by it, twenty men are prevented from turning an honest penny. Lord Aberdeen says, indeed, that "the stipulations [of the Right of Search Treaties] have proved effective:" but the witnesses examined by the West African and West Indian committees of the house of commons—the slave-trade papers annually laid before parliament—nay, the West African corre-

spondents of the last number of the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*—prove that the slave-trade is undiminished either in extent or cruelty. The fair trader, on the contrary, is scared from the coast of Africa by the armed inquisitors, and roused to make common cause with the slave-trader in crying out against them. National pride may increase the irritation which this interference with traffic creates: but the real substantial grievance is the oppression of all, inseparable from the stringent methods adopted to suppress the slave-trade.

The Duc De Broglie has a reputation to support. He is regarded as one of the most earnest and sincere, and at the same time as one of the most reasonable opponents of negro slavery. And he has the character of a practical man—of one who has stood aloof from the acceptance of public offices from disinclination to accept the show without the substance of power. When he undertakes a task, men infer that its accomplishment is sincerely wished. But will this estimate of his character continue to prevail, if he has consented to act on the Right of Search commission under the limitations which the language of Lord Aberdeen and M. Guizot implies? To the success of the Commission it seems necessary that they should be at liberty to recommend other than forcible means of putting an end to the slave-trade, and to slavery.—*Spectator*, 15 Feb.

A VISION OF REPEAL.

THE Irish repealers are strange people. Talk of Ireland's disordered state, and you are angrily told that no country is so quiet: say that it is quiet, and you are more angrily assured that it is agitated. Ireland, says the Queen's speech, is tranquil: the Town Council of Limerick "resolves" that Ireland is agitated! Some little time back, Mr. O'Connell thought that federalism was not so very bad a thing; and straightway young Ireland was open-mouthed against him for abandoning "simple repeal." He has reverted to his old assurance that repeal is certain and swift: now, Young Ireland, speaking through the *Nation*, speaks of repeal as a thing which is to happen in some indefinite future. There is wonderful naïveté in these passages:

"The task undertaken by the repealers is to regain their country from its foreign rulers. It is a great and difficult task. In 1843 there seemed a possibility of carrying repeal by the hurrah of agitation. *That is proved impossible.* We must now win by the glow and ceaseless cultivation of our strength till it is able to cope with our enemy. We cannot succeed by surprise now. Peel is wide awake. Were the monster meetings to re-assemble, he would not fear them. He dreaded them as the preliminaries of insurrection. He would be (as he was) indifferent to them as expressions of public opinion. He fears no power save that which can outvote him in the senate, or oppress his exchequer by the costs of war. *Nor can we longer rely on the accident of an European quarrel.* That may come, or rather, will come; but if, ere it come, the people of Ireland are prostrate, *how will it save us?* To trust to it were unsafe and unworthy. We must free ourselves. The repealers must cultivate their strength till they are able for their great work. They must conciliate the protestants; proving to them, not by empty words, but by their whole lives and acts, that there is no Catholic bigotry in Ireland,

and that religious liberty is as dear to one church as the other. . . . Next in value to Protestant conciliation is the improvement of the repealers themselves, both individually and as a league. *Ere we can take Ireland from the English, we must know more than they do*—we must be their superiors in wisdom and virtue. The sons of the repealers are learning those elements of thought, which, guided as they are to patriotic ends by the surrounding agitation, will make them the terror of England, if England's misrule should survive their boyhood. In the district reading-rooms the people can study the state and history of their country."

"Much virtue in *it!*" Here repeal is put as a mere contingency, with such vast conditions, that skeptics as to the perfectibility of human nature would accept the whole statement as a periphrastic form of saying that repeal of the Union is impossible; just as Acis describes the impossibility of repealing his union with Galatea—

"The flocks shall leave the mountains,
The woods the turtle-dove,
The nymphs forsake the fountains,
Ere I forsake my love."

However, there is a great deal of sound advice involved in this curious statement by the *Nation*. It reminds us of the dying farmer who told his sons to dig for a treasure in his field; the profit from thoroughly digging the soil and rendering it fertile being the real treasure, which alone they actually discovered. The *Nation* tells its countrymen to do such things as a means of attaining repeal, that Ireland must benefit though it never find its promised object. If the country were to fulfil the injunction, it would indeed grasp power: if it were really to know more than England, not London but Dublin would be the capital of the United Kingdom: if it were to become a nation of Humes and Hallams, a people of thinkers, it might defy misrule of any sort. We only dissent from the supposition that it would then be "the terror of England:" on the contrary, it would be a safeguard and refuge for us. And as we do not see under what engagement England will lie to stand still in this process of study in wisdom and virtue, we trust that she too will not suffer Ireland to "take her down" in class, but will also make such progress that both will jointly constitute the *decus et tutamen* of the civilized world. The *Nation* says that repeal is impossible until some such time: we say that it would be more impossible than that ever: for union would then be as dear to both as "showers to larks," or "sunshine to the bee."—*Spectator*, 15 Feb.

ACCIDENT TO MR. WAKLEY.

We have the evidence of that great physiologist, Mrs. Malaprop, that in the East figures are very unmanageable, when she observes that some one is "as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile." There are monsters as dangerous on the banks of the Thames; and sometimes they wander into the low buildings and seize upon the inmates. The house of commons is much infested; and, melancholy to relate, on Thursday evening Mr. Wakley was obstinately attacked by a metaphor; from which he was with great difficulty rescued by the whole house; all his fellow members, much to their credit, hastening, without

distinctions of party, to drive the monster away by their shouts. The unfortunate gentleman, unconscious of his danger, was sportively talking of the object which the Prince De Joinville had in magnifying the power of the British steam-marine, in order to rouse the French people to rival it.

"He looked through the wrong end of the telescope, in order to make our power appear to his countrymen as small as possible. (*A laugh.*) He meant that he looked through the right side of the telescope to make our power appear as small as possible. (*Laughter, and cries of "Large, large!"*) No; small, small! (*Laughter.*) Really, they were very merry; but they were mistaken, and he was correct. The prince, for his own sake, wished to ascertain our real dimensions; but he got his countrymen to view us through the telescope, in order that our power might appear to them as small as possible. (*Renewed laughter.*) Really, after all, they were right, and he was wrong—he meant as large as possible." (*Laughter, and "Hear, hear."*)

We understand that Mr. Wakley sustained no serious injury from the seizure, and that he so far recovered as to be able to walk home.—*Spectator*.

THE MAGIC BALL.

THE *Siècle* of Paris relates a strange incident, but obviously mistakes the gist of the matter. During the Carnival, the Duc De Nemours gave a series of balls and concerts, for each of which there was a distinct list of invitations. Persons of mature age were to be invited to the concerts, and only young persons to the balls. We now quote the words of the *Siècle*—

"On the occasion of the last ball, to the astonishment of the prince, all the company were elderly. There were gentry, peers of France, aged spinsters, dowager duchesses, and hobbling members of the Chamber of Deputies. When the orchestra struck up a quadrille, the company were as astounded as the prince; but as etiquette seemed to require that they should dance, a quadrille was formed, and the good old folks went through it, to the great amusement of the spectators; who could not, however, venture to indulge in a laugh, lest they in their turn might be laughed at. A mistake had been made in the list of invitations; but the mischief being done, nothing could be said about it, and the peers and peeresses, grave lawyers and antiquated deputies, shuffled through the evening, to their no small mortification."

Their mortification! *Credat Judeus.* The Duke is a "deep one," and he understands human nature. He proved it when he struck out the plan of dining all the world to make the way to his dotation; but this last is a stroke even beyond the dinner. Of all passions in the human breast, the desire to resist the encroachment of time is the strongest. The very mirror is disbelieved; the wrinkles of the face are unseen in the accommodating simper with which the glass is approached, and the reflector of truth is wheedled into telling a falsehood. The hair turns gray in vain—it is anxiety. Children grow to manhood and womanhood—but they are still called children. The ear learns the trick of accepting truth with a difference. But there is one fatal sign that cannot be misconceived: balls are given, and for the first

time the aging dancer *is not invited!* Appalling negation! Who can resist that conviction! One's dancing-days are then really over—Tithonus is not immortal! There is no attempt to resist that inevitable decree—the victim yields to fate in silent despair. But Nemours has struck that deadened chord, and wakened it to rapture. The uninvited have been invited! It was accident—quite accident—nobody meant a frolic; all was meant to be decorous; but it did so happen. The antiquated peers, the dowager duchesses, the aged spinsters, again threaded the mazy dance. The limbs perchance were stiff—the pas de zephyr was not very aerial—the knees may have tottered—the thrill of pleasure was less tumultuous; but a generation was struck from the rolls of time, and once more before the tomb, the faithful swain (faithful or not) pursued with measured ardor the goddess of his devoirs, as if it were decreed—

“Forever shalt thou play, and she be fair.”

And the duke has given them this *bonne bouche* of existence. He has secured the votes of the old ones.—*Spectator*.

REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

AMONG the aged public men who have just been carried off by the protracted hard weather, none will be more regretted than the Reverend Sydney Smith; whose wit was somewhat too vivacious for the dull decorum of ecclesiastical etiquettes, though its brilliancy did not conceal sterling worth and benevolence. Sydney Smith, scion of a Devonshire family, was born in 1768, at Woodford, in Essex. He was educated at Winchester school, and in New College, Oxford; where, in 1790, he obtained a fellowship, and, in 1796, the degree of M.A. Having been appointed to the cure of Netheravon, near Amesbury, he became tutor to the son of Mr. Hicks Beach; with whom he resided for some years in Edinburgh. While there, he officiated at the episcopal chapel: but the most notable result of his sojourn was the *Edinburgh Review*, established at his suggestion, and first edited by him. In 1803, he came to London; and married the daughter of Mr. Pybus the banker. His preaching attracted full and fashionable audiences to the Foundling Hospital, the Berkely and Fitzroy Chapels. The whig ministry of 1806 conferred upon him the living of Frostonin, in Yorkshire; and on the expulsion of his patrons by the “No-Popery” cry appeared his celebrated *Letters of Peter Plymley to his Brother Abraham in the Country*,—immortal specimens of sparkling wit and forcible logic. In 1829, Mr. Smith received the rectory of Combe Florey in Somersetshire, valued at 300l. a year; and in 1831, under the ministry of Lord Grey, he became one of the canons residentiary of St. Paul's Cathedral. An interesting writer in the *Times* gives a masterly review of the career of the liberal wit. “In everything which he attempted he appears to have been eminently successful. At college, he graduated with honor, and obtained a fellowship. He projected and contributed to a review, which has enjoyed the highest degree of prosperity; he attempted an ambitious style of preaching, with a vigor of talent which distanced all rivalry; he became a public lecturer, and the whole world of Mayfair flocked to Albemarle street to enjoy his humor and become enlightened by his researches; he published political works, which have gone

through editions so numerous that as many as twenty thousand copies of some have been sold; he lived long enough to enjoy his reputation, and to attain to a greater age than falls to the lot of ordinary mortals; and yet those who appreciate wit, who can admire learning, and who honor the man that used both for the good of his species, will be disposed to think that, old as Sydney Smith was, he died too soon. When a person of high intellectual power is removed from this life, the place which he occupied is never again really filled. One public functionary may succeed to another, one professional man may discharge the duties which for a long time devolved upon his predecessor; as generation follows generation in the ordinary course of human life, one man fills the place that another had occupied; but such is the quality of genius—so perfect is its individuality, so peculiar its attributes—that it is “itself alone,” and the void which its removal occasions must long continue to be perceptible. In no case has this truth been more generally acknowledged than in that of Sydney Smith. * * * The conversational witticisms of Sydney Smith would fill a jest book; but his character will be estimated by posterity on far higher grounds. When his “quips and cranks” are lost and forgotten, it will be remembered that he supported Roman Catholic claims, and that they were conceded; that he strenuously assailed the Game laws, and that they underwent great modification; that he compelled a large portion of the public to acknowledge the mischief of our penal settlements; that he became the advocate of the wretched chimney-sweepers, and their miseries were alleviated; that he contended against many of the unjust provisions of the church reform bill, and they were amended; that whereas, before his time, a man accused at the bar of a criminal court might be hanged before he had been half heard, now every prisoner has the benefit of a defence by counsel. It will further be freely acknowledged, that no public writer was more successful than he in denouncing a political humbug, or demolishing a literary pretender; that he was on the whole an upright and a benevolent man; and, as the world goes, a disinterested politician; that he had opportunities of improving his fortune which he nobly rejected; and that, having lived with unostentatious respectability, he died without accumulating wealth.”—*Spect.*, March 1.

Sydney Smith was almost the only, certainly by far the best representative of the Steele and Swift class in the nineteenth century. The class we mean is composed of men of genius whose social and literary reputations mutually support each other—whose writings are more valued because their readiness in conversation shows that their thoughts are their own, and whose witticisms in society pass current the more readily because it is known that they can stand the test of print. Men of this class do not write big volumes; but what they do give to the world is full of matter, suggestive, and highly finished. They deal in general with topics of the day, but handle their subjects in such a manner as to impart to them a general interest and lasting freshness. They are too desultory in their habits of thought to construct systems; but they get at truth by the divining power of common sense—their remarks are sure to hit the right nail on the head. Their interest in politics is intermittent; they are incapable of sustaining the rôle of practical politicians; but they do like to throw in a word of advice, and their

advice is generally worth listening to. They are in everything hybrids between the man of thought and the man of action; and a very pleasing mixture they are.

The great secret of Sydney Smith's success was that he knew his place. He had taken a just measure of his own powers, and did not aspire to be anything else than he was. He was quite aware that he could suggest to public men views which they might have overlooked—that he could express their views in a better and more taking manner than they could—that there was a charm in his compositions and conversation to make them run after. He felt that he could make himself necessary, and thus secure an agreeable position in society. And he did not fall into poor Swift's mistake, who, with pretty similar claims imagined he could be master and dictator of those active spirits to whom he was only competent to be an indispensable auxiliary. Sydney Smith was aware that he could not become a Brougham, or even a Lord John Russell: but he felt that he knew them both thoroughly; and on their parts they had a rather uneasy consciousness of the same kind. To this tact and self-knowledge Sydney Smith added the advantage of being older than the colleagues with whom he started in life, and of having from his education at an English University something less of the provincial. They believed that he knew more of the world, and was less liable than themselves to be carried away by mere impulse or one-side knowledge; and the ascendancy he had at the outset he maintained to the end. This gave him an authority in their conclaves, confirmed by that strength of character which passed through the intoxicating experience of a fashionable preacher in the metropolis and a favorite of the salons without having his head turned. To all these circumstances he owed that he was an independent power even in the Dom-Daniel of Holland House. The few frequenters of that circle who were strong in conscious power, and they who enjoyed the hour without reflection, could relish Sydney Smith: but the innumerable shams who must always compose the bulk of such a coterie, feared while they were proud of him. He was one of those awkward allies who are not always easily managed, and with whom men dare not break.

Much of the charm of Sydney Smith's writings lay in the manner; but the matter was still more valuable. His views, if not strictly original, were in his day uncommon; and he had made them his own. He did not merely repeat what discoverers told him; he saw himself what they pointed out, and in his own way. He wrote only about what he thoroughly understood: he was master of his subject, not mastered by it. He was thus enabled to play with his theme—to insinuate truths playfully, from the severe enunciation of which the public mind would have shrunk. A suggestive fancy, and rare patience of elaboration, came to the aid of this self-possessed disposition. But this talent was always regulated by good sense, and kept in subordination by earnestness of purpose. Even in his wildest license of burlesque he never transgressed the limits of good taste, and there was always meaning and a useful aim in his jokes.

Few have pioneered so effectually the cause of reform in education, the law, and our political institutions; and of all the leaders of liberal opinion, he alone, perhaps, never stooped to coquet or compromise with the vulgar and mawkish cant of Exeter Hall.

Without that enthusiasm, which if it prompts self-sacrifice is unrelenting in its exaction of similar sacrifices from others, Sydney Smith was throughout life kind and disinterested. It has been insinuated that his only two prominent appearances of late years were dictated by selfish motives. This is unjust. In the case of the Canons Residuary he raised his voice less for Sydney Smith than for one of those classes whose individual hardships are too apt to be disregarded in sweeping or bungling measures of reform. His identity of position enabled him to enter thoroughly into their feelings; but it was more their feelings than his own to which he gave utterance. In the case of the Philadelphia Repudiation there can be little doubt that the pleasure of lashing the swindlers amply repaid him for the loss that roused him to the exertion.

We hear less of Sydney Smith's writings than formerly. Other topics of the day have superseded those about which he wrote. His writings have been relegated from the club and coffee-room to the library; and age has not yet winnowed away the chaff of contemporary scribblers amid which his wheat is deposited. But his time is coming again. His broad and genial humor, his reality, his shrewd appreciation of character, will insure his Sibley line leaves a share in the immortality of the Montaignes and Steeles of past generations.—*Spectator*.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE house of representatives have declared in favor of annexing Texas and organizing a territorial government in Oregon; and they have received petitions from Michigan and Maine praying for the annexation of Canada! The government of Texas disclaims all desire to be incorporated into the union; the bill for organizing a government in Oregon is a violation of an existing treaty with England; and the Canadas certainly have evinced no wish to fraternize. The spirit that animates the house of representatives is a lust of domination, as precipitate and insatiable as that of any crowned tyrants, the butts of American oratory.

The rational and honest portion of the U. S. citizens endeavor to reassure other countries by protesting that the senate never will adopt such measures. Let us hope so; matters are already bad enough when one of the three coördinate branches of the legislature can violate decorum and respect for the rights of other nations to the extent of passing the Texas and Oregon bills. But how long can the senate persevere in resistance to these annually-repeated assaults on its virtue? It stands between two fires; the president is as friendly to the acquisitive line of policy as the house of representatives; and both are urged on by popular feeling. The house of representatives is goaded by petitions for annexation and appropriation; General Jackson publishes oracles, that if Texas be not acquired peaceably now, it must be hereafter by the sword; and even Mr. John Quincy Adams tells stories about pattern young Americans, looking on the St. Lawrence and exclaiming, "It is and must be ours!" The senate is elective as well as the other branches of the legislature; for how long can the honest Americans guarantee to England, Texas, and Mexico, (California being already eyed wistfully by the annexers,) that the senators who stem the

torrent of national cupidity will be allowed to retain their seats!

The hardest task of the respectable class of Americans, of late years, has been to apologize for their government. The government wished to abolish slavery; the government wished to preserve national faith inviolate; the government highly disapproved of the conduct of the New York sympathizers; but the government was checkmated in all its attempts to redress those wrongs, by "States rights." Foreigners and negroes are not the only parties for whom the United States Government is too weak to procure justice. In North Carolina there is a law that every sailor of color in a foreign vessel shall be kept locked up until his vessel departs; under this law, free black citizens of Massachusetts have been repeatedly deprived of their liberty; the Government of Massachusetts lately sent an agent to remonstrate against this conduct of the Carolinian authorities—the envoy, and (apparently) his daughter also, were only saved from the American accolade of tarring and feathering, by the gentle compulsion of some gentlemen who conveyed them on board ship and obliged them to set sail.

Respectable citizens wish their government to be thought the best-disposed and most honorable in the world; but, unfortunately, it lacks power to give effect to its good intentions. It can only sigh over the excesses of its subjects, (we beg pardon—"citizens,") not prevent, check, or punish them. Do the Americans fancy that other nations will always be put off with these whining protestations of weakness and regret? that injured, insulted, and sufficiently powerful European states, will not some day take in hand to punish those who are too strong for their own government? Do they fancy that when other nations see their government not only tolerating the outrages of the worst class of citizens, but carrying into act its dishonest mandates, suspicions of complicity will not be awakened?

In the United States are to be found individuals and classes as honorable, as intelligent, as in any country in the world. Amid all the obliquities of other departments, the bench of the United States has maintained its character untarnished. The officers of the army and navy are, as a body, gentlemen, in the strictest acceptation of the word. The educated clergymen of the union are, in general, men of integrity, and set an excellent example. But, year after year, these classes appear to be losing their hold upon the executive and the legislature. It is not merely that these are now, as they ever have been, forced to give way before mobs, and content themselves with repairing the damage as they best might after the mischief has been done. They are worsted at every election; the degrading sentiments of the mere rabble are unblushingly avowed in their legislatures. The constitution of the United States seems on the eve of changing from a democracy—for *demos* elevates the whole people—to a *kakocracy*.—*Spectator*, 1 Mar.

ARMED SUPPRESSION OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

SEEING clearly the mote that is in our brother's eye, let us not neglect a considerable speck in our

own. By what right do we authoritatively interpose to regulate under penal laws the conduct of foreigners? What right has one nation to interfere with the citizens of another, except for its own protection? Admit that we have a right to enforce our moral convictions *vi et armis* on alien nations, and we acknowledge the right of Rome, if she can, to impose Popery on us—of Islam to introduce the Koran and polygamy. We arrogate the right to meddle with the citizen of the United States in such way that one state of the union dares not pretend to act towards another—in such mode as that encroachment which now causes war between the sovereign states of the Swiss Confederation. Observe, if we speak only of moral conviction and free consent, we must negotiate without cannon at our backs, without diplomatic reserves, or custom-house bribes. The custom-house bribes are out of place, because we do not seek to purchase a benefit conceded to ourselves, but to dictate what another government shall do to its own subjects, according to our code. Our claim is a monstrous violation of sovereignty, to which nothing but meanness or cowardice will induce any foreign country to submit.

The limits of our just interference are very clear; they are the limits of our ordinary jurisdiction—territory and allegiance. If we have come to certain conclusions as to what is crime, we have a perfect right to enforce the rule within our own territory and upon our own subjects. Let us abolish slavery, if we will, and show, if we can, that it is not only virtuous, but prudent, safe, and profitable to do so. Do not let us burden our servants with the duty of enforcing English laws on Spaniards, Portuguese, French, and Americans, all along the coasts of Africa and America. Such an enterprise would be clearly impracticable and silly; it *has* failed for half a century. Limit the police-restraint to our own jurisdiction and territory. Let it be piracy for an Englishman to engage in the slave-trade, and few Englishmen will run the risk of death or perpetual exile for any share of profit. Above all, enforce the law, fully and without qualification, that every man standing on soil owned by Britain is a freeman; admit no qualification to that rule; grant that it may cause you to harbor a few runaway criminals, but say, that so long as a nation consents to own slaves and makes freedom a crime, you will not venture to discriminate between the culprit and the innocent fugitive at the suit of the slave-owning state; do all that, and you do all within your jurisdiction to secure personal freedom. That done, let your colonists compete to their hearts' content with slave-traders in obtaining labor from Africa. There is no chance that under cover of such migration a slave-trade would arise; for as you refuse to recognize any bond—as you begin by regarding every man as a freeman, and acknowledge no obligation except such as he may incur *after* your recognition of his liberty—you would frustrate the whole end and aim of slave-trading. You make the transfer of the slave from dealer to purchaser impossible. Slave-traders deal in slaves, not in freemen; could you convert the cargo of a Baltimore clipper, on landing, into so many Yankee citizens defying ownership, you would have very few Baltimore shippers investing money in that trade.—*Spectator*, 1 Mar.

PUNCH.

ECONOMICAL LUXURIES.—From recent accounts, if it be true that mesmerism can convert water into beer or wine, and can work changes in the gastronomic way that Bradwell, Döbler, and Time, were they to put three heads together, never could invent; why not then apply this new science of cheap cookery to the improvement of workhouse larders! Only consider the saving to each parish in the poor's rates, if the paupers were to imagine the New River Moët's champagne, paving-stones leaves of bread, and deal-boards haunches of venison! The same legerdemain might be practised on everything that passed their mouths; and the paupers, whilst they would fare at less cost, if possible, than at present, would have the mental enjoyment of imagining they had been dining off luxuries hitherto the abdominal perquisites of aldermen. Every Union will become an Arcadia, stocked with venison and currant-jelly, and poverty be a thing only to be met with in works of fiction! The Millennium, by the aid of magnetism, will be brought to every man's door; and the pot will be kept boiling all through the world by means of the electric fluid.

NEW TITLES OF HONOR.—It is stated to be the intension of her majesty's advisers, in emulation of the titles common in Spain, such as "Duke of Victory," "Viscount of Loyalty," (recently conferred on the Baron de Meer,) &c., to institute a new set of dignities, taking their denominations from the qualities most distinguishing the intended recipients. Thus, a noble ex-chancellor is to be created "Viscount of Vinegar;" Mr. O'Connell, "Viscount of Vituperation;" and Sirs R. Peel and J. Graham, (from the epistolary perfection of the one, and the deciphering capabilities of the other,) respectively, "Lord Letterwriting," and "Lord Letterreading." Nor are the new titles to be confined to the political world; Lord W. Lennox, we understand, is to be raised to the peerage by the style of "Viscount Scissors, of Sheffield;" and the celebrated Mr. Grant, "Earl of English Grammar," Mr. Bunn, the poet, is to be "Baron of Blazes;" and the chivalrous Mr. Widdieombe will have the appropriate title of "Marquis Methusalem." However unusual it may be to ennoble a Lord Mayor, or other city dignitary, we also hear that, in consideration of his distinguished merit, the present occupant of that honorable office is likely to become "Baron Brass."

PUNCH'S NOY'S MAXIMS.

OF GRAMMAR.—For ages the law has regarded Grammar as a guest at a dinner-party regards champagne, taking it when it happens to be there, but never insisting on having it. "It has been settled," says an old jurist, "that Alfred the Great lived before Lindley Murray, and as Alfred made a very good code of laws without the aid of Orthography, Etymology, Syntax, or Prosody, it does not seem that the law absolutely requires any one of them." Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver, was no great grammarian; but it was facetiously said of him that he could decline though he would never conjugate; for he declined his brother's widow, and refused to enter into the conjugal state with her. The only law maxim bearing on grammar, is—

3. *Ad proximum antecedens fiat relatio, nisi im-*

pediatur sententia—The antecedent bears relation to what follows next, unless it interferes with the meaning of the sentence.

An indictment against John, the husband of Elizabeth Yeoman, is good; for though Lindley Murray would say the yeoman meant Elizabeth, the law would say that a woman can't be a man, and that John, the husband, must be considered as the Yeoman referred to. So, in the case of the actor who burst in upon Richard the Third, exclaiming, "My lord, 't is I, the early village cock," and forgot the remainder of the passage—it is clear he could not have been sued as the early village cock; for such a description, though grammatically correct, would have been at variance with all probability.

OR LOGIC.—4. *Cessante causa cessat effectus*—When the cause ceases, the effect ceases. This maxim may be read either backwards or forwards; for if it be true that when the cause ceases the effect ceases, it is, *à fortiori*, a greater truth that when the effects cease the cause will cease; for the lawyer, when he finds the effects all gone, will let the cause come to a stand-still.

Though it is a general rule that effects cease with causes, there are cases to the contrary. And the books tell us of a man who had a thrashing which caused him much pain, and the pain which was the effect did not cease when the thrashing, which was the cause, had been for a long time over.

5. *Some things shall be construed according to the original cause thereof.*—Thus, if two men have a quarrel, and some long time afterwards fight, it is presumed they fought because they quarrelled; but in the Irish courts, and some of the courts about St. Giles', it has been decided otherwise. It has been there held that fighting may be carried on from mere love and affection, and the fight is quite independent of any quarrel that may have preceded it.

6. *Some things shall be construed according to the beginning thereof.*—Thus, if J. S. throws a stone at J. D., and misses him, and J. D. runs after J. S. to thrash him, and J. S. is beforehand and knocks him down, J. S. is guilty of the assault, for he began by throwing the stone; and J. D. stands in the best position in the eye of the law, though in other respects he has got rather the worst of it.

7. *Some things are construed according to the end thereof.*—Thus, a brilliant finale may save a dull opera, and a prosy speaker makes us feel satisfied with him at the end because we are pleased to find his speech is over.

8. *Derivativa protestas non potest esse major primitivis*—No power derived can be greater than that it is derived from. The application of this maxim is clear enough: for instance, "the bailiff of the disseisor shall not say that the plaintiff has nothing in the land," which is a nut that the legal student may crack at his earliest convenience. There are, however, cases in which a derivative power is greater than that from which it is derived; "as where a ticket-porter," says Finch, "is empowered by me to carry a chest of drawers on the top of his head, surely his power is greater than mine in this respect." Howells, in his familiar letters, alludes to this as a knotty point, and makes no attempt to unravel it.

9. *Quod ab initio non valet, in tractu temporis non convalescit*—That which is not good in the beginning no length of time can make good.

Thus, if an infant makes a will it is bad, and if the infant lives to be a hundred the will does not become good, though it is otherwise with port wine, which improves by keeping. So a bad toothache may get better; though some, acting on the maxim that what is bad in the beginning will not become good in time, have served the tooth with an ejection, and ousted it accordingly. The old saying, that "bad beginnings make good endings," is quite at variance with the maxim we have just been treating of. Perhaps the best translation of this maxim is one which we find nowhere in the books, but which we beg to recommend to the attention of harsh creditors—*Quod ab initio non valet, Quod is of no use in the beginning; in tractu temporis non convalescit*, and for a length of time it is of no use either.

10. *Unumquodque dissolvitur eo modo quo colligatur*—Everything is dissolved by the same mode in which it is bound together.—In reading this maxim we involuntarily exclaim, "Oh law!" for nothing but law would venture on such a bold assertion as the above, which is almost enough to call a blush into our modest pen, by turning red the ink we are writing with. If the maxim were true, that everything is dissolved by the mode in which it is bound together, ice would be dissolved by freezing, and a hard-boiled egg would be rendered soft by again boiling it. What is palpably false may, however, be legally true, and the maxim is good law though it is very bad morality. Thus an obligation in writing cannot be discharged by mere words—as, if a man has given a bill, all the talking in the world will not take it up. And the old English maxim, that "fine words butter no parsnips" had probably reference to a written contract wherein A., after having undertaken to butter certain parsnips belonging to B., endeavored to release himself from the obligation by a little of what the American authorities usually term "soft sawder."

An act of Parliament can only be avoided by an act of Parliament; and doubtless to save trouble, Parliament frequently provides for this in one and the same act, by leaving loopholes in it, which render it easily voidable.

11. *He who claims a thing by a superior title shall neither gain nor lose by it.*—"Though," says Knight Bruce, "if a purchaser claims from his wine-merchant a dozen of champagne, and gets gooseberry, thus in fact claiming the gooseberry by the superior title of champagne, he does both gain and lose; for he gains experience, and loses the value of his money." In the old editions of Noy, we are told in illustration of this maxim, that "If an executor recovers and dies intestate, and J. S. administers to the goods of the first testator, J. S. shall not sue out execution upon this recovery." The only difficulty about this case appears to be how the executor happened to die, when we are distinctly told that he recovered.

12. *Debile fundamentum fallit opus*—A weak foundation destroys the superstructure.—Thus, a very seedy coat will ruin the effect of a new hat, and a horse will inevitably break down if he has not a leg to stand upon. If he who claims the freehold is defeated, all his tenants are defeated also, because the foundation is gone: and so, if the parlors (occupied by the landlord) should tumble in, the floors above (let out in lodgings) would be sure to follow.

13. *Incidents cannot be severed.*—This maxim means that anything incidental to something else

cannot in law be taken from it; but an incidental ballet is sometimes left out of a piece, and the incidents in a melo-drama may often be severed, for they frequently have no connection one with the other.

14. *Actio personalis moritur cum persona*—A personal action dies with the person.—This maxim is clear enough, and means that an action brought against a man who dies in the middle of it cannot be continued. Thus, though the law will sometimes pursue a man to the grave, his rest is not there liable to be disturbed by the lawyers. If a soldier dies in action, the action does not necessarily cease, but is often continued with considerable vigor afterwards.

15. *Things of a higher nature determine things of a lower nature.*—Thus a written agreement determines one in words, though if the words are of a very high nature they put an end to all kinds of agreement between the parties.

16. *Majus continet minus*—The greater contains the less.—Thus, if a man tenders more money than he ought to pay, he tenders what he owes, for the greater contains the less; but a quart wine-bottle, which is greater than a pint and a half, does not always contain a pint and a half, so that in this instance the less is not contained in the greater.

17. *Majus dignum trahit ad se minus dignum*—The more worthy draws with it the less worthy.—In accordance with this maxim, the owner of deeds has a right to the box containing them; for the box, which is less worthy, is drawn to the deeds which are the more worthy. By the same rule, that which draws the boxes will also draw the pit, and sometimes the gallery. It may be added, as a further illustration of this maxim, that champagne draws with it brandy-and-water at a later period of the evening; and thus the more worthy—the champagne—draws the less worthy—the brandy-and-water—after it.

18. *Nature vis maxima*—The force of nature is the greatest.—This maxim means that no power is greater than natural affection; but the power of the steam-engine was unknown when the maxim was written. Parental affection approaches nearer to steam; for a father frequently blows up his child, and in some cases a good deal of the affection of the former has been known to evaporate.

19. *The law favoreth some persons.*—The reader will no doubt think that Noy was in a merry mood when he talked of the law favoring any one but the lawyers themselves, though when it is ascertained who the favorites of the law really are, the maxim is not quite so enigmatical. The favored individuals are women, infants, idiots, madmen, and persons without intelligence, who being all of them helpless, may be supposed to fall an easy prey to the law, and are therefore its favorites; in the same sense as the sparrow is the favorite of the hawk, or as the lamb is the especial pet of the wolf, when the parties happen to come in contact. The doctrine of tit-bits offers a wide scope for discussion; but it may be laid down as a general rule, that where the law gets hold of an idiot with property, it will favor him in one sense—for it will make much of him. The gallantry of the law in classing women and lunatics together may be questionable; but this is a point we leave the lawyers and the ladies to settle between them.

20. *The law favoreth a man's person before his*

possession.—This is true enough; for the law will not spare a man's property, though it will often leave his person unmolested. Thus, the law will not lay hands on an idiot's person, even for felony, but it will lay hands on his property, by taking the earliest opportunity of clutching hold of it.

21. *The law favoureth matter of possession more than matter of right, when the right is equal.*—Thus, if two persons were to knock a man down with the intention of robbing him, the law would, according to the above maxim, favor the thief who managed to get possession of the property. "This," says Spelman, "is the doctrine of first come first served; for if six people sit down to dine on a chicken, it is clear that they cannot all take; but he that is first seized, or rather seizes first, will be entitled, though the right of all was in the first instance equal." In the above case the remainder-man has no relief, even though there may have been covin, for he has only a contingent interest, which the estate—or chicken—may not be large enough to satisfy.

22. *Matter of profit or interest shall be taken largely, and it may be assigned, but it cannot be countermanded. But matter of pleasure, trust, or authority, shall be taken strictly, and may be countermanded.*—This maxim is somewhat long, or, as Coke would say, it goes great lengths: for when it says matter of profit should be taken largely, it seems to hit at the law itself, which does certainly take as largely as it can any matter with profit attached to it. If I allow a man to walk in my park, he cannot bring any one else to walk with him, for it is merely a matter of pleasure; but if I allow him to come to play at leapfrog in my yard, it is doubtful whether he could not bring a few friends, for no man can play at leapfrog by himself, and the permission should include everything necessary to the full enjoyment of it.

A license to come into my house to speak with me may be countermanded, for, if the party takes too much license and becomes impertinent, I may show him the door: as in Smith's case, where Smith was asked in, but beginning to dun for his small account, the license to speak with me was revoked, and Smith, growing rude, was sent flying (*vide* SHOWER) down the hall-steps, till he became tenant in tail of the pavement.

CHURCH THIEVES.—Thieves are, now-a-days, such prosaic rascals, that their doings have ceased to interest us. Perhaps it is that the graces of modern fiction have so elevated and set-off the burglar and the highwayman, that we are disappointed with the blank vulgarity of the real thing. It is like seeing a Coburg *Richard*, reduced to a Tweed-wrapper and a cotton umbrella, picking his way along the New Cut. We were, therefore, somewhat tickled by an epistle, sent, on the 22d ult., by some sacrilegious knave, to the Rev. Mr. Dee, of St. Thomas', Southwark. Some months back, the church was robbed of its communion-plate. One of the thieves, however, treats for its restoration. We extract from his homely epistle:—

"Reverd Sir,—The reward as is offred is not enuff for the plate removed from the church as the expenses as been very heavy and the anxiety if you are disposed to make it fifty pounds to be divided amongst us it may be restord as *this is the first time have had to do with a church.*"

Now, of the "expense" of breaking into a church we have not the remotest idea. We presume, however, that it must be a costly operation. We particularly admire the word "removed:" there is a fine delicacy in the phrase that is quite diplomatic. It is quite a touch for a prime minister or an ambassador, and here we find it pressed into the service of a half-repentant gallows-bird. "Removed" is a good phrase. It was thus Napoleon "removed" pictures from churches; it was thus he "removed" the Horses of St. Mark to the gate of the Tuileries. The thief of St. Thomas', however, betrays symptoms of pusillanimity that never disgraced the imperial robber. Our knave hints of "the anxiety" that has followed the transaction. It is clear there is a tender place in his conscience, as he plainly enough states that "it is the first time" he has had "to do with a church." Ha, this is it! He is but "young in crime." Had he only "removed" as many valuables from churches as certain French marshals, he would have shared with them their heroic freedom from all "anxiety" about the matter. To be sure the world, in its lamentable ignorance, entertains a different notion of the robber and the hero. To be able to lay hands upon church valuables by means of crow-bar, pick-axe, and lantern, is sacrilegious infamy—to take down pictures and carry off church-plate with beating drums and flying colors—that is a part and parcel of glory; one of the lawful sweets of soldiering. One act is rewarded with a rope, the other with a garland.

WAKLEY'S ADDRESS TO HIS PROFESSION.

Ye who have for Science bled,
Ye whom WAKLEY oft has led,
Who by Medicine earn your bread,
Or by Surgery :

Now 's the day and now 's the hour,
Don't you find your prospects low'r?
See approach gross Humbug's power;
GRAHAM and Quackery!

Who would be so green and base,
As to PARR to yield his case;
Or to HOLLOWAY give place!
Let his patients flee.

Who 's for Medicine's rights and claims?
Who will vote against SIR JAMES!
Who would "burke" that bill of GRAHAM's?
Large his practice be.

Down with our Profession's foe!
Tooth and nail against him go;
Quacks are floored at every blow,
At him, then, with me!

Carte d'un Restaurant. Londres, 1845.

The volume now before us, mentally speaking, is, in plain English, the bill of fare at a celebrated French eating-house at the West End, at which we dined the other day. We have no disposition to quarrel either with the contents of this book, or the matters which they relate to; but there is a certain addition which, we would suggest, might, and ought to be made to them. They require notes. It is true that opposite to the French list of dishes there is an English parallel; but this, in many instances, is no translation at all: and, even if it were, would be useless. What, for instance,

is the ordinary eater to understand by "*Côtelettes à la jardinière*,"—chops after the manner of the she-gardener. How is he to know the peculiarities of the she-gardener's chops? Among other items in this work there is an "*Épigramme d'agneau*;" but this, luckily, is translated, "breast of lamb;" otherwise it might be difficult to know whether the epigram was food for the mind or the body. Another dish is, "*Rognons sautés au vin de Champagne*"—kidneys stewed in Champagne; still great obscurity hangs over this stew. But what startled us most, was a viand called "*Charlotte Russe aux fraises*." "*Charlotte Russe!*" we exclaimed; "*Russian Charlotte*," "*aux fraises*," "*with strawberries!*" What dish is this?—Are we amongst cannibals, who, with her strawberries, will have us eat the strawberry girl? To know merely the English of these titles is unavailing; they are like portions of certain Greek choral odes, which we can translate, but cannot comprehend their translation. Let a full description of each dish be given in the margin, or at the foot of the page. At present we defy even a Templar to understand this book, unless he has eaten at least his three years' terms at Paris.

MR. CAUDLE HAS REMAINED DOWN STAIRS TILL PAST ONE, WITH A FRIEND.

A pretty time of night to come to bed, Mr. Caudle. Ugh! As cold, too, as any ice. Enough to give any woman her death, I'm sure. What! I should n't have locked up the coals, indeed! If I had n't, I've no doubt the fellow would have staid all night. It's all very well for you, Mr. Caudle, to bring people home—but I wish you'd think first what's for supper. That beautiful leg of pork would have served for our dinner to-morrow—and now it's gone. I can't keep the house upon the money, and I won't pretend to do it, if you bring a mob of people every night to clear the cupboard.

"I wonder who'll be so ready to give you a supper when you want one; for want one you will, unless you change your plans. Don't tell me! I know I'm right. You'll first be eaten up, and then you'll be laughed at. I know the world. No, indeed, Mr. Caudle, I don't think ill of everybody; don't say that. But I can't see a leg of pork eaten up in that way, without asking myself what it's all to end in if such things go on! And then he must have pickles, too! Could n't be content with my cabbage—no, Mr. Caudle, I won't let you go to sleep. It's very well for you to say let you go to sleep, after you've kept me awake till this time. Why did I keep awake! How do you suppose I could go to sleep, when I knew that man was below drinking up your substance in brandy-and-water! for he could n't be content upon decent, wholesome gin. Upon my word, you ought to be a rich man, Mr. Caudle. You have such very fine friends. I wonder who gives you brandy when you go out!

"No, indeed, he could n't be content with my pickled cabbage—and I should like to know who makes better—but he must have walnuts. And you, too, like a fool—now, don't you think to stop me, Mr. Caudle; a poor woman may be trampled to death, and never say a word—you, too, like a fool—I wonder who'd do it for you—to insist upon the girl going out for pickled walnuts. And in such a night too! With snow upon the ground. Yes; you're a man of fine feelings, you are,

Mr. Caudle! but the world does n't know you as I know you—fine feelings, indeed! to send the poor girl out, when I told you and told your friend, too—a pretty brute he is, I'm sure—that the poor girl had got a cold and chilblains on her toes. But I know what will be the end of that; she'll be laid up, and we shall have a nice doctor's bill. And you'll pay it, I can tell you—for I won't.

"Wish you were out of the world! Oh! yes, that's all very easy, I'm sure I might wish it. Don't swear in that dreadful way! Ain't you afraid that the bed will open and swallow you! And don't swing about in that way. That will do no good. That won't bring back the leg of pork—and the brandy you've poured down both of your throats. Oh, I know it! I'm sure of it. I only recollected it when I'd got into bed—and if it had n't been so cold, you'd have seen me down stairs again, I can tell you—I recollected it, and a pretty two hours I've passed, that I left the key in the cupboard—and I knew it—I could see by the manner of you, when you came into the room—I know you've got at the other bottle. However, there's one comfort; you told me to send for the best brandy—the very best—for your other friend, who called last Wednesday. Ha! ha! It was British—the cheapest British—and nice and ill I hope the pair of you will be to-morrow."

"There's only the bare bone of the leg of pork: but you'll get nothing else for dinner, I can tell you. It's a dreadful thing that the poor children should go without—but, if they have such a father, they, poor things, must suffer for it.

"Nearly a whole leg of pork and a pint of brandy! A pint of brandy and a leg of pork. A leg of—leg—leg—pint—"

And mumbling the syllables, says Mr. Caudle's MS., she went to sleep.

THE THIRD CLASS TRAVELLER'S PETITION.

Pity the sorrows of a third class man,
Whose trembling limbs with snow are whitened
o'er,
Who for his fare has paid you all he can:
Cover him in, and let him freeze no more!

This dripping hat my roofless pen bespeaks,
So does the puddle reaching to my knees;
Behold my pinch'd red nose—my shrivell'd cheeks:
You should not have such carriages as these.

In vain I stamp to warm my aching feet,
I only paddle in a pool of slush;
My stiffen'd hands in vain I blow and beat;
Tears from my eyes congealing as they gush.

Keen blows the wind; the sleet comes pelting
down,
And here I'm standing in the open air!
Long is my dreary journey up to Town,
That is, alive, if ever I get there.

Oh! from the weather, when it snows and rains,
You might as well, at least, defend the poor;
It would not cost you much, with all your gains:
Cover us in, and luck attend your store.

BATHS FOR THE POOR.

We understand that some of the Railway Companies, desirous of carrying out the project for

supplying the poor with baths, have had their third-class carriages constructed so as to serve the double purpose of a locomotive and a washing-tub. They are supplied with water from the rain, which pours in upon all sides; and enough to constitute a bath is provided in a very few minutes, if the weather happens to be favorable to the benevolent object.

THE NEW TARIFF.

By the new Customs resolutions 430 articles are to be henceforth duty free. This sounds exceedingly well, but when we ask the child's question, whether Sir R. Peel's boon comprises "anything good to eat," we are bitterly disappointed at the reply which the list presents to us.

Among the articles that may henceforth be had cheap, there are at least half, that we, in our innocence, never heard of. The second thing upon the list is *Algnobilla*, which we shall be glad if any of our correspondents will favor us with a bit of—or a drop of—as the case may be, that we may ascertain how far the public will be likely to benefit by its coming in free of duty. The first really intelligible article we come to is *Arsenic*, of which there is already more than enough in this country; but as arsenic seems to be all the rage, the premier perhaps thought a spice of it would be well-timed at the present moment.

Beef-wood is a promising title, but we fear that beef-steaks, even as hard as a board, will not be let in free by the abandonment of the duty on beef-wood. If we cannot have the meat, however, we may be allowed the bones, for these are to be henceforth untaxed; and as the hoofs of cattle are also to be let in, an attempt may be made to get calf's-foot jelly for the million out of them.

Canella Alba, *Cinnabaris Nativa*, and *Divi Divi*, are also to come in duty free: but if we were to see a lot of stuff in a window, marked "*Divi Divi*," two-pence a pound, or a placard inscribed "New Tariff, the duty off *Cinnabaris Nativa*," we should be puzzled to know what to make of it. *Fustic* and *Ginseng* will doubtless be a boon to those who are fond of such things, though we confess we should not like to venture to take any; while our objections to *Eupherbium* and *Tragacanth* are equally insuperable.

The premier is particularly favorable to the poisoning interests, for he releases *Hellebore* as well as *Arsenic*; and *Ipecacuanha*, *Senna*, and *Jalap*, will also be let in: so that Sir R. Peel may exclaim literally, "Here's medicine for thy grief," when the poor man asks what the tariff will do for him.

We are to have iron in the pig, but whether a live pig with a ring run through his nose will be let in is doubtful. The leaves of roses are also to come in free; but perhaps there is some selfishness in this, for the premier would no doubt like to have a bed of them. Our eye was caught by the words, *goose undressed*; but on looking further we found it is the skin only of the foolish bird that we are to be treated to exempt from duty. In conclusion, we defy the most ingenious cook to hash up a dinner out of the whole 430 articles.

After exercising our culinary sagacity to the utmost extent, we find that the following is the best bill of fare we could make up from the list before us:—

FISH.—Whale fins of British taking.

SOUP.—Ox-tail, tanned, but not otherwise dressed.

GAME.—Singing birds.

MEATS.—Beef-wood, hoofs of cattle, lamb (skins,) dyed or colored, dressed in oil.

ENTREES.—Fricasseeed racoon, tiger en papillote.

PASTRY.—Sweet wood

CHEESE.—Bees'-wax.

DESSERT.—Nuts, kernels of walnuts, and of peach stones.

WINES AND LIQUEURS.—Antimony wine, senna, sanguis draconis, &c. &c.

The above is the best possible dinner that could be given under the New Tariff.

THE IMAGINATIVE CRISIS.

Oh! solitude, thou wonder-working fay,
Come, nurse my feeble fancy in your arms,
Though I and thee and fancy town-pent lay,
Come, call around a world of country charms,
Let all this room, these walls, dissolve away,
And bring me Surrey's fields to take their place;
This floor be grass, and draughts as breezes play;
Yon curtains trees, to wave in summer's face;
My ceiling, sky; my water-jug, a stream;
My bed, a bank, on which to muse and dream.
The spell is wrought: imagination swells
My sleeping-room to hills, and woods, and dells!
I walk abroad, for nought my footsteps hinder;
And fling my arms. Oh! mi! I've broke the
winder.

THE POPE.

The Pope he leads a happy life,
No contradiction knows, nor strife;
He rules the roast by right divine,
I would the Papal chair were mine!
But happy, now, I fear he's not,
Those Irish are a noisy lot;
And as with Dan he has to cope,
I think I'd rather not be Pope.

O'Connell better pleases me,
With all he will he maketh free;
He raises *rint* with wondrous skill;
Like him my pockets I would fill.
But even he, the great king Dan,
Is forced to sink the gentleman,
And bluster where repealers dine;
I would not change his lot for mine.

So here I'll take my lowly stand,
In what is called "this favored land;"
Put up with strife, if need be mine,
Nor at an empty purse repine.
But when my pocket's filled, with glee,
I'll dream that I O'Connell be;
And when their mouths repealers ope,
I'll thank my stars I'm not the Pope.

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CHAPTER V.

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Bright Jem was sad and silent. As Cesar, with unusual glibness, narrated the capture of the prisoner with the stolen property upon him, poor Jem, shading his eyes with his hand, looked mournfully at the pigmy culprit. Not a word did Jem utter; but the heart-ache spoke in his face.

"And what have you got to say to this?" asked the night-constable of St. Giles. "You're a young gallows-bird, you are; hardly out of the shell, yet. What have you got to say?"

"Why, I did n't take the at," answered young St. Giles, fixing his sharp black eyes full on the face of his interrogator, and speaking as though he repeated an old familiar lesson, "I did n't take it: the at rolled to me; and I thought as it had tumbled out of a coach as was going on, and I run after it, and calling out, if nobody had lost a at, when that black gentleman there laid hold on me, and said as how I stole it. How could I help it, if the at would roll to me! I did n't want the at."

"Ha!" said the constable, "there's a good deal of wickedness crammed into that little skin of yours—I shall lock you up. There—go in with you," and the constable pointed to a cell, the door of which was already opened for the reception of the prisoner.

And did young St. Giles quail or whimper at his prison threshold? Did his young heart sink at the gloomy dungeon! Oh no. Child as he was, it was plain he felt that he was acting a part: he had become in some way important, and he seemed resolved to rise with the occasion. He had listened to tales of felon fortitude, of gallows heroism; and ambition stirred within him. He had heard of the Tyburn humorist, who, with his miserable jest in the jaws of death, cast his shoes from the cart, to thwart an oft-told prophecy that he would die shod. All these stories St. Giles had listened to, and took to his heart as precious recollections. While other children had conned their books—and written maxim copies—and learned their catechism—St. Giles had learned this one thing—to be "game." His world—the world of Hog Lane had taught him that; he had listened to the counsel from lips with the bloom of Newgate on them. The foot-pad, the pickpocket, the burglar, had been his teachers: they had set

him copies, and he had written them in his brain for life-long wisdom. Other little boys had been taught to "love their neighbor as themselves." Now, the prime ruling lesson set to young St. Giles was "honor among thieves." Other boys might show rewarding medals—precious testimony of their schooltime work; young St. Giles knew nothing of these; had never heard of them; and yet unconsciously he showed that to him was best evidence of his worth: at the door of his cell, he showed that he was "game." Scarcely was he bidden to enter the dungeon, than he turned his face up to the constable, and his eyes twinkling and leering, and his little mouth quivering with scorn, he said—"You don't mean it, Mister; I know you don't mean it."

"Come, in with you, ragged and sarcy!" cried the constable.

"Well, then," said the urchin, "here goes—good night to you," and so saying, he flung a sunset into the cell: the lock was turned, and Bright Jem—fetching a deep groan—quitted the watch-house, his wife, sobbing aloud, following him.

"What can they do to the poor child?" asked Mrs. Aniseed of Jem, as the next morning he sat silent and sorrowful, with his pipe in his mouth, looking at the fire.

"Why, Susan, that's what I was thinking of. What can they do with him? He isn't old enough to hang; but he's quite big enough to be whipped. Bridewell and whipping: yes, that's it, that's how they'll teach him. They'll make Jack Ketch his schoolmaster; and nicely he'll learn him his lesson towards Tyburn. The old story, Susan—the old story," and Jem drew a long sigh.

"Don't you think, Jem, something might be done to send him to sea? He'd get taken away from the bad people about him, and who knows, might after all turn out a bright man." Such was the hopeful faith of Mrs. Aniseed.

"Why, there's something in that to be sure. For my part, I think that's a good deal what the sea was made for—to take away the offal of the land. He might get cured at sea; if we could get anybody as would take him. I'm told the sea does wonders, sometimes, with the morals of folks. I've heard of thieves and rogues of all sorts, that were aboard ship, have come round 'straordinary. Now, whether it's in the salt water or the bo'swains, who shall say? He would n't make a bad drummer, neither, with them little quick fists of his, if we could get him in the army."

"Oh, I'd rather he was sent to sea, Jem," cried Mrs. Aniseed, "then he'd be out of harm's way."

"Oh, the army reforms all sorts of rogues, too," averred Jem. "Sometimes they get their morals pipeclayed, as well as their clothes. Wonderful what heroes are made of, sometimes. You see, I suppose, there's something in some parts of the trade that agrees with some folks. When they storm a town now, and take all they can lay their hands on, why there's all the pleasure of the robbery without any fear of the gallows. It's stealing made glorious with flags and drums. Nobody knows how that little varmint might get on."

Here Jem was interrupted by the sudden appearance of a woman hung with rags and looking prematurely old. Misery and vice were in her face, though the traces of evil were for the time

softened by sorrow. She was weeping bitterly, and with clasped trembling hands, ran into the room. It was the wretched mother of young St. Giles; the miserable woman who more than six years before had claimed her child in that room; who had borne her victim babe away to play its early part in wretchedness and deceit. She had since frequently met Jem, but always hurried from him. His reproofs, though brief, were too significant, too searching, for even her shame to encounter. "Oh, Jem! Jem!" she cried, "save my dear child—save my innocent lamb."

"Ha! and if he is n't innocent," cried Jem, "whose fault's that?"

"But he is—he is," screamed the woman. "You won't turn agin him, too! He steal anything! A precious cretur! he might be trusted with untold gold!"

"Woman," said Jem, "I would n't like to hurt you in your trouble; but have n't you no shame at all! Don't you know what a bit of truth is, that even now you should look in my face, and tell me such a wicked lie!"

"I don't, Jem—I don't," vociferated the woman. "He's as innocent as the babe unborn."

"Why, so he is, as far as he knows what's right and what's wrong. He has innocence; that is, the innocence you've taught him. Teach a child the way he should go," cried Jem, in a tone of some bitterness, "and you've taught him the way to Newgate. The Lord have mercy on you! What a sweet babby he was, when six year and a half ago you took him from this room—and what is he now! Well, well, I won't pour water on a drowned mouse," said Jem, the woman crying more vehemently at his rebuke, "but how you can look in that child's face, and arterwards look up at heaven, I don't know."

"There's no good, not a ha'porth in all this preaching. All we want to know is this. Can you help us to get the young 'un out o' trouble?" This reproof and interrogation were put in a hoarse, sawing voice by a man of about five-and-thirty, who had made his appearance shortly after St. Giles' mother. He was dressed in a coat of Newgate cut. His hat was knowingly slanted over one eyebrow, his hands were in his pockets, and at short intervals he sucked the stalk of a primrose that shone forth in strong relief from the black whiskers and week's beard surrounding it.

"And who are you?" asked Jem, in a tone not very encouraging of a gentle answer.

"That's a good 'un, not to know me. My name's Blast—Tom Blast; not ashamed of my name," said the owner, still champing the primrose.

"No, I dare say not," answered Bright Jem. "Oh, I know you now. I've seen you with the boy a singing ballads."

"I should think so. And what on it! No disgrace in that, eh? I look upon myself as respectable as any of your folks as sing at your fine play-house. What do you all pipe for but money! Only there's this difference; they gets hundreds of pounds—and I gets half-pence. A singer for money's a singer for money—whether he stands upon mud or a carpet. But all's one for that. What's to be done for the boy! I tell his mother here not to worry about it—'t wont be more than a month or two at Bridewell, for he's never been nabbed afore: but it's no use a talking to women, you know; she won't make her life happy, no how. So we've come to you."

"And what can I do?" asked Jem—"I'm not judge and jury, am I?"

"Why, you know Capstick, the muffin-man. Well, he's a householder, and can put in a good word for the boy with the beak. I suppose you know what a beak is?" said Thomas Blast, with a satirical twist of the lip. "Not too fine a gentleman to know that?"

"Why, what does Capstick know of little St. Giles?" asked Jem.

"Oh, Jem," said the woman, "yesterday he stood his friend. He's a strange cretur, that Capstick; and often does a poor soul a good turn, as if he'd eat him up all the while. Well, yesterday arternoon, what does he do but give my precious child—my innocent babe—two dozen muffins, a basket and a bell."

"I see," cried Jem, with glistening eyes, "set him up in trade. God bless that muffin-man."

"That's what he meant, Jem; but it was n't to be—it was n't to be," cried the woman with a sigh.

"No—it warn't," corroborated Mr. Blast. "You see the young un—all agog as he was—brought the muffins to the lane. Well, we had n't had two dinners, I can tell you, yesterday; so we sells the basket and the bell for sixpenn'orth of butter, and did't we go to work at the muffins." And Mr. Blast seemingly spoke with a most satisfactory recollection of the banquet.

"And if they'd have poisoned all of you, served you right," cried Jem, with a look of disgust. "You *will* kill that child—you won't give him a chance—you will kill him body and soul."

"La, Jem! how can you go on in that way!" cried the mother, and began to weep anew. "He's the apple of my eye, is that dear child."

"None the better for that, by the look of 'em," said Jem. "Howsomever, I'll go to Mr. Capstick. Mind, I don't want neither of you at my heels; what I'll do—I'll do by myself," and without another word, Bright Jem took his cap, and unceremoniously passing his visitors, quitted the room. His wife, looking coldly at the newcomers, intimated a silent wish that they would follow him. The look was lost upon Mr. Blast, for he immediately seated himself; and seizing the poker, with easiest familiarity beat about the embers. Mrs. Aniseed was a heroic woman. Nobody who looked at her, whilst her visitor rudely disturbed her coals, could fail to perceive the struggle that went on within her. There are housewives whose very heartstrings seem connected with their pokers; and Mrs. Aniseed was of them. Hence, whilst her visitor beat about the grate, it was at once a hard and delicate task for her not to spring upon him, and wrest the poker from his hand. She knew it not, but at that moment the gentle spirit of Bright Jem was working in her; subduing her aroused passion with a sense of hospitality.

"A sharp spring this, for poor people, is n't it, Mrs. Aniseed?" observed Mr. Blast. "It seems quite the tail of a hard winter, does n't it?" Mrs. Aniseed tried to smile a smile—she only shivered it. "Well, I must turn out, I'spose; though I have n't nothing to do till night—then I think I shall try another murder: it's a long while since we've had one."

"A matter of two months," said the mother of St. Giles, "and that turned out no great things."

"Try a murder," said Mrs. Aniseed with some apprehension, "what do you mean?"

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"I should think so. And what on it? No disgrace in that, eh? I look upon myself as respectable as any of your folks as sing at your fine play-house. What do you all pipe for but money! Only there 's this difference; they gets hundreds of pounds—and I gets half-pence. A singer for money 's a singer for money—whether he stands upon mud or a carpet. But all 's one for that. What 's to be done for the boy! I tell his mother here not to worry about it—'t wont be more than a month or two at Bridewell, for he 's never been nabbed afore: but it 's no use a talking to women, you know; she won't make her life happy, no how. So we 've come to you."

"And what can I do?" asked Jem—"I 'm not judge and jury, am I?"

"Why, you know Capstick, the muffin-man. Well, he 's a householder, and can put in a good word for the boy with the beak. I suppose you know what a beak is?" said Thomas Blast, with a satirical twist of the lip. "Not too fine a gentleman to know that?"

"Why, what does Capstick know of little St. Giles?" asked Jem.

"Oh, Jem," said the woman, "yesterday he stoode his friend. He 's a strange cretur, that Capstick; and often does a poor soul a good turn, as if he 'd eat him up all the while. Well, yesterday arternoon, what does he do but give my precious child—my innocent babe—two dozen muffins, a basket and a bell."

"I see," cried Jem, with glistening eyes, "set him up in trade. God bless that muffin-man."

"That 's what he meant, Jem; but it was n't to be—it was n't to be," cried the woman with a sigh.

"No—it warn't," corroborated Mr. Blast. "You see the young un—all agog as he was—brought the muffins to the lane. Well, we had n't had two dinners, I can tell you, yesterday; so we sells the basket and the bell for sixpenn'orth of butter, and did 't we go to work at the muffins." And Mr. Blast seemingly spoke with a most satisfactory recollection of the banquet.

"And if they 'd have pisoned all of you, served you right," cried Jem, with a look of disgust. "You *will* kill that child—you won't give him a chance—you will kill him body and soul."

"La, Jem! how can you go on in that way!" cried the mother, and began to weep anew. "He 's the apple of my eye, is that dear child."

"None the better for that, by the look of 'em," said Jem. "Howsomever, I 'll go to Mr. Capstick. Mind, I don't want neither of you at my heels; what I 'll do—I 'll do by myself," and without another word, Bright Jem took his cap, and unceremoniously passing his visitors, quitted the room. His wife, looking coldly at the newcomers, intimated a silent wish that they would follow him. The look was lost upon Mr. Blast, for he immediately seated himself; and seizing the poker, with easiest familiarity beat about the embers. Mrs. Aniseed was a heroic woman. Nobody who looked at her, whilst her visitor rudely disturbed her coals, could fail to perceive the struggle that went on within her. There are housewives whose very heartstrings seem connected with their pokers; and Mrs. Aniseed was of them. Hence, whilst her visitor beat about the grate, it was at once a hard and delicate task for her not to spring upon him, and wrest the poker from his hand. She knew it not, but at that moment the gentle spirit of Bright Jem was working in her; subduing her aroused passion with a sense of hospitality.

"A sharp spring this, for poor people, is n't it, Mrs. Aniseed?" observed Mr. Blast. "It seems quite the tail of a hard winter, does n't it?" Mrs. Aniseed tried to smile a smile—she only shivered it. "Well, I must turn out, I 'spose; though I have n't nothing to do till night—then I think I shall try another murder: it 's a long while since we 've had one."

"A matter of two months," said the mother of St. Giles, "and that turned out no great things."

"Try a murder," said Mrs. Aniseed with some apprehension, "what do you mean?"

From *Jerrold's Magazine*.

CHAPTER V.

SHORT was the distance from Covent Garden Theatre to Covent Garden watch-house; and therefore in a few minutes was young St. Giles arraigned before the night-constable. Cesar Gum had followed the offender as an important witness against him; whilst Bright Jem and his wife certainly attended as sorrowing friends of the prisoner. Kitty Muggs was of the party; and her indignation at the wrong committed "on so blessed a baby"—we mean of course St. James—would have burst forth in loudest utterance had she not been controlled by the moral influence of Bright Jem. Hence, she had only the small satisfaction of declaring, in a low voice to her sister, "that the little wretch would be sure to be hanged—for he had the gibbet, every bit of it, in his countenance." With this consolation, she suffered herself to be somewhat tranquillized. "The Lord help him!" cried Mrs. Aniseed. "Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to say such a thing!" whispered Kitty Muggs.

Bright Jem was sad and silent. As Cesar, with unusual glibness, narrated the capture of the prisoner with the stolen property upon him, poor Jem, shading his eyes with his hand, looked mournfully at the pigmy culprit. Not a word did Jem utter; but the heart-ache spoke in his face.

"And what have you got to say to this?" asked the night-constable of St. Giles. "You're a young gallows-bird, you are; hardly out of the shell, yet. What have you got to say?"

"Why, I did n't take the at," answered young St. Giles, fixing his sharp black eyes full on the face of his interrogator, and speaking as though he repeated an old familiar lesson, "I did n't take it: the at rolled to me; and I thought as it had tumbled out of a coach as was going on, and I run after it, and calling out, if nobody had lost a at, when that black gentleman there laid hold on me, and said as how I stole it. How could I help it, if the at would roll to me? I did n't want the at."

"Ha!" said the constable, "there's a good deal of wickedness crammed into that little skin of yours—I shall lock you up. There—go in with you," and the constable pointed to a cell, the door of which was already opened for the reception of the prisoner.

And did young St. Giles quail or whimper at his prison threshold? Did his young heart sink at the gloomy dungeon? Oh no. Child as he was, it was plain he felt that he was acting a part: he had become in some way important, and he seemed resolved to rise with the occasion. He had listened to tales of felon fortitude, of gallows heroism; and ambition stirred within him. He had heard of the Tyburn humorist, who, with his miserable jest in the jaws of death, cast his shoes from the cart, to thwart an oft-told prophecy that he would die shod. All these stories St. Giles had listened to, and took to his heart as precious recollections. While other children had conned their books—and written maxim copies—and learned their catechism—St. Giles had learned this one thing—to be "game." His world—the world of Hog Lane had taught him that; he had listened to the counsel from lips with the bloom of Newgate on them. The foot-pad, the pickpocket, the burglar, had been his teachers: they had set

him copies, and he had written them in his brain for life-long wisdom. Other little boys had been taught to "love their neighbor as themselves." Now, the prime ruling lesson set to young St. Giles was "honor among thieves." Other boys might show rewarding medals—precious testimony of their schooltime work; young St. Giles knew nothing of these; had never heard of them; and yet unconsciously he showed what to him was best evidence of his worth: at the door of his cell, he showed that he was "game." Scarcely was he bidden to enter the dungeon, than he turned his face up to the constable, and his eyes twinkling and leering, and his little mouth quivering with scorn, he said—"You don't mean it, Mister; I know you don't mean it."

"Come, in with you, ragged and sarey!" cried the constable.

"Well, then," said the urchin, "here goes—good night to you," and so saying, he flung a summer-set into the cell: the lock was turned, and Bright Jem—fetching a deep groan—quitted the watch-house, his wife, sobbing aloud, following him.

"What can they do to the poor child?" asked Mrs. Aniseed of Jem, as the next morning he sat silent and sorrowful, with his pipe in his mouth, looking at the fire.

"Why, Susan, that's what I was thinking of. What can they do with him? He isn't old enough to hang; but he's quite big enough to be whipped. Bridewell and whipping: yes, that's it, that's how they'll teach him. They'll make Jack Ketch his schoolmaster; and nicely he'll learn him his lesson towards Tyburn. The old story, Susan—the old story," and Jem drew a long sigh.

"Don't you think, Jem, something might be done to send him to sea? He'd get taken away from the bad people about him, and who knows, might after all turn out a bright man." Such was the hopeful faith of Mrs. Aniseed.

"Why, there's something in that to be sure. For my part, I think that's a good deal what the sea was made for—to take away the offal of the land. He might get cured at sea; if we could get anybody as would take him. I'm told the sea does wonders, sometimes, with the morals of folks. I've heard of thieves and rogues of all sorts, that were aboard ship, have come round 'straordinary. Now, whether it's in the salt water or the bo'swains, who shall say? He would n't make a bad drummer, neither, with them little quick fists of his, if we could get him in the army."

"Oh, I'd rather he was sent to sea, Jem," cried Mrs. Aniseed, "then he'd be out of harm's way."

"Oh, the army reforms all sorts of rogues, too," averred Jem. "Sometimes they get their morals pipeclayed, as well as their clothes. Wonderful what heroes are made of, sometimes. You see, I suppose, there's something in some parts of the trade that agrees with some folks. When they storm a town now, and take all they can lay their hands on, why there's all the pleasure of the robbery without any fear of the gallows. It's stealing made glorious with flags and drums. Nobody knows how that little varmint might get on."

Here Jem was interrupted by the sudden appearance of a woman hung with rags and looking prematurely old. Misery and vice were in her face, though the traces of evil were for the time

softened by sorrow. She was weeping bitterly, and with clasped trembling hands, ran into the room. It was the wretched mother of young St. Giles; the miserable woman who more than six years before had claimed her child in that room; who had borne her victim babe away to play its early part in wretchedness and deceit. She had since frequently met Jem, but always hurried from him. His reproofs, though brief, were too significant, too searching, for even her shame to encounter. "Oh, Jem! Jem!" she cried, "save my dear child—save my innocent lamb."

"Ha! and if he is n't innocent," cried Jem, "whose fault 's that?"

"But he is—he is," screamed the woman. "You won't turn agin him, too! He steal anything! A precious cretur! he might be trusted with untold gold!"

"Woman," said Jem, "I would n't like to hurt you in your trouble; but have n't you no shame at all! Don't you know what a bit of truth is, that even now you should look in my face, and tell me such a wicked lie?"

"I don't, Jem—I don't," vociferated the woman. "He 's as innocent as the babe unborn."

"Why, so he is, as far as he knows what 's right and what 's wrong. He has innocence; that is, the innocence you 've taught him. Teach a child the way he should go," cried Jem, in a tone of some bitterness, "and you 've taught him the way to Newgate. The Lord have mercy on you! What a sweet baby he was, when six year and a half ago you took him from this room—and what is he now! Well, well, I won't pour water on a drowned mouse," said Jem, the woman crying more vehemently at his rebuke, "but how you can look in that child's face, and arterwards look up at heaven, I don't know."

"There 's no good, not a ha'porth in all this preaching. All we want to know is this. Can you help us to get the young 'un out o' trouble?" This reproof and interrogation were put in a hoarse, sawing voice by a man of about five-and-thirty, who had made his appearance shortly after St. Giles' mother. He was dressed in a coat of Newgate cut. His hat was knowingly slanted over one eyebrow, his hands were in his pockets, and at short intervals he sucked the stalk of a primrose that shone forth in strong relief from the black whiskers and week's beard surrounding it.

"And who are you?" asked Jem, in a tone not very encouraging of a gentle answer.

"That 's a good 'un, not to know me. My name 's Blast—Tom Blast; not ashamed of my name," said the owner, still champing the primrose.

"No, I dare say not," answered Bright Jem. "Oh, I know you now. I 've seen you with the boy a singing ballads."

"I should think so. And what on it! No disgrace in that, eh! I look upon myself as respectable as any of your folks as sing at your fine play-house. What do you all pipe for but money? Only there 's this difference; they gets hundreds of pounds—and I gets half-pence. A singer for money 's a singer for money—whether he stands upon mud or a carpet. But all 's one for that. What 's to be done for the boy? I tell his mother here not to worry about it—it 'wont be more than a month or two at Bridewell, for he 's never been nabbed afore: but it 's no use a talking to women, you know; she won't make her life happy, no how. So we 've come to you."

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"A matter of two months," said the mother of St. Giles, "and that turned out no great things."

"Try a murder," said Mrs. Aniseed with some apprehension, "what do you mean?"

"Oh, there 'll be no blood spilt," answered Mr. Blast, "only a bit of Grub-street, that's all. But I don't know what's come to the people. They don't snap as they used to do. Why, there's that Horrible and Particular Account of a Bear that was fed upon young Children in Westminster: I've known the time when I've sold fifty of 'em afore I'd blowed my horn a dozen times. Then there was that story of the Lady of Fortin that had left Twins in the Cradle, and run off with her Husband's Coachman—that was a sure crown for a night's work. Only a week ago it did n't bring me a groat. I don't know how it is; people get sharper and sharper, as they get wickeder and wickeder."

"And you don't think it no harm, then," said Mrs. Aniseed, "to make bread of such lies?"

"What does it signify, Mrs. Aniseed, what your bread's made of, so as it's a good color, and plenty of it! Lord bless you; if you was to take away all the lies that go to make bread in this town, you'd bring a good many peck loaves down to crumbs, you would. What's the difference atween me and some folks in some newspapers! Why this: I sells my lies myself, and they sell 'em by other people. But I say, Mrs. Aniseed, it is cold isn't it?"

Mrs. Aniseed immediately jumped at the subtle purpose of the question; and curtly, frozenly replied—"It is."

"A drop o' something would n't be bad such a mornin as this, would it?" asked the unabashed guest.

"La! Tom," cried St. Giles' mother, in a half-tone of astonishment and deprecation.

"I can't say," said Mrs. Aniseed; "but it might be for them as like it. I should suppose, though, that this woman—if she's got anything of a mother's heart in her—is thinking of something else, a good deal more precious than drink."

"You may say that," said the woman, lifting her apron to her unwet eye.

"And there's a good soul, do—do when you get the dear child home again—do keep him out of the streets; and don't let him go about singing of ballads, and"—

"That's all mighty fine, Mrs. Aniseed," said Mr. Blast, who, foiled in his drink, became suddenly independent in his language—"all mighty fine; but, after all, I should think singing ballads a little more genteel than bawling for coaches, and making dirty money out of fogs, and pitch and oakum. A ballad-singer may hold his head up with a linkman any day—and so you may tell Jem, when you see him. Come along," and Mr. Blast twitched the woman by the arm—"come along: there's nothing to be got here but preaching—and that will come in time to all of us."

"Don't mind what he says," whispered St. Giles' mother to Mrs. Aniseed, "he's a good cretar, and means nothing. And oh, Mrs. Aniseed, do all you can with Mr. Capstick for my innocent babe, and I shan't say my prayers without blessing you." With this, the unwelcome visitors departed.

We must now follow Bright Jem to the house of the muffin-man. Jem has already told his errand to Mr. Capstick; who, with evident sorrow and disappointment at his heart, is endeavoring to look like a man not at all surprised by the story related to him. Oh dear, no! he had quite expected it. "As for what I did, Mr. Aniseed"—said Capstick—"I did it with my eyes open. I

knew the little vagabond was a lost wretch—I could read that in his face; and then the muffins were somewhat stale muffins—so don't think I was tricked. No: I looked upon it as something less than a forlorn hope, and I won't flatter myself; but you see I was not mistaken. Nevertheless, Mr. Aniseed, say nothing of the matter to my wife. She said—not knowing my thoughts on the business—she said I was a fool for what I did: so don't let her know what's happened. When women find out they're right, it makes 'em conceited. The little ruffian!" cried Capstick with bitterness—"to go stealing when the muffins might have made a man of him."

"Still, Mr. Capstick," urged Jem, "there's something to be said for the poor child. His mother and the bad uns in Hog Lane would n't let him have a chance. For when St. Giles ran home—what a place to call home!—they seized upon the muffins, and turned the bell and basket into butter, swallowed 'em without so much as winking."

"Miserable little boy!" exclaimed the softened Capstick—and then he groaned, "Wicked wretches!"

"That's true again," said Jem; "and yet hunger hardly knows right from wrong, Mr. Capstick."

Capstick made no answer to this, but looking in Jem's face, drew a long breath.

"And about the boy?" said Jem, "he's but a chick, is he, to go to gaol?"

"It's no use—it's all no use, Mr. Aniseed; we're only throwing away heaven's time upon the matter; for if the little rascal was hanged at once—to be sure, he is a little young for that—nevertheless I was about to say"—and here the muffin-man, losing the thread of his thoughts, twitched his cap from his head, and passed it from right hand to left, and from left to right, as though he sought in such exercise to come plump again upon the escaped idea—"I have it," at length he cried. "I was about to say, as I've an idle hour on hand, I'll walk with you to Lord St. James, and we'll talk to him about the matter."

Now Bright Jem believed this of himself; that in a good cause he would not hesitate—at least not much—to speak to his majesty, though in his royal robes and with his royal crown upon his head. Nevertheless, the ease, the perfect self-possession, with which Capstick suggested a call upon the Marquess of St. James obtained for him a sudden respect from the linkman. To be sure, as we have before indicated, there was something strange about Capstick. His neighbors had clothed him with a sort of mystery; hence, on second thoughts, Bright Jem believed it possible that in happier days the muffin-man might have talked to marquesses.

"Yes," said Capstick, taking off his apron, "we'll see what can be done with his lordship. I'll just whip on my coat of audience, and—hush!—my wife," and Mrs. Capstick stirred in the back parlor. "Not a word where we're going. Not that I care a straw; only she'd say I was neglecting the shop for a pack of vagabonds: and perhaps she's right, though I would n't own it. Never own a woman's right: do it once, and on the very conceit of it, she'll be wrong for the rest of her life." With this apothegm, the muffin-maker quitted the shop, and immediately his wife entered it.

"Glad to see your sister looking so well, Mr. Aniseed," said Mrs. Capstick, somewhat sllily.

"Oh! what, you mean Kitty? Why, she looks as well as she can, and that is n't much, poor soul," said Jem.

"She was here yesterday, and bought some muffins. A dark gentleman was with her," said Mrs. Capstick.

"You mean the black footman," observed Jem, dropping at once to the cold, hard truth.

"Well," and Mrs. Capstick giggled, as though communicating a great moral discovery, "well, there's no accounting for taste, is there, Mr. Aniseed?"

"No," said Jem, "it was never meant to be accounted for, I suppose; else there's a lot of us would have a good deal to answer for. Taste, in some things, I suppose was given us to do what we like with; but, Mrs. Capstick, now and then we do sartinly abuse the privilege."

"Lor, Mr. Capstick! where are you going so fine?" asked his spouse of the muffin-maker, as he presented himself in his best coat, and swathed in a very voluminous neckcloth. "Going to court?"

"You see," said Capstick, "a man—a wretch, a perjurer is to-day put in the pillory."

"And what's that to you, Mr. Capstick?" asked his wife.

"Why, Mary Anne, as a moral man—and, therefore, as a man who respects his oath, I feel it my duty to go and enjoy my egg." With this excuse—worthy of a Timon—did the muffin-maker take his way towards the mansion of Lord St. James. "It's a hard thing," said Capstick on the road, "a hard thing, that you can't always tell a wife the truth."

"I always tell it to my old woman," observed Bright Jem.

"You're a fortunate man sir," said Capstick. "All women can't bear it: it's too strong for 'em. Now, Mrs. Capstick is an admirable person—a treasure of a wife—never know what it is to want a button to my shirt, never—still, I am now and then obliged to sacrifice truth on the altar of conjugal peace. It makes my heart bleed to do it, Mr. Aniseed; but sometimes it is done."

Bright Jem nodded as a man will nod who thinks he catches a meaning, but is not too sure of it. "And what will you say?" asked Jem, after a moment's pause—"what will you say to his lordship, if he'll see you?"

Mr. Capstick cast a cold, self-complacent eye upon the linkman, and replied—"I shall trust to my inspiration." Jem softly whistled—unconscious of the act. Mr. Capstick heard, what he deemed a severe comment, and majestically continued: "Mr. Aniseed, you may not imagine it—but I have a great eye for gingerbread."

"No doubt on it, Mr. Capstick," said Jem, "it's a part of your business."

"You don't understand me," replied the muffin-maker with a compassionate smile. "I mean, my good man, the gingerbread that makes up so much of this world. Bless your heart! I pride myself upon my eye, that looks at once through all the gilding—all the tawdry, glittering Dutch metal—that covers the cake, and goes at once to the flour and water."

"I don't see what you mean, by no means," said Jem; "that is, not quite."

"Look here, sir," said Capstick, with the air of a man who had made himself up for an oration. "What is that pile of brick before us?"

"Why, that you know as well as I," answered Jem; "it's St. James' Palace."

"And there lives his gracious Majesty, George the Third. Now, I dare say, Mr. Aniseed, it's very difficult for you to look upon his Majesty in what I shall beg leave to call, a state of nature?"

"What! like an Injun?" asked Jem. "Well, I must say, I can hardly fancy it."

"Of course not. When you hear of a king, he comes upon you in velvet and fur, and with a crown upon his head—and diamonds blazing upon him—and God knows how many rows of lords about him—and then all the household guards—and the state coach—and the state trumpets, and the thundering guns, and the ringing bells—all come upon your mind as a piece and parcel of him, making a king something tremendous to consider—something that you can only think of with a kind of fright. Is it not so?" asked the muffin-maker.

Jem merely answered—"Go on, Mr. Capstick."

"Now I feel nothing of the sort. I know the world, and despise it," said the muffin-maker.

"I'll take your word for anything but that," cried Jem. "But go on."

"I tell you, sir, I hate the world," repeated Capstick, proud of what he thought his misanthropy: "and of sweet use has such hatred been to me."

Bright Jem cast an incredulous leer at the muffin-man. "I never heard of the sweetness of hatred afore. I should as soon looked for honey in a wasp's nest."

"Ha! Jem, you know nothing; else you'd know how a contempt for the world sharpens a man's wits, and improves his eyesight. Bless you! there are a thousand cracks and flaws and fly-spots upon everything about us, that we should never see without it," said Capstick.

"Well, thank God! I'm in no need of such spectacles," said Bright Jem.

"And for that very reason, Jem," said the muffin-maker, "you are made an every-day victim of—for that reason your very soul goes down upon its knees to things that it's my especial comfort to despise. You have n't the wit, the judgment, to separate a man from all his worldly advantages, and look at him, as I may say, in his very nakedness—a mere man. Now, Jem, that is the power I especially pride myself upon. Hence," continued the muffin-maker—and he brought himself up fronting the palace, and extended his right arm towards it—"hence, I can take an emperor from his crowd of nobles—his troops—his palace walls—his royal robes, and set him before me just as God made him. As I'd take a cocoa-nut, and tear away the husk, and crack the shell, and pare the inner rind, and come at once upon the naked kernel, so, Mr. Aniseed, can I take—aye the Great Mogul—and set him in his shivering flesh before me."

"And you think the knack to do this does you good?" modestly inquired Bright Jem.

"It's my solace, my comfort, my strength," answered the muffin-maker. "And this knack, as you have it, is what I call seeing through the gold upon the gingerbread. Now, is n't it dreadful to think of the thousands upon thousands who every day go down upon their knees to it, believing the gilded paste so much solid metal? Ha! Mr. Aniseed! we talk a good deal about the

miserable heathen; the poor wretches who make idols of crocodiles and monkeys—but Lord bless us! only to think in this famous city of London of the thousands of Christians, as they call themselves, who after all are idolaters of gilt gingerbread!"

"Poor souls!" said Jem, in the fulness of his charity, "they don't know any better. But you have n't answered what I asked; and that's this! What will you say to his lordship if he'll see you!"

"Say to him? I shall talk reason to him. Bless you! I shall go straight at the matter. When some folks go to speak to rich and mighty lords, they fluster, and stammer, as if they could n't make themselves believe that they only look upon a man made like themselves; no, they somehow mix him up with his lands and his castles, and his heaps of money, and the thought's too big for 'em to bear. But I will conclude as I began, Mr. Aniseed. Therefore I say I have a great eye for gilt gingerbread."

This philosophical discourse brought the talkers to their destination. Jem stooped before the kitchen-windows, prying curiously through them. "What seek you there, Jem?" asked Capstick.

"I was thinking," answered Jem, "if I could only see Kitty, we might go in through the kitchen."

Mr. Capstick made no answer, but looking a lofty reproof at Jem, he took two strides to the door, and seizing the knocker, struck it with an assertion of awakened dignity. "Through the hall, Mr. Aniseed; through the hall; no area-stairs influence for me." As he made this proud declaration, the door was opened; and to the astonishment of the porter, the muffin-maker, asked coolly as though he was cheapening pip-pins at an apple-stall—"Can we see the marquess?"

The porter had evidently a turn for humor: he was not one of those janitors who, seated in their leathern chairs, resent every knock at the door as a violation of their peace and comfort. Therefore, curling the corners of his mouth, he asked in a tone of comic remonstrance—"Now what do you want with the marquess?"

"That the marquess shall be benefited by knowing," answered Capstick. "There is my name;" and the muffin-maker, with increasing dignity, handed his shop-card to the porter.

"It's no use," said the porter, shaking his head at the card, "not a bit of use. We don't eat muffins here."

At this moment, Cesar Gum, the African footman, appeared in the hall, and with greatest cordiality welcomed Bright Jem. "Come to see Kitty!—she delight to see you—come down stairs."

"Will you take this to the marquess?" and twitching his card from the porter's fingers, Capstick gave it to Cesar. The black felt every disposition to oblige the friend of Kitty's brother, but raised his hands and shook his head with a hopeless shake. "Stop," said Capstick. He took the card, and wrote some words on the back of it. He then returned it to the porter.

"Oh!" cried the porter, when he had read the mystic syllables, "Cesar, I 'spose you must take it," and Cesar departed on the errand.

CHAPTER VI.

Now, we hope that we have sufficiently inter-

ested the reader, to make him wish to know the precise magic words which, operating on the quickened sense of a nobleman's porter, caused him suddenly to put a marquess and a muffin-maker in mutual communication. What Open Sessame could it be, that written by a St. Giles, should be worthy of the attention of St. James? Great is the power of letters! Whirlwinds have been let loose—fevers quenched, and Death himself made to drop his uplifted dart—by the subtle magic of some brief *lex scripta*, some *abracadabra* that held in the fluid some wondrous spirits, always to be found like motes in the sunbeams, in a magician's ink-bottle. Mighty is the power of words! Wondrous their agency—their volatility. Otherwise how could Pythagoras, writing words in bean-juice here upon the earth, have had the self-same syllables printed upon the moon? What a great human grief it is that this secret should have been lost! Otherwise what glorious means of publication would the moon have offered! Let us imagine the news of the day for the whole world written by certain scribes on the next night's moon—when she shone! What a blessed boon to the telescope-makers! How we should at once jump at all foreign news! What a hopeless jargon of blood and freedom would the Magi of Spain write upon the planet! How would the big-hearted men of America thereon publish their price-current of slaves—the new rate of the *pecunia viva*, the living penny in God's likeness—as the market varied! And France, too, would sometimes with bloody pen write glory there, obscuring for a time the light of heaven, with the madness of man. And Poland, pale with agony, yet desperately calm, would write—"Patience, and wait the hour." And the scribes of St. Petersburg would placard "God and the Emperor"—blasphemous conjunction!—And the old Pope would have his scrawl—and Indian princes, and half-plucked nabobs—and Chinamen—and Laplanders and the Great Turk—and—

No—no! Thank Heaven! the secret of Pythagoras—if indeed he ever had it, if he told not a magnificent flam—is lost; otherwise, what a poor scribbled moon it would be; its face wrinkled and scarred by thousands of quills—tattooed with what was once news—printed with playhouse bills and testimonials gracefully vouchsafed to corn-cutters! No. Thank God! Pythagoras safely dead, there is no man left to scrawl his pot-hooks on the moon. Her light—like too oft the light of truth—is not darkened by quills.

And after this broomstick flight to the moon, descend we to the card of Capstick, muffin-maker. The words he wrote were simply these—"A native of Liguorish, with a vote for the borough."

Now, it is one of the graceful fictions of the English constitution—and many of its fictions no doubt pass for its best beauties, in the like manner that the fiction of false hair, false color, false teeth, passes sometimes for the best loveliness of a tinkered face—it is one of these fictions that the English peer never meddles with the making of a member of the house of commons. Not he. Let the country make its lower house of senators as its best may, the English peer will have no hand in the matter. He would as soon, in his daily walks, think of lifting a load upon a porter's back, as of helping to lift a commoner into his seat. We say, this is a fiction of the constitution; and beautiful in its influence upon the human mind, is fiction. Now, the Marquess of St. James

had in his father's lifetime represented the borough of Liquorish. He was returned by at least a hundred and fifty voters as independent as their very limited number permitted them to be. The calumny of politics had said that the house of St. James carried the borough of Liquorish in its pocket, as easily as a man might in the same place carry a rotten apple or a rotten egg. Let the reader believe only as much of this as his charity will permit him.

Now it oddly enough happened that, at the time when Capstick sought to approach the marquess, parliament was near its dissolution. The wicked old hag was all but breathing her last, yet—case-hardened old sinner!—she expressed no contrition, showed no touch of conscience for her past life of iniquity; for her wrongs she had committed upon the weak and poor; for the nightly robberies upon them who toiled for the especial luxury of those who, like the tenants of a cheese, lived and crawled upon unearned pensions; she repented not of the blood she had shed in the wickedness of war; never called about her soft-hearted, tearful, most orthodox bishops, to assuage the agony of her remorse, and to cause her to make a clean breast of all her hidden iniquity. No. Parliament was about to expire—about to follow her sinful predecessors (what horrid epitaphs has history written upon some of them!) and she heard no voice of conscience; all she heard was the chink of guineas pursed by bribery for her successor.

Even the marquess' porter felt the coming of the new election. His fidelity to his master and his patriotism to merry England had been touched by a report that the borough of Liquorish was about to be invaded by some revolutionary spirit, resolved to snatch it from the time-honored grasp of the house of St. James, and—at any cost—to wash it of the stain of bribery. Somebody had dared to say that he would sit for the independent borough of Liquorish if every voter in it had a gold watch, and every voter's wife a silver tea-pot and diamond ear-rings. This intelligence was enough to make all true lovers of their country look about them. Therefore did the porter consider Mr. Capstick—although a muffin-man—a person of some importance to the marquess. Capstick was a voter for the borough of Liquorish—that was bought and sold like any medal—and therefore, to the mind of the porter, one of the essential parts of the British constitution: hence, the porter was by no means astounded when Cesar returned with a message that Mr. Capstick was to follow him.

The muffin-maker passed along, in no way dazzled or astonished by the magnificence about him. He had made his mind up to be surprised at nothing. Arabian splendors—it was his belief—would have failed to disturb the philosophic serenity of his soul. He had determined, according to his own theory, to extract the man from the marquess—to come, as he would say, direct at humanity divested of all its worldly furniture. Bright Jem meekly followed the misanthrope, treading the floor with gentlest tread; and wondering at the freak of fortune that even for a moment had enabled him, a tenant of Short's Gardens, to enter such an abode. Bright Jem could not help feeling this, and at the same time feeling a sort of shame at the unexpected weakness. He had believed himself proof to the influence of grandeur nevertheless, he could not help it; he

was somewhat abashed, a little flurried at the splendor around him. He was not ashamed of his poverty; yet he somehow felt that it had no business intruding in such a paradise.

In a few moments, the muffin-maker and Jem found themselves in a magnificent library. Seated at a table was a short, elderly little man, dressed in black. His face was round as an apple. He had small, sharp, grey eyes, which for a few moments he levelled steadily at Capstick and Jem, and then suddenly shifted them in a way that declared all the innermost and dearest thoughts of the muffin-maker to be, in that glance, read and duly registered. "Pray be seated," said the gentleman; and Capstick heavily dropped himself into a velvet chair. Bright Jem, on the contrary, settled upon the seat lightly as a butterfly upon a damask rose: and like the butterfly, it seemed doubtful with him, whether every moment he would not flutter off again. Capstick at once concluded that he was in the presence of the marquess. Jem knew better, having seen the nobleman; but thought possibly it might be some earl or duke, a friend or relation of the family. However, both of them augured well of their mission, from the easy, half-cordial manner of the illustrious gentleman in black. His words, too, were low and soft, as though breathed by a flute. He seemed the personification of gentleness and politeness. Nevertheless, reader, he was not of the peerage: being, indeed, nothing more than Mr. Jonathan Folder, librarian—and at times confidential agent—to the Marquess of St. James. He had just received the orders of his lordship to give audience on his behalf, to what might be an important deputation from the borough of Liquorish: hence, Mr. Folder, alive to the patriotic interest of his employer and friend—as, occasionally, he would venture to call the Marquess—was smiling and benignant.

"Mr. Capstick—I presume you are Mr. Capstick"—and Mr. Folder with his usual sagacity, bowed to the muffin-maker—"we are glad to see you. This house is always open to the excellent, and patriotic voters of Liquorish. There never was a time, Mr. Capstick, when it more behoved the friends of the constitution to have their eyes about them. The British constitution—"

"There is no constitution like it," observed the muffin-maker drily.

"That's an old truth, Mr. Capstick"—said Mr. Folder—"and, like all old truths, all the better for its age."

"No constitution like it," repeated the muffin-maker. "I don't know how many times it has n't been destroyed since I first knew it—and still it's all alive. The British constitution, my lord, sometimes seems to me very like an eel; you may flay it and chop it to bits; yet all for that, the pieces will twist and wriggle again."

"It is one of its proud attributes, Mr. Capstick"—said Folder; doubtless he had not heard himself addressed as my lord—"one of the glories of the constitution, that it is elastic—peculiarly elastic."

"And that's, I suppose, my lord"—surely Mr. Folder was a little deaf—"that's why it gets mauled about so much. Just as boys don't mind what tricks they play upon cats—because, poor devils, somebody to spite 'em, has said they've got nine lives. But I beg your pardon, this is my friend—Mr. James Aniseed, better known as Bright Jem," and Capstick introduced the link-man.

Mr. Folder slightly rose from his chair, and graciously bowed to Jem; who, touched by the courtesy, rose bolt upright; and then, after a moment's hesitation, he took half-a-dozen strides towards Mr. Folder, and—ere that gentleman was aware of the design—shook him heartily by the hand. Then, Jem, smiling and a little flushed, returned to his chair. Again taking his seat, he looked about him with a brightened, happy face, for Mr. Folder—the probable nobleman—had returned the linkman's grasp with a most cordial pressure.

"And, Mr. Aniseed," said Folder, "I presume you have also a voice in the constitution; you have a vote for—"

"Not a morsel, my lord," answered Jem. "I have n't a voice in anything; all I know about the constitution is that it means taxes; for you see, my lord, I've only one room and that's a little un—and so, you see, my lord, I've no right to nothing." Whilst Jem pursued this declaration, Mr. Folder, doubtless all unconsciously, rubbed his right hand with his handkerchief. The member might, possibly, have caught some taint from the shake of a low man without a vote.

"Nevertheless, Mr. Capstick, we are happy to see you," said Folder, with a strong emphasis upon the pronoun. "Public morality—I mean the morality of the other party—is getting lower and lower. In fact, I should say, the world—that is, you know what part of the world I mean—is becoming worse and worse, baser and baser."

"There is no doubt of it, my lord," answered Capstick—"for if your lordship—"

Capstick had become too emphatic. It was therefore necessary that Folder should correct him. "I am not his lordship. No, I am not," he repeated, not unobservant of the arched eyebrows of the muffin-maker—"I am deputed by his lordship to receive you, prepared to listen to your wishes, or to the wishes of any of the respectable constituents of the borough of Liquorish. We are not unaware, Mr. Capstick, of the movements of the enemy. But we shall be provided against them. They, doubtless, will be prepared to tamper with the independence of the electors, but as I have said—and Folder et his words fall slowly as though they were so many gems—"as I have said, there we can beat them on their own dirty grounds."

"There is no doubt whatever of it," said Capstick, "none at all. And then in these matters, there's nothing like competition—nothing whatever. For my part, I must say, I like to see it—it does me good—an election, such an election as we have in Liquorish, is a noble sight for a man who, like myself, was born to sneer at the world. At such a time, I feel myself exalted."

"No doubt—no doubt!"—said Mr. Folder.

"Then I feel my worth, every penny of it, in what is called the social scale. For instance, now, I open the shop of my conscience, with the pride of a tradesman who knows he's got something in his window that people *must* buy. I have a handsome piece of perjury to dispose of—"

"Mr. Capstick! Perjury!" cried Folder a little shocked.

"Why, you see, sir," said Capstick, "for most things, there's two names—a holyday name, and a working-day name."

"That's true," said Jem—and then he added with a bow to Folder, "saving your preseece, sir; quite true."

"Yes I'm a voter with a perjury jewel to sell"—said Capstick—"and therefore is n't it delightful to me, as a man who hates the world, to have fine gentlemen, honorable gentlemen, yes titled gentlemen, coming about me and chaffering with me for that little jewel—that when they've bought it of me, they may sell it again at a thumping profit? The marquess is n't that sort of man—"

"I should hope not, Mr. Capstick," said Folder, with a smile that seemed to add—impossible.

"Certainly not. But is n't it, I say, pleasant to a man-hater like me, to see this sort of dealing—to know that, however mean, and wicked, and rascally, the voter is who sells his jewel—he is taught the meanness, encouraged in the wickedness, and more than countenanced in the rascality, by the high and lofty fellow with the money-bag. Oh! at the school of corruption, ar n't there some nice high-nob ushers?"

"Never mind that, Mr. Capstick," said Bright Jem, who began to fear for the success of their mission, if the muffin-maker thus continued to vindicate his misanthropy. "Never mind that. We can't make a sore any better by putting a plaster of bad words to it: never mind that;—but Mr. Capstick," said Jem earnestly, "let's mind something else."

"Then I am to understand," said Mr. Folder, who in his philosophy had been somewhat entertained by the philippics of the muffin-maker—"I am to understand, that your present business in no way relates to anything connected with the borough?"

"Not at present," said Capstick, "only I hope that his lordship won't forget I have a voice. Because—"

At this moment, the door flew open, and a child—a beautiful creature—gambolled into the room. It was young St. James. The very cherub, as Kitty Muggs would have called him, robbed by the iniquitous, the hopeless St. Giles. Truly he was a lovely thing. His fair, fresh young face—informed with the innocence, purity, and happiness of childhood—spoke at once to the heart of the beholder. What guilelessness was in his large blue eyes—what sweetness at his mouth—what a fair, white expanse of brow—adorned with clustering curls of palest gold! His words and laughter came bubbling from the heart, making the sweetest music of the earth; the voice of happy childhood! A sound that sometimes calls us from the hard dealing, the tumult, and the weariness of the world—and touches us with tender thoughts, allied to tender tears.

"What a beautiful cretur!" whispered Jem to the muffin-maker. "He's been kept out of the mud of the world, has n't he? I say; it would be a hard job to suppose that blooming little fellow—with rags on his back, matches in his hand, and nothin' in his belly, eh? Quite as hard as to think young St. Giles was him, eh? And yet it might ha' been—might n't it?"

"Here is the future member for Liquorish," said Mr. Folder, the child having run up to him, and jumping upon his kness. "Here, sir, is your future representative."

"Well, if he keeps his looks," said Jem aside to Capstick, "you won't have nothing to complain."

"Of course, the borough will be kept warm for the young gentleman," said the muffin-man. "He may count upon my vote—yes, I may say, he may depend upon it. In the mean time, sir, I

come upon a little business in which that young gentleman is remotely concerned."

"You don't mean the shameful robbery last night!" said Mr. Folder. "A frightful case of juvenile depravity! Another proof that the world's getting worse and worse."

"No doubt of it," said Capstick, "worse and worse; it's getting so bad, it must soon be time to burn it up."

"The poor little boy who did it, sir," said Bright Jem, very deferentially, "did n't know any better."

"Know no better! Impossible! Why, how old is he?" asked Mr. Folder.

"Jist gone seven, sir, not more;" answered Jem.

"And here's this dear child not yet seven! And do you mean to tell me that he doesn't know better? Do you mean in your ignorance to insinuate that this young gentleman would do such a thing—eh?" cried Folder of the abashed linkman.

"Bless his dear, good eyes, no!" said Jem, with some emotion—"sartinly not. But then he's been taught better. Ever since he could speak—and I dare say almost afore—every night and day he was taken upon somebody's knees, and taught to say his prayers—and what was good and what was bad—and besides that, to have all that was quiet and happy and comfortable about him—and kind words and kind looks that are almost better than bread and meat to children—for they make 'em kind and gentle too—now, the poor little boy that stole that young gentleman's hat—"

"I don't want the hat!"—cried the child, for he had heard the story of the wicked boy at the playhouse—"I don't want it—he may have it if he likes—I told papa so."

"Bless you, for a sweet little dear," said Jem, brushing his eyes.

"The truth is, sir, I came here," said Capstick, "I came as a voter for the independent borough of Liguorish—to intercede with the magnanimity of the marquess for the poor little wretch—the unhappy baby, for he's no more—now locked up for felony."

"What's the use?" asked Mr. Folder, dancing the scion of St. James upon his knee—"what's the use of doing anything for such creatures? It's only throwing pity away. The boy is sure to be hanged some time—depend upon it, when boys begin to steal, they can't leave it off—it's impossible—it's against nature to expect it. I always give 'em up from the first—and, depend upon it, it's the shortest way in the end; it saves a good deal of useless trouble, and I may say false humanity. As for what children are taught, and what they're not taught—why, I think we make more noise about it than the argument's worth. You see, Mr. Capstick, there is an old proverb: what's bred in the bone, you know—"

"Why, sir, saving your presence, if wickedness goes down from father to son, like color—the only way I see to make the world better is to lay hold of all the bad people, and put 'em out of it at once; so that for the future," concluded Jem, "we should breed nothing but goodness."

"Pray, my good man"—asked Mr. Folder—"are you the father of the thief?"

"No, sir, I'm not. I wish I was, with all my heart and soul," cried Jem with animation.

"Humph, you've an odd taste for a father," shortly observed Mr. Folder.

"What I mean, sir, is this," said Jem. "I've

the conceit in me to think that then the boy would n't have been a thief at all. He'd then been better taught, and teaching's everything. I'd have sent him to school, and the devil has n't such an enemy nowhere as a good schoolmaster.* Even now I should like to try my hand upon him, if I could have him all to myself, away from the wickedness he was hatched in."

"I dare say you mean very well, my man, no doubt of it," said Mr. Folder. "Still, I think, the boy had a little taste of the jail—"

"A little taste," groaned Jem, "if he has ever so little, he's pisoned for life; I know that, I've seen it afore."

"And so, sir," resumed Capstick, "I am come as a petitioner, and as a voter for the borough of Liguorish, to ask his lordship's compassion upon this wretched child."

"Well, I'm sure, Mr. Capstick, I'll see what's to be done, I'm sure I will. Now will you,"—and Mr. Folder addressed himself smilingly to the child—"will you ask papa, for your sake, to forgive the naughty boy that run away with your hat?"

"Oh, yes, that I will," answered the child eagerly. "You know I don't care about the hat—I've plenty of hats. I'll run to papa now," and the child jumped from Folder's knee, and bounded from the room.

"There, my man," said Folder, with a smile of triumph to Bright Jem, "there you see the spontaneous work of a good nature."

"With good teaching," said Jem. "I know'd the little cretur that's now locked up—I knowed him when he was a baby, and if he'd only had fair play he'd ha' done the same thing."

"Let us hope he'll improve if he's forgiven," said Mr. Folder. "I will, however, go to his lordship, and know his fate." With this, Folder quitted the apartment on his benevolent mission.

"What a capital thought it was of you, Mr. Capstick, to come here—it had never entered my head," said Jem.

"Nothing like approaching the fountain source," said Capstick, serenely. "Besides, I know an election is near at hand; and as an election approaches, you can't think how it takes the stiffness out of some people. There's no accounting for it, I suppose, but so it is."

"A great many books here, Mr. Capstick"—said Jem, looking reverentially at the loaded shelves—"I wonder if his lordship's read 'em all."

"Humph," answered the scoffing muffin-maker, "it's not so necessary to read a library; the great matter's to get it. With a good many folks heaps of books are nothing more than heaps of acquaintance, that they promise themselves to look in upon some day."

"Well," said Jem, his eyes glistening, "I never see books all in this fashion, without think-

* I will not say a village schoolmaster is a more important person in the state than he who is peculiarly entrusted with the education of the Prince of Wales, though I think he is a far more important personage than the highest state officer in the king's household. The material he has to deal with is man, and I think it would be rather rash to venture to limit his range or capacities.—*Lord Morpeth at the York Diocesan National Education Society.* [Had a plebeian enunciated this great truth, he would, from certain quarters, have been pelted with the sounding yet harmless epithets of demagogue and revolutionist. Here, however, it is an English nobleman who places a village schoolmaster above a royal chamberlain. All honor to such nobility!]

ing that the man as has 'em is a kind of happy conjuror, that can talk when he likes with all sorts of good spirits, and never think a flea-bite of half the rubbish in the world about him."

Jem had scarcely uttered this hopeful sentence, when young St. James ran in, quickly followed by Mr. Folder. "Yes, yes," cried the child, all happiness, "papa says I must forgive him, as we ought always to forgive one another—and you 're to tell him from me that he's to be a good boy and never do so again."

"Bless your sweet heart!" cried Bright Jem, and the tears sprang to his eyes. The muffin-maker said nothing, but coughed and bowed.

"There, I think, Mr. Capstick," said Folder in a low voice, "there, I think, is a future treasure for the borough. I trust you 'll not let this little story be lost on the good folks of Liquorish. Nobody will appear against the culprit, and therefore take him, and if you can, among you make a bright man of him. Good morning, Mr. Capstick—good morning," and Folder bowed the visitors from the room. Bright Jem paused at the door, and looking back at the child cried, "God bless you every day of your life."

Jem and the muffin-maker were about to quit the house, when they were accosted by Cesar Gum in the hall. In a confidential whisper he said—"Come and take some turkey and wine for lunch: prime Madeary—den we can go to jail for tref: dreadful ting, taking oder people's goods—

come and hab some wine." And then in a still lower tone—"Give you bottle for yusef."

To this invitation, Capstick made no answer; but having looked up and down at the black, strode to the door. Bright Jem nodded—uttered a brief good morning, and followed his companion into the street, leaving Cesar Gum—who had wholly forgotten Jem's previous indignation at the peculated gunpowder—in astonishment at his rejected hospitality.

"We 'll now go to Bow-street," said Capstick; and fast as they could walk, they took their way to that abode of justice. They arrived there only a few minutes before the arraignment of young St. Giles at the bar; where he stood, in his own conceit, a miniature Turpin.

"Where are the witnesses—who makes the charge?" There were no witnesses. Again and again his worship put the question. And then he said, "No one is here who knows anything of the matter. The prisoner must be discharged. Boy, don't let me see you here again." Young St. Giles put his thumb and finger to his hair, jerked a bow, and in a few moments was free—free as the air of Hog-lane.

Jem and Capstick followed him into the street. The muffin-maker seizing him, cried—"You little rascal! What do you say for your lucky escape!"

"Say!" answered young St. Giles—"Why, I know'd it was all gammon—I know'd they could prove nothin' agin me."

DOGS' SCENT FOR GAME.—There is a notion that, dogs lose their scent or smell for game-birds during the season of incubation. That, however, says a correspondent of the Gardener's Chronicle, I consider to be wrong. I think it is more likely that the birds lose, or rather do not emit, scent or smell during the time in question; hence the notion. I mentioned this to a gentleman well acquainted with dogs and game, and he told me the following in favor of what I have advanced. He was once aware of a partridge's nest that was "hard set upon" near where a party of gipsies had fixed their abode, and although they had three dogs with them, yet the wary bird led off her brood three days afterwards. There must be some truth in what I have stated, otherwise the smell from the bird on the nest would have led the prowling dogs upon her. If my views on this subject are correct, it shows a wise provision of Nature to protect birds from harm during incubation; for if it were not so, they must often fall a prey to canine enemies. It may be asked, how does it happen that birds do not emit smell while sitting on eggs? That may be owing to the habits or conditions of birds being changed; for during the time of incubation, they lose in a great measure all thought of self-preservation.

From the Christian Observer.

WITH AN ALMANAC.

If an almanac teach us that life wears away,

It tells us how short-lived our sorrow;
If it register joys that must quickly decay,
It points out far brighter to-morrow.

For then, when the grave shall conclude the brief year

Of earth-born vexations and pleasures,
To the Christian, uprising aloft from the bier,
New worlds shall but open new treasures.

May the lot then be thine *both* portions to know,
That to mortals or seraphs are given;
On earth every blessing that earth can bestow,
With reversion of blessings in heaven.

ABBA FATHER!

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

At an examination of a deaf and dumb institution some years ago in London a little boy was asked, in writing, who made the world?

He took the chalk and wrote underneath the words—

"In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth."

The clergyman then inquired in a similar manner—

"Why did Jesus Christ come into the world?"

A smile of gratitude rested on the countenance of the little fellow, as he wrote—

"This is a faithful saying, worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

A third was then proposed, evidently adapted to call the most powerful feelings into exercise—

"Why were you born deaf and dumb, when I can hear and speak?"

"Never," says an eye-witness, "shall I forget the look of resignation which sat upon his countenance, as he again took the chalk and wrote—

"Even so Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

From Chambers' Journal.

MORNINGS WITH THOMAS CAMPBELL.

It was on a fine morning in May, 1840, that I first called on Mr. Campbell. He then lived in chambers, No. 61, Lincoln's Inn Fields, up two pairs of stairs. He had offered to act as cicerone, and show me the lions of London: and it was with no small pride and pleasure that I repaired to the spot, where he was so often to be seen pacing up and down in solitary meditation. He was always a great walker, and this habit continued with him to the last. I found on the outer door of his rooms, below the brass knocker, a slip of paper on which was written, in his neat classical-like hand, this curious announcement—"Mr. Campbell is particularly engaged, and cannot be seen till past two o'clock." As he had expressly mentioned that I should call between nine and ten o'clock, I concluded that this prohibition could not be meant to be universal, and resolved to hazard an application. He received me with great kindness, and explained that the announcement on his door was intended to scare away a *bore*, who had been annoying him with some manuscripts, and would neither take a refusal nor brook delay. The poet was breakfasting in his sitting-room, which was filled with books, and had rather a showy appearance. The carpet and tables were littered with stray volumes, letters, and papers; whence I inferred that his housemaid was forbidden to interfere with the arrangements of his sanctum. At this time he was, like Charles Lamb, a worshipper of the "great plant," and tobacco pipes were mingled with the miscellaneous literary wares. A large print of the queen hung near the fire-place, the gilded frame of which was covered with lawn paper. He drew my attention to the picture, and said it had been presented to him by her majesty. He valued it highly: "money could not buy it from me," he remarked. In another part of the room was a painting of a little country girl, with a coarse shawl of network pulled over her head and shoulders. The girl was represented as looking out below the shawl with a peculiarly arch and merry expression, something like Sir Joshua Reynolds' Puck. He seemed to dote upon this picture, praised the arch looks of the "sly little minx," and showed me some lines which he had written upon her. These he afterwards published; but as they are comparatively little known, and are not unworthy of his genius, I subjoin them:—

"ON GETTING HOME THE PORTRAIT OF A FEMALE CHILD, SIX YEARS OLD, PAINTED BY EUGENIO LATILLA.

Type of the cherubim above,
Come, live with me, and be my love!
Smile from my wall, dear roguish sprite,
By sun-shine and by candle-light;
For both look sweetly on thy traits;
Or, were the Lady Moon to gaze,
She'd welcome thee with lustre bland,
Like some young fay from fairy-land.
Cast in simplicity's own mould,
How canst thou be so manifold
In sportively-distracting charms?
Thy lips—thine eyes—thy little arms
That wrap thy shoulders and thy head,
In homeliest shawl of netted thread,
Brown woollen network; yet it seeks
Accordance with thy lovely cheeks,
And more becomes thy beauty's bloom

Than any shawl from Cashmere's loom.
Thou hast not to adorn thee, girl,
Flower, link of gold, or gem, or pearl—
I would not let a ruby speck
The peeping whiteness of thy neck:
Thou need'st no casket, witching elf,
No gaud—thy toilet is thyself;
Not even a rose-bud from the bower,
Thyself a magnet, gem, and flower.
My arch and playful little creature,
Thou hast a mind in every feature;
Thy brow with its disparted locks,
Speaks language that translation mocks;
Thy lucid eyes so beam with soul,
They on the canvass seem to roll—
Instructing both my head and heart
To idolize the painter's art.
He marshals minds to Beauty's feast—
He is Humanity's high priest,
Who proves by heavenly forms on earth,
How much this world of ours is worth.
Inspire me, child, with visions fair!
For children, in creation, are
The only things that could be given
Back, and alive—unchanged—to Heaven."

The verses were written on folio paper, the lines wide apart, to leave room for correction—for Campbell, it is well known, was a laborious and fastidious corrector. The passion for children which he here evinces, led sometime afterwards to a ludicrous circumstance. He saw a fine child, about four years old, one day walking with her nurse in the park; and on his return home, he could not rest for thinking of his "child sweet-heart," as he called her, and actually sent an advertisement to the *Morning Chronicle*, making inquiries after his juvenile fascinator, giving his own address, and stating his age to be sixty-two! The incident illustrates the intensity of his affections, as well as the liveliness of his fancy—for, alas! the poet had no home-object to dwell upon, to concentrate his hopes and his admiration. Several hoaxes were played off on the susceptible poet in consequence of this singular advertisement. One letter directed him to the house of an old maid, by whom he was received very cavalierly. He told his story—but "the wretch," as he used to say, with a sort of peevish humor, "had never heard either of him or his poetry!"

When I had read the lines, Mr. Campbell retired for a few minutes. "You can look over the books," he said, "till I return." Who has not felt the pleasure of looking over the shelves of a library, with all their varied and interesting associations! The library of a man of genius, too, has peculiar attraction, for it seems to admit us to his familiar thoughts, tastes, and studies. Campbell's library was not very extensive. There were some good old editions of the classics, a set of the *Biographie Universelle*, some of the French, Italian, and German authors, the Edinburgh Encyclopædia (to which he had been a large contributor) and several standard English works, none very modern. He did not care much to keep up with the literature of the day; and his chief delight was—when not occupied with any task—to lounge, in his careless indolent way, over some old favorite author that came recommended to him by early recollections. He occasionally made marginal notes on the books he read. I happened to take down the first volume of "The Beauties of English Poesy, selected by Oliver Goldsmith,"

1787. On the blank leaf of this unfortunate compilation Campbell had written the fact, that, "poor Goldy" had inserted among his "Beauties" *designed for young readers*, Prior's stories of Hans Carvel and the Ladle. "The circumstance," he added, "is as good as the tales, besides having the advantage of being true." I may here remark, that Mr. Campbell could scarcely ever read Goldsmith's poetry without shedding tears.

The poet soon returned from his dressing-room. He was generally careful as to dress, and had none of Dr. Johnson's indifference to fine linen. His wigs (of which he had a great number) were always nicely adjusted, and scarcely distinguishable from natural hair; while about an inch of whisker on the cheek was colored with some dark powder, to correspond with the wig. His appearance was interesting and handsome. Though rather below the middle size, he did not seem little; and his large dark eye and countenance altogether bespoke great sensibility and acuteness. His thin quivering lip and delicate nostril were highly expressive. When he spoke, as Leigh Hunt has remarked, dimples played about his mouth, "which nevertheless had something restrained and close in it, as if some gentle Puritan had crossed the breed, and left a stamp on his face, such as we often see in the female Scotch face rather than the male." He had, like Milton, a "delicate tunable voice," its high notes being somewhat sharp and painful. When a youth, Campbell was singularly beautiful, which, added to the premature development of his taste and genius, made him an object of great interest. A few literary persons still survive (Joanna Baillie among the number) who knew him at this period, and remember him, like a vision of youth, with great enthusiasm. He was early in flower—the fruit, perhaps, scarcely corresponding (at least in quantity) with the richness of the blossom. Campbell was quite sensible of his interesting appearance, and was by no means disposed to become *venerable*. He cared little for the artist who copied nature exactly. Lawrence painted and Baily sculptured him *en beau*. Late in life he sat to Park, the sculptor, but he would not take off his wig; and the bust (a true and vigorous one) was no especial favorite because of its extreme fidelity. In personal neatness and fastidiousness, no less than in genius and taste, Campbell, in his best days, resembled Gray. Each was distinguished by the same careful finish in composition, the same classical predilections and lyrical fire, rarely but strikingly displayed. In ordinary life they were both somewhat finical, yet with great freedom and idiomatic plainness in their unreserved communications; Gray's being evinced in his letters, and Campbell's in conversation. Gray was more studious of his dignity; Campbell often acted rashly from the impulse of the moment, careless of consequences. When the late Mr. Telford, the engineer, remonstrated with him on the inexpediency of contracting an early marriage, he said gaily, "When shall I be better off! I have fifty pounds, and six months' work at the Encyclopædia!" To these personal *nugæ* I may add, that his Scottish accent was not strongly-marked, and did not detract from his point and elegance either as a lecturer or converser.

We shortly sallied out. Mr. Campbell was rather nervous, and hesitated at the street crossings. I said the noise of London was intolerable, but that long usage must reconcile people to it. "Never with some," said he: "I have been used

to it for nearly forty years, and am not yet reconciled to it." He certainly seemed uneasy when within the full sound of the great Babel and her interminable roar. When we got to a quiet alley or court he breathed more freely, and talked of literature. He expressed his regret at having edited Shakspeare, or rather written his life for a popular edition of the dramas, as he had done it hurriedly, though with the right feeling. "What a glorious fellow Shakspeare must have been," said he; "Walter Scott was fine, but had a worldly *twist*. Shakspeare must have been just the man to live with." He spoke with affection and high respect of Lord Jeffrey. "Jeffrey," said he, "will be quite happy now. As a judge, he has nothing to do but seek and follow truth. As an advocate, he must often have had to support cases at which his moral nature revolted." Talking of Jeffrey's criticism, I instanced his review of Campbell's *Specimens of the Poets*, which is copious, eloquent, and discriminating. "You must have taken great pains with some of the lives," I said. "I did," he replied, "*yet they say I am lazy*. There is a washy, wordy style of criticism, and of telling facts, which looks specious, and imposes on many: I wanted, above all things, to avoid that." "You might perhaps have added to your specimens with advantage. Part of Thomson's *Seasons* for example, might have been given, as well as the first canto of the *Castle of Indolence*." "The *Castle of Indolence* is a glorious poem," was his only answer. It must be admitted that in his selections from the poets Mr. Campbell sometimes betrays the waywardness and caprice of a man of genius; but his criticism is invariably sound, and his style of narrative picturesque and graceful. "Spenser," he continued, "is too prolix—his allegory too protracted. Here Thomson, from the nature of his subject, had the advantage. What a fine picture is that of Spenser reading the *Fairy Queen* to Raleigh on the green beside his Irish castle! Raleigh such a noble fellow, and Spenser so sweet a poet; and the country so savage, with its Irish kerns and wild Desmonds, with their saffron-colored kilts and flowing hair!" And the kindling poet quoted some of Spenser's lines—

"I sat, as was my trade,
Under the foot of Mole, that mountain hoar,
Keeping my sheep amongst the cool shade
Of the green alders by the Mulla's shore."

"The *Mole*," said Campbell, "is the Balligowra hills, and the *Mulla* is the Awbeg river: they should change the names, making Spenser god-father. With equal poetical grace Spenser calls Raleigh the 'Shepherd of the Ocean,' and the 'Summer's Nightingale,' both fine characteristic appellations. I like the last particularly, for Raleigh was really a poet, and he planted all about his house at Youghal with myrtles and sweet-smelling plants. Spenser's place, Killecolman Castle, was only a few miles from Youghal, and no doubt they saw many sunsets together." Campbell was here on a congenial theme, and I am tempted to quote what he has said so eloquently and picturesquely on the same subject in his *Specimens*:—

"When we conceive Spenser reciting his compositions to Raleigh in a scene so beautifully appropriate, the mind casts a pleasing retrospect over that influence which the enterprise of the discoverer of Virginia, and the genius of the author

of the Fairy Queen, have respectively produced on the fortune and language of England. The fancy might even be pardoned for a momentary superstition, that the genius of their country hovered, unœen, over their meeting, casting her first look of regard on the poet that was destined to inspire her future Milton, and on the other on the maritime hero who paved the way for colonizing distant regions of the earth, where the language of England was to be spoken, and the poetry of Spenser to be admired."

This would form a fine painting in the hands of Maclise, or some other poet-spirited artist. Only a few fragments of Spenser's castle remain, matted with ivy; but the situation is still lonely and beautiful—undefaced by any incongruous images or associations. Some of Raleigh's myrtles have also been preserved, and his house still stands. The melancholy fate of both these great men deepens the interest with which we regard their residences. The poet, as is well known, was driven from Kilkolman by a furious band of rebels, who set fire to the castle, burning an infant child in the ruins, and causing, within a few months, from melancholy and despair, the death of the gifted Spenser. Raleigh was sacrificed to the cruelty and cupidity of James I. Let us drop a tear over their sad and chequered history, and thank God that genius, taste, and enterprise, now flourish under milder suns and happier influences!

Campbell was keenly alive to such impressions, and loved to tread as it were in the footsteps of the departed great. He regretted that only one of Milton's London houses should be left—one occupied by him when Latin secretary in Westminster. This house looks into St. James' Park, and is situated in York-street (No. 18), in a poor and squalid neighborhood; but it was then "a pretty garden-house, next door to the Lord Scudamore's." Milton occupied it eight years—from 1651 to 1659. We went also to Dryden's last residence, in Gerrard-street, Soho. Here "glorious John" wrote his magnificent Ode and his Fables, and here he died on May morning, 1700. The house is a respectable old-fashioned dwelling. It was formerly occupied by a comely dame—a Wife of Bath—who dealt in contraband laces, gloves, &c. The late Lord Holland often called to see the interior; but the cautious mistress, presuming that his portly and comfortable presence was that of a custom-house officer or other government functionary, kept the door in her hand, and steadily rejected the solicitations of the peer. Windmill-street, where Sir Richard Steele ran off on seeing the bailiff, is in the close vicinity, and the incidents are, in character and keeping, not unlike each other. There was also Congreve's house at Surrey-street, in the Strand; Johnson's famous residence in Bolt Court, Fleet-street, (now profaned, as he would deem it, by its conversion into a printing-office for a dissenters' newspaper,) and poor Goldsmith's chambers in the Temple, No. 2, Brick Court. His rooms were on the right hand ascending the staircase (as the faithful Mr. Prior relates in his Memoir,) and consisted of three apartments. These are now occupied by a solicitor, who pens law papers in the room where Goldy wrote his plays, or watched the rooks cawing about the time-honored court and garden.

"I have," he says in his Animated Nature, "often amused myself with observing their plan of policy from my window in the Temple, that looks upon a grove where they have made a colony in the midst of the city. At the commencement

of spring, the rookery, which during the continuance of winter seemed to have been deserted, or only guarded by about five or six, like old soldiers in a garrison, now begins to be once more frequented; and in a short time all the bustle and hurry of business is fairly commenced."

And there they still bustle and hurry in spring, while Goldsmith sleeps without a stone in the Temple burying-ground. The poet's apartments were looked upon as airy and even splendid in their day. The walls are wainscotted, but have now a dingy appearance. Their occupant was thought to have spent an unnecessarily large sum (£400) in furnishing them, yet the sale catalogue (printed by Prior) shows only one department of profuse expenditure—one highly characteristic of the poet's principle foible, personal vanity. He had only one bed, one sofa, and a moderate complement of necessaries, but he had "two oval glasses, gilt frames," "two ditto, two light girandoles," "a very large dressing-glass, mahogany frame," and "a three-plate bordered chimney-glass, gilt frame." In this multiplicity of mirrors the poet could dress and admire his little undignified person, arrayed in his bloom-colored coat and blue silk breeches. Goldsmith, though contemned and laughed at in his day, and held far inferior to his illustrious friend Johnson, now overtops the whole of that brilliant circle in real popularity and genuine fame. "The wonder is," as Campbell remarked, "how one leading so strange a life from his youth upwards, could have stored his mind with so much fine knowledge, taste, and imagery. His essays are full of thought, and overflow with choice and beautiful illustration."

"Have you been to Windsor?" asked Mr. Campbell. I replied that I had, and spoke of the magnificence of the palace and the parks. "Ay," said he, "the old oaks—the noble old oaks. Did you notice how they spread out their gnarled roots and branches, laying hold of the earth with their talons?" and he put out his clenched hand to help the expression of his vigorous and poetical image. All Scotchmen visiting London in spring should go, he said, a night or two to Windsor, Kew, or Richmond, to hear the nightingale. It was also heard in full voice in the grove around Sion House, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland. He thought Milton's description of the nightingale's note correct as well as rich—

The Attic bird

Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long.

He maintained, also, with Chaucer and Charles James Fox, (a singular juxtaposition,) that the nightingale's note was a merry one, and "though Theocritus mentions nightingales six or seven times, he never mentions their note as plaintive or melancholy." Because it is heard in the silence of the night, generally when we are alone, and amidst the gloom of thick woods, we attach melancholy associations to it. "For pure English nature, feeling, and expression, read Dryden. He is the best informer and expositor." We must understand this as applicable to Dryden's late productions—not his rhyming tragedies and stiff quatrains, which are anything but natural or pleasing.

In the course of our ramble, we called on the poet's namesake, Mr. Thomas Campbell, the sculptor. In looking through the studio, I had occasion to notice the excessive admiration with which he regarded beauty of form and expression. A female bust absolutely entranced him. There

was no tearing him away from it. The fascination was as complete as in the instance of the "Child Sweetheart." This did not seem to be equally the case with pictures. We were afterwards in the National Gallery, and I did not notice any peculiar susceptibility to the beauties of the few very fine pictures in the collection. The charm of the rounded contour, and the effect of the lucid marble, in works of sculpture, no doubt, formed part of the spell. In his *Life of Mrs. Siddons*, Campbell has recorded his impressions on first seeing the Apollo Belvidere in the Louvre; and as the passage is one of the few really worthy of him in that memoir, and illustrates the peculiarity alluded to, I shall extract it:—

"From the farthest end of the spacious room, the god seemed to look down, like a president, on the chosen assembly of sculptured forms; and his glowing marble, unstained by time, appeared to my imagination as if he had stepped freshly from the sun. I had seen casts of the glorious statue with scarcely any admiration; and I must undoubtedly impute that circumstance, in part, to my inexperience in art, and to my taste having till then lain torpid. But still I prize the recollected impressions of that day too dearly to call them fanciful. They seemed to give my mind a new sense of the harmony of art—a new visual power of enjoying beauty. Nor is it mere fancy that makes the difference between the Apollo himself and his plaster casts. The dead whiteness of the stucco copies is glaringly monotonous, whilst the diaphanous surface of the original seems to soften the light which it reflects. Every particular feeling of that hour is written indelibly on my memory. I remember entering the Louvre with a latent suspicion on my mind that a good deal of the rapture expressed at the sight of superlative sculptures was exaggerated or affected; but as we passed through the passage of the hall, there was a Greek figure, I think that of Pericles, with a chlamys and helmet, which John Kemble desired me to notice; and it instantly struck me with wonder at the gentlemanlike grace which art could give to a human form with so simple a vesture. It was not, however, until we reached the grand saloon that the first sight of the god overawed my incredulity. Every step of approach to his presence added to my sensations, and all recollections of his name in classic poetry swarmed on my mind as spontaneously as the associations that are conjured up by the sweetest music."

We next went to the British Museum. I had previously seen the Elgin marbles and other works of art, and Mr. Campbell proposed that we should just glance at the library. He sent in his card to Sir Henry Ellis, who came and conducted us through the rooms. The poet was warm in his admiration of the large room. Sir Henry said there were about 300,000 volumes in the library. The Louvre contains 700,000 or 800,000; but single pamphlets or thin volumes are counted separately; not bound together, several in a volume, as in our national institution. The Cambridge University library consists of about 150,000 volumes—the Bodleian, I should suppose, considerably more; and the rate of increase is about 5000 a-year. It is scarcely possible for a bookish man, new from the solitude of the country, to survey these princely collections, without echoing the sentiment of James I.—"If it were so that I must be a prisoner, I would have no other prison than such a library, and be chained together with all these goodly authors!"

From the museum we proceeded to the house of Mr. Rogers, in St. James' Place. The venerable author of "The Pleasures of Memory" gave his brother bard a courteous and kind reception. He seemed delighted to see him. "Mr. Rogers," said the younger of the poets, "I have taken the liberty to bring a friend from the country to see your house, as I was anxious he should not leave London without this gratification." Mr. Rogers shook me cordially by the hand, and said every friend of Mr. Campbell's was welcome. "But, Campbell," added he, "I must teach you to speak English properly." [Here the sensitive poet stared and reined up a little.] "You must not abuse that excellent word *liberty*, as you have done on this occasion." We now looked over the pictures, and works of art—a marvellous collection for so small a depository! Mrs. Jameson, Miss Sedgwick, and others, have described the classic mansion in St. James' Place. The hospitality of Rogers is proverbial—his breakfasts are famous. Indeed, the poet has the credit of establishing the breakfast-party as a link in London society. He "refined it first, and showed its use." Mornings in St. James' Place are scarcely inferior to the "delicious lobster nights" of Pope. With the poet of memory, manners the most bland and courteous are, even to strangers, united to the fullest and freest communication of thought and opinion. His delicacy of feeling and expression, and his refined taste, are indeed remarkable; but, in place of rendering him miserable, as Byron has surmised, I should say they contributed to his happiness and enjoyment. His life has been long and prosperous, and his relish of it seems unabated: he has had a "latter spring," lusty and vigorous.

No person perhaps possesses so many literary relics and curiosities as Mr. Rogers. The beautiful manuscripts of Gray, written with a crow-quill pen, are among his treasures. In his library—framed and glazed—is the celebrated agreement between Milton and his publisher for the copyright of *Paradise Lost*. The great poet's signature, though he was then old and blind, "fallen upon evil days," is singularly neat and distinct. He has also a bust of Pope, the clay model by Roubiliac. "My father," said Mr. Rogers, "stood by the side of Pope when Roubiliac was modelling that part of the drapery." A bust of Pope, enriched by such associations, is indeed valuable. The features are larger than the common prints represent. I had seen an original painting of him, taken when he was ten or twelve years younger, by Jervas, but it is greatly inferior in expression. Here we had Pope calm, thoughtful, penetrating, somewhat wasted by age, disease and study, but still the clear fine thinker and man of genius. Mr. Rogers showed us also an original sketch by Raphael, for which, if we recollect right, he said the Marquis of Westminster had offered him as much land as would serve for a villa! Autograph letters, "rich and rare," abound in Mr. Rogers' repositories, with scarce books almost as valuable. On one of the tables lay a large piece of amber enclosing a fly, entire in "joint and limb." Mr. Campbell mentioned that Sidney Smith, who has always some original or humorous remark to make on every object, taking up this piece of amber one day, said, "Perhaps that fly buzzed in Adam's ear." After a couple of hours delightfully spent among the books and pictures, Mr. Rogers invited us to breakfast next morning. When we got to the door, Campbell broke out—"Well, now, there is a happy and enviable poet! He is about

eighty, yet he is in the full enjoyment of life and all its best pleasures. He has several thousands per annum, and I am sure he gives away fifteen hundred in charity.

Next morning Mr. Campbell called at the Tavistock hotel, where he had kindly agreed to meet me, that we might go together to St. James' Place. On the way, I mentioned that I had been reading Leigh Hunt's book about Lord Byron, which I had purchased at a stall. "There is a great deal of truth in it," said he; "but it is a pity Hunt wrote it." He thought Byron would have been a better man if he had continued to live in England: "the open light of English society and English manners would have kept him more generally right." We found at Mr. Rogers' two other guests—Major Burns, second son of the poet, and the Honorable Charles Murray. Neither of these gentlemen had seen Campbell before, and they appeared highly gratified at the meeting. In the conversation that passed, I shall of course only glance at literary or public topics, not casual or hasty remarks. Captain Murray informed the poet of the present state of Wyoming in Pennsylvania, which has lost, if it ever possessed, that romantic seclusion and primitive manners drawn so beautifully by Campbell: it is now the scene of extensive iron and coal works. The conversation then turned on Captain Murray's adventures among the American Indians. He was several months without seeing a white man. He said he fully believed the stories told in narratives of shipwrecks, of men becoming wolfish and unnatural from excessive hunger. He was at one time nearly two days without food, though undergoing severe exercise on horseback. At the close of the second day he got a piece of raw buffalo flesh, which he devoured greedily; and had it been a piece of human flesh, he was almost convinced he could not have refrained from eating it. Major Burns instanced Byron's vivid description of the shipwreck in Don Juan, which was founded on fact. "Yes," said Campbell, "Byron read carefully for materials for his poems." The manner in which Byron introduces the cannibalism of the famished seamen—their first dark hints on the subject of murdering one of their number for food—is certainly a very powerful piece of painting. As the cant phrase is—it is like a sketch by Rembrandt.

The presence of Major Burns naturally led to remarks on his father's genius. Campbell got quite animated. He said Burns was the Shakespeare of Scotland—a lesser diamond, but still a genuine one. Tam O'Shanter was his masterpiece, and he (Campbell) could still repeat it all by heart. It reminded him of a certain class of sculpture—the second or Alexandrian class—in which the figures were cast, not hewn or worked out by patient labor. Tam O'Shanter appeared to have been produced in a similar manner, cast out of the poet's glowing fancy, perfect at once. The actual circumstances attending the composition of Tam O'Shanter are not unlike this, as may be seen from the interesting account given by Mr. Lockhart. As Johnson loved to *gird* at David Garrick, but would allow no one else to censure him, Campbell liked occasionally to have a hit at his countrymen, on the score of their alleged Pharisaical moderation and prudence. Burns, he maintained, had none of the *pauciness* characteristic of his country—he was the most unscotsmanlike Scotsman that ever existed. Some of us demurred to this sally, and attempted to show that Burns had the national

character strongly impressed upon him, and that this was one of the main sources of his strength. His nationality was a font of inspiration. Mr. Rogers said nothing. Campbell then went on to censure the Scotch for their worship of the great. Even Scott was not exempt from the failing. "I was once," said he, "in company with Walter Scott, where there were many of us, all exceedingly merry. He was delightful—we were charmed with him; when suddenly a *lord* was announced. The lord was so obscure, that I had never heard of him, and cannot recollect his name. In a moment Scott's whole manner and bearing were changed. He was no longer the easy, delightful, independent good fellow, but the timid, distant, respectful worshipper of the great man. I was astonished: and, after all, you might have made a score of dukes and lords of Walter Scott, and scarcely missed what was taken away." Mr. Rogers said, if he had a son who wished to have a confidential friend, he would recommend him to choose a Scotsman. He would do so in the spirit of the old maxim, that a man will be found the best friend to another who is the best friend to himself. A Scotsman will always look to himself as well as to his friend, and will do nothing to disgrace either. Thus, in his friend, my son would have a good example as well as a safe adviser.

Mr. Campbell said he had, when a young man, an interview with Charles James Fox, which gave him a very high idea of him as a man. It was too bad, he added, in Sir Walter Scott, even in those bad times, to write of Fox as he did in his political song on Lord Melville's acquittal, Fox being at the time on his death-bed. Mr. Rogers explained that Sir Walter had in that room expressed his deep regret at the circumstance: he said he would sooner have cut off his hand than written the lines if he had known the state in which Fox then was. "This," added Rogers, "Scott told me with tears in his eyes." I mentioned having seen some unpublished letters of Sir Walter, addressed to Lady Hood (now Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth,) in which he also expressed regret on account of his unlucky political song, for which he had been blamed by Lady Hood and the then Marchioness of Stafford.

The poets talked of Shakespeare. Rogers said playfully that Shakspeare's defects of style and expression were so incorporated with his beauties, and we were so blinded by admiration, that we did not discover them. He instanced the construction of the fine passage—

"And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies."

"The beetle feels nothing when a giant dies, but of course the poet meant that it felt at its own death a pang as great as a giant feels when he dies. Naturalists will not concede this; but I speak only of the construction of the lines; such slovenly and elliptical expression would not be tolerated in an inferior poet." "We are all taught from youth to idolize Shakspeare," said Campbell. "Yes," rejoined Rogers, "we are brought up in the worship of Shakspeare, as some foreigner remarked." The sonnets of Shakspeare were then adverted to, Mr. Rogers expressing a doubt of their genuineness, from their inferiority to the dramas. The quaint expression, and elabo-

rate, exaggerated style of these remarkable productions would not, however, appear so singular in the time of Elizabeth. Poets are generally more formal and stiff in youth than in riper years, and in the plays of Shakspeare we see the gradual formation of his taste and his acquisition of power. It is worthy of remark, however, as Mr. Campbell mentioned, that the *Venus and Adonis* (a truly fine Shakspearian poem) was written before the sonnets, as the poet, in his dedication to Lord Southampton, calls it "the first heir of his invention."

I took occasion to ask Campbell if it was true that Sir Walter Scott had got the whole of the *Pleasures of Hope* by heart after a few readings of the manuscript one evening. "No," said he; "I had not met Scott when the *Pleasures of Hope* was in manuscript; but he got *Lochiel's Warning* by heart after reading it once, and hearing it read another time: it was a wonderful instance of memory." He corrected me for pronouncing "*Lochiel*" as a dissyllable. "It is *Loch-ee-il*," said he; "such is the pronunciation of the country; and the verse require it." Rogers laughed heartily at the anecdote told by Moore, that Scott had never seen Melrose by moonlight, notwithstanding his poetical injunction—

"If thou would'st view Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight," &c.

"He had seen other ruins by moonlight, and knew the picturesque effect, or he could very easily imagine it." Major Burns said that Scott admitted the same to him on the only occasion he had ever met the great minstrel; and Jonny Bower, the sexton, confirmed the statement, adding, "He never got the key from me at night, and if he had got in, he must have *speeled the wa's*." Campbell was greatly amused at this.

Some observations were made on the English style of Scotch authors. It was acknowledged by both the poets that Beattie wrote the purest and most idiomatic English of any Scotch author, not even excepting those who had been long resident in England. The exquisite style of Hume was warmly praised. "He was substantially honest too," said Campbell. "He was, from principle and constitution, a tory historian, but he makes large and liberal admissions on the other side. When I find him conceding to his opponents, I feel a certainty in the main truth of his narrative. Now, Malcolm Laing is always carping at his opponents, and appears often in the light of a special pleader." "Hume has one sentence in his history," said Mr. Rogers, "which all authors should consider an excellent specimen of his style;" and the venerable poet, with great alacrity, went up to the library, and brought down a volume of Hume. He opened it at the account of the reign of James I., and read aloud with a smile of satisfaction—"Such a superiority do the pursuits of literature possess above every other occupation, that even he who attains but a mediocrity in them, merits the preëminence above those that excel the most in the common and vulgar professions." "Dr. Chalmers," continued Mr. Rogers, "went farther than this. In one of his sermons here, which all the world went to hear, he remarked, when speaking of the Christian character, that it was above that of the warrior, the statesman, the philosopher, and *even the poet*—thus placing you, Campbell, above the Duke of Wellington." "Very

good," said Campbell, laughing, "I would place his father (looking to Major Burns) above any of them." It was impossible not to think of Campbell's own lines in his *Ode to the Memory of Burns*:—

"O deem not 'midst this worldly strife
An idle art the poet brings;
Let high philosophy control,
And sages calm the stream of life,
'Tis he refines its fountain-springs,
The nobler passions of the soul."

The only instance of Mr. Rogers' severity which I noticed in the course of the forenoon, was a remark concerning a literary foreigner who had been on a visit to London, and left an unfavorable impression on his English admirers. "He made himself one evening," said he, "so disagreeable, that I had a mind to be very severe. I intended to have inquired in the tenderest tone how his wife was!" The gentleman alluded to and his wife had, it appears, separated a few days after their marriage from incompatibility of temper. The conversation now turned to the subject of marriage. Mr. Rogers said he thought men had judged too harshly of Swift for his conduct towards Stella and Vanessa. Swift might have the strongest affection for both, yet hesitate to enter upon marriage with either. Marriage is an awful step (a genuine old bachelor conclusion!) and Johnson said truly, that to enter upon it required great moral courage. "Upon my word," said Campbell, "in nine cases out of ten it looks like madness." This led to some raillery and laughter, and we shortly afterwards took our leave. Captain Murray had been compelled to leave early, and we were thus deprived of his lively and varied conversation. Four hours had sped away to my infinite delight. The poets parted with many affectionate words and congratulations, promising "oft to meet again." I walked with Mr. Campbell to the Clarence Club, and on quitting him there, he said, "Be sure to go to Dulwich in the afternoon and see the pictures: you can easily get there, and in the evening roll back to London in that chariot of fire, the railway train."

I did so, and also attempted to Boswellize our morning's talk—my first and only attempt of the kind. Let any one make a similar effort to recall and write down a four hours' conversation, and he will rise with a higher idea of Boswell than he ever previously entertained!

I had afterwards frequent opportunities of meeting the poet. He was seen to most advantage in the mornings, when a walk out of doors, in the sunshine, seldom failed to put him in spirits. He had a strong wish to "make a book" on Greek literature, taking his lectures in the *New Monthly Magazine* for his groundwork. Sometimes I found him poring over Clarke's Homer, or a copy of Euripides, on which occasions he would lay down the volume, take off his spectacles, and say, with pride, "I was at this by seven o'clock in the morning." Early rising was a favorite theme with him, though latterly he was, like Thomson, more eager to inculcate than to adopt the practice. "*Gertrude of Wyoming*" was a daylight production, written during his residence at Sydenham, near London—his first home after marriage, and the scene of his brightest and happiest days. Mr. Campbell spoke with animation one morning of a breakfast he had just had at Mr. Hallam's. "It

was the breakfast of the poets," said he, "for Moore, Rogers, Wordsworth, and Mr. Milman were there. We had a delightful talk." Campbell had very little regard for the "Lake Poets," as they were called, but he held Wordsworth to be greatly superior to the others. He admired Coleridge's criticism, but maintained that he got some of his best ideas from Schlegel. "He was such an inveterate dreamer," said he, "that I dare say he did not know whether his ideas were original or borrowed." Yet Campbell used to ridicule most of the charges brought against authors of direct plagiarism. One day the late John Mayne, the Scottish poet, accused him of appropriating a line from an old ballad—

"Adown the glen rode armed men."

"Pooh," said he, "the old ballad-writer had it first—that was all." Two well-known images in the Pleasures of Hope are taken, it will be recollected, one from Blair's Grave, and the other from Sterne. A poet, in the hour of composition, waiting for the right word, or the closing image, he once compared to a gardener or florist waiting for the summer shower that was to put all his flower-beds into life and beauty. In his own moments of inspiration, however, Campbell was no such calm expectant. He used to be much excited—walking about—and even throwing himself down. In the island of Mull, where he first felt the force of his rapidly-awakening powers, his friends, at such times, used to think him crazed. But to return to our memoranda. Moore, according to Campbell, had the most sparkling and brilliant fancy of any modern poet. "He is a most wonderful creature—a fire-fly from heaven—yet, as Lady Holland said, what a pity we cannot make him bigger!" Scott, he said, had wonderful art in extracting and treasuring up old legends and characteristic traits of character and manners. "In his poems there is a great deal about the highlands, yet he made only passing visits to the country. After his Lord of the Isles came out, a friend said to me, 'Where can Walter Scott have got all those stories about the West Highlands? I was six weeks there, making inquiries, yet heard nothing of them.' 'It is his peculiar talent—his genius,' I replied; for I was nearly six years there, and knew nothing of them either. Crabbe was a pear of a different tree. What work he would have made among the Highland bothies! His *missa severior* would have shown them up. No romance—no legends—but appalling scenes of sordid misery and suffering. Crabbe was an amazingly shrewd man, yet mild and quiet in his manners. One day at Holland-house they were all lauding his simplicity—how gentle he is! how simple! I was tempted to exclaim, 'Yes, simplicity that could buy and sell the whole of you!'"

The early struggles and ill-requited literary drudgery which Campbell had to submit to for years, gave a tinge of severity to some of his opinions and judgments both of men and things. These splenetic ebullitions, however, never interfered with his practical charity and kindness. He loved to do good, and he held fast by old friends and old opinions. Like Burns, he worshipped "firm resolve,"

That stalk of carl-hemp in man.

Among the literary opinions of Mr. Campbell, was one which he was fond of maintaining—the superiority of Smollett as a novelist, compared with Fielding. This is mentioned in the *Life of Crabbe*; and I asked in what points he considered the superiority to consist? "In the vigor and rapidity of his narrative," he said, "no less than in the humor of his incidents and characters. He had more imagination and pathos. Fielding has no scene like that in the robber's hut in *Count Fathom*: he had no poetry, and little tenderness in his nature." Yet the real life and knowledge of human nature evinced by Fielding, his wit, and the unrivalled construction of his plots, seem to place him above his great associate in English fiction. Neither was remarkable for delicacy; but Smollett was incomparably the coarser of the two. Certainly, like good wines, Fielding improves with age, and the racy flavor of his scenes and characters has a mellow ripeness that never cloy on the taste. Mr. Campbell, as already hinted, had a roving adventurous fancy, that loved a quick succession of scenes and changes, and this predilection might have swayed him in favor of Smollett. *Some things* Smollett may have done better than Fielding, but not *entire novels*.

After an interval of two years, I again met Mr. Campbell in London. He was then much changed—feeble and delicate in health, but at times rallying wonderfully. I have a very vivid recollection of a pleasant day spent with him at Dr. Beattie's cottage at Hampstead. We walked over the heath, moralizing on the great city looming in the distance, begirt with villas—

Like a swarth Indian with his belt of beads.

At Beattie's he was quite at home. The kind physician knew him well, and had great influence over him. Mr. Campbell at this time resided at Pimlico. A young Scottish niece acted as his housekeeper, and to this lady he left the whole of his little property.

His letters from Boulogne were few and short, mostly complaining of the cold weather. In a note dated 17th November, 1843, we find him remarking—"The climate here is naturally severer than in England. Joy to you in Scotland, whom Jove treats more mildly! I suppose the cold of the north has been ordered to march all to the south, and that it is to be long billeted upon us!" One cause of the poet's residence in Boulogne was the promotion of his niece's education. Mr. Hamilton, the English consul was, as usual, kind and attentive; but though Campbell now and then looked in upon a ball-room or festive party, he seldom stayed longer than an hour. Dr. Beattie generously went to succor him in his last illness, and the poet had the Church of England service for the sick read to him by the Protestant clergyman of Boulogne. He died calmly and resignedly—his energies completely exhausted. He used to say he was of a long-lived race. Sixty-seven, however, is no very prolonged span of life; yet his two favorite poets, whom he resembled in genius, died much earlier. Gray, at the period of his death, was fifty-five, and Goldsmith only forty-five. Campbell's magnificent funeral in Westminster Abbey is matter of history. *Requiescat in pace!*

ANASTATIC PRINTING.

SPEAKING of this new wonder, Chambers' Journal says:—In contemplating the effect of these astonishing inventions, it is impossible to foresee their results upon the ordinary transactions of life. If any deed, negotiable security, or other legal instrument, can be so imitated that the writer of, and subscriber to it, cannot distinguish his own handwriting from that which is forged, new legislative enactments must be made, and new modes of representing money, and securing property by documentary record, must be resorted to. A paper currency and copyhold securities will be utterly useless, because they will no longer fulfil the objects for which they, and instruments of a like nature, are employed. Again, the law of copyright as respects literary property will have to be thoroughly revised. Let us, for an instant, view the case in reference to "The Times" newspaper. Suppose an early copy of that powerful journal to be some morning procured, and anastatyped in a quarter of an hour. The pirated pages may be subjected to printing machinery, and worked off at the rate of 4000 copies in each succeeding hour, and sold to the public, to the ruinous injury of the proprietors. The government newspaper stamp would be no protection, for of course that could be imitated as unerringly as the rest. This too, is an extreme case against the imitators; for a newspaper would have to be done in a great hurry. Books, maps, prints, and music, could be pirated wholesale, and at leisure.

Let us not be understood to apply any of these remarks to the inventors, as presuming for an instant, or by the remotest hint or inference, that they would be guilty of unworthy conduct. We merely state what is, we fear, inevitable when their inventions become public property, which, according to our information, from their extreme simplicity, is likely very soon to be the case.

The new process produces all the effects of stereotyping, with the advantage of taking the duplicate from a printed impression, instead of from the metal types themselves. So far, however, as we can ascertain, one disadvantage attaches to the new process, which is, that in working off impressions from the zinc plates, a kind of press must be used different from that employed for types—one partaking somewhat of the nature of a lithographic press. Till, therefore, the inventors proceed with their improvements so far as to cause the acid to corrode the interstices of the letters sufficiently deep into the plate, as to make them stand relief of equal height with types, we do not anticipate that, as a substitute for stereotyping, it will be so extensively used as they anticipate. It may also be remarked that the economy of this invention will chiefly be seen in works of limited sale. In such as the present, the typographical arrangements sink into a bagatelle beside the enormous outlay for paper, an abolition of the duty on which would be of more use to such works than an invention doing away with every other expense whatsoever.

In another department of relief printing, there is no question that the anastatic process will cause a complete revolution, and that very speedily; namely, in illustrative and ornamental printing. Wood-engraving will be entirely superseded, for no intermediate process will now be necessary between the draughtsman and the print-

ing of his design. It is generally known that at present the artist draws in pencil his design on the box-wood, and that the engraver, with sharp instruments, cuts away all the white parts or interstices, so as to cause the objects previously figured to stand in relief, that they only may receive the ink passed over them in printing. Unfortunately, many wood-engravers, from want of skill in drawing, do not render the intentions of the designer with fidelity. Now, however, all the draughtsman will have to do will be to make his drawing on paper, and that, line for line, will be transferred to the zinc, and produce, when printed, exactly the same effect as his original draught. A pen is recommended for this purpose, which may be used "on any paper free from hairs or filaments, and well sized. The requisite ink is a preparation made for the purpose, and may be mixed to any degree of thickness in pure distilled water, and should be used fresh and slightly warm when fine effect is to be given. In making or copying a design, pencil may be used, but the marks must be left on the paper, and by no means rubbed with India-rubber or bread. The paper should be kept quite clean, and free from rubbing, and should not be touched by the fingers, inasmuch as it will retain marks of very slight touches." A drawing thus produced can be readily transferred to the zinc in the manner above described for typography.

Two pages of the Art-Union are printed upon the new plan. Besides the letterpress, from which we derive our present information, are five printed drawings and an illuminated letter. "The letterpress," says the editor, "was first set in type by the ordinary printer of the Art-Union, leaving spaces for the drawn or engraved illustrations, which having been set into their respective places on a proof of the letterpress, the whole was cast on to a zinc plate, and so printed off." Neither is it to printing of recent date only that the invention is applicable; transfers from books a century old have already been made. "Rare editions" and "Unique copies" will in a few years vanish from the counter of the book-sale and the shelves of the bibliomaniac. Now it is ascertained how exactly they may be counterfeited, not even Doctor Dibdin himself will be able to venture to pronounce upon a "genuine black-letter."

From the Jewish Expositor.

JUDÆA CAPTA.

DARK is the flow of Siloe's stream,
And Zion's walls are low;
Deserted Judah's cities seem
To mourn their children's woe.

Yet mourn not Judah, for the Lord
Will yet his arm extend,
Help to his suffering sons afford,
And Jacob's ills shall end.

From glowing realms of eastern light,
From evening's softer skies,
From where the Seven that rule the night,
In cold conjunction rise.

From southern climes, where'er they be,
Where'er thy sons may roam,
A remnant yet their Lord shall see,
And find their promised home.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

From the tone of an article in the *Times*, there seems to have been some fear of a revulsion in the prosperity of England; but we hope that it was not well founded. The immense increase in the consumption of iron—for ships and houses, as well as for railroads, and upon the Continent as well as in Great Britain—sufficiently accounts for the advance of price, and the increase of business in that branch of trade. Our American iron masters will probably partake of this prosperity.

The *Times* has now its "own correspondent" regularly established at the town of Victoria in Hong-kong; and that writer makes some very interesting but by no means encouraging remarks on the state and prospects of trade. It is to be feared, he says, that much delusion has existed in England on the subject. "Although, ultimately, a new market may be found for English manufactures by the opening of additional ports, and the removal of many restrictions and charges, yet, in fact, China had previously, through Canton, taken all our goods for which there was any demand. Before we can hope for any important increase of that demand, there must be time to create among the Chinese a greater desire for our manufactures—a new order of wants; and until this is effected, this prudent people, who have but little superfluous to dispose of, will hardly expend that little upon goods which they neither appreciate nor admire, simply because they are offered for sale at five ports on the coast instead of one." "It may be well for our mercantile community at home to pause before they take it for granted that there are 300,000,000 people all ready to receive what we are ready to part with. Let them add two other considerations,—first, to introduce new goods, our merchants must be prepared to take more Chinese products in barter; for, if the Chinese enter into a cash trade for opium, we may be assured they will do so for no other product. China is most unfortunately deficient in exports; and the only obvious means, therefore, of suddenly enlarging the market, is to take more tea; and towards this consummation, however devoutly desired, the first step must be a reduction of the duty on tea at home from 220 per cent., the present rate, to something like cent per cent., or 1s. per pound instead of 2s. 2½d. Otherwise, increased imports of tea beyond the consumption only lead

to a fall in the price, which does not leave a sufficient margin for the profit of the importer, or indeed secure him from ruinous loss such as no prudent merchant would risk. The second point referred to consists in the facility with which, in piece-goods and in other important articles of commerce, the Americans can undersell us: in lead they have nearly driven the English out of the market; in cotton goods and 'domestics,' they sell at a rate which will scarcely remunerate the English manufacturer. Trade is at present, and has hitherto been, heavy in everything but opium." The tea-trade has opened inauspiciously. It has been the custom at Canton for the first sales of each season to regulate prices: while the merchants were a limited body, they settled prices deliberately; under the new order of things, brokers have risen up, with no interest beyond their commission; they have not scrupled to purchase teas at any price; prices have therefore begun at a high rate, sales have been checked, some of the finest qualities alone having been sold, and the great mass of the tea left in the hands of the native merchants, to their great disgust. "They cannot, or will not, understand the new order of things, and the necessity for departing from the custom which insisted that the upset price of the first sales should regulate the remainder. The tea-men at Canton have lately issued a truly amusing remonstrance on this subject, addressed to the foreign merchants—'How could we know,' exclaims the Woon merchant of the central flowery land, 'that all you honorable merchants should change your former way, and become crafty, capricious, merely choosing a few teas of chops of the most superior Woon-ning teas, and forthwith desisting, (from purchasing,) causing people to feel the most anxious and painful suspense—the misery of those who look to the corner of the wall and sigh after painted prunes?' However unpalatable the task, the Chinese tea-men, we apprehend, will have to learn that the old custom must be changed, and that much greater reductions than have ever entered into their calculations must be made before they can sell this year's products. The large stock which was received in England last year, to make way for the exchange of our goods on an increased scale, has led to a proportionate diminution of the prices of tea at home; and at the present rate of prices at Canton, no one can purchase without almost certainty of loss."

The Queen's Speech was transmitted, by the electric telegraph on the South-Western Railway. A copy of the Globe, containing it, was received at the London terminus at half-past-two. In two hours, the entire speech, containing 3500 letters, was received at the Gosport station, and immediately afterwards, printed and distributed through the town. A letter from Mr. Cooke at the Gosport station, acknowledging the receipt of the speech, was returned to town, and printed and published in the Globe before 7 o'clock the same evening.

At a meeting of the Polytechnic Institution, Dr. Ryan delivered a lecture for the purpose of noticing an apparatus by Mr. Phillips, called the "fire-annihilator." After explaining the theory of the earlier chemists, and the more modern views of Lavoisier and others, and the consideration of the supporters and non-supporters of combustion, he pointed out the effects of volumes from nitrogen or from carbonic acid upon the flame of coal gas; and after showing that combustion instantly ceased in an atmosphere containing but a short per centage of these gases, he proceeded to explain that Mr. Phillips used a mixture of coke, nitre and sulphate of lime, with a little water. Dr. Ryan kindled a fire in an iron house, and as soon as the combustion was complete, he introduced a small apparatus, not holding more than two ounces of the material, and in half a minute, the fire was completely extinguished.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE UNCEASING PRESS of *Harper & Brothers* supplies us, this week, with

NEW ORLEANS AS I FOUND IT, by H. DIDIMUS. This is an original work, we mean a copy-right; and is only the first part, which shows how the writer found it in 1835-6. The second part will show the changes of nine years.

KEEPING HOUSE AND HOUSEKEEPING. A Story of Domestic Life, edited by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. This little book is on a subject which interests us all, and being by Mrs. Hale, is, of course, both pleasant and good.

WANDERING JEW. Nos. 9 and 10.

THE ILLUSTRATED AND ILLUMINATED BIBLE. No. 22.

VOYAGES ROUND THE WORLD. Of this delightful little book hundreds of thousands will be scattered over the land. It contains the Voyages of D'Entrecasteaux, Marchand, Vancouver, Edwards, Wilson, Fanning, Turnbull, Baudin, Freycinet, Duperrey, D'Urville, Bougainville, La Place, Krusenstern, Kotzebue, Lutk6, Hall, Ruschenberger, Fitzroy, Meyen, Wilson, Belcher and Ross. Price 50 cents!

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, for March, 1845.

I WILL BE A LADY: a book for Girls, by Mrs. Tuthill. This is a counterpart to I'll be a Gentleman, by the same publishers, Messrs. Crosby & Nichols, Boston.

THE PRESENT.

Ox! slight not the present—the past is arrayed
In a dim and indefinite mantle of shade;
Disturb not the calm of its mist-covered plains,
Where glide the pale ghosts of lost pleasures and pains.

The future! what mortal may pierce its thick
cloud!

The future is wrapped in uncertainty's shroud;
Dark trials, keen cares, from that shroud may
arise,

Or its secrets may ne'er be disclosed to thine eyes.

The present! oh! wish not its moments away;
A talisman dwells in the might of to-day;
Past seasons are buried, the future unknown,
But the bright sunny present, at least, is thine
own.

I seek not, like vain thoughtless minstrels, to sing
Of the blossoms and warmth of life's beautiful
spring;

I woo thee not lightly, to while the fleet hours
In numbering sunbeams, and gathering flowers.

No! fain would I bid thee from knowledge im-
plore

Each day some new treasure to add to thy store;
And gently some service or kindness impart,
To glad the worn fortune, or soothe the sad heart.

Each day may thy home and its fondly-loved ties
Acquire fresh attraction and worth in thine eyes;
Yet with strengthened devotion on God may'st
thou call,

And feel that for Him thou could'st part from them
all.

Thus live, and thou wilt not in weariness cast
Thy glance from the present to picture the past,
Nor marvel what earth's mystic future may be,
Since Heaven hath in store a bright future for
thee.

Metropolitan.

BEATRICE.

With drooping eyes and drooping curls,
And drooping feather, large and white,
Proudest yet gentlest of sweet girls,
She stands beneath the evening light.

And o'er her lovely face the while,
The lingering hues of dreamy thought
Have stolen away the playful smile,
Which day and lively hours had brought.

For she hath left the jesting throng
Of friends, to feed her pensive mood,
Where leaves and streams are at their song,
In a green summer solitude.

And quiet as the scene around,
The maiden stands—with placid face,
Her dark eyes bending on the ground;
Ah! would she lift them up a space.

But no—she moveth slowly on;
She will not smile—she will not look;
For she into herself hath gone
Too deep our company to brook.

Go, lovely Beatrice, and seem
Unto thy friends like thy sweet face
To us: a thoughtful poet's dream
Of woman's dignity and grace.

Metropolitan.

From the Athenæum.

United States Exploring Expedition. 5 vols.
Wiley & Putnam.

THE second volume of this important work has now come to hand. As the first scientific expedition fitted out by the United States, we felt from the first, and continued to feel, the sincerest interest in its progress and results. In rendering an account of both, we are desirous, indeed, of abstaining from criticism, and, considering the adventure as a virgin experiment, to treat it with consideration and respect. We shall, therefore, take the account substantially as it stands, and give to the commander the benefit of his own position.

We find our explorers, at the opening of this volume, in sight of Tahiti, and are soon called upon to witness their arrival and reception. Nor is there any delay in commencing operations. An observatory, furnished with both astronomic and magnetic instruments, is at once established, and parties are sent out for the survey of the principal harbors and the intervening channels. A large body of officers and naturalists were also sent across the islands to visit Orohena, one of the highest peaks, and lake Waihera. They could not, however, reach the desired spot, but some days afterwards Captain Hudson, with his officers, succeeded in measuring the elevation of Aorai, the peak which is next in height to Orohena. This he found to be 6,979 feet; Orohena appeared to be about 1,500 feet higher. From these two peaks, ridges descend to all parts of the coast; they are precipitous and narrow, their summit being often a mere edge, where walking is not only dangerous but sometimes impossible. Here, too, we meet with the American and French Consul, and with Mr. Pritchard. The following passage introduces us to another important personage:—

"The governor of the district of Matavai, Tauga, was the first acquaintance of any distinction that we made. He had already visited the Vincennes on her anchoring. He is a fine-looking man, of huge proportions, and has a large establishment near Point Venus, where he monopolized nearly all the washing, which was performed by his numerous dependents. By this business he derives some remuneration for the cost of feeding and clothing them, putting the gains of their labor into his own pocket. Such, at least, is his own account of the transaction. Tauga's usual dress was a striped cotton shirt, nankeen pantaloons that had once been yellow, and a round jacket of blue cloth. Both shirt and pantaloons were too tight, and he had neither suspenders nor stockings, although he wore shoes. In this guise he had an awkward look, which he probably would not have exhibited in a native costume. He was profuse in offers of hospitality at his own house, and many of the officers were induced to accept his invitations. His entertainments appear to have been of the same general character with that to which I was treated, and which will, therefore, serve as a specimen of the mode in which such things are done by the 'good society' of Tahiti. We reached his dwelling in time to see the preparations for the feast. These were entrusted to his man of all work, Stephen, or as he called him, 'Stiffin.' This useful personage exhibited his dexterity, not only in cooking, but in killing the poultry. The bird selected was a cock, for the Tahitians well understand the difference in value between it and the hens; and Stephen exhibited much adroitness in

the slaying, plucking, and dressing. While this was going on, the stones for the Tahitian oven, so often described by voyagers, were heating, and when they had acquired the proper temperature, the ashes were carefully swept off—bread-fruit, taro, and plantains, wrapped in leaves, were then laid on the stones, with the fowl in the centre, and the whole covered up. In about an hour the oven was carefully opened, the contents exposed, and found to be thoroughly cooked. The dinner was then served in an earthen dish, with a knife and fork, when, although the fowl was somewhat tough, it was greatly relished. The dinner hour was one o'clock. Tauga, according to the universal opinion of the squadron, did not improve upon a closer acquaintance. His intrusive and greedy disposition, not to mention his fondness for the bottle, rendered him daily a less welcome visitor than at first. I must, however, do him the justice to say, that if he were wanting in other traits of character that ought to distinguish a chief, he did the honors of his house admirably, and that he must be seen in the capacity of a host, if a favorable opinion is to be formed of his character."

Honorable mention is made of Mr. Pritchard and his mode of conducting the schools; there are, indeed, few natives who cannot both read and write, even those advanced in years. The account of the island is altogether favorable, and so is the testimony borne to the utility of the missionaries. The latter, however, are subject to some animadversion:—

"Although much has been done for the improvement of the natives, still it appears evident that much more might have been done if the missionaries had not confined themselves so exclusively to teaching from the Scriptures. The natives, by all accounts, are extremely fond of story-telling, and marvellous tales of their ancestors and ancient gods, are even now a source of amusement. The missionaries, as I am told, possess much information in relation to the history and mythology of the island, embodied in the superstitious tales still occasionally current among its inhabitants. It is to be hoped that they will preserve a record of these, before they are obliterated by their exertions to destroy the ancient superstition. But they would have succeeded sooner in eradicating the practice of reciting these legends, had they provided a substitute in works of fiction, inculcating moral or religious lessons, or teaching useful knowledge. So also, while it was indispensable to put down those amusements which were the means or incentives to debauchery, this measure ought to have been accompanied by the introduction of innocent modes of recreation. For want of the first resource, much time is now spent in unmeaning gossip, and the necessity for the other is often shown in a listless idleness. No attempt has been made by the missionaries to introduce the mechanic arts, or improvements in agriculture, yet it cannot be doubted, that to have taught them even the simplest of these, would have materially aided the progress of civilization, and reacted favorably upon that of religion. The failure of a cotton manufactory, with expensive machinery, which was erected on the island of Eimeo, affords no argument against the probable success of less complex arts. The natives were not prepared to pass at once from habits of desultory exertion, to the regular and stated occupation of the mill. But the spinning-wheel, the hand-loom, and the plough, would not have re-

quired such a decided change in the number of hours of labor, and would have served as a preparation for more continuous industry. The two former implements have at length been introduced by other hands, and have already been adopted with eagerness by some of the natives. The change of dress which has been introduced by the missionaries and other foreigners, has, on the contrary, had an injurious effect on the industry of this people. While they wore their native tapa, the fabric, though of little value, gave employment to numbers of women; and this change of dress, though intended as an advance in civilization, has had the effect of superseding employments which formerly engaged their attention, and occupied their time. The idleness hence arising, and the artificial wants thus created, have no little influence in perpetuating licentiousness among the females, to whom foreign finery is a great temptation. The European dress, at least as worn by them, is neither as becoming, nor as well adapted to the climate as that which it has almost superseded. Many of the missionaries now see these things in their true light, and informed me that they were endeavoring to pursue a more enlightened course."

We shall now follow our explorers to the harbor of Papieti. There the commander invited the great chiefs on board:—

"The ship was dressed for the occasion with flags, and they were received with every mark of respect. Luncheon was prepared for them; and when they were all seated at it, it struck me that I had never seen such a collection of corpulent persons. Previous to eating, one of the oldest chiefs said grace. Their appetites were good; none of the food appeared to come amiss. They seemed heartily to enjoy themselves, and conducted themselves with a propriety that surprised us all. They were cautious in partaking of the wine which was set before them, and seemed evidently upon their good behavior. This was the case with the high chiefs, who, to the number of about fifteen, had been invited; but, besides these, about an equal number of others contrived to get on board without invitation; the latter thrust themselves forward with eagerness to occupy places at the table, but were compelled to give place to those of higher rank. A second table was, however, prepared for them, at which they took their seats, and did ample justice to what was set before them. The variety of costume which was exhibited at this banquet was amusing. The princesses were dressed in white frocks, shoes and stockings, and chip bonnets, but looked awkwardly in them, and appeared more like boys in girls' clothes than women. Some of the men wore full suits—coats, vests, and pantaloons—of a variety of colors; others had sailors' round jackets; others again had only shirts and pantaloons, all too small, both in breadth and length. Some had black felt hats, of all possible fashions, and others wore them of straw; some had shoes on their feet, others had none. Paofai's son attracted attention by his ridiculous appearance: he wore a red check shirt, light white pantaloons, that reached only half way down his legs, coarse shoes without stockings, and a short-skirted drummer's coat of blue, plentifully faced with scarlet. The latter was so small for him, that no force would make it button upon him. To finish all, he had a high-crowned conical felt hat stuck upon the top of his head."

Another attempt was made to reach the top of

Orohena, by Dr. Pickering and Mr. Conthouy. By nine o'clock in the morning they had, after a walk of about six miles, attained a higher point than any on their former journey, about 3,500 feet:—

"When they had reached the altitude of fifteen hundred feet they no longer found any paths; on arriving at this point, they halted for some time to make collections of land-shells, and some very interesting specimens were obtained of *Helices*, *Patulas*, *Cyclostomas*, *Curocollas*, and *Pupas*; after this they continued ascending, the ridge gradually becoming narrower, until they reached a spot on the ridge where there was not room for one person to pass by another, and where they could look down a precipice on each side to depths of two thousand feet. Plants that were below of small size here grew into large woody shrubs: among them a species of *Epacris* was found growing luxuriantly along the crest of the ridges, and magnificent arborescent ferns on the mountain sides, some of them forty feet in height; another species was seen whose fronds were more than twenty feet in length. Their path was much impeded by the tangled ferns and wiry grass (*Gleichenia*) which it was impossible to get through without the aid of a knife or a hatchet. They had now reached four thousand five hundred feet, the highest point yet attained, according to the guide, by white men; two o'clock had arrived, and as there was no place where they could encamp, or any chance of reaching a point suitable for passing the night in, by the advice of Vahaore [their guide] they allowed him to look for one. The mountain top was still estimated to be six miles distant; they had little doubt that it could be ascended by following the ridge, and it was thought that they could accomplish the task if time permitted. The day was fine, and they enjoyed a view of the whole mountain, which appeared as if it were the centre, from which the different ridges of the island radiate in ten or twelve directions towards the coast, having deep and narrow valleys between them, through which the mountain torrents rush; these valleys spread out as they approach the coast, and the ridges become more rounded and accessible. After reconnoitring the ground for some time, Vahaore recollected a place where they might pass the night, which he thought was not far distant. He therefore immediately began to break a road, which he continued for about a quarter of a mile along the ridge. He then reached a place where the descent might be made, which, however, to all appearances, presented as few facilities for the purpose as any they had before looked at. They, however, tried it, and after a hard scramble reached, about sunset, the place he sought. The descent was estimated to be about two thousand feet, and was performed partly by leaping from tree to tree, and partly by lowering one another by ropes over precipitous ledges from ten to twelve feet in height. In the words of Sacket, 'No man in his senses ever went down such a place before, and none but a fool would attempt to do so again.' At the foot of the descent lay the first valley, and they found themselves among groves of the wild banana (*fahies*.)"

It having been determined to make a thorough examination of the group of the Samoan Islands, Tutulia, as the most central, was selected for their station:—

"The men of Tutulia, are a remarkably tall,

fine-looking set, with intelligent and pleasing countenances. In comparison with the Tahitians, they would be called sedate. The women are far from being good-looking, with the exception of some of the younger ones. They are remarkably domestic and virtuous, exhibiting a strange contrast to those of Tahiti. Here there is no indiscriminate intercourse; the marriage tie is respected, parents are extremely fond of their offspring. The inhabitants are disposed to be hospitable to strangers, although they expect remuneration for it. Travelling is generally believed to be safe throughout the island of Tutuila, and the natives, as far as our experience goes, are not the blood-thirsty race they have been reported to be. The unfavorable estimate of their character has, I presume, been derived from those who first knew them, and particularly from their attack upon the expedition of La Perouse. Of this conflict I obtained the following particulars from the Rev. Mr. Murray, who had them from an old man, who was a witness of the affray. The latter is the only individual now alive in the settlement who was present when it occurred, and his testimony was corroborated by others who had heard of it from those who witnessed the scene. On the morning of the massacre, the vessel stood in towards the land. About noon the boats went ashore, as recorded by La Perouse, and while on shore, a number of canoes, belonging to the island of Upolu, (to which Tutuila was at the time subject,) went from the shore, and proceeded directly to the vessels. When these canoes were alongside, a young man in one of them laid his hand on an iron bolt in some part of the ships, with the intention, it was supposed, of stealing it. He was fired upon by the French. The ball passed through his shoulders, and mortally wounded him. The natives, on seeing the effect of the shot on one of their number, were greatly enraged, and immediately left the vessels, and hastened to the shore, where they found the boats that had gone to get water. On reaching them, they began the attack, which resulted in the massacre of M. De Langle, and of those who were with him on shore. When the natives began this attack the great body of the French were absent from their boats; some were in the bushes gathering plants, and others talking to the females. On the commencement of the disturbance, they all rushed towards their boats, and the confusion became general. The minute circumstances of the affray, farther than the above, cannot now be ascertained from the natives. They are, however, very clear in reference to the cause, and to those who were the actors in it, viz., the natives of Upolu. The Tutuilians maintain that they endeavored to save the lives of the French; and, on the following day, as soon as they dared to venture from the mountains, whither they had fled during the massacre, they collected the bodies, which they found in a state of nudity, dressed them in native cloth, and buried them in the beach, as they were accustomed to bury their own chiefs. The actors in the massacre proceeded at once to Upolu, which will account for their having been afterwards seen there, and recognized by the French. Our inquiries relative to the spot where they had buried the bodies, were not satisfactorily answered. How the carpenter's son escaped is not known. He is said to be still living at a village on the eastern part of the island. There appears to be mention made of a boy among the missing, in La Perouse's account. Levasii, a chief

of the district of Faleletai, was at the massacre of the party of La Perouse. He was then a boy of thirteen years of age. He remembered the occurrence, and that three of the Papalangi were killed. The perpetrators of the deed were some young chiefs from the district, who were on a 'malanga' to Tutulia. At that time Aana district had the rule, or was the 'Malo' party, and domineered over the inhabitants of the other islands and districts."

The following incident, which took place at Upolu, is suggestive:—

"At noon we descried the Peacock lying in the harbor of Apia, and shortly afterwards I received a message from Captain Hudson, saying that my presence was required on shore. In the hope that it was not a business of such a nature as to cause detention, I left the Vincennes in the offing, while I went ashore in my boat. On reaching the land, I found the chiefs engaged in the trial of a native called Tuvai, who had killed an American named Edward Cavanaugh, a native of New Bedford. It appeared that on Captain Hudson's arrival the murderer was pointed out to him in the village, upon which he very properly determined to have the offender punished, and gave orders to have him arrested. He was in consequence seized in a house near the water, and carried on board the Peacock. Being taken by surprise, he offered no resistance to his capture. Captain Hudson then requested a conference with the neighboring chiefs, who in consequence had assembled on the 27th. The fono, as such assemblies are called, was held in the council-house, or fale-tele, where the chiefs were collected. The Rev. Mr. Mills acted as interpreter on the occasion. Captain Hudson, through him, stated that the object of his having requested them to assemble was to bring the accused to a trial before them, in order that if his guilt were established, he might be brought to condign punishment: he then pointed out to them the guilt and consequences of the crime of murder, and declared the course he had considered it his duty to adopt. The chiefs listened attentively to this address, and in reply, through the principal one, admitted that the man taken was in reality the guilty person, a fact known to every person upon the island. Captain Hudson then stated to them that it was absolutely necessary that Tuvai should be promptly punished, in order that others might be deterred from the commission of the same crime. He suggested, however, that in spite of the universal belief in Tuvai's having committed the crime, it was proper that he should undergo a trial, or at least an examination, in order that he might have the privilege of being heard in his own defence. This suggestion being approved, Tuvai was brought on shore under a military guard, and placed in the centre of the building. He was an ill-looking fellow, of about twenty-eight years of age, and manifested no fear, but looked about him with the greatest composure. The trial was simple enough; he was first asked by the chiefs whether he was guilty of the crime, to which he answered that he was; being next asked why he had committed it, he replied that he had done it in order to possess himself of the man's property (clothes and a knife.) The chiefs, among whom was Pea, of Apia, to whom the criminal was distantly related made every effort in their power to save his life: stating that he was in darkness, and therefore unconscious of the guilt of the action, when he committed the murder; that as they had

but just emerged from heathenism they ought not to be subjected for past actions to laws they knew not; that these laws were made for people who occupied a more elevated station; that Tuvai was a poor man of no account, and was not a person of sufficient importance to be noticed by a great people like us; that faa Samoa (the Samoan fashion) did not allow men to be put to death in cold blood, but that after so long a time had elapsed, as in the instance before them, it admitted of a ransom. Pea went on to say, that many bad acts had been committed upon natives by white men, with impunity, and asked whether the Christian religion sanctioned the taking of human life. He then appealed to our generosity to pardon the present crime, and assured us that no such offences should be committed in future. Pea had one of those countenances which exhibits all that is passing in the mind. It was amusing to see him at one time exhibiting a picture of whimsical distress at the idea of being compelled to put his kinsman to death, and immediately afterwards laughing at something ludicrous which had occurred to him. Pea was seconded in his endeavors by Vavasa, of Manono, one of the finest-looking of the chiefs, whose attitudes and movements were full of grace, and his manner exceedingly haughty and bold. In reply to their arguments, Captain Hudson stated, that however freely other sins might be forgiven, in consideration of their late benighted state, even the darkness of Paganism could not extenuate the crime of murder. He told them the Scriptures said, 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed;' that nothing but the life of the offender could satisfy the demands of justice, and that they must execute the criminal themselves. This announcement caused much excitement; the chiefs again asserted that they knew no such laws; that by the customs of Samoa, the anger of the friends and relations of a person who had been killed was to be appeased by a present from the criminal or his relations, and by a form of submission, which consisted in knocking their heads three times on the ground. To this it was replied, that the guilt of the prisoner had been proved and admitted—he must die. The chiefs, after much reluctance, consented, but expressed great repugnance to an immediate execution. They urged in the most strenuous manner, that the criminal should be carried on board ship, and executed there, or that he should be taken to some uninhabited island and left. These alternatives were refused by Captain Hudson, and the chiefs seemed in great distress. At this point of the discussion, the Vincennes was announced as being in sight, and the proceedings were suspended. An officer was immediately despatched, who, as has been already mentioned, boarded that vessel off the harbor. When I landed, I found the assembly anxiously awaiting the result of my arrival. Captain Hudson and myself had a private interview, in which he detailed all the facts, and stated that it had been his intention to compel the chiefs to make all the preparations for the execution, but before it was carried into effect to come forward and relieve the criminal, at the same time requesting Mr. Mills to make an appropriate speech, stating the reasons for the pardon. After a full discussion of the whole subject, we came to the conclusion, that it would be best to transport the criminal to some other island; for it appeared probable that this would have a better effect than even his execution, as it would be longer remembered, while to cause him to be put

to death might naturally excite a desire of revenge. This decision was at once communicated to the chiefs, with a statement, that in conformity with the laws of Tahiti in such cases, Tuvai should be transported to a desert island where he would never again have an opportunity of killing a white man. The chiefs, though evidently relieved from the most intense part of their distress, were still much affected by this decision. The prisoner was then ordered to be taken on board the Peacock, whither he was followed by a crowd of natives, with many tears and lamentations, among whom his wife was the most affected. Among others, Pea, the chief of Apia, to whom, as has been stated, the prisoner was related, was very much distressed and excited. Unable to vent his rage and trouble in any other manner, he spent it upon the crowd around him, striking in all directions with a huge stem of a cocoa-nut leaf, by which he soon dispersed them. I felt a curiosity to see what effect the sentence would have upon the prisoner. Death he would have suffered without uttering a murmur; but when he heard he was to be taken from his native land, his firmness was overcome, and he was observed to shed tears. He made no resistance to his being removed on board ship, but after he got there he said he would rather be put to death and buried in his own native island, than banished to a desert one. After this difficult business was arranged, they brought their own grievances before me, and particularly their complaints against the American whalers. They said that some of them had evaded their port-charges, and refused to pay for the provisions with which they had been furnished. To this I replied that I was ready to indemnify them for their losses, and should ask no other proof of them than their own statement. They appeared struck with the unexpected liberality of this offer; but, after consultation, as if to manifest a corresponding feeling, declined to accept it. I then informed them that their port-charges for the squadron should be paid, which gave much satisfaction, particularly to old Pea, who would derive the principal benefit from them. The fono then broke up in great good humor. Pea and some of the other chiefs were very anxious to hear from me what sort of an island Tuvai was to be put upon. They asked many questions in relation to it, and always among the first, whether there would be any cocoa-nut trees, Nature's first and best gift to them, upon it. Wishing to make the intended punishment as terrible as possible to them, I always replied that there would be none whatever. After Tuvai was again on board ship, old Pea paid him a visit, in the course of which the former melted into tears, howled bitterly, and begged that he might be taken on shore to be put to death, in order that his body might be buried in his native soil. It appeared from information that we received, that this was a part of a concerted plan to obtain a farther commutation of his sentence, and that this affecting interview was got up in order to excite our sympathies. Finding it did not produce the desired effect, old Pea went about the ship with a doleful visage, exclaiming, 'Eoloia-ia-tu-Tuvai'—have compassion on Tuvai."

As we proceed with the volume before us, we are constantly provoked to be critical; but shall, except on one topic, persevere in our original intention, of giving the commander the unquestioned benefit of his own statements. Our next extract is of a legendary character:—

"Messrs. Dana and Couthouy visited a lake

called Lauto, which lies to the westward of this pass, and in the centre of an extinct crater. The edge of the crater was found to be two thousand five hundred and seventy feet above the sea, and the descent thence to the water of the lake is one hundred and twenty feet. These gentlemen succeeded in obtaining a line of soundings across the lake, by cutting down trees, and forming a raft of them. They found the depth, in the middle, nine and a half fathoms, decreasing thence gradually in all directions to the shore. The form of the lake is nearly circular, and it has a subterranean outlet. The hill in which this crater is situated is conical, and there is a low knoll at some distance to the south of it, which is the only other elevation in the neighborhood, above the general height of the ridge. The border of the crater is clothed with the usual forest foliage of these islands, which, however, exhibits here more than usual beauty, being decorated with the finely-worked fronds of the arborescent ferns, in widely-spread stars, and the graceful plumes of a large mountain palm. The poets of the island have appreciated the beauty of the place, and allude to the perpetual verdure which adorns the banks of the lake, in the following line :

Lauto'o e le toi a e lau mea.
Lauto, untouched by withered leaf.

There is a legend connected with this lake, that has more of poetic beauty and feeling than one would have supposed to exist among so rude a people. It is as follows. Many generations since, during a war between Upolu and Savaii, a number of war-canoes, from the latter island, crossed over to attack Ulatamoa, (or, as it is now called, Ulu-moenga,) the principal town in the district of Aana. At the time of their approach, two brothers, To'o and Ata, chanced to be paddling their canoes in the channel between the reef and the shore, and before they could reach the land, were attacked by a party of Savaiians. After a valiant defence, Ata was overpowered and slain, while To'o narrowly escaped the same fate. Overwhelmed with sorrow at the loss of a brother whom he tenderly loved, To'o retired to a neighboring mountain, and burying himself in the darkest recesses of its forests, made them resound with his bitter lamentations. At length, in his wanderings, he came to the summit, where, stooping down, he scooped out with his hands a vast hollow, and, leaning over its brink, suffered his tears to fall in until it was filled. The lake thus formed, has ever since borne the appellation of Lauu-to'o. The regard of To'o for his brother was further evinced by his adoption of Ata's name, conjoined to his own, as his family title, and the appellation of Teoomata, a contraction of To'o-ma-ata, is retained by his descendants, who are still chiefs of note in Upolu, and from whom the tradition was derived. The lake of Lauto is regarded with superstitious dread by the natives, who believe it to be the abode of the spirits, who, in former times, were regarded with great veneration, and worshipped. These were supposed to inhabit the waters of the lake, in the shape of eels, as thick as a cocoa-nut tree, and two fathoms long. The attempt of our gentlemen to explore it, was looked upon as such a profanation, that their native guides left them, and regarded them as persons doomed to accident, if not to destruction. The eels were represented as so savage and fierce, that they would bite a person's leg off.

No eels, however, nor any other fish, were seen in the lake."

We have also an account of a new faith :—

" In the different jaunts across the island, many of the 'Devil's,' or unconverted, towns were visited, where our parties were always treated with great hospitality. At the town of Siusinga, the chief who entertained our party was a priest of the *Gimblet* religion. This new faith has made some progress among these islands, and has the following singular origin : A native of Savaii, by name Seeovedi, was taken from that island by a whale-ship, and did not return for several years. During his absence he visited several ports, where it would seem he obtained some notions of the forms and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic church. Possessed of considerable natural shrewdness, he founded on this knowledge a plan to save himself from labor for the future, by collecting followers at whose expense he might be maintained. During his absence, and while on board the whale-ship, he had received, as is usual in such cases, instead of his native name, that of Joe Gimblet ; and this cognomen is now firmly attached to the sect of which he was the founder. Having formed the plan of founding a sect, he did not scruple as to the means of carrying it into effect ; for he boldly claimed a heavenly mission, professing to hold converse with God, and asserting that he possessed the power of working miracles, raising the dead, &c. He soon gained many proselytes, and had attained great consideration and authority, when, unfortunately for him, he was called upon to exert his pretended power of raising the dead, by restoring to life the favorite son of a powerful chief called Lelomiava, who had been murdered. Joe did not hesitate to undertake the accomplishment of this miracle. He, in the first place, directed a house to be built for the reception of the body, and when it was finished, he required that it should be supplied with the best provisions. In conformity with this requisition, the choicest articles of food that could be obtained were regularly handed to Joe for the use of the defunct, upon whom he alone waited, while every other person, except the chief and himself, was excluded from the building. The food thus regularly supplied, as regularly disappeared, and Joe assured the chief that his son had eaten it, and, under this bountiful allowance, would soon recover his strength, and walk forth. In this way time wore on, until the patience of the old chief began to show symptoms of being exhausted. This somewhat alarmed Joe ; but as he was a fellow of infinite resources, he contrived to evade inquiry and procrastinate, hoping, no doubt, that some lucky incident might turn up, by which he should be enabled to extricate himself from the dilemma. Unfortunately for him, however, after another month of anxious suspense, the old man's pigs and taro fell short, notwithstanding the chief's dependents had for a long time been restricted from using them. All of them were in fact much reduced by their compulsory fast, with the exception of Joe, whose rotundity of form seemed to indicate that he at least ran no risk of starvation. Whether it were owing to the suspicions which his jolly appearance excited, or that he began to entertain doubts of Joe's supernatural powers, is not known ; but one day old Lelomiava determined to satisfy himself of the progress making in the restoration of his son. With this design he entered the house, and was shocked with the sight of his son's body in a state of loathsome putridity.

He immediately summoned Joe, and informed him that it was time that the promised miracle should be accomplished adding, that it must be done by morrow's dawn. Joe immediately redoubled his exertions, and prayed hastily to all the saints of his calendar. He, however, knew full well what would be his fate if he remained to encounter on the morrow the anger of the savage chief. He therefore effected his escape during the night, and made his way to his native island. There he remained, for some time, incog., but now ventures to appear openly, practising his impositions boldly, and is the worst antagonist the missionaries have to deal with. This story was related by the old chief himself, who, instead of finding his son restored to life, was compelled to bury his body, which he did, with the exception of the head. This he put in a box, and suspended beneath the peak of the roof of his house, where it remains, a witness of his credulity, and of the gross imposition that was practised upon him. While the party remained at Siusinga, a sick native was brought from the coast to a neighboring house, and their host, the Gimblet priest, was called upon to pray for him. This afforded them an opportunity, that might not otherwise have occurred, of learning some facts in relation to the ceremonies of this sect. On this occasion, the priest approached the house where the sick man lay, and when upon the stone platform, in front of it, he drew forth a book from the folds of tapa in which it had been carefully enveloped. He then called upon Jehovah, returning thanks for the many blessings which had been conferred on his people, and asked for a continuance of the same, invoking the name of Jesus. He ended by inquiring the divine pleasure concerning the sick man, and begging mercy for him. The nature of the book could not be distinctly seen, as it was again carefully enclosed in the tapa as soon as the ceremony was over; but so far as it was visible, it bore an unquestionable resemblance to a blank note-book! The proselytes of this sect, in case of sickness, confess their sins to one another, and have a number of fast-days, which are rigidly kept. Their Sabbath occurs only once a month, and is celebrated by the firing of guns, and the puerile mummery in which their worship consists."

The work contains an elaborate chapter on the Samoan group, which, though interesting, is too long for quotation and incapable of analysis. On arriving at Wallis Island, they landed there the prisoner Tuvai, conceiving that their purpose would be thus sufficiently answered; since the course of the wind is such, for the greater part of the year, as to prevent canoes proceeding from Wallis Island to the Samoan group, and on that account his fate would remain a mystery to his countrymen. New South Wales is now too familiar to present much novelty; the following account, however, of the natives is marked with some traits which distinguish it from others:—

"The natives of New South Wales are a proud, high-tempered race: each man is independent of his neighbor, owning no superior, and exacting no deference; they have not in their language any word signifying a chief or superior, nor to command or serve. Each individual is the source of his own comforts, and the artificer of his own household implements and weapons; and but for the love of companionship, he might live with his family apart and isolated from the rest, without

sacrificing any advantages whatever. They have an air of haughtiness and insolence arising from this independence, and nothing will induce them to acknowledge any human being as their superior, or to show any marks of respect. In illustration of this, Mr. Watson, the missionary, is the only white man to whose name they prefix 'Mr.,' and this he thinks is chiefly owing to the habit acquired when children under his authority. All others, of whatever rank, they address by their Christian or surname. This does not proceed from ignorance on their part, as they are known to understand the distinctions of rank among the whites, and are continually witnessing the subservience and respect exacted among them. They appear to have a consciousness of independence, which causes them, on all occasions, to treat even the highest with equality. On being asked to work, they usually reply, 'White fellow work, not black fellow;' and on entering a room, they never remain standing, but immediately seat themselves. They are not great talkers, but are usually silent and reserved. They are generally well-disposed, but dislike to be much spoken to, particularly in a tone of railery. An anecdote was mentioned of a gentleman amusing himself with a native, by teasing him, in perfect good-humor, when the man suddenly seized a billet of wood, threw it at him, and then in a great rage rushed for his spear. It was with great difficulty that he could be pacified, and made to know that no insult was intended; he then begged that they would not talk to him in that manner, as he might become wild and ungovernable. They look upon the whites with a mixture of distrust and contempt, and to govern them by threats and violence is found impossible. They are susceptible of being led by kind treatment, but on an injury or insult they immediately take to the bush, and resume their wandering habits. They do not carry on any systematic attacks, and their fears of the whites are so great, that large companies of them have been dispersed by small exploring parties and a few resolute stockmen. Though they are constantly wandering about, yet they usually confine themselves to a radius of fifty or sixty miles from the place they consider their residence. If they venture beyond this, which they sometimes do with a party of whites, they always betray the greatest fear of falling in with some Myall or stranger blacks, who they say would put them to death immediately. Their great timidity has caused a false estimate to be put upon their character, by ascribing to it great ferocity; and, as an instance of it, it is mentioned, that if a party of natives be suddenly approached in the interior, who are unacquainted with white men, and taken by surprise, supposing that they are surrounded and doomed to death, they make the most furious onset, and sell their lives as dearly as possible: this arises from the panic with which they are seized, depriving them temporarily of reason. They have not, properly speaking, any distribution into tribes. In their conflicts, those speaking the same language, and who have fought side by side, are frequently drawn up in battle-array against each other, and a short time after may be again seen acting together."

But though New South Wales presents little novelty to us, it does to the American in the United States, and accordingly the commander values highly the information which he has ob-

tained. He enters into a full account of its history and government, and testifies to its progress. The district of Illawarra in particular he states to be very prosperous. A Mr. Plunket is said to have sold his farm for £14,000, which but two years before, he had bought for £700. We fear, from the last reports received from the colony, that Mr. Plunket might have his estate back again, or take his choice amongst his neighbors' without expending one quarter the sum thus realized.

The volume concludes with observations made during the Antarctic cruise of 1840 and an account of New Zealand; with the latter we are already sufficiently familiar. But we cannot pass by the cruise, technical as the chapter is, without observing that, although in a mitigated form, the commander still assumes the existence of an Antarctic Continent; nay, he gives an engraved illustration of it as something actually visible. The account in the text follows:—

"Feb. 13. At 9 A. M. we made sail to the southwest, in order to close with the barrier, which we found retreated in that direction, and gave us every prospect of getting nearer to it. Our course, for the most part, was through icebergs of tabular form. In the afternoon we had the land ahead, and stood in for it, with a light breeze until 6 P. M., when I judged it to be ten or twelve miles distant. It was very distinct, and extended from west-southwest to south-southeast. We were now in longitude $106^{\circ} 40' E.$, and latitude $65^{\circ} 57' S.$; the variation was $54^{\circ} 30'$ westerly. The water was very green. We sounded in three hundred fathoms, and found no bottom. The weather having an unsettled appearance, we stood off to seek a clearer space for the night. The land left was high, rounded, and covered with snow, resembling that first discovered, and had the appearance of being bound by perpendicular icy cliffs.

"14. At daylight we again made sail for the land, beating in for it until 11 A. M., when we found any further progress quite impossible. I then judged that it was seven or eight miles distant. The day was remarkably clear, and the land very distinct. By measurement we made the extent of the coast of the Antarctic Continent, which was then in sight, seventy-five miles, and by approximate measurement, three thousand feet high. It was entirely covered with snow. Longitude at noon $106^{\circ} 18' 42'' E.$, latitude $65^{\circ} 59' 40'' S.$, variation $57^{\circ} 05'$ westerly. On running in, we had passed several icebergs greatly discolored with earth, and finding we could not approach the shore any nearer, I determined to land on the largest ice-island that seemed accessible, to make dip, intensity, and variation observations. On coming up with it, about one and a half mile from where the barrier had stopped us, I hove the ship to, lowered the boats, and fortunately effected a landing. We found embedded in it, in places, boulders, stones, gravel, sand, and mud or clay. The larger specimens were of red sandstone and basalt. No signs of stratification were to be seen in it, but it was in places formed of icy conglomerate, (if I may use the expression,) composed of large pieces of rocks, as it were frozen together, and the ice was extremely hard and flint-like. The largest boulder embedded in it was about five or six feet in diameter, but being situated under the shelf of the iceberg, we were not able to get at it. Many specimens were obtained, and it was amusing to see the eagerness and desire of all

hands to possess themselves of a piece of the Antarctic Continent. These pieces were in great demand during the remainder of the cruise. In the centre of this iceberg was found a pond of most delicious water, over which was a scum of ice about ten inches thick. We obtained from it about five hundred gallons. We remained upon this iceberg several hours, and the men amused themselves to their hearts' content in sliding. The pond was three feet deep, extending over an area of an acre, and contained sufficient water for half a dozen ships. The temperature of the water was 31° . This island had been undoubtedly turned partly over, and had precisely the same appearance that the icy barrier would have exhibited if it had been turned bottom up and subsequently much worn by storms. There was no doubt that it had been detached from the land, which was about eight miles distant. The view of the land, ice, &c., taken from this ice-island, is exhibited in the plate, and gives a correct representation of these desolate regions."

Now, certainly we have the words "Antarctic Continent" here used fluently enough—but the only things actually met with are icebergs and ice-islands. The land, too, is said to have been "very distinct;" but we shall soon find that this "very distinct land" is an object not of observation but of mere reasoning. To be sure, the argument is somewhat modified by the question thus tauntingly put by Lieut. Wilkes:—

"Who was there prior to 1840, either in this country or in Europe, that had the least idea that any large body of land existed to the south of New Holland! and who is there that now doubts the fact, whether he admits it to be a vast continent or contends that it is only a collection of islands?"

According to this, if what is now termed the Antarctic Continent should turn out to be only "a large body of land" or "a collection of islands," we must be content, and accept the American case as proved. So be it:—only let the precise statement be understood, and, we repeat, we are willing to give the commander the benefit of his own position. We must of course pass over the instances in which certain appearances were supposed to be indications of land; because these merely register individual opinions, requiring the after corroboration of actual discovery. It is our duty, however, to give the commander the benefit of the statement that these appearances were confirmed by the crew on one occasion finding soundings. Nevertheless, this can only form one item in the argument favoring the assumption of land existing—to say nothing of a continent. "Ice," Lieut. Wilkes asserts, "requires a nucleus, whereon the fogs, snow and rain may congeal and accumulate; this the land affords." As an hypothesis this is reasonable enough—but is not the discovery of an Antarctic Continent. The conclusions from this supposition are ingeniously deduced, and agree with the relative phenomena to a considerable extent; but the frequent and necessary use of the words "may be" shows that the whole matter was doubtful. Thus says Lieut. Wilkes—

"The icebergs found along the coast afloat were from a quarter of a mile to five miles in length; their separation from the land may be effected by severe frost rending them asunder, after which the violent and frequent storms may be considered a sufficient cause to overcome the attraction which holds them to the parent mass. In

their next stage they exhibit the process of decay, being found fifty or sixty miles from the land, and for the most part with their surfaces inclined at a considerable angle to the horizon. This is caused by a change in the position of the centre of gravity, arising from the abrading action of the waves."

On the whole, however, the commander is in favor of a continent; for he tells us in a note, that "the fact of there being no northerly current along this extended line of coast, is a strong proof in his mind of its being a continent instead of a range of islands." Here follow some other reasons for the same conclusion:—

"The evidence that an extensive continent lies within the icy barrier, must have appeared in the account of my proceedings, but will be, I think, more forcibly exhibited by a comparison with the aspect of other lands in the same southern parallel. Palmer's Land, for instance, which is in like manner invested with ice, is so at certain seasons of the year only, while at others it is quite clear, because strong currents prevail there, which sweep the ice off to the northeast. Along the Antarctic Continent for the whole distance explored, which is upwards of fifteen hundred miles, no open strait is found. The coast, where the ice permitted approach, was found enveloped with a perpendicular barrier, in some cases unbroken for fifty miles. If there was only a chain of islands, the outline of the ice would undoubtedly be of another form; and it is scarcely to be conceived that a long chain could extend so nearly in the same parallel of latitude. The land has none of the abruptness of termination that the islands of high southern latitudes exhibit: and I am satisfied that it exists in one uninterrupted line of coast, from Ringgold's Knoll, in the east, to Enderby's Land, in the west; that the coast (at longitude 95° E.) trends to the north, and this will account for the icy barrier existing, with little alteration, where it was seen by Cook in 1773. The vast number of ice-islands conclusively points out that there is some extensive nucleus which retains them in their position; for I can see no reason why the ice should not be disengaged from islands, if they were such, as happens in all other cases in like latitudes. The formation of the coast is different from what would probably be found near islands, soundings being obtained in comparatively shoal water; and the color of the water also indicates that it is not like other southern lands, abrupt and precipitous. This cause is sufficient to retain the huge masses of ice, by their being attached by their lower surfaces instead of their sides only."

Thus, notwithstanding the testimony of other navigators, and particularly that of Captain Ross, in relation to "great Southern Land" discovered by him, and extending from the 70th to the 79th degree of latitude, and that of D'Urville, the celebrated French navigator, in reference to a small point of rocks, called by him Clarie Land, and which the commander of the American squadron claims to have passed three days prior to the French landing—and, notwithstanding the apparent reasonableness of the supposition—we are compelled to report that so far as investigation has proceeded at present, the existence of the Antarctic Continent is only an hypothetical assumption, and that no claim to its discovery can be maintained by any party. It is only natural that a commander of his country's First Scientific Expe-

dition should wish to make the most of it; but science is so august in her nature, and so severe in her rules, that she declines recording in her archives any sentence as Truth on which there rests the slightest liability of doubt;—in all such cases she prefers the Scotch verdict, "Not proven."

From Chambers' Journal.

LIFE IN THE SEWERS.

Few who walk along the streets of London, and see mile on mile of carriage-way and foot-pavement stretching out before them, and branching off on every side, reflect upon the vast and wonderful schemes of sewerage that extends underneath. From the remotest district of London to the river, small sewers flow into larger ones; and these again, after a long course and many windings, into the Thames. Were a map executed of these subterranean currents, so intricate, yet so regular, like the large veins and arteries of the body, it would convey a grander idea of the civilization of the capital than even the magnificent streets, filled with the productions of the world, that extend above ground. Formed of substantial brick-work, well arched and secure, they represent a sunken capital which has been variously estimated at the enormous sum of from one million and a half to two millions sterling. It is an interesting sight when any one of the main sewers is under repair in a principal thoroughfare, to see how deep the excavation is, and how many lines of gas and fresh water pipes have to be traversed before the strong current of foul water, running in its capacious brick channel, is reached by the workmen. Several of these main sewers were open streams, meandering through the fields, before London became so gigantic as it is now; and among the number may be cited the Fleet, running from beyond Islington, through Bagnigge Wells, Clerkenwell, Fieldham, Holborn, and Farrington street, into the Thames, once capable, it appears, of bearing merchant vessels as far as Holborn; the Wallbrook running from Moorfields past the Mansion-House, and by the church of St. Stephen, Wallbrook, and by Dowgate, into the Thames; and the Lang or Long Bourne, which still gives name to one of the wards of London.

Any one who has walked over Blackfriars or Waterloo Bridge when the tide is down, may have observed men and boys, and occasionally women, walking upon the shores of the river, knee deep in the slime, with baskets upon their backs, or slung over their arms, picking up pieces of wood that have been left behind by the tide, or bits of coal that have fallen from the numerous coal barges that come up laden from the pool, where the collier vessels are moored, to discharge their cargoes at the wharfs further to the west. These "mud-larks," as they are sometimes called, bear generally a bad character, being accused of not contenting themselves with the prizes they find on the shore, but of robbing the coal barges or other vessels, on board of which they can creep at nightfall without detection. However this may be, their functions do not end with the shore, but in the sewer. With torch in hand, to preserve them from the attacks of numerous large and ferocious rats, they wade, sometimes almost up to the middle, through the stream of foul water, in search of stray articles that may have been thrown down the sinks of houses, or dropped through the loop-

holes in the streets. They will at times travel for two or three miles in this way—by the light of their torches, aided occasionally by a gleam of sunshine from the grating by the wayside—far under the busy thoroughfares of Cornhill, Cheap-side, the Strand, and Holborn, very seldom able to walk upright in the confined and dangerous vault, and often obliged to crawl on all fours like the rats, which are their greatest enemies. The articles they mostly find are potatoes and turnips, or bones, washed down the sinks by careless scullery-maids; pence and half-pence, and silver coins; occasionally a silver spoon or fork, the loss of which may have caused considerable distress and ill-will in some house above; and not unfrequently more valuable articles, which thieves, for fear of detection, have thrown down when they have been hard pressed by the officers of justice. It might be thought that a life amid the vilest filth, and amid so much danger and unpleasantness of every kind, would allure but few; but the hope of the great prizes sometimes discovered in this miserable way deprives it of its terrors, and all the principal sewers that branch into the Thames have their regular frequenters. Were it not that the tide gives them too little time for that purpose, they would extend their researches to the extremities of London; but two or three miles inland is the utmost bound of their peregrinations. Those who value their lives will not be tempted to extend their researches further, lest they should be drowned by the rising waters of the river.

About two years ago, these and some other particulars of their mode of life were first elicited in consequence of the following circumstance:—An old man who had long pursued this calling was suddenly missed. Every search was made for him by the few to whom he was known; and his wife and family, not without many fears that he had lost his way in the sewers, or had been surprised by the tide, and drowned in his efforts to escape, made anxious inquiries at every police office in London; but without receiving any tidings of his fate. Months elapsed, and his name was passing from the remembrance of all but those who had lost their husband and father by his disappearance, when a young man, passing with his torch up the Fleet, at nearly a mile distant from the place where it discharges itself into the Thames, was startled at seeing the figure of a man amid the darkness sitting at the junction of a smaller sewer with the main current of the Fleet. He shouted, but received no answer, and heard nothing but the rolling of the black and feid water, and the splash or squeak of the numerous rats which he had alarmed. Advancing nearer, he held the light to the face of the silent figure, and beheld the ghastly countenance of a skeleton. He was not a man of strong mind, and losing his self-possession in his horror, he stumbled against it and fell. His light was extinguished. His situation was now sufficiently awful; but the added horror of the total darkness recalled his startled faculties instead of scattering them entirely. He knew his way by the number of iron gratings at intervals above, and groped along cautiously, shouting as loudly as he could, to keep up his own courage, and to startle the rats from his path, lest he should tread upon one which would turn upon him and fasten on his flesh. Grating after grating was thus passed, and he heard the carriages rattling above whenever he came near, and at times the conversation of people. Once he stopped

under a grating, by the side of which an old woman sat at her apple-stall, and overheard her discourse with her customers, and was tempted to give the alarm, that he might be drawn up. This, however, would have been a work of time, and he therefore decided to go on. He proceeded accordingly, and arrived at the Thames without accident, and immediately informed his companions of the discovery he had made. It was surmised at once that the skeleton was that of the man who had been so long missing. Information was given to the police, and a constable was despatched to see the issue. He would not, however, venture up the sewer, but remained by the river side to await the return of the three "mud-larks" who went up with torches and a basket to bring out the remains of the dead man. They found, on reaching the spot, that the discoverer, in his fright, by falling against the skeleton, had overturned it from its sitting position. A skull, a mass of bones, with a few buttons, and a portion of his shoes, alone remained—his flesh and his attire having been devoured piecemeal by the rats. The remains were collected and brought out without accident. A coroner's inquest was held on the following day, and the identity was established by the buttons, the only means by which it could be proved. Of course it could never be known to a certainty how the life of this unfortunate being had been lost; but the general supposition was, either that he had been suffocated by foul air, or that he had been seized with a fit of apoplexy in that darksome sewer. The simple verdict, "found dead," was returned by the jury.

Such is the romance of common things; and such is one of the many marvels that lie around us and beneath us, observable only by those who are disposed to study the manners, the habits, and the struggles of the poor.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY AT GREENWICH.

It is fair to suppose that but few persons in this country are ignorant of the existence of the institution whose name stands at the head of these columns. Some, during a visit to London, and while sauntering in Greenwich Park, may have seen its exterior. Others, again, have read of it in books of voyages, or seen the words printed in the margin of maps, as the point from which longitude is reckoned. But very few possess any definite ideas as to the nature of the operations carried on within it; of the patient watching, amounting to severe labor, in conducting the extensive, various, and delicate observations for which it has long been celebrated; or of their high importance in a scientific and commercial point of view.

These points are, however, ably elucidated in the annual report for the present year of G. B. Airy, Esq., the astronomer royal, which, while it explains the satisfactory state of the scientific proceedings, contains also some general notices that may enable the great body of readers to comprehend the more than national value of such an establishment.

It would not be out of place to give, before proceeding farther, a brief history of the building, which is erected on the top of a gravelly hill in Greenwich Park, on the site of the ancient tower built by Duke Humphrey in the reign of Henry VI., commanding a fine and impressive view over

the smoke-shrouded city, the flowing river alive with vessels, and the fertile plains of Essex. It was built by order of Charles II., who, with all his levity, seems to have been aware of the importance of science: the first stone was laid by Flamsteed, who had been appointed astronomer royal in August, 1675, and no delay took place in its completion and furnishing it with accurate instruments. By the words of Flamsteed's commission, he was directed "to apply himself with the utmost care and diligence to the rectifying the tables of the motions of the heavens, and the places of the fixed stars, in order to find the so-much desired longitude at sea, for perfecting the art of navigation." With what success this has been done, may be inferred from the remarkable words of Delambre, who, writing on the four volumes of observations by Maskelyne, astronomer royal at the commencement of the present century, observes, "that if by a great revolution, the sciences should be lost, and that this collection only were saved, there would be found in it materials sufficient to rear almost an entire new edifice of modern astronomy."

The whole establishment comprehends two principal buildings, one the observatory, the other the dwelling-house; the former is a low oblong erection, placed east and west, with four principal apartments on the ground floor, in which the most important observations are carried on; in one of these, which has a double sloping roof fitted with sliding shutters, for convenience in observing transits, is the transit instrument, eight feet in length, resting on two stone pillars, and interesting from having been used by the astronomers royal from the days of Halley. In an adjacent apartment is the magnificent mural circle by Troughton, which was placed on its stone pier in 1812, and although it has a diameter of nearly eight feet, such is the accuracy with which it has been constructed, that its position may be ascertained to the tenth of a second. In the other rooms are other circles, and a variety of astronomical instruments, as well as a library containing many scarce scientific books.

It is, however, beyond our province to attempt a description of the splendid and complicated instruments contained within the observatory, which we should scarcely succeed in making intelligible to the general reader; suffice it to say, that the establishment is supported at the expense of government, and is under the direction of the lords of the admiralty.

Astronomical time is not divided, like civil time, into two periods of twelve hours, but is counted regularly from one to twenty-four. Now, it is one of the most important objects in the duties of the observatory to find the *true* time; this is ascertained at Greenwich by accurate determination of the places of various stars, and their transit over the meridian. From these observations the mean solar time is computed; and this once known, the finding of the longitude of any place is comparatively easy. A knowledge of the true time being of the highest importance in keeping the reckoning of a ship on a voyage, the lords of the admiralty determined, about ten years since, on a means for making known daily the hour of one o'clock. Such is the skill displayed in the observations, that this hour is now ascertained with the utmost nicety, and from the summit of the building has been made known with the greatest regularity from the time the plan was first adopted.

Every day, at five minutes to one, the captains of vessels in the river, within sight of the observatory, may be seen directing their telescopes towards a black ball slowly rising on a pole fixed on the roof of its north-western angle; they then prepare their chronometers, and keeping their attention fixed on the ball, which has become stationary at the top of the pole, they note the instant when it begins to descend; at that instant it is one o'clock; and it will be obvious that the mariner has then the opportunity of knowing whether his chronometer is fast or slow; he may set it to the true time, and, by daily observation of the descent of the ball, ascertain its rate of going.

There is an apartment in the building appropriated to chronometers. It is the custom with makers of those instruments to send them to the observatory for correction and trial. Their daily rate is then observed, and noted down for the use of the owners; the same course is followed with the chronometers of ships lying in port. Visitors to Greenwich Park may frequently see a captain descending the hill with his time-keeper in a handkerchief under his arm. The present number of chronometers on trial exceeds one hundred, many of them being from government ships paid off, and thirty in preparation for the determination of the longitude of Valentia in Ireland.

Another very important object in the institution and maintenance of the observatory, is the observations of the moon, and the determination of the places of fixed stars necessary for ascertaining instrumental errors arising in those observations. In the early history of the building, these were regarded merely as secondary, but they appear to have been followed up with the greatest regularity, even when all others were neglected. The effect of this regularity is most honorable to the institution; for the existing theories and tables of the moon are everywhere founded on the observations at Greenwich, which is looked to as that from which alone adequate observations can be expected; and it is fair to predict that, while the duties are as efficiently performed as at present, lunar tables will always be founded on the same authority. To seafaring men lunar tables are of little less importance than true time; relying on their correctness, they sail away into the broad ocean, over which the calculations made thousands of miles distant serve as finger-posts. In order to render this branch of the observations still more efficient, an additional building is being erected, in which the moon may be observed through her entire passage. Owing to the construction of the portion of the building at present devoted to this purpose, one half of her course is very imperfectly observed, and one fourth is quite lost. When the new part is completed, it is anticipated that the observations on our satellite may be made almost every night; at present, from the cause above alluded to, they do not exceed one hundred in the year. Some idea of the patience necessary on the part of the observer, may be inferred from the fact of his being required to watch from moon-rise to an hour or more after sunrise, or from an hour before sunset to moonsetting.

Of late years, in addition to the astronomical, a series of magnetic and meteorological observations have been conducted at the observatory. For the observation of the magnetic dip, and some other points which could not be carried on near the great magnets, or other disturbing influences, a small outbuilding has been raised of wood, the

greatest care being taken that no particle of iron should be used in the construction. Such is the extreme delicacy and susceptibility of some of the instruments in this apartment, that they are suspended by skeins of fibrous silk, enclosed, in some instances, within tubes of glass. These skeins are prepared at Manchester expressly for the purpose; the fibres consist of seven or eight threads, as when reeled off in readiness for spinning; the slightest twist would render them unfit for use; and it is essential that they should be of uniform thickness.

There are three magnetometers, the magnets for which were made at Göttingen; they are of polished steel, each two feet in length, one inch and a half in width, and one quarter of an inch in thickness. In reading off the results, allowance is made for the presence of iron in the apparatus which supports them, or in other parts of the room. These instruments, with the barometer, and the wet and dry thermometers, are observed every two hours, day and night (except on Sundays;) the dew point four times every day; the magnetic dip is observed on the forenoon and afternoon of each of two days in every week; on one particular day in every month, previously determined for the observatories in various parts of the world, and known as a term day, magnetic observations are made at every five minutes; on one day in each month, hourly observations of the barometer are made; observations with the actinometer, an instrument for ascertaining the radiation of solar rays, are made when circumstances are favorable; electrical and extraordinary observations of any kind, when circumstances require them. The indications of the self-registering instruments are regularly preserved or read off; the rain gauges, &c., which are cumulative, but not self-registering, are read, some once in a day, some once in a week.

In addition to these instruments, there are an atmospheric electrometer, a galvanometer, and an anemometer. The last registers of itself the force, direction, and duration of winds. There are also self-registering thermometers, which are suspended from the side of the Dreadnought hospital ship, for ascertaining the temperature of the water of the Thames, with the object of assisting the registrar-general in the meteorological report affixed to his weekly sanitary report.

In astronomical science, everything depends on the precision with which the longitude of a place is determined as regards any other fixed place; by the transmission of chronometers from one point to the other, this may be ascertained. An operation of this nature is now in progress to determine the difference of longitude between Greenwich and Pulkowa, in Russia. As it is necessary that the observers as well as the instruments should be interchanged, M. Struve, astronomer at the latter place, has come over to make his observations from this point, for which purpose a transit instrument has been placed at his disposal.

The Nautical Almanac is generally printed three years in advance, for the benefit of those who go long voyages; the volume for the year 1847 is now published. The list of stars for this work has a first claim in the astronomical observations; and it is a rule that each star shall be observed at least twenty times in every three years. Besides these, there are observations of stars for refraction; of those selected for the moon-culminating list of the almanac: of those compared with

comets, and others observed in trigonometrical survey. The sun, moon, and planets are observed at every practicable opportunity, the latter through all hours of the night, (except on Sundays,) when the moon only, with accompanying stars, is observed. Occultations, diameters, and the eclipses and movements of Jupiter's satellites, complete a catalogue which, for scope and detail, reflects the highest credit on those concerned in its execution.

The electrical apparatus is attached to a pole 80 feet high, fixed in the garden; a wire connected with this is led into one of the rooms of the building, where pith balls, suspended near a bell, are attached to it. When the apparatus is excited by the electric state of the atmosphere, the balls become violently agitated, and striking against the bell, cause a ringing, which immediately attracts the attention of the attendant.

In Flamsteed's time, a well was sunk in this garden 100 feet in depth, with steps leading to the bottom, for the purpose of observing the stars in the daytime; but this has long since been arched over, as the improvements in the construction of telescopes render it unnecessary.

The whole mass of observations, both meteorological and astronomical, is regularly printed, a quarto volume of some thousand pages appearing once in the year. Most of these are distributed amongst the observatories all over the world, with a view to assist the cause of science, and to facilitate the great series of observations, undertaken at the expense of government, which have now been carried on for four or five years, and are expected to be brought to a conclusion in the present year. In order to have some security that the assistants, of whom there are nine regularly on the establishment, are in attendance to take their observations at the time appointed, a clock, commonly termed "the watchman's clock," is fixed in the ante-room; it has no hands, but a series of knobs, to which cords are attached on the dial-plate, which turns round; this is secured by a door with a lock and key, so that the only external communication is by the cords, one of which being pulled by the assistant when he leaves, a knob is displaced, the dial-plate turns round, and thus a complete check is kept upon the attendance of the subordinate officers.

Among the extraordinary scientific operations to which the observatory has contributed its aid, was that of instructing the officers of the corps of Royal Engineers, who were appointed to trace the Canadian boundary; one portion of which, a straight line of a distance of 70 miles, was to connect two defined points. The country through which this line was to pass is described as surpassing in its difficulties the conception of any European. It consists of impervious forests, steep ravines, and dismal swamps. A survey of the line was impossible; a plan was therefore arranged by the astronomer royal, founded on a determination of the absolute latitude and difference of longitude of the two extremities. The difference of longitude was determined by the transfer of chronometers, by a very circuitous route, from one end to the other; after which the necessary computations were made, and marks laid off for starting with the line from both extremities. One party, after cutting more than 42 miles through the woods, were agreeably surprised on the brow of a hill at seeing before them a gap in the woods on the next line of hill, which opened gradually, and proved to be the line of the opposite party. On

continuing the lines till they were abreast of each other, their distance was found to be 341 feet, a difference which arose in an error of only a quarter of a second of time in the difference of longitude. The performance of this operation reflects the highest honor on the officers engaged. Transits were observed, and observations made, on whose delicacy everything depended, when the thermometer was lower than 19 degrees below zero, and when the native assistants, though paid highly, deserted on account of the severity of the weather.

Such is a brief outline of an establishment which, whether we consider the nature and utility of its operations, or the comparatively small expense at which they are conducted, has great claims on our respect. We trust that our necessarily brief sketch will tend to diminish the stupid wonder with which the unpretending structure is regarded by thousands who climb the hill on which it stands. Let them think over its historical associations, and its importance not merely nationally, but in connexion with the whole world.

From Chambers' Journal.

SEVENTEEN FORTY-FIVE AND EIGHTEEN FORTY-FIVE.

THE arrival of the year forty-five in this century has produced a slight sensation—in Scotland particularly—over and above what the commencement of a new year generally occasions. We are all set a-thinking of that former forty-five in which such a remarkable series of domestic occurrences took place, deciding the fate of a dynasty with which an obsolete system of government and of faith was connected, and determining the current of public affairs and of social progress into a channel which it has never since left. We also recollect the extraordinary character of the transactions of the last forty-five, so highly calculated to take hold of the imagination and feelings; a piece of mediæval romance, as it were, which had by chance wandered into the age of whiggery and hoop-petticoats: sounding, amidst hosts of the commonplaces by which we are still surrounded, the expiring trumpet notes of chivalry. That great round in the markings of time, a century—impressive because it is just the first grand period which living man must all but despair of seeing accomplished in his own life—has now been completed since a disinherited prince, tartanned, targetted, pedestrian, but an Apollo of youthful grace and natural dignity, trailed his cloud of self-devoted Highlanders through Lowland Scotland and Central England, to regain the crown of a hundred ancestors, (the faith made it a reality,) or die in the attempt. How much was there concentrated in that strange pageant!—divine right breaking its head in madness against the impregnable walls of popular privileges—the Celt, in his dress and arms older than Romulus or Pericles, perishing in a last attack upon the overwhelming force of the higher-endowed Goth—generous feelings, eagerness to redress what were thought personal wrongs, unselfish worship of an ancient idea almost identified with religion, meeting a murderous rebuke from the cannon-mouth and the scaffold, and, in the inexorable sternness of human contentings, ridiculed as folly and condemned as crime! Since all this happened, a hundred years have passed, and laid everything but a memory

beneath the sod. "It will be all the same a hundred years hence," some rustic philosopher might have said at the time, as he heard the shouts of strife and the wailings of woe; and behold those hundred years have passed, and it is the same in the sense he meant it. We are only a few historical chapters the richer.

But the recurrence of a "forty-five" is not to awaken these romantic associations alone. We are also called upon as a nation to reflect with grateful feelings upon the progress which has been made by our country since the last of our civil wars, showing, as the retrospect powerfully does, the benefits which flow from intestine peace. The England, and still more particularly the Scotland, of 1745, how different from those of 1845! Hardly in any one particular is there not an improvement; while, taking the whole together, and considering it either by itself absolutely or relatively towards other states, an advance of a most remarkable nature is apparent. In that time Great Britain has acquired India, and planted far more colonies than are required to make up for the few New England states of 1745, which she has since lost. She has bound Ireland to her in incorporating union, making a United Kingdom, which probably contains not less than three times the population which existed on the same space in 1745. The national debt of 1745, has indeed increased from fifty, to be now not less than eight hundred millions; a somewhat alarming fact at first sight; and yet it cannot be doubted, considering the relative population and wealth, that the debt of a hundred years ago was a heavier burden than that of the present day. David Hume prophesied that when the national obligations came to a hundred millions, England must be ruined; but that sum has been multiplied by eight without insolvency, and no one would now expect that an advance to a thousand millions would be fatal to our national fortunes. The annual expenditure is now somewhat above the whole amount of the debt in 1745—a fact which may be partly to be deplored; but does it not indicate also a vast increase in the national resources! Since 1745, the productive powers of the soil, especially in the northern section of the island, have been more than doubled, in consequence of improved methods of agriculture and husbandry; but the improvement in this respect is small compared with that which has taken place in other branches of industry. The cotton manufacture has been created since 1745, and all the other great manufactures have been prodigiously increased. The shipping of the country has gone on in equal paces. See the best exponents of these facts in the rise of Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham, Glasgow, from the small towns which they were in 1745 to what they now are. Liverpool was not so important a town in 1745, as to have a newspaper. Manchester had only one. There were but twenty-eight in all provincial England, two in Scotland, and four in Ireland (in the two last cases, confined to the respective capitals.) London was then a town of under half a million of population—about one and a half of the present Manchester. Edinburgh had forty, and Glasgow twenty thousand; now the latter is computed to have 311,000. Lancashire has since then added just about one million to her population! The whole annual revenue of the country from customs in 1745, (about a million and a half) was not a *third* of what is now drawn on that account in

Liverpool port alone. The entire annual revenue of the empire during the reign of George II. (about eight millions on the average of thirty-three years,) is now considerably exceeded by the amount of customs received in the port of London. Since 1745, England and Scotland have been overspread with canals and railways, immensely facilitating the transit of merchandise. Enormous sums have also been spent on the construction of roads; and the principal public buildings of the three kingdoms have been reared in that time.

The advance has been much greater in North than in South Britain; and, indeed, we might affirm, with little chance of contradiction, that no country out of America has made a greater progress within the last century, or ever in one century made a greater progress, than Scotland has done in that time. In 1745, this ancient kingdom, at the distance of forty years, had not forgotten an unpopular union. There was a large party, including a considerable proportion of the gentry, decidedly disaffected to the reigning family. Some old sores, such as the Glenco massacre and Darien expedition, still rankled in the Scottish bosom. Thus the spirit of the nation was distracted. It was impossible, in such circumstances, that there could be any hearty application to courses of industry, or to enterprises promising general advantage. But when the claims of the Stuarts were finally quelled on Culloden moor, a new era seemed to commence, and from that time the pursuits of peace acquired a decided ascendant. Scottish historians usually conclude their narratives in 1707, saying that after that time their country has no history: a most surprising blunder indeed; the fact being, that our history before that period is merely curious and romantic—hardly in any degree instructive—while the subsequent period would possess for the political philosopher the highest value. A history of the country from that time to the present would be the history of human energies applied to their best purposes, and achieving the most admirable results. Most interesting is it, truly, to see this little nation, with their sterile mountains and moors, and only patches of good land between, setting themselves to overcome all difficulties, and, by dint of pure mental force—a perseverance which knows no tire, a sagacity hardly ever at a loss, ingenuity not to be baffled, prudence never to be lulled asleep—working out what we now see, a land made blithe with plough and harrow, firths whitened with merchant fleets, streams persuaded, since they are making falls at any rate, to fall for the benefit of huge mills planted upon their banks, and splendid cities rising where once there were only little towns. The agriculture of Scotland was, in 1745, but the agriculture of cottagers, embracing not one mode calculated to favor the powers of simple nature. Now its farming is an economical and scientific application of principles; not yet what it may be, but in the mean time a notable example to all other portions of the empire. Manufactures worthy of the name did not exist in 1745. Look now to the busy banks of the Clyde and Tay, not to speak of many other minor scenes of industry. In 1839, there were 676 "factories" in Scotland. Of the commerce of the country in 1745, we have an idea from the fact that Leith, the principal port, then had shipping under two thousand aggregate tonnage. The amount in 1840 was 19,954 tons. At Dundee, the writer of these pages played at whist two

years ago with a hale elderly gentleman, who said he had once farmed the shore dues of that port at £300: they had reached, in 1839, the large sum of sixteen thousand pounds! This town has risen from a population of 5302 in 1746, to 62,794 in 1841. A story is told that the mail bag from London arrived one day in Edinburgh, a short time after the year 1745, with one letter, being a missive addressed to the British Linen Company. It is hardly necessary to remark how huge the mail bags now are each day. The revenue of Scotland was at the Union £110,694; in 1788, it was £1,099,148: that collected last year was above five millions; being about what the revenue of the whole state was in the reign of George I. It may also be mentioned that the Scottish coin, when called in at the Union, was found to amount to little more than eight hundred thousand pounds. An old lady worth exactly double that sum of money died in Edinburgh about three years ago! There is perhaps nothing which more emphatically marks the national progress than the history of its banks. Of these establishments, there were two on the joint-stock principle in Edinburgh in 1745, and one private establishment in Glasgow; none at Aberdeen, Dundee, Perth, or any other town. The Bank of Scotland had, it seems, tried a branch at Aberdeen, but it failed to obtain sufficient business to make it worth while, and the money was quickly withdrawn, being brought, it is said, to Edinburgh on the backs of horses, the only mode of carriage which was then practised. At the present time, there are twenty-three joint-stock banks in Scotland, having three hundred and thirty branch establishments. The aggregate capital employed by the two Edinburgh banks in 1745 was £200,000: that now employed in joint-stock banks somewhat exceeds eleven millions. And here it may safely be remarked, that no banking concerns in the world have ever been managed with better success than those of Scotland—a fact mainly attributable to the caution which forms so conspicuous a feature of the national character. There has not been, within the memory of the living generation, a declaration of insolvency from more than four banks, and three of these were comparatively small provincial concerns; and the public, as distinguished from the shareholders, did not lose one farthing by them.

The progress of the capital forms a good criterion of that of the country, and no city assuredly could well show a greater change in a century than Edinburgh has done during that time. This city was, in 1745, one of 40,000 inhabitants—antique and inconvenient in structure, and pent up within walls capable of being defended against an enemy unprovided with artillery. The accommodations possessed by families of good figure were generally limited to three or four rooms, not more than one of which would be unprovided with a bed. Of the middle ranks, most lived in bed-rooms. Arrangements now deemed indispensable for cleanliness and delicacy were unknown. There was much homely comfort, but little elegance. It is entirely since 1767, that Edinburgh has burst from the limits of the Old Town, and spread herself in matchless beauty over the adjacent fields. Now we see the streets, which are devoted to the domestic accommodation of the middle and upper ranks, almost uniformly elegant, and houses occupied by shopkeepers which a judge or a landed gentleman could not have obtained eighty years

ago. And the whole habits of life of these parties are equally improved. It is common to hear old people praising the easy good-humored life of their young days; but it was in reality full of inconveniences, which either must have been constantly giving vexation, or were overlooked solely because of the low state of mind of those exposed to them. We learn from Sir Walter Scott's memoirs, that his parents lost all their children in infancy while they lived in the Old Town, and that he only escaped by being sent to the country. Another literary man born in Edinburgh, Mr. Kerr, editor of a well-known collection of voyages and travels, was the eighth or tenth child of his parents. All his predecessors had perished in consequence of the narrowness of the domestic accommodations, and his preservation was owing to the same cause as Scott's. Can we wonder at such results when we learn that Mr. Bruce of Kennet, a gentleman of estate, who, being in the law, became a judge of the supreme court, occupied with his family, about the beginning of the reign of George III., a house of one floor, rented at fifteen pounds, and containing three rooms, one of which was employed partly as his study, and partly as a bedroom for his children? When we know such things, we can hardly be surprised at Mr. Creech telling us, about 1790, that a French teacher left, for want of accommodation, the house which thirty years before sufficed for Lord Drummore. There cannot be a doubt that, built as Edinburgh now is, many a man of income exempt from property-tax is lodged better than men of rank and fortune were in 1745.

Since that period, the changes in the moral and intellectual character of the people, in their manners, customs, and language, have been equally great. Farmers then sat at the same table with their servants. It looks an amiable custom; but the sole cause was, that the farmers had no education or taste superior to their servants, and were in reality laboring people themselves. Gentlemen and ladies spoke broad Scotch; the former swore a good deal; the latter snuffed. Their meetings were rare, and without refinement. Female accomplishments, by which such a charm is now given to home, were then unknown. Few women could even write a letter; fewer still spell one correctly. The savagery still surviving in the national mind, even in cities, is shown strikingly in the execution of *Lynch law* upon Captain Porteous in 1736. The bigotry is shown in the Catholic riots of thirty years later. We have to go back but twenty-three years from 1745, to come to the last burning of a witch in Scotland. Then the state of public sentiment respecting the natural liberty and dignity of man, what an idea do we get of it from such facts as this—that, in 1755, while a press was going on for the Seven Years' War, a man who had been committed to the guard-house in Edinburgh "for swearing," was sent on board the tender, and, though earnest petitions were presented to the Court of Session to procure his liberation, the lords refused to interfere—or this, that, on the 30th of August, 1766, the Edinburgh Courant advertised a female negro slave for sale. At the latter fact we need hardly be surprised, when we recollect that, for thirty years after 1745, the whole class of colliers and salters in Scotland were bondmen. We hear more now of the miseries among the humbler classes than our fore-

fathers did in 1745; but this is not to prove that miseries were then unknown in that class. Groan as the poor might formerly, their voice was never heard; no inquiry was ever made into their condition. In the very fact of the groans being now heard, and their causes zealously sought for with a view to redress, it might be argued that we see something in favor of the present time. The spirit of the Scottish representatives of the former period was most abject. Their gross servility to the minister of the day was perhaps what mainly depreciated the national character in the eyes of the English, and produced the satires of Foote and Churchill. In reality, they were not a representation of the people of Scotland; but this our southern neighbors had no reason to suppose. Now, the Scottish members are fully as independent as any equal number taken at random out of the parliamentary lists; and, if we are not much misinformed, their election is conducted with an exemption from corrupting influences which is not paralleled in any other part of the United Kingdom. That the Scottish people, amidst all their changes, have not in any degree lost the peculiar religious spirit which distinguished them of old, recent events have fully shown. On a subject of some delicacy, it is not necessary to say more; but what is said is much.

Upon the whole, it appears to us that the British empire has made an advance in all the prime elements of greatness during the last hundred years, such as cannot be found paralleled on the same scale in any history. If we look into the past, we nowhere see such a bound forward made by any country; so that we may fairly say that here is a new exemplification of the power of a naturally well-endowed race to advance in national greatness when circumstances of a greatly unfavorable kind, such as a war, are not allowed a strong operation. It is very clear that no person living in 1745, and looking abroad upon his past and present, could have seen grounds for supposing that a century later was to commence such a period as we now see closing. Does not that period argue a degree of *national improbability* to which it might be difficult to set limits? Does it not show that, if no worse catastrophe than has marked the past century shall mark the future career of this empire, the condition at which it shall have arrived in 1945, in physical and moral greatness, must be something of which we would vainly at present endeavor to imagine the particulars? Why, this great and still increasing London may in 1945 be a town of eight millions of inhabitants—a phenomenon which the world has not heretofore witnessed. A vast amount of the waste and barbarous parts of the earth—perhaps all Asia, excepting that belonging to Russia—shall have then yielded to a British sway, and begun to adopt the manners, language, and moral ideas of this people. To how many of the distresses of the sons of earth will remedies have then been applied! How many great questions in physical science and ethics will then have been solved! How sweetly will the wheels of the social machine, as well as the current of individual life, then move! Alas, why have we been condemned to live in the early part of this darkling century, streaked but with the dawns of so much glory! How enviable those who shall be born unto our children's children!

From the *British Quarterly Review*.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

History of the Colonization of the United States.
By GEORGE BANCROFT. Vols. i., ii., iii. Boston and London.

It is instructive to observe how much is done in the government of the world by the ignorance of men more than by their knowledge. What we do from design is of small amount compared with what we do beyond our forethought. In all our plans we prophesy in part. The action of to-day generates the action of to-morrow. The scheme widens as it advances from purpose towards accomplishment. The one thing intended, brings along with it a host of things not intended; and as our vision takes a wider compass, consequences and contingencies are seen to multiply. One man creates the void, and another gives it occupancy. One agency unlocks the stream, and a multitude are in waiting to affect its course and issue. Evil comes from good, and good comes from evil. Thus mockery is cast over all human foresight. In this twilight of perception the greatest men have labored—Wycliffe and Luther, Columbus and Bacon. Much that was in their heart they have done, but much more which their heart never conceived have they accomplished. Being dead, they still speak and they still act—but the further the undulations of their influence extend, the less is the semblance between the things which are realized and the things which were expected. They have done less than they hoped, and more—much that they would have done, and much that they would not have done. In short, in the providence of our world, enough is plain and fixed to give pulsation to virtue and hope in the right-hearted; but enough is obscure and uncertain to rebuke impatience, and to suggest many a lesson of humility.

It was the pleasure of Elizabeth, and of her successors James and Charles, to take upon them the office of the persecutor. In that honorable vocation they found coadjutors, of suitable capacity and temper, in Whitgift, Bancroft and Laud. The sovereign and the priest gave themselves to such employment, in the eagacious expectation that the opinions of men were matters to be shaped according to the royal pleasure, with little more difficulty than the order of a court ceremonial. But the policy intended to secure an abject submission at home, became the unwilling parent of an enlightened independence abroad. Intolerance of freedom forced it upon new experiments, and proved eminently favorable to its development and power. The seed cast out found a better lodgment, and sent forth a richer fruit. The new world afforded space for its germination and growth which the old could not have supplied; and the new world has reacted upon the old, in the cause of freedom, as the old could not have acted upon itself. Even now, also, we are only in the beginning of that great outburst of enterprise and improvement which we trace to those memorable times, and, in great part, to the narrow and selfish policy of the agents above named.

The mind of the people of England, two centuries since, teemed with thoughts and excitements, of which the men of our time have no just conception. Our knowledge in this respect must depend on the force of our imagination, hardly less than on the extent of our reading. The great questions, both in politics and religion, which then

agitated society, were comparative novelties. The wonders of the new world, and of the whole southern hemisphere, were discoveries of yesterday. National questions, accordingly, were debated with a degree of passionateness and earnestness, such as we seldom feel; while distant regions loomed before the fancies of men in alliance with everything shadowy, strange and mysterious. The old world seemed to be waking at their side, as from the sleep of ages; and a new world rose to their view, presenting treasures which seemed to be inexhaustible. The wonder of to-day was succeeded by the greater wonder of to-morrow, and the revelations seemed to have no end. At the same time, to very many, their native land had become as a house of bondage, and the waters of the Atlantic were the stream which separated between them and their promised home.

That feeling is now among the bygone in our social history. But the traces of it are still at times discoverable. The broader and deeper stream, now rolling on, leaves its nooks and eddying points, where something of the past still retains a place, and still secures to it some influence over the present. It is now about twice seven years since we passed a few pleasant weeks in one of the less peopled districts of Dorsetshire—that county which Charles II. is said to have described as the only county in England fit to be the home of a gentleman. What the qualities were which, in the estimation of royalty, gave so much of the air proper to the home of gentle blood to the county of Dorset, it will not be difficult to conjecture. Dorsetshire is remarkable for the almost total absence of the usual signs of trade and manufactures. It is no less remarkable, as a natural consequence, for the absence of any considerable middle class to separate between the serfs who till the ground, and the lords who own it. Even agriculture is prosecuted within such limits as may consist with leaving an ample portion of its surface in the good feudal condition of extended sheep-walks and open downs. Such Dorsetshire has ever been, such it still is; but, thanks to projected railroads, such we trust it is not always to be.

On the occasion adverted to, we were indebted for a season to the hospitalities of an honest yeoman, whose residence had been occupied, in other days, by personages of much higher pretension than our host. It was an ancient mansion on a hill-side, overlooking an extended valley, which, from the corresponding forms of the hills fronting each other, resembled the bed of some departed Ganges, or St. Lawrence. The lower part of the valley was cultivated and wooded, but the high slopes of the hills were treeless and shrubless, except on the spot where the dwelling of our yeoman friend presented itself. That structure, with its somewhat castellated front, with its long ascent of half-decayed steps, its mutilated balustrades, and its ample terrace, rose amid lofty elms and chestnuts, forming a picture, not the less pleasant to look upon, from its contrast with the surrounding barrenness. Altogether this Dorset mansion was of a sort to work powerfully on that superstitious feeling and credulity, which are so deeply rooted in the mind of every rural and secluded population. The sounds which came after night-fall, in the autumnal and winter season, across that valley, from the distant sea, and which passed in such wild and strange notes through the branches of those ancient trees, and through the crazy apertures of that more ancient building, did

not fall upon the ear without some awakening effect upon the imagination. The dead, who once had paced those ferrasse walks, were not forgotten; and where could there be a more fitting haunt for those sights which "we, fools of nature," shrink from, than the spaces covered with the deep shadows of those overhanging trees—the living things, which budded and grew in the times of other generations, and which seemed to lift themselves aloft, as in a proud consciousness of being more associated with what has been than with what is. Within, also, there was much to strengthen fancies of this complexion. There were the gloomy stairs, with their dark walls, their long worn steps, and their railwork of massy oak. Apartments, with their antique panellings, their faded tapestry, and their concealed doorways. At night, the birds, who chose their lodgment amidst the ancient masonry of the chimneys, failed not to send their tokens of inquietude into the chambers below, as the gale from the neighboring channel came with tumultuous force upon the land. Part of the building, also, had become a ruin, thickly mantled with ivy, where owls might have pleaded their long holding as a right of tenantry, and from which they sallied forth at such times, as if glad to mingle their screams with the night storm, or to flap their wings against the casement of the sleeper.

To one apartment in that interior a special mystery attached. It bore the name of the book-room. Of that room the master of the house always retained the key. It was a part of his tenure that the contents of the book-room should on no account be disturbed. Among those contents, beside a curious library, were many other curious things—such as a bonnet, said to have been worn by Queen Elizabeth when visiting those western parts of her dominions; also a fan, which had been wielded by that royal hand; a whole suit of kingly apparel, reported to have been worn by Charles II., and to have been left at the mansion by its royal visitor. Above all, a skull was there. It was the skull of a murdered man. The mark of the death wound was visible upon it. Tradition said that the victim of human violence was an African—a faithful servant in the family which once found its stately home beneath that venerable roof. Amidst so much pointing to the dim past, we may be sure that the imagination of the dwellers in the old hall on the hill-side was not by any means unproductive.

Of course we must not confess to any participation in such susceptibilities in our own case. It was, however, a dark night, and a rough one too, when we obtained our first admission to the mysterious book-room. By the aid of our lamp, we explored the matters of virtue which it contained; examined the dreaded cranium, and found the mark of the wound upon it, strictly as reported. But our attention was soon directed from the curiosities to the literature. The contents of the library we found in no very orderly condition, and not a few of its treasures had evidently suffered much from the state of uselessness to which the whole had been for so long a time reduced. The books were partly on shelves and tables, and partly in heaps upon the floor. Among them were many existing in all the venerableness of the times before the invention of the printing-press. One of these sets proved to be an illuminated vellum transcript of the epistles of Innocent III.—a pontiff who, in common with many of his race, during the middle

age, conducted a correspondence, exceeding that of all the princes of Europe taken together. Many such works were there, and many learned volumes which had strayed from their fellows, and which bore upon them the marks of having suffered much in their wanderings. But the point which has brought the old Dorset hall on the hill-side, in this manner to our memory is, that, among the printed works in this long-neglected library, was a number of tracts, and pamphlets, and small publications, relating to the countries of the new world, and to the marvels of recent voyaging. Some of them bore date as far back as the times of Elizabeth, but most of them were of the time of James I., and a little later.

Some hours passed, and we were still beguiled by the perusal and comparison of these remains, which, like some newly-discovered fossil bed, pointed our imagination to a former condition of society, if not to a former world. We felt as though drifted back to those times. We thought we saw good Mr. White, the puritan minister of the neighboring town of Dorchester, as he went forth the spiritual leader of the little band, who, more than two centuries since, sought their spiritual as well as their natural home on the shores of New England. We seemed to listen to the talk of such men as the brave John Smith, and the Governor Winthrop; and to be witnesses to the conferences of such men as the Lords Say and Brooke, Harry Vane, and John Hampden, as they cogitated their schemes of settlement for injured and free-hearted men on the other side the Western Ocean. We remembered Queen Elizabeth, too—the grave men who were honored as her counsellors, her own stately presence, her own pliant but masculine temper, and the skill with which she dispensed the tokens both of her pleasure and of her pride. Her arts of cajolery to-day, her haughty invective to-morrow, her ambition—her innate love of rule at all times, and in all things. Her successor, also, we remembered—the king whose flesh gave signs of fear at the sight of a drawn sword. One of the most timid among men, having the place of chief over the bravest of nations. The monarch who presumed that he was born a great king, and who supposed that he had made himself a great clerk. The ruler whose soul was below all feeling of enterprise, presiding among a people with whom that feeling was strong, irrepressible, almost boundless. The frivolous imbecile, whose days were spent at the chase or at the cock-pit, and whose nights were given to court gambols, sensuality, and drunkenness; while around him were minds teeming with principles of the most solemn import, and with feelings of the purest and loftiest aspiration. The king who hated the name of freedom, and who strained his feeble and tremulous nerves to curb the genius of a people determined to be free. The least manly of all the sovereigns of Europe, claiming to be honored as a demi-god by a nation animated with the stern thought, and full-grown feeling of manhood, beyond any other nation in Christendom, and perhaps beyond all the nations of Christendom collectively in that age.

In all this we see a large amount of the unnatural, and the source of much inevitable mischief. But this mischief fell with its greatest weight on religion, and on the consciences of devout men. Many of the restless spirits of the time—the gallants as they were called—manifested their inquietude beneath this uncongenial control;

and no scene of action being open to them, either as soldiers abroad, or as inviting them to do some fine thing at home, they many of them turned their attention to the newly-discovered regions of the earth, and to plans of colonization. But your gallants are not good at colonization. That sort of enterprise demands something more rare than courage, and something more valuable than ordinary worldly sagacity. Social virtue is nowhere tested as in infant settlements. Men who go upon such experiments need rooted principle, no less than stoutness of heart, and a spirit of patient endurance.

In England, at the time to which we refer, it was on minds of this better order that the pressure in favor of emigration came with its greatest force. Elizabeth was the sovereign of a double empire. She claimed dominion over the soul as truly as over the body. By her ecclesiastical supremacy, she took under her jurisdiction, not only the things which belonged to Caesar, but the things which belonged to God. Her prescriptions on the matter of religion, embraced all that her people should believe, and all that they should do. From her pleasure they were to receive every article of their creed, and every direction, even the minutest, in regard to worship. No pontiff had ever exercised a more rigorous domination in this respect, when seated in the midst of his cardinals, than was exercised by Elizabeth, when presiding in her assembly of ecclesiastical commissioners. The men who should deny the right of the pope to assume such powers might be burned before St. Peter's. The men who made the same denial in respect to Elizabeth were hanged at Tyburn. The queen, indeed, was head of the church in a more intimate degree than of the state, her ecclesiastical functionaries being generally much more manageable in relation to the one, than her parliaments were found to be in relation to the other. Her power in this department was greater than in any other; and by her proud Tudor temper it was guarded with proportionate solicitude, and exercised with proportionate freedom. In her view, to deny her right to rule the conscience of her subjects, was to deny her right to rule at all, and therefore treason, and an offence to be punished as treason.

In stating thus much, we are not venturing upon ground open to debate. We merely refer to the unquestionable facts of history—facts deplored, we presume, by the modern churchman as sincerely as by the modern dissenter. The quarrel between Elizabeth and the puritans did not involve any direct impeachment of the ecclesiastical supremacy of the crown. The complaint of the puritan was, not that the queen had presumed to meddle with church affairs, but that she had not exercised her authority in such matters after the puritan fashion. It was deemed just that the sovereign, as such, should uphold sound theology, and scriptural discipline and worship; but the puritan claimed to be the judge as to the doctrine, regimen, or ritual, which should be so regarded. Hence conflict ensued between the royal-conscience and the subject-conscience. Opinions which the crown had ruled as being scriptural, the puritan denounced as erroneous; and regulations enjoined as seemly and devout by the one, were described as superstitious or profane by the other.

In the ecclesiastical history of England, the genius of presbyterianism has never proceeded beyond this point. In Scotland, of late years, it

has been otherwise. But in our own earlier history, the adherents of that system, while they claimed exemption in some things from the interference of the civil power, in other, and in greater things, they have clung to the aids of that power with a marked tenacity. The history of English presbyterianism, accordingly, has been too much a struggle for ascendancy, and too little a struggle for freedom. But ascendancy, not based on right, must not be expected to work rightly. It is the rule of the strongest, and it must be sustained by mere strength, more than by principle, virtue or goodness.

Even in the age of Elizabeth, however, there were men who had passed beyond the point adverted to—men who could draw the line, not with an infallible, but certainly with a vigorous hand between the secular and the spiritual—men who maintained that membership in a Christian church should be restricted to persons of Christian character; that the ministers of churches so constituted should be Christian men, approved as such by the persons to whom they minister; and that the worship and discipline of those voluntary assemblies should be determined wholly by themselves, and not at all by the secular power. In the reign of Mary, an act of state had set forth the whole people of England as constituting a popish church. On the accession of Elizabeth, an act of state had set forth the same nation as constituting a protestant church. In both cases the people were the same, and the priesthood for the most part remained the same. The bold men to whom we refer demurred to this manner of proceeding. The mixed multitude of people so spoken of, no doubt included many enlightened and sincere Christians, but could not, it was alleged, be described in any sober sense as being truly a church. In like manner, the ministry of such a church might include many devout men; but the validity of a ministry so appointed must rest on moral grounds, and not in any degree on the state sanctions which might be urged in its favor.

These principles, simple and harmless as they may now seem, struck at the root of the ecclesiastical supremacy then claimed by the crown. Elizabeth saw that if such doctrines became prevalent, the one half of her empire, and the half which she especially valued, must pass to other hands. Opinions of this nature, accordingly, were in her view treasonable—treasonable in the worst sense. They embraced that very principle of divided allegiance which had caused Romanism to become so obnoxious. The catholic gave his conscience in religious matters to his particular church. This new sect of protestants gave their conscience immediately to God. In either case, the body and the outward only were reserved in allegiance to the throne, the soul and the inward were given to another. In the judgment of Elizabeth, the man holding such a doctrine could be only half a subject, and its natural tendency was to reduce every crowned head to the condition of being only half a sovereign.

Robert Brown, a clergymen by education and office, and a kinsman to the great Lord Treasurer Burleigh, distinguished himself, about the middle of the reign of Elizabeth, as the promulgator of such opinions. This divine was a personage of ready, earnest, and impassioned utterance, and in his pulpit exhibitions was eminently popular. Crowds assembled to hear him at Cambridge, and

subsequently at Norwich, where he was benefited. As a preacher he was well known through great part of England, and with his itinerant and irregular services in that capacity, he connected the publication of his opinions from the press. One seal of an apostle was not wanting in his instance. In prosecuting his vocation, he found that bonds and imprisonment commonly awaited him. These he bore through many years with the most dogged obstinacy, if not with the most exemplary patience. It was his boast that he had been committed to more than thirty prisons, in some of which his hand could not be seen at noonday. To escape from this inconvenient usage, and from some more severe treatment with which he was threatened, Brown fled to Middleburgh in Zealand, and instituted a church in that city after his own model. But the pastor soon found occasion of disagreement with his new charge, and returning to England, he submitted to the authorities to which he had been so much opposed, and again became a benefited clergyman. Brown lived to an extreme old age, but the last forty years of his life were the years of a sorry worldling, and his death is said to have been brought on by one of those fits of passion and self-will to which he was liable.

The story of this unhappy man is instructive. He was one of a class—a zealot in religion, without being religious. His hatred of some real or supposed Christian abuses, was presumed to be evidence of his own Christian character; but while doing so much to mend the religion of other men, it was ere long to be manifest that he had no religion of his own. Passionate opposition to error is not the surest way to truth. Piety is self-government in its highest form. It is the Christian temper which must regenerate Christian institutions.

It was natural that the men who embraced the principles once avowed by this apostate should be solicitous not to be called by his name. But their enemies were no less solicitous to fasten that reproach upon them. To call them Brownists, was to identify them with the extravagant, the fickle, and the base in the career of Robert Brown. What theologian, or what philosopher even, could be expected to forego so felicitous an occasion of using a nickname. The principles of the said Brown were one thing, and the character of the man another. But how much was to be gained by not seeming to perceive that distinction? The learned and the vulgar—philosophy and Billingsgate—are found, on such occasions, to possess much more in common than is commonly supposed.

But whatever may have been the case with their persecutors, the conscientious men holding the principles which Brown had abandoned, were philosophers enough not to allow themselves to be scared from great truths by the accident of an infelicitous association. They held their secret assemblies. They possessed a private printing-press, and issued tracts and treatises, sometimes grave and sometimes satirical, impugning the order of things in the established church, and inculcating their own widely different views on such subjects. In some of these pieces the language employed was not always the softest which might have been chosen. But men perishing under the weight of hard blows, may be excused if they sometimes use hard words. Proclamations

were issued to suppress these irregular proceedings, and many of the alleged delinquents were made to feel that these intimations of the royal pleasure were not so much empty threatening.

Two Brownist ministers, named John Copping and Elias Thacker, were imprisoned in Bury St. Edmund's, on the charge of dispersing books opposed to the ecclesiastical supremacy of the crown, and acknowledging the authority of the queen in civil matters only. Within our own memory, confinement in a jail, especially in some provincial districts, has been connected with enough of the loathsome and the horrible. But of the miseries of such a duration in the age of Elizabeth, we have little conception, except as suggested by some of those painful descriptions which have reached us from the cells of such sufferers. Copping and Thacker might have obtained their liberty on renouncing their errors, and promising conformity. During five long winters their wants and wretchedness were made to plead on the side of submission, but though examined once and again, they wavered not. At length they were apprised that their life would be the cost of their further contumacy. On the 4th of June, 1583, Thacker was led to the place of execution. The books which he had been convicted of dispersing were burned in his presence, and the injured man gave noble proof that his religious principles were stronger than his fear of death. Two days afterwards, Copping was conducted to the same spot, and having witnessed the same proceedings, died with the same martyr firmness. It is something to meet death as the soldier meets it, when multitudes share in the common peril; it is more to submit to it in the comparative solitariness of martyrdom, when nothing can come from man except the influence of distant sympathy or admiration; but these sufferers bade adieu to earth amidst circumstances which left them no sustaining power, beside their simple hope of heaven. The scattered and bleeding remnant who would honor their memory, were a people despised as much as they were wronged. The heart is formed to crave a sympathetic power from other hearts, and can be strong without it only as strength shall come to it from a much higher source. Man becomes superior to the terrors of this world, in such circumstances, only as he can take firm hold on a better.

The houses of persons suspected of embracing the opinions professed by these men were often rigorously searched. The officers employed on those occasions frequently ill-treated even the women and the children of such families, and, under various pretences, often added the spoiling of their goods to insult and oppression. In 1592, fifty-six men of this sect were apprehended while holding a secret assembly for religious worship in a large room in the parish of Islington. The place of meeting was that in which the persecuted protestants had often worshipped during the reign of Queen Mary. These persons were committed to the dungeon in Newgate, the Fleet, Bridewell, and other prisons in the metropolis. One of their number states that their persecutors "would allow them neither meat, drink, fire nor lodging, nor suffer any, whose hearts the Lord would stir up for their relief, to have any access to them; purposing, belike, to imprison them to death, as they have done seventeen or eighteen others, in the same noisome jails, within these six years." Most of these men were needy persons, with fami-

lies dependent for subsistence on their industry. Their offence was declared to be unbailable, and according to the bad usage of those times, a jail delivery, in place of coming at brief and certain intervals, as with us, was an event which the government managed to evade in particular cases, so as to punish, by means of imprisonment, to any extent, denying to the imprisoned their right to an open, a legal, and a speedy trial. Many, accordingly, died in prison, and the prayer of the men who had been apprehended at Irlington was—“We crave for all of us but the liberty either to die openly or to live openly, in the land of our nativity; if we deserve death, it becometh the majesty of justice not to see us closely murdered, yea, starved to death with hunger and cold, and stifled in loathsome dungeons; if we be guiltless, we crave but the benefit of our innocence, that we may have peace to serve our God and our prince, in the place of the sepulchres of our fathers.”

Among the persons apprehended in 1592, were Henry Barrow and John Greenwood. In the records of the proceedings against these recusants, the former is described as “gentleman,” the latter as “clerk.” Barrow was the author of a petition to parliament on behalf of himself and his suffering brethren, from which the above extracts are taken. The indictment against Barrow and Greenwood charged them with holding and promulgating opinions which impugned the queen’s supremacy; with forming churches, and conducting religious worship contrary to law; and with having indulged in libellous expressions concerning some eminent persons. On these grounds sentence of death was passed on them; and in pursuance of that sentence, they were both conveyed from Newgate to Tyburn.

The rope was fastened to the beam and placed about their necks, and in that state they were allowed for a few moments to address the people collected around them. Those moments they employed in expressing their loyalty to the queen, their submission to the civil government of their country, and their sorrow if they had spoken with irreverence or with improper freedom of any man. They reiterated their faith in the doctrines on account of which they were about to suffer death, but entreated the people to embrace those opinions only as they should appear to be the certain teaching of Holy Scripture. When they had prayed for the queen, their country, and all their enemies and persecutors, and were about to close their eyes on the world, the proceedings were suddenly stayed, and it was announced that her majesty had sent a reprieve. The revulsion of feeling which ensued may be imagined. Consciousness of life suddenly flowed back to hearts from which it seemed to have passed away, and men as good as dead again began to live. The breathless people shared in this reflux of emotion. The condemned men gave expression to their joy as became them—the people did so in loud acclamations; and, as the victims were re-conducted from the suburbs of the metropolis to Newgate, the populace in the lanes and streets, and from the windows of the houses, hailed their return as a happy and righteous deliverance. On that day, Barrow sent a statement of these occurrences to a distinguished relative, having access to Elizabeth, pleading that, as his loyalty could no longer be doubtful, he might be set at liberty, or at least be removed from the “loathsome jayle” of Newgate. But early on the following morning the two prisoners were again

summoned from their cells. All that had taken place on the preceding day proved to be mockery. It was not true that the bitterness of death had passed. They had again to gather up the strength of nature which might enable them to meet that stroke from the hands of a public executioner, and thus, mentally at least, it was their hard lot to undergo the penalty of a double dissolution. They were now conveyed to the same spot with more secrecy, and were there disposed of in the manner in which society has been wont to dispose of marauders and cut-throats.

The case of John Penry was similar to that of Barrow and Greenwood, but, in some respects, is a still more affecting illustration of the tyranny of the times. Penry was a native of Wales. He had studied at Cambridge, and had taken his degree at Oxford. He was a young man of considerable scholarship, of sincere and fervent piety, and in the warmth of his religious zeal he ventured to publish a treatise, in which he complained, with some vehemence, of the pride, and secularity, and popishness of the state of things in respect to religion, with which the English nation appeared to be so well content. A warrant was issued for his apprehension, which he eluded, by seeking an asylum in Scotland. But returning to London soon after the execution of Barrow and Greenwood, he was speedily apprehended; and he appears to have foreseen from that moment all that would follow. Lord Chief Justice Popham passed sentence of death upon him, on the ground of certain papers found in his possession, which were construed as seditious. It was pleaded by the accused that no public use had ever been made of those papers, that some of them were not his own, and had not even been more than very slightly examined by him. But defence was vain. He was admonished that his case admitted of no plea that could avail him. From his prison Penry addressed protestation to the lord-treasurer, containing the following characteristic passages:—

“I am a poor young man, bred and born in the mountains of Wales. I am the first, since the last springing of the gospel in this latter age, that publicly labored to have the blessed seed thereof sown in those barren mountains. I have often rejoiced before my God, as he knoweth, that I had the favor to be born and live under her majesty for the promoting of this work. And being now to end my days before I am come to the one-half of my years in the likely course of nature, I leave the success of my labors unto such of my countrymen as the Lord is to raise after me. An enemy unto any good order or policy, either in church or commonwealth, was I never. All good learning and knowledge of the arts and tongues I labored to attain unto, and to promote unto the uttermost of my power. Whatsoever I wrote in religion, the same I did simply for no other end than the bringing of God’s truth to light. I never did anything in this cause (Lord, thou art witness!) for contention, vain-glory, or to draw disciples after me, or to be accounted singular. Whatsoever I wrote or held beside the warrant of the written word, I have always warned all men to leave. And wherein I saw that I had erred myself, I have, as all this land doth now know, confessed my ignorance. Far be it that either the saving of an earthly life, the regard which in nature I ought to have to the desolate outward state of a poor friendless widow, and four poor fatherless infants which

I am to leave behind me, or any other outward thing, should enforce me, by the denial of God's truth, contrary to my conscience, to sell my own soul. The Lord, I trust, will never give me over to this sin. Great things in this life I never sought for, not so much as in thought. A mean and base outward state, according to my mean condition, I was content with. Sufficiency I have had, with great outward troubles, but most contented I was with my lot, and content I am, and shall be, with my undeserved and untimely death, beseeching the Lord that it be not laid to the charge of any creature in this land. For I do, from my heart, forgive all those who seek my life, as I desire to be forgiven in the day of strict account, praying for them as for my own soul, that although upon earth we cannot accord, we may yet meet in heaven, unto our eternal comfort and unity. Subscribed with the heart and the hand which never devised or wrote anything to the discredit or defamation of my sovereign Queen Elizabeth, I take it on my death as I hope to have a life after this. By me, John Penry."

Penry wrote in terms equally noble-hearted and devout to the brethren of the fugitive church adhering to his principles, and still existing in London. On the eighth day after his trial, a warrant was issued for his execution; and on that same day, preparations were made for giving it effect. He was taken in a cart from the Queen's Bench prison, Southwark, to St. Thomas Waterings, the place where the gallows then stood. All had been done with indecent haste. No crowd had assembled to stimulate him to manhood by their presence, or to greet him with their sympathies. No friend stood near to drop one word of counsel or encouragement. He had his place alone. To God only—the last refuge of those deserted by man—could he look. The life in his veins flowed in its full vigor, for he was still in the thirty-fourth year of his age. But the power to which he was subject had no pity; the rope was placed about his neck; the signal was given, and for a cause which scarcely merited punishment at all, he hung there until dead—the scholar, and the man of piety, consigned to the same doom with the murderer.

But the good people of England, and especially of the metropolis, had their musings and speeches about these proceedings. The men so dealt with were known to be sound protestants—men of piety, loyalty, and learning; and concerning the government, the prelates, and, above all, concerning Whitgift, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the great patron of these measures, much was said, which conveyed a meaning that could not have been welcome in those quarters. From this time the punishment of such alleged offences by hanging was deemed inexpedient. It was accounted more safe to pursue the same course by means of imprisonment or banishment. The instincts of humanity have often risen up in this form, as a monitory and controlling power, which even the strongest despotism has not reckoned it prudent wholly to disregard. The most successful tyrants have been thus made to learn that there is a point beyond which outraged humanity must not be expected to be silent or submissive.

But imprisonment in those times, from its duration and its miseries, was hardly less terrible, to those who really knew what it meant, than capital punishment; and the long-harassed people to whom we refer began to think very generally of

voluntary exile as their wisest expedient. Even this course, however, was beset with difficulty. They could escape only by secret means; to be detected was to fall into the snare they were so much concerned to avoid. But the thought of the religious freedom which might be enjoyed in Holland was so welcome, that for that object numbers became willing to bear the pains of separation from their native land, and to brave the dangers of attempting to withdraw from it. Many made that attempt with success, but some were less fortunate. An instance of the latter kind is recorded in the history of Robinson, a clergyman, who had embraced the principles of the Brownists, but who so far modified those principles on some points as to bring them more into the form of modern congregationalism, and who, on that account, is generally regarded as the father of the English Independents. Robinson, and a large company, contracted with the master of a ship for a passage to Holland. They were to embark at Boston, in Lincolnshire, on a certain day, and from a point agreed upon. The captain was not punctual. At length, however, the vessel arrived and, under cover of the night, the men, and women, and children, all reached the ship in safety. But the captain was a villain. He betrayed them to the officers of the port. The passengers and their goods were immediately removed from the vessel to several boats in waiting to receive them. All their property was turned over and examined, and not a little of it rifled. The persons of the men were searched "even to their shirts," and the women were treated with indelicacy and rudeness. When these unhappy people reached the town, crowds assembled to gaze upon them, and many mocked and derided them. Nor was their condition improved when brought before the magistrates. Several were bound over to the assizes, and all were committed to prison. Some were released after the confinement of a few weeks, others after a longer period.

This happened in 1602. In the following spring, Robinson and his friends resolved on making a second attempt of this nature. They made an arrangement for this purpose with a Dutch captain; and their plan now was, that the men should assemble on a large common, between Grimsby and Hull, a place chosen on account of its remoteness from any town; while the women, the children, and the property of these parties, were to be conveyed to that point of the coast in a barque. The men made their way to the place of rendezvous, in small companies, by land. But the barque reached its destination a day before the ship. The swell of the sea was considerable, and as the females were suffering greatly from that cause, the sailors ran the barque into the shelter of a small creek. The next morning the ship arrived, but through some negligence on the part of the seamen, the vessel containing the women, their little ones, and the property, had run aground. The men stood in groups on the shore, and that no time might be lost, the captain of the ship sent his boat to convey some of them on board. But by this time, so considerable a gathering of people in such a place, and in a manner so unusual, had attracted attention; information had been conveyed to persons of authority in the neighborhood; and as the boat which had taken the greater part of the men to the ship was proceeding again towards the shore, the captain saw a large company, armed with swords and muskets, and com-

sisting of horse and foot, advancing towards the point where the barque was still ashore, and where the few remaining men had grouped together. Fearing the consequences of his illicit compact, the captain returned to the ship, hoisted sail, and was speedily at sea. Robinson—honest and able general as he was in every sense—had resolved to be the last to embark. He was a witness, accordingly, of the scene of distress and agony which ensued. The outburst of grief was not to be restrained. Some of the women wept aloud, others felt too deeply, or were too much bewildered, to indulge in utterance of any kind; while the children, partly from seeing what had happened, and partly from a vague impression that something dreadful had come, mingled their sobs and cries in the general lamentation. As the sail of that ship faded away upon the distant waters, the wives felt as if one stroke had reduced them all to widowhood, and every child that had reached the years of consciousness, felt as one who in a moment had become fatherless. But thus dark are the chapters in human affairs in which the good have often to become students, and from which they have commonly had to learn their special lessons. The ship soon encountered foul weather, and after being driven far along the coast of Norway, all hope of saving her being at one time abandoned, she at length safely reached Holland. In the mean while, persecution at home was found to have become a more tedious and odious affair than formerly, and it so happened, in consequence, that by the year 1608, Robinson and the remainder of his company succeeded in leaving their native country, and in obtaining a quiet settlement in Leyden.

In that city the church under the care of Robinson increased until it numbered more than three hundred members, consisting almost wholly of English exiles. Robinson himself was greatly respected: by the clergy of Leyden, and by the professors in the university, and on more than one occasion the pastor of the Congregational church in that city gave public proof that his piety, his amiableness, and his eminently practical understanding, were allied with sound scholarship, and with much intellectual vigor and acuteness. He succeeded, also, in communicating much of his own well-regulated temper to his charge. We have good reason to believe that no church in Europe in that age exhibited more of the wise simplicity of a primitive church, or more of that correctness of habit by which we suppose the primitive churches to have been distinguished.

But there are affinities between certain seeds and certain soils, and where these are wanting, the husbandman may labor never so wisely, and still reap only a small return. It is with the mental in this respect as with the physical. This fact is illustrated in the history of Independency in Holland. In the hands of Robinson that system was exhibited with every advantage, but the Hollanders were not to be attracted by it. On the contrary, the intermarriages between the exiles and the Dutch, the necessity laid upon many of the young to quit the homes of their parents, and some other causes, tended to diminish the number of the Independents, so that, after the lapse of ten years, it began to be apprehended that if some new course were not taken, the principles of the settlers, so far, at least, as Holland was concerned, were likely to become extinct; and, which was more painful still, there was as little prospect as ever of

those principles finding any friendly shelter in England. It was this state of things which suggested the expediency of attempting a settlement in the New World. Persecution in England, and apathy in Holland, seemed to point to that course. Nor were the feelings of loyalty without their influence in this matter. Even in the land of the stranger, this much-injured people never failed to evince some pride in speaking of King James as their "natural prince;" and they manifestly shrunk from the thought of seeing their children cease to be subjects of the British crown. England was still their mother-land; its institutions were the bequests of their own noble-hearted fathers; and, after all their ill treatment, to no spot on earth did the generous nature of these exiles turn with so much force of affection. Their fear, they say, was, "that their posterity would in a few generations become Dutch, and so lose their interest in the English nation;" while their own desire rather was, "to enlarge his majesty's dominions, and to live under their natural prince." Moreover, "a great hope and inward zeal they had of laying some good foundation, or, at least, to make some way thereunto for the propagating and advancement of the gospel of the kingdom of Christ in those remote parts of the world—yea, although they should be but as stepping-stones unto others for the performance of so great a work." These reasons in favor of such an enterprise were first debated in private. The more they were weighed, the more did obedience to them appear to be a duty. At length they were propounded in public. Solemn days of humiliation were then appointed, that the Divine will might be known. Some of those days were given to private meditation and prayer. On others, the heavenly guidance was sought by conjoint supplications in the house of God. In the end it was agreed—"that part of the church should go before their brethren into America, to prepare for the rest. And if in case the major part of the church should choose to go over with the first, then the pastor should go along with them; but if the major part stayed, that he should then stay with them."

Our own age is not likely to appreciate the spirit which prompted to this movement in the age of which we are writing. Our philosophy, in connexions of this sort, vain as we sometimes are of it, is, for the most part, a very superficial affair. Our greatest pretenders to sagacity in this shape, judge too much of other times by their own, and of other men by themselves. The theology of the Congregationalists in Leyden was that of all the reformed churches, but their principles in relation to church polity and religious worship were peculiar to themselves. These principles, moreover, were not adopted as so many points of the expedient or the seemly, but were regarded as taught in the Scriptures, and as taught there no less certainly than the doctrines of their theology. In their judgment, the hand from which they had received the one had given them the other. The polity had come with the theology, because the former was in its nature the best adapted to secure the ends of the latter. Ages of darkness had obscured both, but the time had come in which the influence of the spirit of the Reformation should be extended equally to both. Care about the one was as truly a religious duty as care about the other. Churches constituted as those maxims required, were churches which must cease to be

of the world, and must stand forth as the manifest work of God. In them, the power of the worldly, which had done so much to obscure the religion of the gospel, could have no place. In their instance, the religious must be fully emancipated from the control of the secular; and the church, possessed of her proper freedom, be prepared to enter on the discharge of her proper mission. Every such church is an enfranchised body, vested with the full power of self-government. It is the government of the religious in the church, adumbrating the just government of the virtuous and the state. It exhibits man religiously as man should be socially. It exacts a moral fitness, preparatory to the conferring of this franchise, and it confers the franchise wherever that fitness is realized. It is a polity devised by Infinite Wisdom to conserve religious truth and religious order; and it contains many suggestive lessons, which, if wisely applied, might suffice to regenerate the condition of the world. Among the means of human improvement, accordingly, these principles are entitled to the highest place. Men have done well in having done so much to rescue from threatened oblivion the remains of ancient literature and art. But in these religious principles, so long buried amidst the ruins of the middle age, there were treasures of much greater worth. The precious things of the scholar or the virtuous were so many fragments recovered from the past genius of man, but these elements of spiritual government were so much wisdom recovered from the lost revelation of God—the former might contribute to embellish the present, the latter possessed a power to embellish and ennoble the present and the future.

Robinson and his coadjutors may not have been accustomed to express themselves in these precise terms, but the thoughts which these terms convey were all familiar to them; and it was with views thus devout and expanded, that they contemplated their removal to the distant regions of the west. Seed so precious was not to be lost, and how best to conserve it until its wider diffusion should place its extinction beyond all danger, was their great solicitude. It is manifest, from their subsequent history, that in some respects they still needed further light concerning the province of the magistrate in regard to religion, but to the extent above stated they had fairly proceeded. It may be said, indeed, that all this was so much delusion; the notions so valued are not taught in the New Testament, nor can they be shown to be pregnant with any such marvellous tendencies as are thus ascribed to them. Our answer is, that we are not concerned just now with the question of the truth or falsehood of these opinions, nor with their real or supposed tendencies. We look to these principles simply as having been entertained; and as having been thus viewed; and in this matter of fact alone, we find enough to impart to the conduct of the pilgrim fathers the strictest consistency, and, withal, a dignity—a high moral heroism, which has not been surpassed, and which can hardly be said to have been equalled, in the history of ancient or modern nations.

Until 1614, the whole extent of country from Florida to Canada bore the name of North and South Virginia. From that year the northern division began to be known by the name of New England. James had chartered two companies of merchants, the one in London and the other in Plymouth, empowering them to make and regu-

late settlements along that extended coast, and to the distance of a hundred miles inland.

The Plymouth company had made little use of their patent, until occasion was afforded them of doing so by the project of the congregation at Leyden. So many of those persons as had resolved to become colonists sold their property and threw the proceeds into a common stock, and their first expenditure from that fund was in the purchase of a small vessel of sixty tons, which bore the name of the Speedwell. In that vessel several of the brethren, who were deputed to make some requisite negotiations in England, performed their voyage and returned. But the Mayflower, a ship of one hundred and eighty tons, was hired in London, to sail in company with the Speedwell. The former vessel was secured for the voyage only, the latter, the colonists meant to retain for the service of the settlement. When the Speedwell reached Delft Haven, the brethren of the deputation proceeded inland to Leyden, and reported faithfully to the congregation the result of their embassy. They had obtained a document which secured to them liberty of worship, and had made the best terms they could, in other respects, with the company of merchant adventurers at Plymouth.

And now came the season for separation. He was a bold man who was the first to commit himself to a passage across that world of waters which has been since found to separate between the shores of Europe and Africa, and those of the great western continent. We have sometimes thought, that of all the tests which have been applied to the courage and firmness of the human spirit, that must have been the greatest. Nor was it soon that the dangers and hardships of such a voyage began to be thought inconsiderable. Pirates, and the ships of hostile nations, generally infested those seas. The vessels of those times, also, were few of them of a structure adapted to brave the perils of such a voyage; and the interior economy of ships, if we may so speak, down to a comparatively recent period, left those who made long voyages subject to inconvenience, want, and disease, in a degree happily little known to us. It was from these causes that so long an interval passed after the discovery of North America, and so little was done towards establishing any important relation between that continent and Great Britain. We can excuse the pious men and women of the congregation at Leyden, if when they looked forward to such a voyage, and to the possible beyond it, they had their moments in which the prospect awakened in them something like dismay. But with them, prayer had always been the antagonist of fear. To look to their God in the time of trouble was to become strong. On this memorable occasion, accordingly, they gave themselves to religious exercises of special solemnity. A day of humiliation was appointed. On that day their pastor addressed them from the language of the prophet Ezra—"I proclaimed a fast there at the river of Ahava, that we might afflict our souls before God, to seek of him a right way for us and for our little ones, and for all our substance." Many suitable counsels were given to them, of the nature of which some judgment may be formed from the following passage:—

"Brethren," said Robinson, "we are now quickly to part from one another, and whether I may ever live to see your face on earth any more, the God of heaven only knows; but whether the Lord has appointed that or no, I charge you, before

God and his blessed angels, that you follow me no further than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ.

"If God reveal anything to you by any other instrument of his, be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive any truth by my ministry; for I am verily persuaded the Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his holy word. For my part, I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no further than the instruments of their reformation. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw: whatever part of his will our good God has revealed to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it. And the Calvinists, you see, stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things.

"This is a misery much to be lamented, for though they were burning and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole council of God; but were they now living, would be as willing to embrace further light as that which they first received, for it is not possible the Christian world should come so lately out of such thick anti-christian darkness, and that perfection of knowledge should break forth at once.

"I must also advise you to abandon, avoid, and shake off the name *Brownist*. It is a mere nickname, and a brand for the making religion and the professors of it odious to the Christian world."

There is enough in the enlightened candor and vigorous perception evinced in this passage, to justify the highest praise bestowed on this eminently gifted man. In the religious service adverted to, instruction was followed by prayer, prayer became that of deep feeling, and deep feeling found its vent in abundance of tears. The majority of the congregation determined to remain for the present in Leyden, and Robinson, as before provided in that case, was to remain with them. The number of the colonists was about one hundred and twenty. Most of their brethren, especially the more aged, accompanied them from Leyden to the neighboring port of Delft Haven; and thus, says their own historian, "they left that good and pleasant city, which had been their resting-place about eleven years." They found the ship in readiness for departure. Some of their friends, who could not accompany them on their leaving Leyden, now contrived to join them; others came from Amsterdam, all being desirous of seeing them once more, and of deferring their farewell to the last moment in which it might be uttered. One night still remained to them. It was a night, we are told, of little sleep; and was employed "in friendly entertainment and Christian discourse, and other real expressions of true Christian love. The next day they went on board, when truly doleful was the sight of that sad and mournful parting; to hear what sighs, and sobs, and prayers did sound among them; what tears did gush from every eye, and pithy speeches pierced each others heart; that sundry of the Dutch strangers that stood spectators could not refrain from tears!"

But the tide now seemed to rebuke these delays. Separation, however painful, could be deferred no longer. Robinson fell upon his knees, the whole company around threw themselves into the same posture, and while every cheek of man, of woman, and of their little ones, was bedewed with tears, the man of God sent up his parting prayer from their midst for the much needed blessing of Hea-

ven upon them! Mutual embraces followed, and that leave-taking came, which, to the greater number, was a last leave. The wind was fair. The ship now glided from her place; all her canvass was spread, and soon the eye, straining to retain the sight of the faint and cloud-like sail, saw nothing save the blue line of the distant sea!

The Speedwell soon reached Southampton, where the Mayflower, with some brethren on board who had not returned to Holland, was awaiting her arrival. The colonists being all now assembled, expressed their mutual congratulations, and directed their thoughts more intently towards their new home. Several weeks, however, were still occupied in making the necessary provisions for so responsible an undertaking. At length, on the 5th of August, in the year 1620, the Speedwell and Mayflower sailed from Southampton. But they had not proceeded far, before Reynolds, the master of the Speedwell, complained of that vessel as being in an unsound state, and insisted that it would be perilous to venture across the Atlantic in her, without considerable repairs. Both ships, accordingly, put in at Dartmouth, from which place, after the Speedwell had been caulked, they again set sail. But when they had run about a hundred leagues, Reynolds again complained of the ship, and both vessels returned to Plymouth. The Speedwell was there abandoned, and the whole company committed themselves to their voyage in the Mayflower. It proved afterwards that Reynolds was treacherous, either fearing that the provisions would not be adequate, or that the expedition from other causes would be a failure. The Speedwell performed several voyages subsequently without danger. These delays were the more to be regretted, as the summer was now past, and the prospect was that of a winter voyage. On the 6th of September, the Mayflower sailed from Plymouth, and made her way, with a fair wind, to the southwest, until the faint headlands of Old England became to the pilgrims like so much faded cloud, and at length wholly disappeared. They had most of them sighed farewell to the coast of their mother country before, when they had fled from her shores in search of a resting-place in Holland. But this farewell must have been uttered with a deeper feeling, as being more like their last!

The voyage was long, rough, and painful, and at more than one time perilous. In the ninth week the pilgrims came within sight of land, which, on a nearer approach, proved to be that of Cape Cod. The Hudson River, their place of destination, lay farther southward. But the weary voyager, on regaining the sight of the green earth, is eager to plant his foot upon it. The pilgrims yielded to this impulse, and as they reached the shore, "fell upon their knees, and blessed the God of heaven who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from many perils and miseries." It is not too much, to say, that in that first prayer from the soil of the New World, ascending from so feeble a brotherhood amidst a wilderness so desolate, there were the seeds of a new civilization for mankind, the elements of all freedom for all nations, and the power which in its turn shall regenerate all the empires of the earth. Half a day was thus spent. The pilgrims then urged the captain to pursue his course southward. But the Dutch had resolved to establish settlements of their own in those parts, and had bribed the commander to frustrate the

purpose of the colonists in that respect. This he did by entangling the ship amidst shoals and breakers, instead of putting out to sea, and foul weather coming on in the early part of the second day, they were driven back to the Cape. It was now the middle of November. The shelter offered at the Cape was inviting. The captain became impatient to dispose of his company and return. He admonished them that nothing should induce him to expose himself and his men to the hazard of wanting provisions. Unless they meant, therefore, that he should at once set them and their goods on shore and leave them to their course, it would behove them to adopt their own measures and to act upon them without delay. They knew that the documents they had brought with them from England gave them no authority to attempt a settlement on the land now before them. But the plea of necessity was upon them, and was more than enough to justify them in selecting a home wherever it might be found. The voyage had reduced most of them to a weak and sickly condition. The wild country, as they gazed upon it from their ship, was seen to be covered with thickets and dense woods, and already wore the aspect of winter. No medical aid awaited them on that shore, no friendly greetings, but hardship and danger in every form. They felt that their safety, and such poor comfort as might be left to them, must depend in their power to confide in God and in each other. Hence, before they left the *Mayflower*, they constituted themselves as subjects of "their dread sovereign lord King James," into a body politic, and bound themselves to such obedience in all things as the majority should impose. The men all signed the instrument drawn up for this purpose, but they did not exceed forty-one in number, themselves and their families numbering one hundred and one.

Mr. John Carver was chosen as their governor for one year, and the first act of the new chief was to place himself at the head of sixteen armed men for the purpose of exploring the country. When they had extended their inspections to somewhat more than a mile from the coast, they discovered five Indians, whom they followed several miles further, in the hope of bringing them to some friendly communication, but without success. Directing their steps again towards the shore, they came to a cleared space, where some families of Indians had been not long since resident. But no spot proper to become their home presented itself. One of their number saw a young tree bent down to the earth, apparently by artificial means, and being curious to know what this thing meant, the white man ventured near, when on a sudden the tree sprung up, and in a moment our good pilgrim was seen suspended by the heel in the air. He had been caught in an Indian deer-trap, and we can suppose that even so grave a company would be somewhat amused at such an incident, especially when they had fully extricated their incautious brother without further mischief.

The Bay of Cape Cod is formed by a tongue of land, which juts out from the continent for thirty miles directly eastward into the sea; it then curves to the north, and stretches as a still narrower strip in that direction to about the same extent. The bay itself, accordingly, is somewhere about thirty miles across either way, being bounded by the main land on the west, by a curved tongue of land on the south and east, and being open to the sea, in its full width, on the north. The second

exploring expedition from the *Mayflower* was made with a boat, under the direction of the master, and consisted of thirty men. They sailed several leagues along the coast without discovering any inlet which could serve the purpose of a harbor. In running up a small creek, sufficient to receive boats, but too shallow for shipping, they saw two huts, formed with stakes and covered with mats, which, on their approach, were hastily deserted by the natives who inhabited them. Some of the company would have attempted a settlement at that point, the ground being already cleared, and the place being such as promised to be healthy, while it admitted of being put into a posture of defence. The setting in of winter, of which the colonists were made more sensible every day, manifestly prompted this counsel. But others advised that an excursion should be made twenty leagues northward, where it was certain they might secure good harbors and fishing stations. The boat however, returned, and a third expedition, which should go round the shores of the whole bay, was resolved upon.

The chief of the colonists were of this company; Carver, Bradford, Winslow and Standish—all afterwards men of renown—were of the number, with eight or ten seamen. It was the sixth of December, when they descended from the deck of the *Mayflower* to the boat. So extreme was the cold, that the spray of the sea as it fell on them became ice, and was shaken in heavy fragments from their apparel, which at times was so overlaid as to give them the appearance of men clad in mail. The landscape, as they coasted along, presented little to attract them. Its forests were black and leafless, and its open spaces were covered with snow more than half a foot deep. As they looked round on that scene, they had to remember that they were five hundred miles from the nearest English settlement, and that Port Royal, the nearest French colony, was at a still greater distance. In prospect of such a region, they might well have prayed that their landing might not be in winter—but such was their lot. That day they reached the spot now known by the name of Billingsgate Point, at the bottom of the bay. Landing in the evening, they passed the night on shore without disturbance. In the morning, they divided their company, and directing their course westward, some coasted along in the boat, and others explored the land, crossing its snow-covered hills, and threading its dells and forests with no little difficulty. But this second day was as barren of discovery as the preceding. In the evening, they ran the boat into a creek, and constructing a barricade of trees and logs, they all slept on shore.

They rose at five in the morning, and continued in their prayers till daybreak, when suddenly loud and strange cries were heard, and a shower of arrows was poured in upon them. The Indians had attacked them. They seized their arms, but had not more than four muskets with them, the remainder being left in the boat. The assailants did not disperse on the first fire. One of them, with great courage and dexterity, took his position behind a tree, withstood three volleys, and discharged three arrows in return. But the object of the enemy was to scare rather than to conquer; and when they had retired, the pilgrims again bowed themselves in prayer and thanksgiving before God. They now committed themselves to their third day of search.

Nearly fifty miles of coast they inspected, but the long-sought good—a convenient harbor—was still undiscovered. The pilot, however, had visited those regions before, and assured them, that if they would trust themselves to his guidance, they would reach a good haven before night. But the elements did not seem to favor this prediction. The heavens become dark. Heavy rain and snow begin to fall; the wind becomes boisterous; the sea swells; and in the tossings which follow, the rudder is broken, and the boat must now be steered by oars. The men look with anxiety to the sky, the sea, and the land; but all is gloomy, pitiless, and menacing. The storm increases; it is perilous to bear much sail, but all that can be borne must be spread, or it will be in vain to dream of reaching the expected shelter before night. A sudden wave throws the boat upon the wind; in a moment, her mast is rifted into three pieces—mast, sail and tackling are cut away with the utmost speed, and are seen floating on the distant waves. The tide, however, is favorable, but the pilot, in dismay, would now run the boat on shore in a cove full of breakers. The moment is as the hinge of life to all on board. A stout-hearted seaman exclaims—“If you are men, about with her, or we are gone!” The words are electric; the prow of the boat is again turned to the elements; they make their way through the surf; and within an hour, they enter a fair sound, and shelter themselves under the lee of a small rise of land. It is now dark; the rain beats furiously; that dimly-seen shore is the home, probably, of savage men; to descend upon it and to kindle a fire must be perilous—may be fatal. But the men are so wet, so cold, so exhausted! They resolve to land. With difficulty the newly-gathered wood is made to send forth its welcome glow; and then they make such provision as they may for the night.

As the day began to dawn, they found the place on which they had landed to be a small island within the entrance of a harbor. This day was Saturday, and many of their company were so weak and sickly, that the greater part of it was given to rest, and to such preparations as were necessary for exploring the country. But the next day, being the Sabbath, could not be so employed. The pilgrims felt the advancing season, knew the haste of the captain and crew to return, and remembered the suspense of their families and brethren, from whom they had now been absent three days; but nothing could induce them to overlook the claims of the Christian's day of rest. On the morning of Monday, the 11th of December, old style, these fathers landed at a point, to which they gave the name of New Plymouth, in grateful memory of the hospitality shown them in the last English port from which they sailed. On that spot they resolved to fix their settlement. The anniversary of their landing still calls forth the gratitude and reverence of their posterity, and the rock on which they first planted their foot, may be seen, within an appropriate inclosure, in front of a building of the modern town, which bears the name of the Pilgrims' Hall.

In a few days, the *Mayflower* entered the harbor of New Plymouth. But the shore was such, that in landing their goods, it was necessary the men should wade considerably in water, which added greatly to the subsequent sickness among them. On the 19th, all quitted the ship, and were immediately employed in building a storehouse, in

raising small dwelling-houses, and in disposing of the adjacent ground. In respect to religion, everything had been determined before their embarkation, and in respect to civil affairs, they had already adopted their polity. Popular government, in its fullest extent, was the element both of the civil and of the ecclesiastical constitution, which they had before approved, and which they now confirmed. Their state polity, indeed, was the pure and natural result of circumstances; but their religious polity, as that of an independent or congregational church, they ascribed to a higher source—the authority of Holy Scripture. Had New England been colonized at an earlier period in our history, or had its first successful settlement originated in almost any other manner than that we have described, everything in its social condition would have derived a strong impression from the older institutions of the mother country. But now, all was free, and the great advantage of *beginning well* was secured.

But, intent as the settlers were on raising their places of abode, their labor in that respect proceeded slowly. The season of the year left them only short days, and often on those days only brief intervals, between the storms of sleet and snow, that could be so employed. Nearly all were suffering from fevers, and coughs, and general sickness, brought on by long exposure to unwonted hardships. As the cold increased, disease strengthened, and deaths became frequent. The comparatively healthy were little able to bestow the required attention on the sick, and every funeral was as if the dying had been called to the burying of the dead. At one season, there were not more than seven persons capable of performing such offices. Amongst those who were the earliest cut off, was a son of Carver, the governor. His own sickness and death soon followed; and then his affectionate wife sunk broken-hearted to the grave. Carver was a man of a noble and generous nature. He had sold considerable estates, and had assigned the whole value to the benefit of his companions. In all their trouble, no man descended more readily to the humblest service in behalf of the meanest. The mourning colonists buried him with such military honors as they could command, discharging several volleys of musketry over his grave. William Bradford, the subsequent historian of the colony, was chosen his successor. But in the course of this melancholy winter, of the hundred and one settlers, fifty were removed by death!

In March, the cold abated, the wind came from the south, and “the birds sung pleasantly in the woods.” The *Mayflower* now left the harbor, and returned to England. But after so many had fallen victims to exposure and climate, the remainder were in danger of perishing from want. In the autumn new emigrants arrived. They came without provision. The pilgrim families could not see them die of hunger, and during six months they all subsisted on half allowance only. “I have seen men stagger,” says Winslow, “by reason of faintness for want of food.” At one juncture, it appeared to be their doom that famine should destroy them. They were saved by the compassion of fishermen, whom foul weather had driven to their coast. Nor did these things soon end. Even in the third year of their settlement, their provisions were so far spent, that, in their own language, “they knew not at night where to find a bit in the morning.” It is said, that in the spring of 1623, they were reduced to the last pint

founding a new empire in the New World—an empire not only additional to all that had gone before, but different in its spirit, its institutions, and its religion, from all that had hitherto obtained a place in history.

While many of the exiled independents removed from Holland to New England, many remained in the former country, in hope that the posture of affairs at home might become such as to allow of their return. It was pleasant to think that their ashes might still be laid in the land of their fathers, and that something might still be done by them towards the enlightenment, the freedom, and the happiness of their native country. These hopes were not indulged in vain. In 1649, just about two centuries since, the change came which had been so devoutly wished, and from that time Independency has never ceased to be one of the forms of Christianity professed in this country. But what has been its history!—what is its present condition! During the times of the civil war and the commonwealth, the sagacity and energy allied with that system were not altogether unworthy of it—but what has it done since! We admit that almost everything around it has been uncongenial. Its greatest foes, however, have been from within. It has too often fainted in the face of rebuke—it has not always folded its vesture about it, and fronted the storm as it should have done—it has been wanting, too, we think, in some graver matters. Indeed, in all the points in which the Pilgrim Fathers were strong, modern independency has shown itself weak.

Nothing is more marked in the character of the devout men who found their home at New Plymouth, than the clearness with which they apprehended their distinctive principles, and the importance which they attached to them. It was that they might save those principles from again falling into oblivion that they had become exiles, and that, having become exiles, they still committed themselves to the perils, and hardships, and griefs, of becoming colonists—colonists in one of the most distant and inhospitable regions of the known world. Men who hold principle with a grasp of this order, always hold it to some purpose. The truth thus embraced, is truth that may not die.

Then there were the children of these people. The good most valued by the parents, it was natural they should be most concerned to bequeath to their offspring. Every father in the memorable forty-one who embarked in the *Mayflower* was as the father of Hannibal—the war against error being committed as a legacy to his children. It was the fact, that some of these were seen falling from their steadfastness by reason of their connexion with strangers, and the hope that such danger would be effectually precluded by such removal, that prompted the heads of the pilgrim families to their memorable expedition westward.

But these plain, thoughtful men looked not to their immediate children only; they looked to a distant posterity, to the future church of God—the future generations of mankind. There was magnanimity in them, largeness of thought and largeness of feeling. In their instance, professions of this nature were not so much mere sentimentality—not a selfish vanity taking the guise of better affection. Their conduct towards the settlers of New Weymouth is evidence that they were men

superior to littleness of soul—men of exalted and generous sentiments. They lived not to themselves. It was their study that their path might be that of benefactors to the living and to the unborn.

But strong as was the attachment of these confessors to that order in church government and worship which they were so careful to observe, all principle of that nature was viewed as subordinate to piety, and was valued in proportion to its supposed conduciveness to piety. What feeling inferior to that of a most conscientious homage to the Invisible, could have led these people to expose themselves to so much suffering, or could have sustained them under the pressure of that suffering! In all their ways they sought a higher guidance than that of mortals. The day of fasting and prayer went before every step of moment in their history. Their first act on touching the soil of the New World, was to prostrate themselves in the exercise of their spiritual priesthood before God; and when exploring the winter shores of that region, you see them employed hours before day in presenting thanksgiving and supplication to their Maker. They believed in God; they were assured of his presence; they confided in him with the fear and the affection of children. The elements were of him—men were of him—and could do no more than his bidding. They loved their polity because it aided their piety. In their case it was not a barren framework, thrust into the place of piety. It was valued because it gave them a real Christian fellowship, and because in so doing it strengthened their Christianity.

Hence it happened, that the strength of their adhesion to their principles as congregationalists, was not more remarkable, than the catholicity of their spirit towards devout men of all other communions. "Their residence in Holland," it is said, "had made them acquainted with various forms of Christianity; a wide experience had emancipated them from bigotry, and they were never betrayed into the excesses of religious persecution." Such is the testimony of Bancroft, whose work on this interesting department of modern history is the most authentic and able in our language. But this result, so little to have been expected in those times, may be traced to the personal character of Robinson, fully as much as to residence in Holland. In respect to certain great principles, that excellent man concluded that he had arrived at certainty; but in many things, as we have seen from his own language, he supposed that both himself and others were still in need of further light. Independency in his hands was fixed in regard to its great principles, but was left to a candid latitude in respect to lesser things. Hence, Mr. Edward Winslow, some time governor of New Plymouth, speaks of the rule of this first proper congregational church in respect to communion in the following terms:—"It is true we profess and desire to practise a separation from the world and the works of it, and are willing to discern an appearance of the grace of God in all we admit to church fellowship. But we do not renounce all other churches; nay, if any joining to us formerly at Leyden, or here in New England, have, with the confession of their faith, held forth the duty of an entire separation from the church of England, I have divers times heard either Mr. Robinson our pastor, or Mr. Brewster our elder, stop them forthwith, showing that we required no such thing at their hands, but only to hold forth

faith in Christ Jesus, holiness in the fear of God, and submission to every ordinance and appointment of God."

Such, then, were the elements of character most observable in the Pilgrim Fathers. Do modern independents possess them? In many they may no doubt be seen—seen in a degree marking a true spiritual lineage. But too commonly we see the obscure in knowledge in place of clearness, and the cold in feeling in place of ardor; or else the substitution of a zeal for polity in the place of a zeal for piety, allied too often with an intolerance of temper, incompatible with a just estimate of the better qualities which belong to the devout of every communion, and leading, not only to one-sidedness and misconception, but to an indulgence in misrepresentation, invective, and personalities little consistent with loud professions of attachment to the principles of general freedom. We know that early independency had its faults of this nature in other connexions; but Robinson of Leyden and the men whose character he moulded were nobly free from them. We venture to say, that if modern independents would be the powerful body in this country, which two centuries should have made them, it must be by a more general return to that model of temper and action which is before them in the history of the Pilgrim Fathers. Their wisdom will be found in looking thus to the standard they should follow, much more than to those wrongs and provocations—a plentiful crop, no doubt—which naturally dispose them to indulge in the spirit of retaliation. Temptation comes to all, but while some men fall into the snare, others know how to turn it to advantage.

SCROFULA.*

THE startling facts brought forward as to the *creation*, we may call it, of scrofulous affections by impure air, are new, and present some of the gloomiest features of the volume, inasmuch as they prove the fatal effects of the pernicious influences complained of, in the existence of a deteriorating population, diseased in themselves, and bequeathing disease to a still more wretched posterity. Joseph Toynbee, Esq., one of the witnesses examined, appears to have devoted special attention to this part of the subject: on being asked as to his observation of "the effect of defective ventilation," he replies—"The defective ventilation appears to me to be the principal cause of the scrofulous affections, which abound to an enormous extent amongst our patients. When I have had a scrofulous patient come before me, I have always been able to trace this as one of the agents." He cites the work of a French physician, M. Baude-logue, in which it is stated "that the repeated respiration of the same atmosphere is the cause of scrofula; that if there be entirely pure air, there may be bad food, bad clothing, and want of personal cleanliness, but that scrofulous disease cannot exist." The following facts are further quoted:—"The development of scrofula is constantly preceded by the sojourn, more or less prolonged, in air which is not sufficiently freshened. It is impossible to deny that hereditary disposition, the lymphatic temperament, uncleanness, want of clothing, bad food, cold and humid air, are of themselves circumstances non-effective for the production of scrofula.

* From an article in Chambers' Journal, upon the first volume of the Report of the Health of Towns Commission.

"When it is seen, on the other hand, that this disease never attacks persons who pass their lives in the open air, and manifests itself always when they abide in an air which is unrenewed, and this whatever may be the extent of other causes, it appears evident that the non-renewal of the air is a necessary condition in the production of scrofula. Invariably, it will be found on examination, that a truly scrofulous disease is caused by a vitiated air, and it is not always necessary that there should have been a prolonged stay in such an atmosphere. Often a few hours each day is sufficient; and it is thus that persons may live in the most healthy country, pass the greater part of the day in the open air, and yet become scrofulous, because of sleeping in a confined place, where the air has not been renewed. This is the case with many shepherds. It is usual to attribute scrofula, in their case, to exposure to storms, and atmospheric changes, and to humidity. But attention has not been paid to the circumstance, that they pass the night in a confined hut, which they transport from place to place, and which protects them from wet; this hut has only a small door, which is closed when they enter, and remains closed also during the day; six or eight hours passed daily in a vitiated air, and which no draught ever renews, is the true cause of their disease. I have spoken of the bad habit of sleeping with the head under the clothes, and the insalubrity of the *classes* where a number of children are assembled together."

An instance is adduced in corroboration: "At three leagues from Amiens lies the village of Oresmeaux; it is situated in a vast plain, open on every side, and elevated more than 100 feet above the neighboring valleys. About sixty years ago, most of the houses were built of clay, and had no windows; they were lighted by one or two panes of glass fixed in the wall; none of the floors, sometimes many feet below the level of the street, were paved. The ceilings were low; the greater part of the inhabitants were engaged in weaving. A few holes in the wall, and which were closed at will by means of a plank, scarcely permitted the air and light to penetrate into the workshop. Humidity was thought necessary to keep the threads fresh. Nearly all the inhabitants were seized with scrofula, and many families, continually ravaged by that malady, became extinct; their last members, as they write me, died *rotten with scrofula*.

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founding a new empire in the New World—an empire not only additional to all that had gone before, but different in its spirit, its institutions, and its religion, from all that had hitherto obtained a place in history.

While many of the exiled independents removed from Holland to New England, many remained in the former country, in hope that the posture of affairs at home might become such as to allow of their return. It was pleasant to think that their ashes might still be laid in the land of their fathers, and that something might still be done by them towards the enlightenment, the freedom, and the happiness of their native country. These hopes were not indulged in vain. In 1642, just about two centuries since, the change came which had been so devoutly wished, and from that time Independency has never ceased to be one of the forms of Christianity professed in this country. But what has been its history?—what is its present condition? During the times of the civil war and the commonwealth, the sagacity and energy allied with that system were not altogether unworthy of it—but what has it done since? We admit that almost everything around it has been uncongenial. Its greatest foes, however, have been from within. It has too often fainted in the face of rebuke—it has not always folded its vesture about it, and fronted the storm as it should have done—it has been wanting, too, we think, in some graver matters. Indeed, in all the points in which the Pilgrim Fathers were strong, modern independency has shown itself weak.

Nothing is more marked in the character of the devout men who found their home at New Plymouth, than the clearness with which they apprehended their distinctive principles, and the importance which they attached to them. It was that they might save those principles from again falling into oblivion that they had become exiles, and that, having become exiles, they still committed themselves to the perils, and hardships, and griefs, of becoming colonists—colonists in one of the most distant and inhospitable regions of the known world. Men who hold principle with a grasp of this order, always hold it to some purpose. The truth thus embraced, is truth that may not die.

Then there were the children of these people. The good most valued by the parents, it was natural they should be most concerned to bequeath to their offspring. Every father in the memorable forty-one who embarked in the *Mayflower* was as the father of Hannibal—the war against error being committed as a legacy to his children. It was the fact, that some of these were seen falling from their steadfastness by reason of their connexion with strangers, and the hope that such danger would be effectually precluded by such removal, that prompted the heads of the pilgrim families to their memorable expedition westward.

But these plain, thoughtful men looked not to their immediate children only; they looked to a distant posterity, to the future church of God—the future generations of mankind. There was magnanimity in them, largeness of thought and largeness of feeling. In their instance, professions of this nature were not so much mere sentimentality—not a selfish vanity taking the guise of better affection. Their conduct towards the settlers of New Weymouth is evidence that they were men

superior to littleness of soul—men of exalted and generous sentiments. They lived not to themselves. It was their study that their path might be that of benefactors to the living and to the unborn.

But strong as was the attachment of these confessors to that order in church government and worship which they were so careful to observe, all principle of that nature was viewed as subordinate to piety, and was valued in proportion to its supposed conduciveness to piety. What feeling inferior to that of a most conscientious homage to the Invisible, could have led these people to expose themselves to so much suffering, or could have sustained them under the pressure of that suffering? In all their ways they sought a higher guidance than that of mortals. The day of fasting and prayer went before every step of moment in their history. Their first act on touching the soil of the New World, was to prostrate themselves in the exercise of their spiritual priesthood before God; and when exploring the winter shores of that region, you see them employed hours before day in presenting thanksgiving and supplication to their Maker. They believed in God; they were assured of his presence; they confided in him with the fear and the affection of children. The elements were of him—men were of him—and could do no more than his bidding. They loved their polity because it aided their piety. In their case it was not a barren framework, thrust into the place of piety. It was valued because it gave them a real Christian fellowship, and because in so doing it strengthened their Christianity.

Hence it happened, that the strength of their adhesion to their principles as congregationalists, was not more remarkable, than the catholicity of their spirit towards devout men of all other communions. "Their residence in Holland," it is said, "had made them acquainted with various forms of Christianity; a wide experience had emancipated them from bigotry, and they were never betrayed into the excesses of religious persecution." Such is the testimony of Bancroft, whose work on this interesting department of modern history is the most authentic and able in our language. But this result, so little to have been expected in those times, may be traced to the personal character of Robinson, fully as much as to residence in Holland. In respect to certain great principles, that excellent man concluded that he had arrived at certainty; but in many things, as we have seen from his own language, he supposed that both himself and others were still in need of further light. Independency in his hands was fixed in regard to its great principles, but was left to a candid latitude in respect to lesser things. Hence, Mr. Edward Winslow, some time governor of New Plymouth, speaks of the rule of this first proper congregational church in respect to communion in the following terms:—"It is true we profess and desire to practise a separation from the world and the works of it, and are willing to discern an appearance of the grace of God in all we admit to church fellowship. But we do not renounce all other churches; nay, if any joining to us formerly at Leyden, or here in New England, have, with the confession of their faith, held forth the duty of an entire separation from the church of England, I have divers times heard either Mr. Robinson our pastor, or Mr. Brewster our elder, stop them forthwith, showing that we required no such thing at their hands, but only to hold forth

faith in Christ Jesus, holiness in the fear of God, and submission to every ordinance and appointment of God."

Such, then, were the elements of character most observable in the Pilgrim Fathers. Do modern independents possess them? In many they may no doubt be seen—seen in a degree marking a true spiritual lineage. But too commonly we see the obscure in knowledge in place of clearness, and the cold in feeling in place of ardor; or else the substitution of a zeal for polity in the place of a zeal for piety, allied too often with an intolerance of temper, incompatible with a just estimate of the better qualities which belong to the devout of every communion, and leading, not only to onesidedness and misconception, but to an indulgence in misrepresentation, invective, and personalities little consistent with loud professions of attachment to the principles of general freedom. We know that early independency had its faults of this nature in other connexions; but Robinson of Leyden and the men whose character he moulded were nobly free from them. We venture to say, that if modern independents would be the powerful body in this country, which two centuries should have made them, it must be by a more general return to that model of temper and action which is before them in the history of the Pilgrim Fathers. Their wisdom will be found in looking thus to the standard they should follow, much more than to those wrongs and provocations—a plentiful crop, no doubt—which naturally dispose them to indulge in the spirit of retaliation. Temptation comes to all, but while some men fall into the snare, others know how to turn it to advantage.

SCROFULA.*

THE startling facts brought forward as to the *creation*, we may call it, of scrofulous affections by impure air, are new, and present some of the gloomiest features of the volume, inasmuch as they prove the fatal effects of the pernicious influences complained of, in the existence of a deteriorating population, diseased in themselves, and bequeathing disease to a still more wretched posterity. Joseph Toynebe, Esq., one of the witnesses examined, appears to have devoted special attention to this part of the subject: on being asked as to his observation of "the effect of defective ventilation," he replies—"The defective ventilation appears to me to be the principal cause of the scrofulous affections, which abound to an enormous extent amongst our patients. When I have had a scrofulous patient come before me, I have always been able to trace this as one of the agents." He cites the work of a French physician, M. Baudeleque, in which it is stated "that the repeated respiration of the same atmosphere is the cause of scrofula; that if there be entirely pure air, there may be bad food, bad clothing, and want of personal cleanliness, but that scrofulous disease cannot exist." The following facts are further quoted:—"The development of scrofula is constantly preceded by the sojourn, more or less prolonged, in air which is not sufficiently freshened. It is impossible to deny that hereditary disposition, the lymphatic temperament, uncleanness, want of clothing, bad food, cold and humid air, are of themselves circumstances non-effective for the production of scrofula.

* From an article in Chambers' Journal, upon the first volume of the Report of the Health of Towns Commission.

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From the Edinburgh Tales.

LITTLE FANNY BETHEL.

THERE is not a more weather-proof man in all London than myself, though I say it; nor one who, in all seasons, has more contempt for the cockney comforts of omnibuses, cabs, and all chance lifts whatsoever; from the dignity of "a friend's carriage," to a "set down" in the family apothecary's snug one-horse chaise. Yet, in one or two days of every year—those few days which have a sensible effect in thinning the rolling human tide which sets in from Temple-Bar, through Fleet-street and the Strand—I am sometimes—in spite of the protective powers of my famous umbrella—induced, knowingly, to give Nurse Wilks' remonstrances the credit of a temporary confinement; and to remain for a whole morning in my apartment, with no better society than a good sea-coal fire, nor more amusing companion than my old "Diaries." My readers know that these are kept in useless ledgers, crossed and re-crossed in choice hieroglyphics of my own invention. I trust none of my admiring friends—to vindicate the credit of their own sagacity in having distinguished me—will, after my death, present these tomes to the British Museum. They would assuredly puzzle future antiquaries more than the celebrated Rosetta stone. The key to that has, I believe, been found; but I defy any future Champollion to discover that the violet and the oak sapling, which illuminate my page 486, signify Little Fanny Bethel and somebody else.

In running over this aforesaid ledger, I am sometimes tempted to believe that I shall have a long account one day against my thriving brother James, the rich solicitor, for trouble taken and anxiety endured in his matters. He gets off by alleging that I never undertake any *job* for him unless I first take a fancy to it myself. He would insinuate that, in business affairs, I am little more than an amateur performer, and that I will play nothing save my own favorite pieces, and those in my own time; and that, in the particular case of the little Allahbad Bethels, upon which I raised a special claim, I was certainly a volunteer. It may have been so. The protracted silence of the relatives of two very young orphan creatures gave scope and leisure for anxiety upon their account to any one who chose to take interest in them. I had undertaken to communicate to their uncle, Mr. Bethel, then at Baden, the death of his brother in India. This event had been followed, in a few days, by that of Captain Bethel's widow; and the children, through the kindness of friends in the regiment of their father, had been sent to England by a private subscription. They were now on the high seas, *consigned* to the care of their late father's agent in London, Mr. James Taylor. The gist of my epistle was:—"Rich and powerful elder brother, what is to be done with your younger brother's orphan children? You are head of the house; its fortunes have devolved to you in consequence of your rights of birth; but you have the feelings of a Christian and a brother, and the principles of an honorable man. You know your duty."—It was a well-worded epistle enough; but having been three times read and admired, and having received the praises of my sister Anne, I had the discretion to burn it, notwithstanding; and to adopt, with slight alteration, that concocted officially by my brother's clerk, George Roberts, which con-

tained only the needful. I was aware of being upon ticklish ground with Mr. Bethel.

While he was pondering our information at Baden, the *Indiaman*, by which the little orphans were coming home, was encountering heavy gales in the channel; and, though not absolutely wrecked, the vessel was so much damaged, that it was found necessary to lighten her, as she lay off Margate. As many of the passengers as could get off in the pilot boats had landed; and the captain and subordinate officers, too much occupied by their onerous and responsible duties, had sent their little passengers to a hotel in Margate, together with their *Ayah*, or Hindoo nurse-maid; and, by a hasty note, informed my brother that they must immediately be taken away! *Ay*, taken away! But whither? Baden was mute; and the Rectory of Stockham-Magna gave no sign. In it resided another family of Bethels—"more than kin and less than kind."

"No independent provision for the poor little things at all!" sighed my ever good-hearted, indulgent sister-in-law. "But military men can now save so little in India, with reduced allowances and increased expenses."

"I shall never forgive Tom Bethel, though, for not ensuring his life," said my brother. "I urged him to it before he embarked, five years ago. Were it but a thousand pounds, it might have educated the boy at some cheap Yorkshire school; and surely the friends will take the little girl!"

"The *friends!*" I repeated; for this name for the aggregate Bethels of the hall and the rectory sounded at this time oddly to me, in relation to the children at Margate. But they must be taken away; and I was upon the road in the next hour.

The Bethels of —shire were one of those stanch, far-descended families of wealthy English commoners, who, from pride of birth and Jacobite politics, had disdained to veil a name so long distinguished in county annals under a modern title. They had even shunned the alliance of new-made nobility. But they had been much less successful in warding off the inroads of modern habits of expense. Notwithstanding their large estates, their church livings, and their West India property, the Bethels had been a struggling family for two generations; and, in the third, this began to be severely felt. It had been a family custom—existing from the reign of Henry VIII., which had brought the Bethels a liberal share of the general "spoliation" of that period—to reserve the best of the *family*-livings for the younger sons of the *family*—the second son being, in general, preferred. But, in the last generation, my gay acquaintance, Tom Bethel, between admiration of a dragoon uniform and saddle, and some compunctious doubts about his own vocation to the church, had committed the indiscretion—as his college friends called it—of allowing the third brother, John, to take orders, and step into the living of Stockham-Magna, which, of itself, was worth above a £1200 a-year.

"Indiscretion," and "great indiscretion," were the phrases of Tom's mother and sisters, with whom his fine temper and handsome person made him a favorite. This act was afterwards called in the family, "Tom's generosity;" for John, though much more cautious, had imprudently married a young woman of birth equal to his own, with exactly nothing between them, save the hopes

derived from Tom's vocation to glory. In due time, the Reverend John, who, his mother soon discovered, had a decided call, settled soberly down in the rectory; gave up fox-hunting, to which, as a —shireman, he had been born; exchanged the trifle of chicken-hazard, into which he had been seduced by his elder brother's fashionable guests, for a quiet, earnest rubber of whist, with a few pleasant neighbors; and, had the family interest been as good as in the reign of the Charleses, bade as fair to die a bishop as any preceding Bethel of the stock.

The Dowager Mrs. Bethel informed those of her Cheltenham correspondents who were of a serious character, that her son, John, was a most exemplary and pious clergyman; and they reciprocated, that he was, indeed, an ornament to the Church of England, and one who, by his piety and learning, would adorn the mitre. His sermon at Brighton had made the proper impression in the proper quarter.

When Captain Bethel, about two years after his love-match, visited his relations previous to embarking for India, his young wife, who, though she still thought Tom "divinely handsome" in his dragoon uniform, had also felt the slightest possible pinch of poverty, exclaimed, as they drove from the rectory, "What pity, dear Tom, that you conceived such an aversion to the church!—Stockham-Magna would have been a paradise to us—and so near all our friends!"

"I chose rather to die a general—and to plunder the enemy, instead of fleecing my flock, Frances," returned Lieutenant Bethel. And, with hopes of being a general, he did die a captain. Mrs. Bethel gave a long, lingering, farewell look to that charming place, where she could willingly have left her little girl, the infant Fanny; but, as she told us in passing through London, neither her mother-in-law, the dowager, nor Mrs. John Bethel, had once spoken of her infant, dead as India was to children.

People will die in England as well as in India, even though living in a comfortable rectory, drawing great tithes and small, and in momentary expectation of golden prebends. The family vault was again opened to receive the Rev. Dr. Bethel, shortly after he had followed his mother to that resting-place, and some months before the death of his brother in India. His wife, though she had rashly entered the family, had gained the esteem of its leading members, Mr. Bethel and his lady; and, when she was left a widow with three young children, things were arranged pleasantly for her, by the appointment of the same young cousin to the living, who had preached Dr. Bethel's funeral sermon. She continued to reside at the rectory, as before; and the intimacy between the family at Bethel's Court and that at the parsonage, became more cordial and intimate than it had ever been during the life of the excellent and venerated person, as he was called in the funeral sermon, who had formed the bond of union. It was whispered in the tea and card circles of Wincham—the neighboring market town, a place of great ecclesiastical antiquity, and, until the era of schedule B, of great political consideration—that Mrs. Dr. Bethel had a still deeper concern in the great and small tithes of Stockham-Magna, than arose from her continued residence in the rectory. But this amounted nearly to that ill-defined crime called simony; and the rumor had clearly originated with one or other of the five Misses Roach, sis-

ters of the whilom principal surgeon of Wincham, who, when attending the lady at the hall in a sudden illness, had, as the reward of his skill and assiduity, obtained a half promise of the living for his son and their nephew:—it was, therefore, liable to question, if not to doubt. No one in Wincham would or could believe that Mr. Bethel, with his high-church principles and high gentlemanly feelings, could wink at an arrangement which spared his own purse, by fixing his brother's family upon the new incumbent. It was not to be credited. But, at the same time, it was agreed, on all hands, that Mr. Whitstone, the new rector, was the most generous of cousins, and that Mrs. Dr. Bethel and her children still lived in the same comfort and elegance which they had enjoyed during the life of her husband.

Sales by piecemeal, and mortgages by wholesale, had nearly eaten up the family estates of the Bethels; but Mr. Bethel still derived a very large income from the estates which his lady, also a Bethel, of a younger branch, had brought into the family; though the tenure by which they were held constituted the greatest cross which he and his wife were destined to bear. At her death, without children, they went to yet another branch of this far-spread stock; and Mrs. Bethel had given no heir to the united properties. The want of children, in a great and ancient family, like that of the Bethels, is always a subject of infinite interest to the kindred, and of concernment to the whole neighborhood. In ordinary circumstances, Mrs. Dr. Bethel, of the Rectory, might have submitted to the will of Heaven, under a misfortune which brought her own son next in succession; after "Tom's boy in India," indeed—but a child there was hardly worth reckoning upon. As the family stood, however, she would far rather that a cousin-german of her daughters' should be at the head of this fine property, than that it should pass away to a lad in the north, whom no one knew anything about. Her sincere sympathy in the family affliction of Bethel's court, had advanced her in favor there; but it was her aversion to the unknown heir presumptive, sometimes laughingly insinuated, and at other times seriously betrayed, as if by accident, when prudence and good-breeding were conquered by strong feeling, that confirmed her influence at the hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Bethel, still a fashionable, but not now a gay couple, had lived a good deal on the continent for several years; during which period, their clever sister-in-law was their confidant and manager in all domestic affairs. It was, therefore, to her that Mr. Bethel wrote, upon receipt of my brother's letter, regarding the disposal of the orphan children. We were afterwards told that he was much affected by the death of his only remaining brother, whom he had always loved better than the Rev. John; and that, in the first impulse of tenderness, he proposed to take the children home; but his lady prudently referred to her sister-in-law.

In the mean time, I reached Margate without any remarkable adventures. These are, indeed, become as rare in England as the wild boar or the wolf.

What a pretty image is that of Campbell!—

Led by his dusky guide,
Like Morning brought by Night.

I prevented it being literally realized to me; for I ran up stairs to the parlor, where the fair little

people whom I sought, sat upon the carpet, in the lap of their dusky guide—the amusement and delight, with their strange speech and pretty voices and ways, of all the chamber-maids and waiters of the establishment. The little English speech among the three was possessed by the lovely fairy creature afterwards known among us as “Little Fanny Bethel.” She was, at this time, not more than six years old, small and delicate of her age; and with the tender pale-rose tint of children who have been born, or who have spent their childhood in India. She started up on my approach, advanced a step, and then timidly hung back, raising her mild and intelligent gray eyes with a look of doubt and deprecation. I was more struck with the remarkable expression of the countenance of the little maiden than with the loveliness of her features, and the flood of silky fair hair, which contrasted so singularly with the bronzed complexion and dark eyes of the squat attendant upon whose shoulder she shrunk back. Her heart, revealed through her eyes, gave out meanings which it was impossible that she could herself have apprehended. Her feminine instincts, child as she was, had far outstripped her understanding; and she looked at me with a perplexed consciousness that her fate was in my hands—that she was a friendless orphan among strangers. Happy confidence—or be it credulity, still thrice blest credulity of childhood, which throws itself, in boundless trust, into the bosom of whatever approaches it wearing the smiling semblance of kindness! Little Fanny’s brow and eyes cleared and brightened at my frank accost, and she voluntarily continued to hold by the hand which she had kissed in a pretty fashion of her own. Poor little thing! my heart already yearned over her; her kiss was more loving than a lover’s.

In a very few seconds, nothing seemed to affect Fanny, save a feeling of sisterly responsibility for the manners and bearing of her little brother, in whose behalf she wished to bespeak my kindness, while she introduced him to me.

Tom, who, from the lap of his nurse, had been anxiously eyeing the visiter, was a bold, resolute-looking urchin, with a square and very broad forehead, which he knitted into a most martial frown, when I attempted to take the hand that he clenched and drew back. Master Tom’s attitudes were as valiant in defiance as his sister’s had been gentle in deprecation; but, as I am not apt to fall in love with strangers at first sight myself—nor fond of your very civil and demonstrative people—I winked at Tom’s repulse, and wisely forebore pressing my attentions until they might be more welcome. I was already amused by the little maiden, who, with a look of indescribable childish blandishment, whispered in Hindostanee, and caressed the little fellow, as if coaxing him not to throw away his friend in foolish passion, until Master Tom laughed out with returning good humor, and looked so much handsomer when showing his white teeth, and a mouth wreathed with smiles and dimples, that I made a second attempt to introduce myself, which again instantly overclouded him, and grieved Fanny.

“Poor Tom is so young—dear little fellow!” she whispered in her liquid infant voice, and in a tone between apology, coaxing, and entreaty, which might have melted a savage. I felt that, if all the world were like myself, the faults of turbulent Tom stood a good chance of being forgiven, were it but for the sake of sweet Fanny. While

this passed, the *Ayah* was gesticulating even to sputtering, and addressing me in those shrill tones, which, had I not been well accustomed to overhear the colloquies of my fair neighbor, Mrs. Plunkett, the Irish orange-woman—a title, by the way, this of *Orange-woman*, Peg has, of late, mightily resented—I should have imagined arrant scolding; especially as, in the course of her appeal, her dark eyes continually flashed from me to the children, and shot out lurid fire. So far, however, as Fanny could interpret Hindostanee, the discourse of the *Ayah* was the very reverse of hostile. It was compassionate and complimentary of herself—a daughter of Brahma—upon her sacrifices for the sake of the children, and her exceeding condescension in coming into contact with a vile, degraded, and filthy hog-eating race of Europeans.

By the kindness of the landlady, I procured some warm clothing for the half-naked children; and we set out for London, to which I intended to return by Chatham, that Mrs. Walpole, and my friend Governor Fox, might see their old friend Tom Bethel’s children. If I was not legacy-hunting, I was friend-seeking for my pretty charge. The *Ayah* sat in the bottom of the carriage, by her own request; and Fanny keeping constant possession of my hand, looked from one window, while Tom hallooed from another, as we bowled through the rich meadows and farmy fields of the Isle of Thanet, as light-hearted and happy, as if the fondest parents and the most genial home were awaiting us at our journey’s end.

Tom, by this time, did me the honor to suppose I could play the *tom-tom* very well, and to command a specimen of my powers when we should get home; and with his sister’s aid as interpreter, he communicated many things very interesting to himself, which had taken place at Allahbad, or upon the voyage. Without anything approaching the grace, sweetness, and infant fascination of little Fanny, Master Tom was a manly and intelligent child; and, as the brother and sister, having sung a Hindostanee air and said their prayers, fell asleep in my arms, worn out by their own vivacity, I could not help philosophizing upon the state of society, or rather of factitious feeling, which made a horse, a picture, or a necklace, any mark of conventional distinction—yea, the merest trifle, be considered so important by their high-born relations—and those lovely and engaging creatures, gifted with such admirable powers and wonderful faculties, be considered a burden and a plague. There is nothing of so little real value, save for a few years to the original owners, as those small germs of the lords of the creation. The value of every other commodity is better maintained in polished society, than what is surely, in mistake, called the noblest and most valuable of all. Had Tom and Fanny been a brace of spaniels, or cockers of the King Charles or Marlborough breed, how much easier would it have been to dispose of them.

Governor Fox kept us a day, and treated us with the utmost kindness and hospitality. Black Sam whose amusing tricks probably reminded Tom of his Indian *bearer*, ingratiated himself with the *Ayah* and the children; and the Governor yielded so far to the infantine fascination of little Fanny, as to present her with a lapful of his favorite African curiosities; while he privately assured me, that, if Madam Bethel and the rest failed to do the handsome thing by Tom’s babies, why then he was a bachelor without chick or

child, and he would show them Northamptonshire! This he again solemnly repeated as he put us into the coach for London; and I was not disposed to forget it; for the governor was none of your smooth-lipped professing persons. His word was his bond—and it carried interest, too.

The orphans were received with genuine motherly kindness by my sister Anne, to whom Tom at once gave that place in his affections and confidence which it had taken me three days to acquire. Even yet he admitted of no personal contact, but returned a salute as often with a blow as a caress. The first trial of the children in London, was parting with their dark nurse, for whom we found an opportunity of returning home with a family going out to India. It was Tom's boast that he cried first when *Moomee* sailed away home; but it is certain that Fanny cried longest. The quick sensibility of this child was less remarkable than the tenacity of her grief, which broke out afresh when thus reminded of the loss of "poor mamma," by the absence of *Moomee*. Time, the gracious balm-shedder, usually does his work of healing rapidly with patients under seven years of age—but it was not altogether so with Fanny Bethel; and Tom's perverseness was almost welcome to us as a diversion of her sorrow. Yet Tom's rebellion scarcely deserves so hard a name. Accustomed to a train of Indian attendants anticipating every wish, studying every glance, and following every movement like silent shadows, Master Tom, in a London nursery, felt like a deposed prince, and was quite as ready to play the tyrant when an occasion offered. The turbulence, caprice, and open rebellion in which he had been encouraged by the Ayah, had threatened to subvert the mild despotism of Mrs. Gifford, my sister's confidential nurse, who, for eighteen years, had been as supreme above stairs, in her legitimate territory, as was my brother's will in the parlor, or his wife's pleasure in the drawing-room. Master Tom had, in a rage, torn her best lace cap, threatened to throw her shawl on the fire, and kicked her shins. The free-born spirit of an English nurse could not brook such treatment. "Did Master Tom fancy she was one of his black nigger slaves?" So, if he kicked, she cuffed; while poor little Fanny was the deepest, if not the only sufferer of the three. What was sport to Gifford and Tom, was to her death. Soothing down Tom's passion, pleading and apologizing to Gifford, and weeping, while, like the Sabine women, she threw herself into the strife, little Fanny would clasp her brother and address the nurse, whispering, in that voice which no one could resist—"Poor Tom is so young, dear little fellow—and he has no mamma now to make him good." It was then the subdued Gifford's turn to apologize; while Tom himself would volunteer a fraternal kiss, as if already manfully conscious that the slightest atonement, on his part, ought to be thankfully received by Fanny. This is a lesson which little brothers learn with astonishing facility, even when it is not directly taught, and sometimes when the very reverse is apparently inculcated.

"Gentle and easy to be entreated," Fanny appeared the obliged party upon all such occasions of general reconciliation; for, to her sweet nature sullenness or unkindness was the bitterest form of suffering. To live surrounded with cold hearts and scowling or averted eyes, was blighting and misery. In the few weeks the children remained with us, Fanny endeared herself to our whole

circle; nor did Tom want friends and admirers, who were willing to place his faults to an Indian education. Along with little Fanny's singular sweetness of nature, was the fascination of her ever-wakeful and watchful affection for her little brother. She already seemed his unconscious guardian angel, whose salutary influence over his wayward moods was daily upon the increase. Though Tom, in his violent fits, would meet a sugar plum, a sugared promise, or a menace, alike with a blow, he would look serious and try to command himself, when he perceived how much he afflicted Fanny.

While the children were displaying their natural characters in such childish ways, Mrs. Dr. Bethel was making her calculations at Stockham-Magna; the result of which was, offering to take charge of Fanny, and to educate her along with her own two daughters. But, for the boy! "She was indeed at a loss what to do with her own son—women were so inadequate to training boys even in their infant years."

It was not unreasonable to imagine that Mr. Bethel would charge himself with the education of both his nephews; and it is certainly easier to receive a little girl into a family where there are already girls, than to maintain a youth at school and college. In the following week, I escorted the children and my sister, who made a long-promised visit, to Stockham-Magna. We had a charming excursion. It was now near midsummer—the pride of the year in the pastoral and woodland country we traversed. And then the Rectory of Stockham-Magna itself! I had never seen so picturesque, so natural, so perfectly English a resting-place for the musings of divine philosophy—for dignified intellectual repose and calm meditation. Neither the district nor the particular spot boasted any bold original feature of scenery. A grassy vale, or, as probably, a rushy one, a stream, and a few knolls and slight inequalities of surface, formed the groundwork from which this abode of learned leisure and pastoral care had been fashioned out centuries before, and gradually moulded into its present beauty. Episcopalian superintendence had preserved and perfected what Popish taste had projected and so far completed; and Time, with his ripening and mellowing touches, had harmonized the whole.

The buildings were of what is called the Elizabethan age—a phrase which I defy any man to define; though, popularly, it is very well understood in its application to whatever form of dwelling, be it manor-house, farm-house, or parsonage, that is irregular and antique, graced with tall clustered chimney stacks, quaint windows, and an infinity of intricate adjuncts, forming a picturesque whole. But, if those arched and lancet windows and doorways, glancing from the rich sylvan garniture of ivy and trailing plants, like the bright face of a young beauty half veiled by her dishevelled ringlets, were of the happy age of Elizabeth—for I hold them of much older date—surely those magnificent trees were of more ancient growth. Both looked as if they had flourished in undisturbed tranquillity for centuries. The old walnut trees, of prodigious size, which stood near the house, were probably finer specimens of their kind than those avenues of beeches leading to the "willow brook" and piece of water, (beyond the massy garden walls,) in which the swans, at this hour, appeared floating as in an inverted sky, or as if nestling among the trembling shadows of the

bordering trees. And everything was so trim, and in such high yet easy and enjoying habitable order—there was such entire freedom, with unobtrusive neatness.

My pretty companions were enchanted, as I imagined, with the first view of their future home; but I subsequently discovered that the small delicate spaniel and the greyhound had attracted my friend Tom's regard, while Fanny rejoiced in those troops of doves that, on the roof of the porch and at every "coigne of vantage," were cooing, in drowsy murmurs, as they luxuriously basked in the sun. Truly some small portion of that part of the national wealth called the great tithes of Stockham-Magna, could hardly be better expended than in preserving the beauty and order of this ecclesiastical abode, had it been no more than as a picture and ornament to the neighborhood. Dear, good, and haply honest and enlightened church reformer, wheresoever your zeal may carry the besom and direct the ploughshare, do, in the name of natural taste and gentle antiquity, spare me the Rectory of Stockham-Magna! By the memory of the hundreds of solemn festivals and holiday tides, and of the wakes and processions which it has witnessed—by the ever fresh beauty of that terraced garden—by those clipt monster yews, and that box-hedge, broad and high as the walls of ancient Babylon, the wonder and pride of the county—by that quaintly-carved, heavy dial, with its rich and cumbrous masonry:—by all this, and by the mightier conjuration of the memory of good men's feasts, and of those social charities which, long gathering in a hundredfold, dispensed at the rate of ten or five—spare me this one cosie nest of the life called holy and the leisure named learned;—this pleasant land of drowsyhead, where a succession of mild, gentlemanly persons for generations lived a tranquil, elegant, semi-sensual life, undisturbed by Methodists, Ranters, Radical prints, and the Schoolmaster:—spare me but this one memorial of the times when as yet the reverential peasantry had not surmised, that warmer affection for their pigs and corn-sheaves emanated from the Rectory, than for either the comfort of their bodies or the care of their souls.

The appearance of a lady's cap, at one of the embowered lower windows, must have recalled the wandering attention of little Fanny, and the noise of the chaise-wheels on the instant brought all the Bethels of Stockham-Magna to the porch, to welcome the orphans of Allahbad. "Oh, Tom, do be a good boy!" whispered Fanny, kissing him, as she anxiously adjusted his shirt frill, and shaded back his hair, while the carriage drew up.

"Aunt Bethel" performed her part very well. She received the orphans in her maternal arms with good and graceful effect; spoke not too much; and, while she gave her hand to my sister, suppressed the starting tears. Fanny pressed her lips to the lady's hand in her own sweet fashion; and, alarmed at Tom's sturdy backwardness, whispered, in her pretty imperfect English, her wonted apologetic—"Tom is so young, poor little fellow!—and he has no mamma now to make him good." Every one was melted. Her two cousins, Harriet and Fanny, affectionately kissed "Allahbad Fanny," and shook hands, almost in spite of him, with Tom, whom their brother Henry soon carried off on some boyish quest—Fanny's eyes anxiously following them, as if she were afraid that her turbulent charge might, in some way, compromise himself with these new friends, even in the first hour.

The ladies were now engaged in conversation; and it was from me, to whom she sidled up, that Fanny entreated leave to follow "poor Tom." The leave was instantly granted by Mrs. Bethel; and the children, in the glow of novelty, went out in a group. It was now that my sister eloquently expatiated upon the sweet disposition and affectionate nature of little Fanny, her gentle docility, and remarkable attachment to her little brother. "Poor little creatures! they love each other the better for having nothing else to love!" was her concluding observation, while tears glistened in her eyes. My good sister, perhaps, showed more tenderness than discretion, in thus addressing the future patroness of Fanny; but that lady, a rigid and zealous worshipper of all the family of the Decorums and Proprieties, performed her part to admiration—neither overdoing, nor yet falling short of what ought to be expected from her, or was due to position and circumstances.

Our stay, which was to have been for a fortnight, was with difficulty prolonged to a week. My sister, upon hearing that some of her children had colds, affected fully as much home-sickness as she really felt; for the studious observance of every right of hospitality, and the most scrupulous politeness, did not compensate for a certain feeling of restraint, a lack of that frank, social, cordiality which it is much easier to understand than to explain. Our mutual sympathy on these points, and our affection for the orphan children, made us both sedulous though tacit observers of the characters of those among whom they were thrown.

In the disputes which early arose between the boys, though Mrs. Dr. Bethel, like a female Brutus, gave judgment against her own son, on consideration of Tom being a spoilt child, of little more than half his age, it was easy to see to which side her heart inclined. Then Tom, with his tricks and wilfulness, kept her in a state of perpetual nervous apprehension. He was forever in perils or scrapes, and seducing his cousins into like adventures. Nature had stamped him a bold, resolute, daring imp; and his five months' voyage had confirmed the tendency. Now he was tumbling into the pond; now embarking in tubs on voyages of discovery; next plunging into the dog-kennel, or running among the horses' feet; and encouraging Henry to climb the walnut trees, up into which the unbreeched urchin would leap like a squirrel, laughing at the screams and remonstrances of nurse-maids and cousins.

But Fanny was naturally as tractable as Tom was rebellious. It was astonishing how soon she learned, as if by instinct, that she was to have no will, no property, no pleasure, that was not at the sufferance and mercy of her cousins; because her name-sake, Frances, was "such a child," and Harriet's health "was so delicate." It was equally astonishing how quickly Tom, as if by a similar instinct, constituted himself her champion, and did battle for her rights, in the nursery or the garden, in spite of herself, and long before he understood the language of those around him who were invading them.

Among the toys which Fanny had brought from London, was a Dutch milkwoman in complete costume, which Harriet, who loved everything that was novel, and admired whatever was not her own, appropriated without much ceremony; and which Tom reclaimed with even less. In the struggle, the Dutch lady was denuded, and Harriet, who was at the age when children shed their

teeth, lost one of hers in the fray, and was brought bleeding into the drawing-room, followed by a maid dragging in the sturdy culprit, accompanied by the weeping Fanny. One might have excused a mother for being at first alarmed and offended, though the criminal was almost an infant; but what came out, in the course of investigation, ought to have produced a more impartial judgment and a mitigated punishment.

But Harriet's tooth was gone, and it had been followed by a few drops of blood and torrents of vengeful tears; and she protested that she did not mean to keep the Frau Jansen—the Dutchwoman, the unlucky Helen of this new Trojan war—but only for a day or so, to look at her. Tom was summarily adjudged to solitary confinement in the housemaid's broom-closet, on the attic floor, and was led off, persisting in dogged silence, while Fanny sobbed as if her little heart would burst. From that hour, open hostilities were proclaimed between Tom and the family, which never again ceased for many years, save during some temporary, and always hollow truce.

When I left the ladies in the drawing-room after dinner, on the day of Tom's punishment, I sought the children in the wilderness, where they generally went, with their attendant, at this sultry hour: but no Fanny was there.

"She is naughty, too," said her little namesake, tossing her head with the air of a small woman and a thorough family partisan. I followed up the adventure by seeking out my little friend. She was sitting on the garret stairs, at the door of Tom's prison, whispering to him through the key-hole. The sight of a sympathizing friend—for nature had already told her that I was one—made Fanny's tears flow afresh, and she began to sob out her little apology, as senseless, perhaps, as the reiterated wail of a lapwing, but as plaintive—"Poor Tom is so young, poor little fellow," &c. &c. I played the discreet part for once, and led her to her aunt. Tom was released, on our joint pleading—an amnesty was proclaimed—and Frau Jansen, like one of the wantonly-sacrificed minor powers at a general pacification, was made a bonfire of.

We left the Rectory next morning, Fanny weeping abundantly to part with us, while Tom would have been well contented to return to London, which he proposed to do, had his sister not been condemned to remain behind him. I have seldom seen my sister Anne more affected, than when we fairly got out of sight, and when she first gave unrestrained way to her feelings—a tender mother's foreboding feelings for orphan children!

That dear little Fanny!—how perilous to a creature situated like her, were those gifts which nature had so lavishly bestowed—that tenderness and quick sensibility to which the contact of the cold and the selfish must bring either blighting or perversion!

Turbulent and rebellious as Master Tom continued to be—a care and often a grief to his sister—I believe he was her greatest blessing too; for, with all his faults, he sincerely loved her, and he was one being on whom her affectionate feelings could expand themselves unchecked. No one, I believe, brings into this world a heart like Fanny's, without finding something to love, even in the very worst circumstances: but Fanny found so much to love in every one with whom she came in contact, until Tom, as he grew up, began to despise the affection she bore to many persons whom he hated,

as girlish *polltroonery*, or almost meanness; and he even charged her with hypocrisy in her attachment to an aunt who had not been too kind, and to cousins not too gentle. But Tom durst not persist in an accusation to which his heart gave the lie as strongly as did Fanny's silent tears.

Tom had been early sent off to school with his cousin Henry; and when the returning holidays brought the boys to the Rectory, the Allahbad Bethels, in again meeting each other, were almost as happy as the children gathered beneath the wing of their mother. Then came a full interchange of hearts and confidence, as with intertwined arms the orphans wandered away together through the woods and dells of Bethel's court, which converged on the narrow grounds of the Rectory. Tom was more and more astonished, and almost angry, in every succeeding year, while he was below fifteen, that Fanny had so little or rather nothing to complain of—no quarrel that he could adopt—no enemy on which his prowess might revenge her.

In all this time, I had never seen Fanny Bethel nor her brother, though I had occasionally corresponded with both. Indeed, I believe that I was for some years Fanny's only correspondent; and, as my epistles always accompanied my sister's well-executed town commissions, and presents of toys and books for the Rectory children, they were probably tolerated, if not welcome.

For the first six years after I had seen her, Fanny partook of the instructions of the governess Mrs. Bethel had engaged for her own daughters; and, blessed with a humble, loving nature, inekness and submissiveness cost her less effort than any other creature I ever knew—and I believe that her childhood was not unhappy. But a more critical age was arriving, and Providence was silently opening up new resources to the orphan girl.

"The sisters of Mr. Whitstone, the rector of Stockham-Magna, had, some years after the arrival of the Allahbad Bethels, settled in the neighboring town of Wincham, to be near their brother, who, though his nominal residence was the Rectory, oftener lived with them. These respectable old maiden ladies, the daughters of a deceased clergyman, were, of course, as near in degree of kindred to Mrs. Dr. Bethel as was their brother, though she never seemed to know this. The younger, Miss Rebecca Whitstone—though younger was here but a relative term, for she was almost fifty—was merely a good, plain, useful, and active person, sincerely devoted to her brother and her eldest sister, Miss Hannah, who had obtained over her the influence which a strong mind is said to hold over a feeble one within its range. The latter lady had been an invalid from a very early age, in consequence of a fall from horseback; and, to afford occupation and exercise to an uncommonly active intellect, she had afterwards received from her father what is termed a learned education, which, however, had none of the effects that learning is said to produce upon female minds. She did read the classics in the originals—for that was her solace as she lay the livelong day upon the couch to which her helpless lameness confined her; and she studied the sciences; and in astronomy, in particular, was believed, even by her brother's old college companions, to have made astonishing progress; and not "for a woman:"—that mortifying qualification was, in her case, withheld. Simply, she had made astonishing progress and even discoveries, in sci-

ence. With all this deep learning, and a taste for refined literature, Miss Whitstone was a woman of magnanimous feelings and high principles; pleasant, kind, and social in her manners: tintured with high-souled romance, and yet not above her surrounding world of Wincham. She also possessed a flexible vein of humor, which had made her conversation exceedingly captivating to young and old, before her acquirements had risen in judgment against her; and Miss Whitstone's invalid chamber came in time to be, after a certain hour of the morning, the levee-room of the privileged talent and modest worth of Wincham. It was the rallying point of its best, if not its finest society; though, this being a small town where no one was liable to be compromised, the very finest—yea, even stray specimens of the "county people"—were among Miss Whitstone's occasional visitors. It was even said that matches had been, if not made, yet certainly helped on, around her invalid chair; though the parties were not of such consideration as to make Mrs. Dr. Bethel desirous (now that Harriet was twenty, and her own Fanny seventeen) that her daughters should often appear among the learned lady's bonny *blue belles*.

If there be such a thing as sympathetic attachment—and I am sure there are spontaneous feelings which are quite equivalent to it—such had grown up between the invalid Miss Whitstone and the orphan Fanny. The rector himself came, in time, to partake of an affection so warmly felt by his favorite sister; and the notable Miss Rebecca, moved by these considerations, and the gentleness and good looks of the child, early and kindly began, characteristically, to attend to little omissions and flaws in gloves and ribbons, and shoes and stockings, which a mother's eye prevented from appearing in her cousins. During a year that those young ladies were sent to a first-rate finishing seminary near London, Fanny, who had often spent happy days, weeks, and months, with the poor Miss Whitstones, lived with them altogether, to enjoy the advantage of such masters as chance and the London holidays relieved, by changing the scene of their professional fagging, from a very great town to a very small one.

One of these was a drawing-master whom I had introduced by letter to the Miss Whitstones. It was certainly a misfortune—but, in this locality, no ineradicable blot—that the rector's sisters, for a certain part of the year, let their first floor to such respectable lodgers, as being single men—and certainly *gentlemen*—were well recommended to them. Mr. Edmund, the gentleman I had recommended, was a painter, and a gifted one, as was proved by the beautiful contents of his portfolio, and a few finished cabinet specimens which he carried down; but he seemed to receive little or no encouragement in Wincham to open classes for teaching his art; and he spent his time, either in reading or rambling about the surrounding country, of which one of the most attractive spots, to an artist, was the beautiful park of Bethel's court. Miss Rebecca was concerned that a lodger so regular in all his habits, so gentlemanlike in his manners, so nice in his linen, and so punctual with his bills, should find no pupils; and Miss Whitstone, stretched upon her invalid couch, was doubly vexed, first, because it must be annoying to a man whose business is to teach drawing, to have no one to teach; and secondly, that she could not afford to engage his services wholly for Fanny,

and thus an opportunity might be lost such as was never likely to recur—for when would so masterly an artist again appear in Wincham? Besides, Fanny had a decided genius for painting. Miss Whitstone had, indeed, a knack of discovering natural genius for everything high and amiable in Fanny. Her first delightful discovery had been Fanny's exceeding *genius* for loving, and especially for loving her brother Tom; while to Fanny, Miss Whitstone's earliest, and still dearest charm, was discovering good qualities in "Poor Tom," even in his perverse early boyhood; which no one else would allow. "Give a dog an ill name and hang him," says the proverb; and the converse holds as strongly. Miss Whitstone was ever anxious to find out, and place in the proper light, young Bethel's good qualities; and they germinated and expanded in the warmth of her generous culture and encouragement, while others could only perceive the ill weeds waxing apace. Fanny, who had, for several years, been her amanuensis, never performed that duty with more good will, than when Miss Whitstone wrote to Eton to Tom, sending him those affectionate counsels which his respect for her made effectual for the moment, and which, in tenderness, only a mother could have exceeded; and those directions for his subordinate studies which few mothers have the power of giving, and not many fathers.

From the time that he had, at three years' old, traversed so much of the wide ocean, Tom's decided vocation had been the sea. This would seem almost an instinct with some boys, as if implanted by nature to facilitate the intercourse and promote the civilization and happiness of mankind; and Tom Bethel was of the predestined salt-water number. But this uncle, who had never yet seen him, had decided that Tom, the would-be sailor, should be Thomas the forced divine; and the boy had no choice save submission or running away to sea, which he would willingly have done at every school vacation, save for Fanny's sake; but, as Tom advanced nearer the years of discretion, he began to think better of a mode of life which, as soon as he got through the university, and one of the family livings fell vacant, opened a home to that gentle sister. He would even have submitted to the death of Mr. Whitstone as soon as he had obtained orders himself, and have felt no remorse at depriving his aunt of her alleged simoniacal share of the great tithes; because he squared this want of affection to his own conscience, by arranging that Miss Whitstone and Miss Rebecca could then live with Fanny and himself at the Rectory, like gentlemen; and give up letting first-floors to itinerant painters and drawing-masters. Tom, as a male branch of the house of Bethel, though one of the barest, had not been for seven years at a public school, without acquiring ideas of family consequence and of *style* quite beyond those of his sister; though, on some points, they were qualified by generous exceptions for plebeian friends.

In the first season of Mr. Edmund appearing at Wincham as a portrait-painter without sitters, and a drawing-master without pupils, he had been tolerated by the lively Eton lad, in consideration of Miss Whitstone's esteem, what Tom reckoned his unobtrusive modesty, and the quiet refinement of his manners; but, in the second summer, when Tom found him almost domesticated in the family parlor, and the companion of Fanny in sketching-practice excursions round the country, the young

gentlemen—and he was not quite sixteen—took an affair in dudgeon, which had already been seriously discussed in Miss Collins the milliner's back-shop, by her best customers, and at more than one tea-table of the town. Now, in Wincham, Allahbad Fanny was a general and a great favorite; which was the more remarkable, as she had never courted popularity, and was in no condition either to grace with her favor, or patronize by her interest. Howsoever it may fare with other country towns, I can assure my readers that a young lady who enjoyed the united suffrages of Wincham, was in circumstances as rare as enviable. And even now there was censure; but Miss Whitstone, with her learning and her odd ways, was more blamed than Fanny Bethel, for those rural outbreaks which were held a gross and daring innovation on all the ruled proprieties of this community. That the curate's orphan daughter, Patty, whom her aunt, Miss Collins, was educating for a governess, shared in Fanny's lessons, and generally in her sketching excursions, was a shallow blind, at which they and Tom Bethel laughed outright, the latter angrily.

As for Miss Whitstone sanctioning this kind of intercourse—learned, clever, and excellent woman, as she undoubtedly was—how, as Tom justly thought, was any provincial elderly lady, such as she, to know the world and mankind like an Eton scholar! As the natural protector of his sister, it was become Tom's duty to interfere, and to assume a part which female guardians and friends had so obviously neglected. No time was to be lost. But how was Tom to scold Fanny—that dear, kind, generous, and most disinterested creature, whom every one loved—yes! even worldly Aunt Bethel—who, from infancy had had no hope, no joy, no being save in him! No! Tom could not scold, nor even remonstrate; but he heartily abused both the Mesdames Bethel, who so improperly deserted their duty to their orphan niece; and then playfully, or at least in a way Tom meant to be playful, he rallied Fanny first upon her intimacy with all the vulgar spinsters and dowagers of Wincham, and next upon her new passion for sketching from nature. Fanny's blushes and evident distress stopped the current of Tom's wit, and quickened his fears; and now he reminded her, still with affected pleasantry, (for Tom was very sly,) of her birth as a Bethel, beggar Bethel as, in the mean while, she was; and of the matrimonial distinctions her eminent personal advantages and family connexions entitled her to look for, were she only placed where she ought to be, and thus seen, admired, and courted by the noble, the wealthy, and the honorable. Fanny laughed now, and Tom was displeased. There was implied ridicule of his judgment and knowledge of life, in the tone of her laughter; and these were points on which Tom was at this time very susceptible; yet he would have forgiven this in consideration of her secluded education, and innate modesty and humility of character, save for the many cross accidents that were arising to mar her splendid fortunes. Her cousins had lately returned from their finishing school, and lengthened visits to fashionable friends and relatives; with much of that high-toned air, that *manner and style*, so captivating to Tom and his brother Etonians; and in which Fanny, retiring, shy, sensitive, was still so lamentably deficient. That his own sister, "Little Fanny," as she continued to be named, long after

her graceful pliant figure overtopped all the females of her family, was beyond comparison a lovelier, and far more *loveable* girl, than either the cold, stately, fashionable-looking Harriet, or the vivacious, pretty, petulant Fan, he was most reluctant to doubt; but then, schoolboys imagining themselves youths, and college-lads fancying themselves men, had admired the thorough-bred air and style of the Rectory Bethels, at a music meeting, and had altogether passed over Allahbad Fanny, who had been left to the attentions of Mr. Edmund her drawing-master, and a little good-natured notice from her cousin Henry, who had always been kind to her. Now, the above were immutable authorities with Tom in all questions of taste. It is true, Henry Bethel, who was also becoming a judge of ladies, wines, and horses, and who, moreover, was now of Christ Church, made some atonement, by declaring, after a couple of bottles of wine, that, though his sister Harriet was certainly a showy, dashing girl, and Frances a pretty creature enough, neither were to be compared in a summer's day with little Allahbad Fanny; and he concluded by wishing that he were a rich man for her sake—though his mother must not hear of this. Tom, both gratified and resentful, was compelled to gulp as much of this declaration as his pride could not swallow; and now he fancied he had found a cue to Mrs. Dr. Bethel giving up so much of her niece's society to "poor cousin Whitstone, to whom little Fanny was always such a comfort." It is probable that Mrs. Bethel had not very overwhelming fears of immediate danger from a constant domestic intercourse between her niece and her son—still, it was prudent to be guarded. Her daughters were now to be introduced into life; and she felt that two marriageable young ladies were quite enough at a time in one family. Two young ladies might be admissible into small social parties, where three could not be thought of. Besides, Mrs. Bethel was prudently doubtful, how far it was proper to give Fanny a taste for gaieties and a condition of life that she had so slender a chance of permanently enjoying. Of her personal attractions she really was not afraid. A mother's vanity had probably blinded her to what to every one else appeared her main reason for rarely producing her niece along with her daughters. The master of the Free Grammar School of Wincham, a *protégé* of Miss Whitstone's and an estimable young man, who had lately obtained the Lectureship of St. Nicolas, was understood to admire Fanny, and only to wait for some better piece of preferment to make his proposal in form; and Mr. Edmund, the artist, also a highly respectable young man, with remarkable talents, and one, who, if properly introduced and pushed in London in the portrait line, could not fail to realize a handsome income, and probably to keep a carriage, was believed to be deeply attached to his pupil; though Fanny herself, when questioned, denied the possibility of this attachment, even with tears. Mr. Edmund, she said, though at first he seemed to like her society, probably for the sake of Miss Whitstone's conversation, and from the love of his art, to which Fanny was for the time enthusiastically devoted, had been silent, distant, and almost studiously cold in his manners to her, particularly of late. He could have no thoughts of her.

"Well, child, there is no use crying about it, at any rate," said the aunt; "but, as I do not, on such grounds, give up my own opinion, I shall

write to-night to Mr. Richard Taylor, inquiring farther about the gentleman." Fanny, horrified by the indelicacy of this proceeding, implored her aunt's forbearance, and protested again and again that Mr. Edmund's attentions to herself had been only those of a friend and amiable instructor, to one whom he considered merely as a child; but she betrayed so much emotion in her denial, that Mrs. Bethel, with one of her discomfiting, keen, worldly, penetrating looks, abruptly turned from her, and went to Miss Whitstone in the next room, whom she bluntly taxed with having suffered Fanny to entangle her affections with this "paragon painter." The accused lady as flatly disclaimed the instrumentality as Fanny herself could have done the deed; but she acknowledged that, if old signs held, Mr. Edmund, into whose praise she launched with animation, did seem, and that, indeed, for successive years he had seemed, to feel a very deep interest in her young friend; and, moreover, that Fanny did not appear indifferent to his opinion of her.

Mrs. Dr. Bethel did not lose a post in inquiring into the character and professional prospects of Mr. Edmund; and I did not keep her an hour in suspense. The character of the gentleman was everything that could render a reasonable and amiable woman—and, above all, one of the quiet, affectionate, and humble character of little Fanny Bethel—perfectly happy. His talents, as an artist, spoke for themselves—they were eminent—but his professional prospects depended entirely upon his own industry and perseverance. The answer was perfectly satisfactory to Mrs. Bethel; and she resolved to have an explanatory communing with Mr. Edmund next day; and wrote to him that, if everything was as she imagined, she would not hesitate to give her sanction to his addresses to her niece, which she had no doubt would be followed by that of the family abroad.

Poor Fanny was in an agony of distress. She would at the moment, have gladly consented never to see Mr. Edmund again in this world; never listen to his delightful conversation with Miss Whitstone; never again enjoy one of their social reading evenings, or one of those charming sketching rambles, in which his conversation was, if possible, still more captivating than at other times—though it was not easy to recall much of it—rather than that he should imagine her the indelicate, forward, unwomanly, vain girl, who had so grossly misconstrued and misrepresented his attentions, that he must now be subjected to the coarse questioning of her relatives.

This was certainly the most wretched day of Fanny Bethel's whole life. Twenty times she began to write to Mr. Edmund, protesting her own innocence, and her horror at the course her aunt had followed; but natural timidity, and the same delicacy of feeling which prompted this bold step, prevented its execution. She applied to Miss Whitstone, who was also become uneasy and perplexed between her young friends, though, upon the whole, pleased with the prospect of an explanation, which, she was assured, would produce satisfactory results.

"But, my dear Fanny," said this lady, with a certain air of benevolent humor—"let me exactly understand what I am to say to Mr. Edmund:—That you are not in love with him!—but that might have been left to my own discretion. Or is it that you do not believe—never did believe—nor ever will believe, that he is in love with you?"

Fanny wept from vexation. "Dear ma'am, I am sure you understand quite well what I mean."

"Indeed, I think I do—but cannot be sure. But here comes Tom, who may help me. Do you know that all the gossips of Wincham are obligingly giving your sister Mr. Edmund as a lover, Tom?"

"And that she disclaims him as such, and the honor altogether," cried Tom, petulantly.

"I do!—I do!" exclaimed Fanny. "Mr. Edmund think of me! Good heavens!—With his fine talents and genius, and thousand, thousand amiable qualities, to think of poor little me!—foolish me, who always feel like a child beside him, and who was never so happy as when, long ago, he treated me as one!"

"Confound your humility, Miss Fanny Bethel!" cried the Etonian. "It is somewhat out of place."

"How was it possible that Fanny could believe any man could admire so disagreeable and plain a little girl as herself?" said Miss Whitstone, laughing. "Yet, even in the case of Mr. Edmund, it is, in my humble judgment, a conquest she may very well be proud of, yet without doubting its absolute possibility."

"Proud, ma'am!" returned the fuming Etonian, only restrained from the violent expression of anger by his deep respect for Miss Whitstone. "Give me leave to say, ma'am, that, though any man—ay, any man in all England—might be proud of gaining the affections of Captain Bethel's daughter—of my sister Fanny, ma'am—I see no occasion for her being overpowered with gratitude for the attentions of any gentleman whatever, even although his birth and station in society entitled him to address her."

Poor Fanny had never in her life felt so self-abased as by this attempt to exalt her; and, almost inarticulately, she implored her brother to say no more on the subject, and gave way to another burst of tears; while Miss Whitstone, frankly extending her hand in amity to Tom, declared that they had come exactly to the same conclusion, though from different premises—"There was, indeed, no man in England, whatever his rank or fortune, who might not be proud of gaining the heart of little Fanny—by her own self, Fanny." Upon this, Tom kissed his sister, and playfully adopting the language of his childhood, promised to be "a good boy, if Fanny would not cry no more."

There was thus the appearance of sunshine after showers, when Fortune, who delights in games of cross purposes, sent Mr. Edmund himself into the apartment, which he entered in some haste. Tom was still hanging over Fanny's chair, and Fanny had been in tears. The painter looked with interest to the brother and sister, and with meaning to Miss Whitstone, as if he required her permission to remain. She invited him to sit down; and Tom, with a sudden assumption of the dignity becoming the presumptive heir of the mortgaged acres of Bethel's Court, drew his sister's arm within his own, and, bowing slightly to Miss Whitstone, said, "I require Miss Bethel's presence in another apartment, ma'am." The lady smiled in mingled pity and amusement; but anxiety for Fanny was predominant over every other feeling, and she was glad when Mr. Edmund very naturally led to the subject, by remarking, with a smile, "Tom Bethel is in his altitudes to-night—but I am sure he loves his sister."

"More than his life—I'll say that for him," returned Miss Whitstone: and a conversation was

begun which Fanny fancied would never end, and during which Tom returned to his present headquarters at the Rectory. When Fanny, after Mr. Edmund had withdrawn, ran in to say good-night to her friend, and, perhaps, to hear all she could hear without the direct inquiry she could not venture to make, Miss Whitstone informed her that Mr. Edmund was suddenly called away, and had left his farewell compliments for her, as he was to set off by the mail at midnight. Poor Faany! Miss Whitstone was too generous to look at, much less to speak to her. She sent her away to search for a book; and Fanny returned in ten minutes, protesting that she was so thankful Mr. Edmund was to go, as this would disconcert the horrid scheme of her Aunt Bethel.

Next morning, rather earlier than her usual hour, Fanny appeared at the bedside of her friend, looking pale, perhaps, though she seemed almost in flighty spirits, while she craved leave of absence for a morning's ramble in the woods of Bethel's Court, with only Patty Collins.

Before this plan—to which Miss Whitstone consented, with silent, meaning caresses, that drew grateful tears from her favorite—could be put in execution, Mrs. Bethel's carriage drove up to the door, with the whole family of the Rectory. Letters had been received that morning, announcing the death of Mrs. Bethel at Aix-la-Chapelle, an event which changed the whole prospects of the family, to whom her large independent fortune was thus completely lost. And Mr. Bethel might marry again, and Tom and Henry thus be thrown back in the succession to even those poor remnants of the original property, which, meanwhile however, Mrs. Dr. Bethel had a shrewd notion were bartered beyond their yearly revenue.

While despatching notes, receiving condolences, and looking over silks and muslins, crapes and bombazeens, and giving orders for mourning, Mrs. Bethel could yet find time to notice, sarcastically, the precipitate retreat of Mr. Edmund, to whom she had intimated her wish for an interview and explanatory conversation at the Rectory.

"I cannot allow myself to believe that it is indifference to the subject of the intended conversation, which has made Mr. Edmund avoid you at this time, cousin; or anything but the simple reason he has assigned—business. But I may refer to his note for your better information." Miss Whitstone handed the sealed letter, intrusted to her, to the lady to whom it was addressed, and who tore it open without farther ceremony, and rapidly skimmed the contents.

"Well, this is very proper now; and quite well expressed. He does propose for Fanny, or means to do so, as soon as he obtains the consent of her natural guardians. I can answer for Mr. Bethel—and as to myself.—Well, I am pleased at having brought the man to the point. This late heavy loss makes Fanny's marriage, in almost any respectable way, more than ever desirable. Her sole will now have more than enough to do with himself. My own children are just at the age when the expenses of a family come to be seriously felt. How Tom's clerical education is now to be carried through, I cannot foresee. Perhaps your brother may get him to the university as a sizar—though the sea, to which he seems born, and for which he has so strong an inclination, might be better still."

There was but one reason against oversetting Tom's present views. If Fanny were once fairly

married, and if Tom obtained one of the family livings, there might be a *pis aller* for her youngest daughter. But, at present, she had a first duty to perform, and, snatching a pen, she instantly wrote her full consent and approbation of Mr. Edmund's addresses to her niece, with many well-turned compliments to himself, and phrases of maternal endearment in relation to Fanny. Miss Whitstone, having twice hinted, "Are you not precipitate, cousin, with the death of Mrs. Bethel so recent?" looked silently on, until the letter was folded, when she obtained an answer. "Not a bit too precipitate, cousin. The sooner little Fanny is settled the better. The small—the very small allowance her uncle has hitherto made me for her, must stop with the death of his wife; and this Mr. Edmund says, he must have three or four months to look out for a proper house, and so forth:—even if he be so far fortunate as to obtain the consent of my niece—of which, by the way, I dare say, he fancies himself tolerably certain—and the approbation of her relations—of which I now give him joyful assurance."

"And, in so doing, you make him a happy man, I am persuaded. But there is Tom Bethel to be consulted next—whose ideas of Fanny's deserts are so high and so just."

"Tom Bethel!—a headstrong, foolish boy! No, cousin, we may make Tom a bridesman; but to consult him about his sister's marriage, is entirely out of the question. But here comes Miss Collins. Now, I fancy something very slight and plain may do for Fanny's mourning, as she is so quiet at present with you; and we must save all we can, you know, for the *trousseau*."

Miss Whitstone allowed the lady to have it all her own way; though Tom, in a rage at afterwards finding his sister's mourning for their aunt, scanty, and much inferior in quality to that of his dashing cousins, remonstrated loudly upon that injustice—threw Fanny into a paroxysm of grief by his violence in her cause—and filled the ladies of the Rectory with such indignation that they upbraided him with ingratitude. This Tom denied; accusing Mrs. Bethel, in turn, of having made a *job* of his sister, for whom she had a handsome allowance, and a slave of her for so many years. The polite, politic Mrs. Bethel had never met with anything so provoking in her whole life as this schoolboy affair. It became the talk of all Wincham; and Tom found numerous partisans, who seized the present opportunity of reviving the old story of Mrs. Dr. Bethel's secret bargain for the lion's share of the great tithes of Stockham-Magna. The controversy even went the length of mysterious paragraphs in the *Wincham Journal*; and was only ended by Tom becoming convinced, that, if it were carried farther, the affair would be Fanny's death. She was, indeed, looking so wretchedly ill, three months after the remains of her aunt had been brought home to be laid in the family vault, that, when Tom next came from school on a visit, he flew to Miss Whitstone's room, in the deepest distress, to inquire if his sister was not in a consumption. Miss Whitstone hoped not. Fanny had not been well. She was in unequal spirits, and thinner, and paler; but without any decided ailment.

"She is pining for that fellow, Edmund," Tom cried, with a glowing face; "to whom her kind Aunt Bethel, would have given her with so little ceremony; and who does not seem in a hurry to claim the hand he once pretended to value so

much. Forgive me, Miss Whitstone: you are the only human being, save Fanny herself, in whom I have confidence, or to whom I can look for sympathy. I am sure if I knew what was best for poor Fanny, to whom I owe everything, I would do it, if it broke my own heart." And the subdued youth wept.

"That duty should not be heart-breaking, Tom. Your sister, with the tender and very uncommon ties that from babyhood have knit you together, would receive far more pleasure from your single approbation of her choice, than that of all her other relations put together. Your pride, Tom, or your prejudice, call it which you will, has been far more distressing to your sister than all her other trials. And you wrong Mr. Edmund:—he only waits her slightest intimation to fly to her; but while every week brought a fresh heroic epistle from you—indeed, you must forgive my freedom, Tom—what could the poor girl do? I assure you she has not wanted for my instigation to follow the dictates of her own heart and judgment in a matter which looks like one of life or death to her."

"I know you entertain but an indifferent opinion of my understanding and knowledge of life, ma'am," said Tom, with some pique; "but I am sure you cannot doubt the sincerity of my love for my sister."

"If I did so, sir, I should not now be thus parleying with you," replied the lady with severity.

"Well, dear ma'am," returned Tom insinuatingly, "you who love my own dear Fanny—that best, kindest, gentlest, sweetest of all sisters—so well, will you allow me one last experiment of a week's duration only! And, if it fail, I promise to give my consent to Captain Bethel's daughter becoming an artist's wife." The heroic air with which this was said, provoked a smile on the placid and benevolent features of Miss Whitstone, in spite of herself; and, before she could speak, Testy Tom exclaimed, "You laugh at me, as a foolish, raw schoolboy; but I don't mind that, so that you trust me this once."

"Laugh at you, Tom! no, surely—on the contrary, I am hand in glove with you; but may we learn the nature of your scheme, which I can have no doubt does equal honor to your fraternal affection, and Etonian acuteness!"

"You must not laugh at me, though," returned Thomas, his face mantling with the consciousness of possessing a delightful mystery—"I can bear you to laugh at me about anything in the world, save this." And he took a letter from his pocket-book. "You won't guess who this is from: my late aunt's heir, the Northern Bethel, as we have been used to call him. Ill as my uncle and the whole family have used him—neglected him like a poor relation, and hated him like an heir presumptive—he has behaved like an angel to my Uncle Bethel. He has been at Aix-la-Chapelle to visit him; and one of our gentlemen (viz., an Eton boy) informs me that it is understood he is to allow my uncle to enjoy a full half of my late aunt's revenue for the remainder of his life. My Uncle, you may be sure, was touched with this delicate generosity; for, beyond the term of her death, he was not, by law, entitled to draw one shilling. He has written me to be an attentive scholar, as he means to carry out the original plan of my education. But this letter"—and Tom struck it with his open fingers—"this is from that

fine fellow, young Bethel himself, inviting me to Bethel's Court, which my uncle has given up to him as a residence, and saying the kindest things to me and Fanny, whom he begs to call his 'cousins.' Now, the beauty—the very cream of it—is, that he has not written to the Rectory people at all."

Tom's eyes sparkled with gratified revenge. "So it won't be madam, my aunt, who can either obtain for me and my friends, or refuse us, a day's shooting at Bethel's Court, in a hurry again—or act as if all its gardens, hot-houses, and vineries, were more hers and her daughters', than poor Fanny's and mine."

Miss Whitstone, who had smiled all along, was now reading the letter, which she pronounced charming. "But, then, what has all this to do with delaying Mr. Edmund's answer a week, when the suspense is so hurtful to your sister's spirits, and so disrespectful to a person of whom we all have reason to think so highly as we do of Mr. Edmund?"

Tom suddenly recollected himself. "I shall tell you, only you, that, ma'am—for, wild dreamer as you may conclude me, I am sure you will not betray me; I wish Fanny to see Mr. Bethel, before she irrevocably pledge her fate. I am told he is a very well-looking man, and an accomplished, perfect gentleman; and you know, when a man comes to his property, he always thinks of marrying."

"At any rate, I am sure you will, Tom," said the smiling lady. "But what then?"

"What then! Dear ma'am, you are not wont to be so dull of apprehension:—if, which I think extremely likely, he should fancy our own Fanny!"

Miss Whitstone laughed heartily over Tom's basket of unhatched chickens; but looked in such good humor, that Tom durst not resent the liberty; and she atoned for all, by vowing that she knew not where the new inhabitant of Bethel's Court could find any wife half so charming or half so worthy of him. "And to have her, sweetest creature, so near me, too!" said the old lady, actually melting into delicious tears at Tom's hair-brained scheme. "But, poor Mr. Edmund!" she sighed, at last, but yet smiled as she looked to Tom. "Poh! never mind, my dear ma'am: I assure you we, lords of creation, are by no means so inconsolable upon such occasions as you ladies sometimes flatter yourselves. He shall get young Mrs. Bethel's picture to paint, at five hundred guineas: and, perhaps, if he wait ten years, my aunt, who admires him so much for Faany, will give him my cousin Harriet."

Tom permitted Miss Whitstone to tell his sister the conditions upon which his brotherly approbation was to be obtained to her marriage:—namely, if she did not prefer Mr. Bethel in one week, or failed to make a conquest of him in one month. Tom now stipulated that it should be a full month after that gentleman's arrival; but he was hourly expected. Even with this distorted prospect of a haven, Fanny rather improved in spirits; for there was no chance of any one falling in love with her—she was sure of that—and as for her fidelity!—

Tom did the best he could to cheer her, and get her into good looks and proper training, before the important first interview.

Next day, cards were issued, by Mrs. Dr. Bethel, to the relatives and such neighbors as she

deemed proper for Mr. Bethel's acquaintance, for a welcoming dinner at Bethel's Court, to be followed by a ball to the tenants and a few friends. Tom swelled with indignation in the knowledge that his aunt assumed to manage this entertainment—at the owner's expense, however—and, at once, to take Fanny's intended lover into her own dexterous hands. He vowed to circumvent her.

When the day of the entertainment came, Fanny was so nervous and distressed that there was no need to feign the headache which she pleaded as an excuse for absence in the note sent to her aunt, by whom her illness was very graciously lamented. Mrs. Dr. Bethel did not approve of distracting a young gentleman's affections by too many fair objects at the same time. He had his choice of Harriet, the stately and *stylish*, and Frances, the lively and pretty, with the different foils her maternal cares had collected in the neighborhood.

From the quarrel originating in the family mourning, Tom had not once crossed the threshold of the Rectory. He lived with a family in the vicinity of Bethel's Court, but beyond it in relation to Wincham, and only arrived in that town to see his sister receive those finishing touches in dress from Miss Collins' own hands, and those of the most fashionable friseur in the place, which he had bespoken; and to attend her to the grand scene of display.

What was Tom's horror—and, in spite of all his tenderness, his anger—to find his beauty of the night, languid, pale, exhausted, and bearing deep traces of suffering and recent tears! He scolded, he kissed, he coaxed in turns. Surely she would go with him to the ball! "It was not too late for that, though they might miss dinner. She might even lie down for an hour to refresh herself, and recover her looks. Their allies, the Taylors, and her particular correspondent and admirer, Mr. Richard, were come down, and would be so rejoiced to see her."

"I know all that," returned Fanny; "but with them came Mr. Edmund! Indeed, indeed, Tom—dear brother—you must not force me out to-night."

Tom looked aghast at her information, and muttered what sounded in her ears as curses of her lover. Spite of her gentleness, this was more than Fanny could endure. "I will not hear this!" she exclaimed passionately, and becoming deadly pale, as if about to faint; and Tom, overcome and alarmed, implored her forgiveness, and brought Miss Whitstone to mediate for him, and restore Fanny. Tom began to fancy that there might be, even among girls, affections too strong and deep to be fully understood by the wits of Eton. Fanny, who had never denied any request of Tom's in her whole life, however unreasonable in itself, was not slow to accord her forgiveness, deeply and indelibly as his conduct had wounded her heart; and no sooner was he pardoned than, like a true man, he returned to his original point: "Would she not confirm his pardon by granting his request—to appear with him when he was first presented to Mr. Bethel—whose good opinion and friendship might be so important to his future prospects?" Tom now pleaded on the score of prudence, and as if for the greatest personal favor; and Miss Whitstone at last joined him. "Indeed, my love, I think you might gratify Tom this once, since he has set his heart upon it—with so many old

friends to see too—and the new master of Bethel's Court might, I flatter myself, miss his young cousins."

"Cousins a hundred and fifty times removed," said Fanny, almost pettishly. But, with her natural sweetness, she added—"Since you rule it so, ma'am, I shall prepare." And as she rose, Tom kissed her over and over, and ran himself to the perfumer's fur as much rose-water to take away the redness about her eyes, as might have half-drowned her. His charges to Miss Collins and Patty, who were now both summoned by Tom as assistant dressers, were, "Now, don't let Miss Bethel make a dowdy of herself." And when the dressing was finished, though Patty declared that, in that clear muslin frock and white satin slip, she looked like an angel, Tom found her not half like enough to a "Fashion of the Month" to please him. Her gloves did not fit, and her slippers—far too large for her—were, indeed, what it would have made Tom mad to know, misfits of her cousin Fanny's, sent to her in economy. Then her ringlets drooped too long and hung too free. Fashionable girls wore their hair at present so—Tom could not name it, but he endeavored to imitate the thing he meant; and Miss Collins joined in opinion with him; while Patty cried—"Oh no! Those lovely flowing ringlets which Mr. Edmund thinks so charming a style for Miss Bethel!" Tom would not curse now; but it cost him an effort to be tranquil, while he inquired why Fanny did not wear her pearls with the ruby clasps—her mother's beautiful pearls, which had been preserved for her; and he requested her, at least on this gala night, to gratify him by using those ornaments. They were at the rectory. "Then, we shall call round till you get them—and your mother's beautiful Cachmere too—and then, if *our* Fanny—hey, Miss Whitstone!—cannot be so fashionable as Aunt Bethel's bedizened beauties, she shall be as expensively attired."

"Now, Tom, my dear boy, keep your temper," said the lady addressed. "I was almost as angry with Fanny's simplicity yesterday, as you could have been; and even more angry with the encroaching, selfish temper of my cousin, who chose to display the shawl to advantage on Harriet's fine figure, and contrast the strings of pearls with her own Fanny's dark tresses. Let us hope that the principal beaux to-night—those worth killing, I mean—believe, though the belief grows every day more rare, 'that loveliness needs not'—you all remember it. At least, my love, if the gentlemen of Bethel's Court don't admire you just as you are, be assured that Patty, and myself, and Mr. Edmund will—and Mr. Tom also."

"And that is all I care for," said the distracted Fanny, taking leave. "But how I wish this night were over, and I was back to you!—but don't you sit for me."

"Nay, I shall sit. You know, I am this night to give you, and Mr. Edmund, and friend Tom there, if he choose, and Mr. Richard Taylor, my very old friend, a *petit souper*, of sago and small negus, in my own chamber, in the style of the Old Court."

"Don't wait us, pray, ma'am," cried Tom, pulling his sister's arm within his own, tolerably well pleased, or reconciled to Fanny's dress, and fancying her ringlets not unbecoming after all, and tolerably confident that she must captivate Mr. Bethel if she would only set out. His kind encouragement, and thanks for exertion to oblige

him, and a drive in the quiet starlight, with Tom's arm around her, tended to tranquillize Fanny's spirits. "It is but a few more hours," she whispered to herself—"and then but a few days; and as soon as poor Tom, who does all these cruel things from the truest, though the most mistaken, love for me, learns to know Mr. Edmund, as he cannot fail soon to be known, we shall be so happy, with again a home, a fireside of our own—a happiness we have never known from infancy. I shall be so glad to see the Taylors, too, who were so kind to us in childhood." And she said aloud—"You remember the Brunswick Square Taylors, Tom, who were so kind to us when we came from India?"

"Well—and also who gave you that famous *Frau Jansen* which Harriet robbed you of, as she has to-night of your Cachmere. By Heavens! if I saw her hanging on Mr. Bethel's arm in that shawl, I would almost pluck it from her shoulders."

The carriage was now within the extensive grounds of Bethel's Court; and at every opening of the trees, or curve of the long winding approach, glimpses of the illuminated mansion were alternately caught, and again darkened in shadow or lost in total obscurity. Though the Allahbad Bethels had now resided for more than twelve years in this vicinity, neither of them had ever before seen the cheerful, life-giving sight of evening lights in their ancestral home. The house stood rather low, by the river, which made so fine a feature in the home landscape; and, as they passed through the thick obscurity of the neighboring groves, they found the old hereditary rooks startled from their nests, wheeling overhead, and cawing in terror. When the full sweep of the low, wide, blazing architectural front burst upon them, every object touched by the magic of light and shadow, Tom Bethel, in the high-wrought enthusiasm of the moment, pressed his sister more closely to his side, and exclaimed, "My own darling Fanny! could I but once see you the mistress of that house, I would give up every wish, surmount every care, for myself." And Tom was not more insincere than thousands of brothers and mothers have been before him, who, in pursuing their own half-selfish ambition, fancy they are making amazing sacrifices to promote the happiness of the being they torment.

The aristocracy of the party were leaving the drawing-room to proceed to the saloon—as the old stone hall had been new-named—to open the ball, as Tom Bethel's chaise drove up; and, amid the blaze of flambeaux without, and lamps within, he perceived, far off, his aunt, and his cousin Harriet, in the Cachmere, conducted by a gentleman, whom he rightly concluded the master of the mansion.

"They've hooked him already, by all that's sacred!" whispered Tom. "O, Fanny! why would you not come sooner? But, for any sake, now, don't be foolish—don't tremble so, you dear little fool." He lifted her out, and they entered the hall. Mr. Bethel and his ladies had paused in crossing, at the far end of the hall, to examine some of that rare quaint rich carving in wood, still to be found in a few ancient English mansions, and for which England was at one time so celebrated. His party, and those approaching them, were still separated by a short flight of marble steps, running across the hall; so that, while

Fanny and her brother were below, Mr. Bethel stood as it were upon a platform, or *dais*, with his back to those advancing. It was with difficulty that Tom, with his supporting arm round her waist, dragged his sister up these few steps; but, upon the last, she sunk on her knees, and leaned upon his shoulder; while, moved, as if by an instinctive feeling of her presence—for he could scarcely have seen her—Mr. Bethel disengaged himself from the arms of mother and daughter, and flew to Fanny's assistance.

"Very well, indeed!" said the younger lady, with a sneer. "If Fanny be late, she is determined to make a sensation when she does come." But Mrs. Bethel advanced to the group. Fanny had not fainted. She held the hands of her brother Tom and Mr. Edmund in her own, while her beautiful face, now richly suffused with rosy bloom, breathed the rapture of a spirit that first sees unfolded the gates of Paradise.

Though I had not seen Little Fanny Bethel for so many years—standing where she stood, and looking as she then looked, and knowing all I knew, I recognized her in the instant, and introduced myself. Then turning to Tom, after a friendly shake of his disengaged hand, I claimed the privilege, as a common acquaintance, of introducing Mr. Edmund Bethel to Mr. Thomas Bethel. All his Etonian self-possession could not sustain Tom at this instant. His face became of twenty colors, the burning crimson of shame predominating, and remaining fixed on his brow.

"Oh, what a fool I have been!—what a monster to my poor Fanny!—who, while she has fifty times my goodness, has a hundred times my sense." Mr. Bethel, without exactly hearing or caring to hear these words, shook hands most cordially with Tom, "his cousin"—to whom he "hoped soon to be more nearly allied," he whispered; and Fanny smiled like an angelic being.

"Fanny, my dear," said the advancing Mrs. Bethel, "what tempted you to brave the night air! I shall positively send you back with the carriage which has brought you—"

"Oh, do, dear ma'am," returned Fanny, who found this proposal the greatest possible relief in the present state of her feelings.

"Leave my niece to my management, Mr. Bethel," continued the bustling lady; "I shall chide cousin Whitstone well, I assure you, for letting her abroad. Come, Fanny, dear, I shall send Hopkins, my own maid, home with you."

"I will attend my sister home," cried Tom Bethel.

"I must be permitted that honor," cried Mr. Bethel. "My friendly guests, to whom I am quite a stranger—save, I dare say, that I have painted staring portraits of some of them—will gladly take Tom and Mr. Henry as my gay substitutes in their revel!"

Mrs. Bethel stared. "I would give up my claim for no man living, save Mr. Edmund Bethel," was my rejoinder.

Mrs. Bethel started! and looked from one to another. The truth flashed upon her mind. She had overshot the mark. Exquisite dissembler as she was, it was impossible altogether to conceal her feelings upon this singular turn of fortune. Tom Bethel gloated upon the passionate working and twitching of his aunt's features. He ran himself to inform Harriet, that Mr. Edmund, the painter, whose addresses to his sister had lately

been urged on by her mother, was none other than Mr. Edmund Bethel! Her stifled scream of surprise was music to him.

It was finally settled that Mr. Bethel and myself should attend Fanny to Wincham, while Tom and Henry Bethel, who were every way qualified, should do the honors of the rustic ball. I pretended a love of free air and star-gazing, and desired to sit without; and, though Fanny pleaded and protested that I would catch cold, I persisted—and I hope she forgave my obstinacy. She ran to Miss Whitstone—smiling, benevolent, happy Miss Whitstone—as we entered the house; and playfully chided her for having so mystified them, and allowed Tom to commit himself. “Poor Tom is still so young, poor fellow!” said she, stealing at Mr. Bethel one of her old childish looks of innocent fascination,—“and he loves me so truly!”

“And that affection might cover a multitude of sins, were they ten times worse than those of poor Tom,” returned Mr. Bethel. “Be assured, I forgive his no-offence to myself most sincerely. Indeed, Fanny, I grudged you to a poor painter as

much as Tom could himself have done, though that painter was myself!”

Nothing could be better said; and few explanations were required. Mr. Edmund Bethel had wished to spend a summer, near Bethel's court, and had found inducements to return another and another. It seems I had, among so many Bethels, introduced him as Mr. Edmund, and he kept by the half-name given him. The marriage took place in a month afterwards, to the entire satisfaction of all Wincham and Stockham-Magna—so universal a favorite was Fanny. It was, perhaps, the only marriage ever contracted under such flattering auspices; for even Mrs. Bethel was with the majority. She very properly said that, if she had consented while Fanny's lover was an obscure person, how rejoiced she must be now to find him one so different!

On the day of his sister's marriage, Tom obtained an appointment as midshipman in his Majesty's navy. He is now a lieutenant, and has lost, with much of his Latin and Greek, a great deal of his Etonian refinement and knowledge of the world.

THE HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT.

I HATE the name of German wool in all its colors bright;
Of chairs and stools in fancy-work I hate the very sight.

The shawls and alippers that I've seen—the ottomans and bags—
Sooner than wear a stitch on me, I'd walk the street in rags.

I've heard of wives too musical, too talkative, or quiet—

Of scolding or of gaming wives, and those too fond of riot;

But yet, of all the errors known which to the women fall,

For ever doing fancy-work I think exceeds them all.

The other day, when I came home, no dinner got for me;

I asked my wife the reason, and she answered,
“One, two, three!”

I told her I was hungry, and I stamped upon the floor;

She never even looked at me, but murmured,
“One green more.”

Of course she makes me angry, though she does n't care for that,

But chatters, while I talk to her, “One white, and then a black.

One green, and then a purple—(just hold your tongue, my dear;

You really do annoy me so)—I've made a wrong stitch here.”

And as for confidential chat, with her eternal *frame*,
Though I should speak of fifty things, she'd answer me the same.

Tiz, “Yes, love—five reds, then a black—(I quite agree with you)—

I've done this wrong—seven, eight, nine, ten—an orange, then a blue.”

If any lady comes to tea, her bag is first surveyed;
And, if the pattern pleases her, a copy then is made.

She stares the men quite out of face; and when I ask her why!

'Tis, “O! my love, the pattern of his waistcoat struck my eye.”

And if to walk I am inclined ('tis seldom I go out,) At every worsted-shop she sees, oh! how she looks about,

And says, “Bless me! I must go in—the pattern is so rare;

That group of flowers is just the thing I wanted for my chair.”

Besides, the things she makes are all such touch-me-not affairs,

I dare not even use a stool nor screen: and, as for chairs,

'T was only yesterday I put my youngest boy in one,

And until then I never knew my wife had such a tongue.

Alas! for my poor little ones, they dare not move or speak;

'T is “Tom, be still; put down that bag. Why, Harriet, where's your feet?

Maria! standing on that stool! it was not made for use;—

Be silent all. Three greens, one red, a blue, and then a puce.”

Oh! Heaven preserve me from a wife with fancy-work run wild,

And hands which never do aught else for husband or for child.

Our clothes are rent, our bills unpaid, our house is in disorder:

And all because my lady-wife has taken to embroidery.

I'll put my children out to school—I'll go across the sea;

My wife so full of fancy-work, I'm sure cannot miss me.

E'en while I write she still keeps on her “One, two, three, and four.”

She's past all hope. Those Berlin wools, I'll not endure them more! *Britannia.*

From Chambers' Journal.

It is nine years since we addressed our readers in a formal manner about ourselves. Will they have patience with an egotism which observes such a long silence? We presume they will, and shall therefore proceed to say a few words about our position and prospects.

The Journal is now entering upon its fourteenth year. We begin to get letters from lady subscribers, who tell us they commenced reading it when they were little girls, and now have two babies rapidly rising to strike in as readers too. In fact, it is becoming a somewhat venerable publication. Well, we trust it is not the worse for that, but somewhat the better. We are at least assured that its acceptance with the public is not less than it ever was, for its sale—raised one-half by the change of size—is not much under ninety thousand copies. The most popular magazines circulate, we believe, from six to nine thousand; but the sale of the Journal in its magazine shape alone (the monthly part being strictly a magazine) is about forty thousand. During the currency of this work, we have brought out several others: a series of books designed to aid in the realization of an improved education;* a kind of encyclopædia for the middle and working-classes;† a history of English literature, chiefly intended to introduce the young to the Pantheon of our national authors.‡ And all of these works have met with success hardly less marked than that of the Journal. Indeed, that of the Information for the People has been considerably more, for the average sale of the numbers of that publication has been about a hundred and thirty thousand—a fact, we believe, unprecedented in the same department of literature. More recently we have commenced another work, a series of tracts designed for the instruction and entertainment of a still humbler class of readers; § and already it would appear as if the ordinary sale of this work is to be greatly beyond that of any other, the impressions required of the first few numbers (all yet prepared) having been in no case less than a hundred and fifty thousand, and in some instances nearly two hundred thousand, copies. Verily, it must be admitted, there is here a vast diffusion of literature, of whatever kind it may be. Or may we not rather say that these things mark an entirely new era in literature, something which throws all the former efforts of the press into the shade?

Let us just look for a moment into the details of this phenomenon. We write at present in a huge building of four stories, flanked by a powerful steam-engine, and with the noise of ten printing machines continually sounding in our ears. Several of these are engaged in working off impressions, the production of which at a common hand-press, such as formed the sole means of typography a few years ago, would have required nearly the time then requisite for a voyage to India and back. A hundred and twenty persons are required for all the duties which proceed in this large structure, though these have exclusively a regard to works edited by ourselves. Upwards of a quarter of a million of printed sheets leave the house each week, being as many as the whole newspaper

press of Scotland issued in a month about the year 1833. Our publications, which at first were expected by the booksellers to be the ruin of their business, do not yield them less than fifteen thousand pounds a-year of profit; while yet the number of ordinary books published each year, instead of being diminished, is considerably increased. These are some of the material details; but who shall say what are the particulars of the moral results of this enormous contagion of paper and print! We willingly allow each man to judge from what he observes in his own familiar circle. We have, for our part, a general and all-sufficient faith.

Friends to whom we chance to mention some of these matters, often say to us, "What a power for good or evil you possess!" There could not be a greater mistake. It is not a power for evil at all. This has been tried, and fully proved, by other editors. Similar works without number have been presented to the public, but, because they pandered to the meaner feelings of our nature, they invariably failed. We have ever felt, that, whatever might be our own inclinations, we must aim at the pure, the elevating, and good, if we would wish our publications to acquire any permanent hold of the public mind. It is a common notion, we believe, among the clever fellows, that the public is to be gulled, tickled, addressed as a child, and that, the lower the tone assumed, they will be the more pleased. Our experience says quite the reverse. We have, and always have had, an unfeigned respect for both the intellectual and moral character of the public. We sincerely believe that the higher sentiments rule its general procedure, and that the grosser souls are in all ordinary circumstances powerless. We therefore never doubted that, in earnestly seeking to give good counsel and innocent entertainment, we were taking the course which common prudence would have dictated, all the sophistications of all the Jenkinsons notwithstanding; and it is thus that we feel assured of our publications being attended with good effects upon the community. They only have a large sale because they address and meet responses in the better feelings of the mass of our countrymen.

When the publications of Mr. Knight and others are taken into account, it will be seen that the amount of literature now diffused among the people must be something very different from what it was a few years ago. On a moderate calculation, we cannot doubt that our own publications are fully doubled by the other works of a respectable kind now issued weekly; that is to say, there are not fewer than half a million of cheap sheets published every week. Add to these the very considerable number of cheap book-publications, copyright and otherwise, and it must be apparent that there is a moral agency at work in this country such as has never been formerly known, except in the most feeble form. Is it not now, indeed, for the first time, that the powers of the printing-press have been turned to their right account! And yet, after all, it is highly questionable if anything like full advantage has been taken of the powers of this marvellous engine. There is no default in its own mechanism, but the mechanism for the diffusion of its productions is still far from being what is desirable. The system of bookselling in this country has not undergone an improvement at all comparable to that which we have seen in the paper-making and typographical departments. No fault is it in the members of that excellent frater-

* Educational Course—37 volumes published.

† Information for the People, 2 vols. royal 8vo.

‡ Cyclopædia of English Literature, 2 vols. royal 8vo.

§ Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts, appearing in weekly numbers at a penny and halfpenny each.

nity. But books such as we refer to ought to be sold by many others besides ordinary booksellers. Why should it be that tea, tobacco, and even less approvable articles demanded by the people, should be purchasable in the smallest quantities in every village in the empire, and not that literature which has become, in one form or another, almost as much a necessary of life as any? Surely, in many of the little establishments where the needs and cravings of the frail body are supplied, those of the immortal spirit might also be gratified; and that without necessarily diminishing the trade of the ordinary booksellers! One fact will illustrate this. In a little village, where at one time none of our publications were sold, a philanthropic gentleman induced a female dealer in small wares to commence selling the 'Traots.' She quickly found regular customers for forty copies. Here were forty copies sold where formerly the work was unheard of; and we cannot doubt that thousands of places are in the like predicament. There most certainly be some improvement in the book-selling system of the country; we must have this kind of wares presented in many quarters where it formerly was unthought of, ere we can say that the system of cheap publication is complete, or has "gathered all its fame." A benevolent friend has suggested that persons verging upon pauperism might often help themselves in some degree to a livelihood, if individuals taking a kindly interest in them were to furnish them with a first stock of such wares. We have had the plan tried in several instances, and have found it effectual.* Perhaps by such means, in addition to all others, the extreme limits of the diffusibility of popular literature might in time be reached.

When this point is attained, and great effects begin to become apparent to those who watch the signs of nations, it is not unlikely that the humble services of the individuals now addressing the public will be remembered and inquired into. It will perhaps be recollected that Chambers' Journal was the first periodical work which aimed at giving respectable literature at a price which made it accessible to every class of persons really desirous of reading, and that in that and several other publications, without the slightest extraneous support, its editors arrived at and maintained for several years an extraordinary degree of success. May it not then be asked, what was the cause of this success! To what are we to attribute the existence of that vast ten-machine printing-house! Will it be worth while to listen for a moment to the impressions which were entertained on that subject by ourselves? Presuming that there may be some curiosity on such a point, we will here mention that we attribute it not to any peculiar literary talent; we attribute it not to any extraordinary intellectual gifts; neither do we think fortune had anything whatever to do with it. It arose solely from the view we took of the duties resting upon those who make a profession of the

pen. We felt, in the first place, that foresight, punctuality, and other homely and prudential virtues, were necessary even for the purpose of enabling us to possess our minds in peace—that peace without which no studious life can be conducted to any good results. And it was but a corollary from that view, that we should have a publishing system under our own command, as by no other means could the requisite unity of movement and procedure have been attained. On this point we would observe incidentally, that we trust yet to make out a problem of no small consequence to men of letters—that is to say, we trust to establish, that to employ a printing and bookselling system to work out his purposes, is a much more eligible position for the literary laborer, than to come with all his powers of thought, and the aspirations attending them, and subordinate these to a man of trade. We think it will be found that the first position, which is ours, is that by far the best fitted to secure independence of action, and even that elevation of mind which is supposed to rest apart from trade, as well as exemption from those degrading cares which are so hostile to the exercise of the higher faculties, and have been the shipwreck of so many votaries of letters. We further felt that the tasks assumed by us were of a very different character from what their external features indicated to the shallower class of minds. Even to speak of materialities alone, the aggregate vastness of a cheap publication was calculated to impress a strong sense of the importance of such a work. What came before the eyes of individuals as a single sheet at an infinitesimal price, presented itself to our sense in colossal piles of paper and print, and large commercial transactions. At the fountain-head, its respectability, in the common sense of the word, could not be matter of doubt, whatever it might in the remote rills of diffusion. But, remarking the great apptency of the middle and humbler classes for the reading of such works, it was impossible not to advance to far higher considerations, and see, in the establishment of such a miscellany as the Journal, the attainment of a predicatorial position hardly paralleled in the country. It fully appeared that such a work, if conducted in a right spirit, might enable its editors weekly to address an audience of unexampled numbers. We felt that by this means a vast amount of unequivocal good might be effected amongst the humbler classes in particular. Coming before them with no stamp of authority to raise prejudices, but as the undoubted friend of all, it could convey counsel and instruction where more august missionaries might fail. Gaining the heart of the poor man, always inclined to jealousy, it might, by dint of its absolute transparent well-meaning, force reproofs and maxims upon him which he would take from no other hand. By such a work the young might be, even in the receipt of amusement, actuated to industrious and honorable courses. Everywhere, by presenting entertainment of a pure nature, and of superior attractiveness, that which was reprehensible might be superseded. Nor might it be impossible, even in so small a work, to present papers of an original kind in the departments of fancy and humor, as well as of observation and reflection, such as might be expected to cultivate the higher powers of the popular intellect.

While, then, many superficial persons scoffed at the course we had entered upon, we saw in it

* A mendicant, applying for alms at our office in Glasgow, was furnished with two copies of a tract, that he might endeavor to sell them in the streets, and thus make money by a more legitimate mode. He disposed of them in ten minutes, and came back with the money to purchase more. Having sold these also, he returned for a new supply, and, in short, his transactions in four hours reached six shillings, leaving himself a clear gain of one and sixpence. He was to have come back to renew his efforts next morning; but, unfortunately, from whatever cause, he never reappeared.

the means of a large usefulness, and gave ourselves to it with cordial good-will. Determining first upon a few leading principles—particularly that political and theological controversy should never receive a moment's attention; animated by sincere and earnest wishes to promote whatever was clearly calculated to be beneficial to our fellow-creatures in the mass; despising all trivial and petty objects, and aiming ever to confer a dignity upon our own pursuits—we advanced in our course, and persevered in it year after year; never once doubting that the issue would justify and illustrate our first resolutions. The result, we may surely say, is to some extent determined, and that in a manner favorable to the soundness of our views; for how otherwise could it be that (to look no higher for proof) there is at this time no literary system in the country which approaches ours in magnitude? How else should it be that, while all other literary operations are conducted with more or less jarring between associated interests, and while most have to resort to extraneous expedients for success, we scatter the matter of hundreds of thousands of volumes annually over the land, without experiencing the slightest disturbance from sordid details, or ever having to look a moment beyond the intrinsic value of the article itself for a means of arresting public attention.

We would, in conclusion, express our humble trust that the ordinary readers of the Journal can be under no risk of misunderstanding the nature of these remarks. We have spoken in the language of earnestness and of truth, on a subject on which we are conscious of entertaining other besides feelings of self-love, and where public interests are, we think, as much concerned as our own. This kind of language usually meets with sympathy, and we humbly hope that on the present occasion there will be no exception from the rule.

ONLY ONE MURDER.

[We find the following in the "Christian Witness," but do not know from what work it is taken. Let us all, while we see how clearly the poor Greenlander was wrong in wishing to indulge himself *only this once*, look at our own hearts, which are as disobedient, though our minds are more enlightened.]

It has ever been a fixed law in Greenland, that murder, and particularly the murder of a father, must be avenged. About twenty years before the arrival of Saabye, a father had been murdered in the presence of his son, a lad of thirteen, in a most atrocious manner. The boy was not able then to avenge the crime, but the murderer was not forgotten. He left that part of the country, and kept the flame burning in his bosom twenty-five years, no suitable opportunity offering for revenge, as the man was high in influence, and many near to defend him. At length his plan was laid, and with some of his relations to assist him, he returned to the province of the murderer, who lived near the house of the Saabye; there being no house unoccupied, where they might remain, but one owned by Saabye, they requested it, and it was granted, without any remark, although he knew the object of their coming.

The son soon became interested in the kind missionary, and often visited his cabin, giving as his reason, "you are so amiable, I cannot keep away from you." Two or three weeks after, he requested to know more of "the great Lord of heaven," of whom Saabye had spoken. His request was cheerfully granted. Soon it appeared that himself, and all his relations were desirous of instruction, and, ere long, the son requested baptism. To this request the missionary answered, "Kunnuk, you know God: you know that he is good, that he loves you, and desires to make you happy; but he desires also that you shall obey him."

Kunnuk answered, "I love him, I will obey him."

"His command is, 'Thou shalt not murder.' " The poor Greenlander was much affected and silent. "I know," said the missionary, "why you have come here with your relations; but this you must not do, if you wish to become a believer."

Agitated, he answered, "but he murdered my father."

For a long time the missionary pressed this point, the poor awakened heathen promising to "kill *only one*." But this was not enough. "Thou shalt do no murder," Saabye insisted was the command of the great Lord of heaven. He exhorted him to leave the murderer in the hand of God to be punished in another world; but this was waiting too long for revenge. The missionary refused him baptism, without obedience to the command. He retired to consult his friends. They urged him to revenge.

Saabye visited him, and without referring to the subject, read those portions of scripture and hymns teaching a quiet and forgiving temper. Some days after, Kunnuk came again to the cabin of the Saabye. "I will," said he, "and I will not; I hear and I do not hear. I never felt so before; I will forgive him, and I will not forgive him. The missionary told him, when he *would* forgive, then his better spirit spoke; when he *would not* forgive, then his unconverted heart spoke." He then repeated to him the latter part of the life of Jesus, and his prayer for his murderers. A tear stood in his eye. "But he was better than me," said Kunnuk. "But God will give us strength," Saabye answered. He then read the martyrdom of Stephen, and his dying prayer for his enemies. Kunnuk dried his eyes and said, "The wicked men! He is happy; he is certainly with God in heaven. My heart is so moved, but give me a little time; when I have brought the other heart to silence, I will come again." He soon returned with a joyful countenance, saying, "Now I am happy; I hate no more; I have forgiven; my wicked heart shall be silent." He and his wife, having made a clear profession of faith in Christ, were baptized and received into the church. Soon after, he sent the following note to the murderer of his father: "I am now a believer, and you have nothing to fear," and invited him to his house. The man came, and invited Kunnuk, in turn, to visit him. Contrary to the advice of his friends, Kunnuk went, and as he was returning home, he found a hole had been cut in his boat in order that he might be drowned. Kunnuk stepped out of the water, saying, "He is still afraid, though I will not harm him!"

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From Jerrold's Magazine.

THE POET BEFORE AND AFTER DEATH.

"I beg you to use your utmost interest, and that of all your friends, to move our Commissioners of Excise to grant me my full salary. If they do not grant it, I must let my account with an exit truly *en poete*—if I die not of disease, I shall perish with hunger. "ROBERT BURNS."

Thus, in the prime of manhood, dies
The man with the large heart and eyes
That flashed and echoed to the skies
In passion's storm—
A friendless gauger of Dumfries—
Crushed like a worm.

Four helpless children midst the gloom
Wander and weep from room to room ;
Their mother striving with her doom
As mothers strive,
Who feel that o'er the closing tomb
There will be five.

Since then the bard's volcanic breast
Has had its half-a-century's rest ;
But still the "Mouse's" humble nest,
Rudely o'erthrown,
And "mountain-daisy's" fate suggest
The poet's own :

Soon contrite Scotland, to reward
Her crushed and broken-hearted bard,
With costly "Mausoleum" marred,
The image traced
Upon his dedication card
So truly chaste ;

And moving thence his mouldering bones
(As if dead bees were dear to drones,)
Before the graceless heap of stones
Upon his dust,
She spake in exultation's tones
Of being just.

Justice, in spite of bandaged eyes,
Has still a heart to sympathize
With the susceptible and wise
By her own scales,
So often doomed to fraternize
In county jails.

What but this knowledge could induce
The *lamb* to bear the flag of truce
As though it sanctioned the abuse
Which still denies

Justice, in woman's shape, the use
Of her own eyes.

Though Scotland long had set her face
With smiles for Burns and all his race,
At length, to wipe out her disgrace,
If such might be,
She danced around his native place
In jubilee !

From the Louisville Journal.

THE GOLDEN RINGLET.

HERE is a little golden tress
Of soft unbraided hair,
The all that's left of loveliness
That once was thought so fair ;
And yet, though time has dimm'd its sheen,
Though all beside hath fled,
I hold it here, a link between
My spirit and the dead.

Yes, from this shining ringlet still
A mournful memory springs,
That melts my heart, and sends a thrill
Through all its trembling strings.
I think of her, the loved, the wept,
Upon whose forehead fair,
For eighteen years, like sunshine, slept,
This golden curl of hair.

Oh, sunny tress ! the joyous brow,
Where thou didst lightly wave
With all thy sister tresses, now
Lies cold within the grave.
That cheek is of its bloom bereft ;
That eye no more is gay :
Of all her beauties thou art left
A solitary ray.

Four years have passed, this very June,
Since last we fondly met—
Four years ! and yet it seems too soon
To let the heart forget—
Too soon to let that lovely face
From our sad thoughts depart,
And to another give the place
She held within the heart.

Her memory still within my mind
Retains its sweetest power :
It is the perfume left behind,
To whisper of the flower.

Each blossom, that in moments gone
Bound up this sunny curl,
Recalls the form, the look, the tone
Of that enchanting girl.

Her step was like an April rain
O'er beds of violets flung;
Her voice the prelude to a strain,
Before the song is sung:
Her life, 't was like a half-blown flower,
Closed ere the shades of even;
Her death the dawn, the blushing hour
That opes the gates of heaven.

A single tress! how slight a thing
To sway such magic art,
And bid each soft remembrance spring
Like blossoms in the heart!
It leads me back to days of old—
To her I loved so long,
Whose locks outshone pellucid gold,
Whose lips o'erflowed with song.

Since then I've heard a thousand lays
From lips as sweet as hers;
Yet when I strove to give them praise,
I only gave them tears.
I could not bear, amid the throng
Where jest and laughter rung,
To hear another sing the song
That trembled on her tongue.

A single shining tress of hair
To bid such memories start!
But tears are on its lustre—there
I lay it on my heart.
Oh! when in death's cold arms I sink,
Who, then, with gentle care,
Will keep for me a dark brown link—
A ringlet of my hair! AMELIA.

From the True Sun.

TO ———

Of thy love it shall be said,
That its sweetest spell was laid
On my heart in trouble;
When the roses in my way
Faded fastest day by day,
And the thorns grew double.

Though with accents faint and weak,
Thou the binding-vow didst speak,
Trembling at the altar;
Yet whene'er that binding vow—
Led through tribulation, thou
Never yet didst falter.

And when brighter days were mine,
With my hand enclosed in thine,
Each on the other leaning;
We through many a sunny hour,
In each bursting bud and flower,
Found a mystic meaning—

Typical of many things,
While imagination's wings,
Lovingly upbore us;
And we painted sunny skies,
Looking in each other's eyes,
For the life before us.

Like a guardian angel thou,
When the cloud is on my brow,

In the hours of sadness—
Bidst the airy phantoms fly,
While beneath thy loving eye,
Grief is turned to gladness. B. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE POPULAR LECTURES ON SCIENCE AND ART, which have been delivered in the chief cities and towns in the United States by Dr. LARDNER, are announced for publication in numbers by Messrs. Greeley and McElrath, New York. They are to be copiously illustrated with engravings on wood. Ten or twelve numbers, at 25 cents each, will complete the course.

This work will be a public good, and from the preëminent ability of the lecturer in the *manner* of communicating knowledge—combining “simplicity of language, perspicuity of reasoning and felicity of illustration”—will no doubt have a very extensive sale.

Messrs. Harper and Brothers have sent us,—

POEMS BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK. This volume is handsomely printed, and illustrated by a moonlight view of Alnwick Castle. Would that Mr. Halleck had made the volume larger! He has collected the poems upon which he expects the award of posterity to be founded.

ILLUSTRATED SHAKESPEARE, 45, 46. This completes *Much Ado about Nothing*.

COPLAND'S DICTIONARY OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE, edited by Dr. C. A. Lee. Part V., running from *Delirium to Dropsy*. 50 cents.

THE IMPROVISATORE. Translated by Mary Howitt, from the Danish of Andersen. 12½ cents.

THE ANCIENT REGIME. By G. P. R. James. 2 vols. in 1. The sixth volume of Pocket Edition of *Select Novels*. 25 cents.

TWICE TOLD TALES. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 2 vols. 12mo. Well printed by *James Munroe & Co.*, Boston.

This book, though in prose, was written by a poet. A calm, thoughtful face seems to be looking at you from every page. One of the most prominent characteristics of these tales is, that they are national in their character. The author has wisely chosen his themes among the traditions of New England. Another characteristic of this writer is the exceeding beauty of his style. It is as clear as running waters are. Indeed, he uses words as mere stepping-stones, upon which, with a free and youthful bound, his spirit crosses and recrosses the bright and rushing stream of thought.—In speaking in terms of such high praise as we have done, we have given utterance not alone to our own feelings, but we trust to those of all gentle readers of the *Twice Told Tales*. Like children we say, “Tell us more.”

North American Review.

HOME. By Miss Sedgwick. The name of the author of *Redwood* and *Hope Leslie* is a sufficient commendation of this work to our readers—and we perceive that this is the *fifteenth* edition. Published by *James Munroe & Co.*

THE LOVER'S FORTUNE. Translated from the German. *James Munroe & Co.* Of this neat volume we shall say nothing, for we know no more; and besides, we perceive that it is not just published.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

BUNYAN AND BUNHILL FIELDS.

HOWEVER much people may affect to question the right of Mr. Southey to the name of a great poet—and critics speak confidently both for and against him—no one will affect to dispute his claim to be considered one of the very best of our English prose writers. Nor is it too much to say, perhaps, that his least merit is his style. His range of reading was wide, his diligence great, his memory still greater. He knew the world by something more than the mere spectacles of books; he had looked on nature for himself, and had compared his own experiences with the experiences of others. His observations on life are almost always to the point, and his opinions of men and books invariably of value. He had many of the inborn and acquired qualifications of a good biographer. He could suck the marrow of a book, and give you in a *Quarterly Review* article the cream of what Coxe had scattered, with an uncunning skill, over two thick quarto volumes. But he always wanted a good pioneer to go before him; and, though he affected at times to despise the poor but faithful antiquary, with his corn and chaff inconsiderately got together into one unmeaning heap, he was willing to admit the great utility of the pioneer species of literary men, and the important services which men like Rymer and Oldys, or Carte and Coxe, had conferred upon English history. He was, what is more, a pioneer himself, as much as his leisure time or the resources of his own library would well permit him. His *Life of Cowper* exhibits a keen and patient examination of the dead or dormant literature of the last century, and an anxiety to detect any little particle of information likely to throw light on the subject of his memoir.

He was very well aware of the charm with which new materials invariably invest a new biography; of the importance of a date, either in establishing a circumstance beyond cavil or dispute, or in rejecting it altogether from the pale of authentic matter. His diligence was unceasing. He always read with an object, and with a view to a variety of different publications. But his library, though large for a private individual, and large, moreover, for his means, was very ill suited for the wide and diversified range of his writings. Nor was there a library amid the lakes and wilds of Cumberland likely to be of any use to him. He wrote, therefore, under very heavy disadvantages; and it has always appeared to us, that his continuation of Warton's invaluable history, over which he brooded for so many years, must necessarily have been, had it ever been executed, a most imperfect publication. The reading and research of Warton were not confined to the college libraries of Oxford, or the glorious treasures of the Bodleian; he had availed himself of the treasures at Winchester and Cambridge, and had carried his researches into the then newly established British Museum. But we are not likely soon to see another Tom Warton among us; perhaps we shall never see another Southey. They were both great men. The unfinished history by Warton is a monument of human industry and learning; and the prose works of Southey master-pieces of English composition.

Southey thought his best prose work his *History of Brazil*; nor are we inclined to dispute his preference. The manner is above all praise, and the matter, considering its want of European attraction, highly entertaining. He thought comparatively

little of his *Life of Nelson*; nor is his a solitary case of an author differing in his estimate of the value of his own writings from the standard measure of public opinion. The *Nelson* is a delightful narrative, within the compass of a pocket volume, of the heroic life and the heroic end of the greatest admiral of all time—the most English of all English heroes. But it is far from a satisfactory life in the minuteness of its information; and men who test and try all biographies by the standard of their favorite Boswell—and we know very many who do this—will find it wanting in the scale of excellence by which they weigh and measure a biography. Southey's *Life of Nelson* will live as long as the English language, and will always form an enduring introduction to the *Nelson Despatches*, now in course of publication under the watchful eye of Sir Harris Nicolas.

Mr. Southey was an author by profession; he lived (his pension excepted) entirely by his pen. He was too apt, therefore, to measure out his articles and biographies by the sheet. He was, moreover, a writer too apt to diverge into other speculations, from the width and variety of his reading. His *Life of Wesley* is too big a book for the importance of Wesley. His *Life of Cowper* is written on too extended a scale for the little variety of incident or circumstances in the recluse-like life of the Olney hermit; his *Life of Kirke White* is more in the nature of a preface; his *Life of Isaac Watts* too hurried a performance to be criticised by the Southey standard of excellence in prose; while his *Life of Bunyan* abounds in all the beauties of his style, and all the defects of his library and reading.

The best biographies in the world are the inimitable *Lives* of the inimitable Plutarch. They are models in this style, in manner, treatment, and length. We have good biographies of our own. The *Lives of the Poets*, by Dr. Johnson, is one of the most fascinating books in the whole range of English literature. We are at a loss to decide which of the several *Lives* we should admire the most. Cowley was the doctor's own favorite, not for the method or excellence of its narrative, but from the clear and concise account it contains of the rise and fall of the so-called metaphysical poets among us. The Dryden is a delightful *Life*, but there is hardly a date that is correct throughout the whole of its pages. Pope we read in spite of Mr. Roscoe, nor will it be easy, or even possible, to push it out of favor. The *Life of Savage* was an early composition, and the reader may observe thirty years' difference of style between it and the Dryden. *Savage* extends over some one hundred and fifty pages; and of the three or four dates throughout the whole biography, and it actually contains no more, two, at least, are seriously incorrect. The date of his birth is grossly erroneous, and the year of his death was wanting in the first edition. When we have mentioned these curious circumstances in the *Life of Savage* in the hearing of people well acquainted with the minute circumstances of the narrative, we have found them unwilling to believe us. The truth is, the matter is so romantic, and the manner so irresistible, that people read it, as Reynolds read it, at a *standing*, and in the avidity of their reading forget everything about dates, those necessary landmarks in history of every kind.

It is fitting to observe here how our best wri-

ters—such as Hume, Johnson, Southey, and others—have too often been careless in their facts, and how our worst writers in point of style have been painfully minute in their pins' heads of particulars. The lives, by Strype, of the various churchmen in the time of Queen Elizabeth; the biographies of Dr. Birch; and the *Life of Dryden* by Malone, are so many storehouses of minute and even extraneous information. The student of English history—we use the word in its wide sense—will seldom quit their pages without finding what he seeks, and without carrying away much curious matter, foreign, it is true, from his subject, but still important. The rare art is to combine the two great qualities of research and style. A Strype and Southey combined would make a perfect biographer, and a life by their united exertions a complete biography.

No country is richer in worthies than Great Britain, or richer in materials for the proper compilation of their Lives. But these materials lie scattered over so many volumes—some small and scarce, and consequently dear, others large and expensive. The student of English history is perpetually at a loss for a good *Biographia Britannica*. He feels a difficulty at every turn, and wanders out of his way in search of information which one good work should supply to his hand at once. We have, it is true, several sets of Lives. Johnson wrote the *Lives of the Poets* from Cowley to Gray; Campbell the *Lives of the British Admirals*; Macdriarmid the *Lives of the British Statesmen*; Allen Cunningham, the *Lives of the British Artists*; and Sir Walter Scott, the *Lives of the British Novelists*. All possess a variety of merits, and some of the shorter Lives are good specimens of matter and manner. But the *Biographia Britannica*, though a century old, is still our great storehouse of facts; nor is it likely, from what we hear, to be soon supplanted. This we regret, because the Lives of British Worthies should be a British undertaking—one that would prove, when properly performed, a far nobler monument to their memories than the statues in bronze about the squares of London, or the statues in marble that choke Westminster Abbey, or stand half seen within St. Paul's.

We have been led into these remarks from a perusal of Mr. Southey's "Life of Bunyan," in Mr. Murray's *Colonial Library*; and from the recent publication of a new Life of the fine old Baptist dreamer by Mr. George Godwin, before Mr. Selous' illustrated edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Mr. Southey exhausted the stores of his own shelves and the supply of books which his publisher had sent him in the composition of his biography. Mr. Godwin exhibits a spirit of patient investigation, and the recent annotator of *Southey's Life* a love of reference and research, which merit imitation. But the *Life of Bunyan*, though inimitably well written by Mr. Southey, and succinctly compiled by Mr. Godwin, has yet to be written, not at greater length, we must allow, but with the new materials which fresh investigation cannot fail to produce; and, in the hope that some pains-taking inquirer will go into the subject forthwith, we here contribute a new and important fact in the consideration of Bunyan's life to the future biographer of this "Spenser of the people."

No kind of religion was safe under Charles II. Persecution prevailed at one time, and toleration at another. The king was careless and indiffer-

ent; perhaps he was a Deist; he died a Roman Catholic. The duke, his brother, was an uncompromising Papist. The king disliked the Presbyterians; the ill-bred familiarity of the Scotch divines had given him a distaste for that part of the Protestant religion. The church for which his father lost his head was as little to his liking; sectaries of all kinds he viewed with fear and disgust. His licentious course of life led him to repose at last on the bosom of a forgiving and infallible church, and the easy nature of his temperament to enforce an Act of Uniformity at one time, and a Declaration of Indulgence at another. Barrow and South were as little to his taste and inclination as Calamy and Baxter. He would not trust sufficiently to his own sense of what was just and proper, but threw himself into the hands of others, who used him as a means to their own evil ends, or their own personal aggrandizement. This was his father's fault; but the father did think, and then allowed himself to be overruled: while the son was ruled, to save himself the trouble of thinking at all.

Raleigh wrote his *History of the World* in the prison of the Tower; Wither, his *Shepherds Hunting* within the walls of the Marshalsea; Lovelace, his little poem on the *Freedom of the Mind* within the Westminster Gate House; and Bunyan, his glorious dream of the *Pilgrim's Progress* in the gaol at Bedford. Raleigh perished on the block; and Lovelace in a Shoe Lane lodging, surrounded, it is said, by want. Wither was afterwards an inmate of Newgate and the Tower; but Bunyan had a happier end. State matters were of very little moment to honest John Bunyan; and, so long as he was allowed to preach the Lord openly and honestly, his happiness was at its height; and this he was allowed to do unmolested from the period of his enlargement till his death. The fruit of his imprisonment is before the world; the true history of his release has yet to be related.

The toleration promised by the king at Breda was wholly overlooked in the act of uniformity; and Bunyan was one of the first persons after the restoration, who was punished for disobedience of the law. He was unwilling to desist from preaching the word of God, and was imprisoned for his preaching. Twelve long years was Bunyan an inmate of Bedford gaol; and he at length owed his release to accident, and to his old enemies the Quakers. After the fatal fight at Worcester, the king made his way, it is well known, through dangers and difficulties, to the sea-side at Shoreham, from whence he effected his escape, by a small fishing-vessel, to the coast of France. The master and mate of this little vessel were Quakers, as we gather from the following interesting letter, hitherto unpublished, from Ellis Hookes to the wife of Fox, the founder of the sect of Quakers. The original letter is preserved among the Quaker records at Devonshire House in Bishopsgate Street:—

"For Thomas Greene, shopkeeper in Lancaster.
"For M. F.

[January, 1669-70.]

"Yesterday there was a friend with the king, one that is John Grove's mate. He was the man that was mate to the master of the fisher-boat that carried the king away when he went from Worcester fight, and only this friend and the master knew of it in the ship, and the friend carried him (the king) ashore on his shoulders. The king

knew him again and was very friendly to him, and told him he remembered him, and of several things that were done in the ship at the same time. The friend told him the reason why he did not come all this while was that he was satisfied in that he had peace and satisfaction in himself, and that he did what he did to relieve a man in distress, and now he desired nothing of him but that he would set friends at liberty who were great sufferers, and told the king he had with him a paper of 110 that were præmunired, that had lain in prison about six years, and none can release them but him. So the king took the paper and said, that there were many of them, and that they would be in again in a month's time, and that the country gentlemen complained to him that they were troubled with the Quakers. So he said he would release him six. But the friend thinks to go to him again, for he had not fully relieved himself."

This highly interesting letter is endorsed by Fox himself, "*E. Hookes to M. F., of passages concerning Richard Carver that carried the king of his back. 1669.*"

Hookes' next letter among the Quaker papers is addressed to Fox, the founder of the sect:—

"[February, 1669-70.]

"Dear G. F.—As for the friend that was with the king, his love is to thee. He has been with the king lately, and Thomas Moore was with him, and the king was very loving to them. He had a fair and free opportunity to open his mind to the king, and the king has promised to do for him, but willed him to wait a month or two longer. I rest thy faithful friend to serve thee.

"E. H."

Here the records cease; but the after-history of this Quaker application is related by Whitehead in that curious picture of his own life and times printed in 1725, under the name of *The Christian Progress of George Whitehead*. Whitehead was all prayer and application for the release of his brethren in the Lord, and had intimated his intention of writing to the king to his honest and loving friend Thomas Moore,—

"Who was often willing," he says, "to move the king in behalf of our suffering friends, the king having some respect to him, for he had an interest with the king and some of his council more than many others had, and I desired him to present my few lines, or letter, to the king, which he carefully did, and a few days after both he and myself had access into the king's presence, and renewed our request."

The king listened to their application with attention and granted them liberty to be heard on the next council-day.

"And then," he goes on to say, "Thomas Moore, myself, and our friend Thomas Greene, attended at the council-chamber at Whitehall, and were all admitted in before the king and a full council. When I had opened and more fully pleaded our suffering friends' case, the king gave this answer, 'I'll pardon them.' Whereupon Thomas Moore pleaded the innocency of our friends—that they needed no pardon, being innocent; the king's own warrant, in a few lines, will discharge them, 'For where,' said Thomas Moore, 'the word of a king is, there is power.'"

The king's answer was curious—"Oh, Mr. Moore, there are persons as innocent as a child new born that are pardoned; you need not scruple

a pardon." And Sir Orlando Bridgman, the lord keeper, added, "I told them that they cannot be legally discharged but by a pardon under the great seal."

The king's Declaration of Indulgence was published on the 15th of March, 1672, and on the 8th of May the following order was given:—

"*At the Court of Whitehall, the 8th of May, 1672.*

"His majesty was graciously pleased to declare that he will pardon all those persons called Quakers now in prison for any offence committed only relating to his majesty and not to the prejudice of any other persons. And it was thereupon ordered by his majesty in council that a list of the names of the Quakers in the several prisons, together with the causes of their commitment, be, and is, herewith sent to his majesty's attorney-general, who is required and authorized to prepare a bill for his majesty's royal signature, containing a pardon to pass the great seal of England for all such to whom his majesty may legally grant the same," &c.

The following letter was sent from the council board at Whitehall to the sheriffs of the different counties:

"After our hearty commendations. Whereas, request hath been made unto his majesty, in behalf of the Quakers who remain at present in several gaols and prisons of his kingdom, that his majesty would be pleased to extend his mercy towards them, and give order for their relief; which his majesty, taking into consideration, hath thought fit, in order to his clearer information, before he resolve anything therein, to command us to write these our letters unto you; and, accordingly, we do hereby will and require you to procure a perfect list of the names, times, and causes of the commitment of all such persons called Quakers as are remaining in any gaol or prison within this country, and to return the same forthwith to this board. So, nothing doubting of your ready performance of this his majesty's command, we bid you heartily farewell."

Thomas Moore still continued his scruples before the attorney-general, and Finch, then attorney-general, told him, "Mr. Moore, if you'll not accept of his majesty's pardon, I'll tell him you'll not accept thereof." But Whitehead argued the signification of the word with his friend, and Moore's scruples were at length overcome.

The rumor soon got wind that the king had extended his Declaration of Indulgence, and consented to the release of his old enemies the Quakers. Baptists, Presbyterians, Independents, and sectaries of all kinds, "hearing of this, and seeing," says Whitehead, "what way we had made with the king for our friends' release, desired that their friends in prison might be discharged with ours, and have their names in the same instrument." Sectaries of all kinds went to the Quaker Whitehead, and earnestly requested his advice and assistance.

"Whereupon," says Whitehead, "I advised them to petition the king for his warrant to have them inserted in the same patent with the Quakers, which accordingly they did petition for and obtain; so that there a few names of other Dissenters who were prisoners in Bedfordshire, Kent, and Wiltshire (as I remember,) in the same catalogue and instrument with our friends, and released thereby, which I was also very glad of; for our being of different judgments and societies did not abate my

compassion or charity towards them who had been my opposers in some cases. Blessed be the Lord my God, who is the Father and Fountain of mercies; whose love to us in Christ Jesus should oblige us to be merciful and kind to one another."

When the pardon or patent was ready for delivery, the friends got frightened at the amount of fees properly payable upon it. The usual charge was a fee of above twenty pounds on each person, and the Dissenting sects in England were then both poor and needy. The patent enumerated the names of above four hundred persons, and the fees at the customary rate had amounted to at least ten thousand pounds. The friends of the Shoreham fisherman applied once more to the king, and the following order was issued forthwith:—

[*Locus Sigilli.*]

"His majesty is pleased to command that it be signified as his pleasure to the respective offices and sealers where the pardon to the Quakers is to pass, that the pardon, though comprehending great numbers of persons, do yet pass as one pardon, and pay but as one.

"ARLINGTON.

"*At the Court of Whitehall,*
Sept. 13, 1672."

Whitehead quaintly observes on this, "*Note,* that though we had this warrant from the king, yet we had trouble from some of the covetous clerks, who did strive hard to exact upon us."

The pardon was dated the same day, and some of the Quakers carried the deed in procession round the kingdom. "The patent," says Whitehead, "was so big and cumbersome, in a leathern case, and tin box, and great seal in it, that Edward Mann was so cumbered with carrying it hanging by his side, that he was fain to tie it cross the horse's back behind him." The original patent fills eleven skins of parchment, and is still preserved among the records of the Society of Friends. The curious reader will find it printed entire at the end of Whitehead's interesting picture of his own life, with an alphabetical key to the names which it enumerates, some four hundred in number, and all unknown to fame save one, and that one the poor and contemptible servant of Jesus Christ, as he calls himself, John Bunyan.

From this it would appear that Bunyan owed his release to the Quakers, and the Quakers their pardon to the king's recollection of the master and mate who took him on board their boat at Shoreham, and effected his escape to France after the fatal fight at Worcester. The Penderells were among the first to congratulate the king on his return, but friend Carver kept away till he had something to ask, not for himself, but for his friends suffering in the Lord. Trusty Dick Penderell had a pension for life, and trusty Dick Carver a compliance with his request, neither a small nor personal one, but large and of state importance. "He did what he did to relieve a man [that is, the king] in distress, and now he desired nothing of him [the king] but that he would set friends at liberty who were great sufferers." Bunyan might have spent the remainder of his life in prison but for the timely intercession of the Shoreham fisherman and his old enemies the Quakers. The fine old Baptist dreamer lived sixteen years after his release. Little, however, has been recorded of him in this time. Owen, we are told, admired his preaching, and when asked by Charles

II. "How a learned man such as he was could sit and listen to an illiterate tinker?" is said to have replied, "May it please your majesty, could I possess that tinker's abilities for preaching I would most gladly relinquish all my learning."

Bunyan died on the 31st of August, 1688, at the house of his friend Mr. Strudwick, a grocer, at the sign of the Star, on Snow Hill, and was buried in that friend's vault in Bunhill Fields burial-ground. Modern curiosity has marked the place of his interment with this brief inscription:—

MR. JOHN BUNYAN,
AUTHOR OF
THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS,
OB. 31ST AUGUST, 1688.
ÆT. 60.

There is no entry of his burial in the register at Bunhill Fields, and there was no inscription upon his grave when Curll published his *Bunhill-Fields Inscriptions* in 1717, or Strype his edition of *Stow* in 1720. Many, it is said, have made it their desire to be interred as near as possible to the spot where his remains are deposited. No kind of proper veneration should be bestowed in vain; we trust, therefore, that the place of Bunyan's interment has been correctly marked.

A thoughtful mind may pass an hour very profitably in the Campo Santo of the Dissenters at Bunhill Fields. There is no outward or visible sign of attractive interest about the place. Monuments abound; but mere head-stones, with some twenty or thirty altar-tombs, and no attempt at art among the thousands that surround you. The thoughtful visitor must bring his associations with him. Dull and uninviting though it looks, the place will well repay you. Great men are buried here. Two of the best-known names in English literature are here interred, and the place has a sanctity from its first use that will fill you with awe and gratitude to God.

The site of this cemetery was part of the famous fen or moor, described by Fitzstephen as watering the walls of London on the north side. Moorfields and Fensbury Fields, now Finsbury, preserve a memory of its original condition. It was first effectually drained in 1527, when Stow, the historian of London, was two years old. The flags, sedges, and rushes, with which it was overgrown, were removed, and part was turned into pasture, and part into a city laystall. Three windmills were erected on the highest laystall. Stow mentions three, and Aggas, in his large map, confirms the accuracy of the city historian in this trifling particular. Finsbury soon became famous for its windmills, and Shirley refers to them in his play of the *Wedding*, though the allusion has been overlooked by Mr. Gifford and his fellow-assistant Mr. Dyce, in their edition of this interesting old dramatist.* Windmill street, Finsbury, perpetuates a memory of these suburban windmills.

The laystalls were removed in the third year of King James, during the mayoralty of Sir Leonard Halliday, and the fields laid out "into new and pleasant walks." The citizens affected to laugh at the mayor for his pains, and called it in derision a *Holiday* work; but when they saw what was done they ceased to laugh. The ground was then one fine level, and musters took place here. "Is this Moorfields to muster in!" says a charac-

* Shirley, vol. i., p. 421. There are two pages with this number.

ter in Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.*; and Davenant describes it, in 1634, as covered by laundresses and bleachers with acres of old linen. As the ground improved, it became a fashionable city promenade upon a Sunday; and Bassompierre, who was ambassador here in 1626, tells us that he "went to walk in the Moorfield." Shadwell commemorates the cudgel-players, and Wycherley the organ and tongs at the Gun in Moorfields. The Artillery Company removed from Bishopgate to Moorfields in the year 1622. Strype describes the relative position of the new artillery ground, "being the third great field," he says, "from Moorgate, next the six windmills."

There were three great fields appertaining to the manor of Finsbury Farm when the survey of the 30th of December, 1567, was taken.* These three fields were named Bonhill Field, Mallow Field, and the High Field, or Meadow Ground, "where the three windmills stand, commonly called Finsbury Field." "Bonhill Field containeth," says the Survey, "twenty-three acres, one rod, and six poles; butting upon Chiswell street on the south, and on the north upon the highway that leadeth from Wenlock's Barn to the well called Dame Agnes the Cleere." Wenlock's Barn no longer exists; and the well, called St. Agnes le Clair (corruptly called *Aniseed Cleer*) was, in 1761, if not before, converted into a cold bath. The efficacy of this spring is referred to by one of Ben Jonson's characters in his play of *Bartholomew Fair*.

In Queen Elizabeth's time the fields about Finsbury were the usual resort of the plainer citizens. Master Stephen, a country gull, in *Every Man in his Humor*, is indignant at the idea of being suspected, though dwelling at Hoxton, of keeping company with the archers of Finsbury, or the citizens that come a-ducking to Islington ponds. The archers of Finsbury found full employment for the bowyers and bowstring-makers, who dwelt in Grub street, immediately adjoining; but, when archery gave way to bowling-greens and dicing-houses, Grub street was tenanted by the hack authors of the booksellers in Little Britain, and the ballad-makers that befriended the rails of Bedlam and Moorfields. Grub street has since undergone another change; authors no longer inhabit this notorious locality, and Grub street is now known as Milton street, from the nearness of its locality to the last garden residence of the great epic poet of our nation.

When the great plague of 1665 broke out, of which De Foe has left so terrible a description, the field called Bonhill Field was made use of as a common place of interment for the victims of that dreadful scourge.

"I have heard," says De Foe, "that in a great pit in Finsbury, in the parish of Cripplegate, it lying open then to the fields, for it was not then walled about, many, who were infected and near their end, and delirious, also, ran, wrapped in blankets or rugs, and threw themselves in, and expired there, before any earth could be thrown upon them. When they come to bury others, and found them there, they were quite dead, though not cold."

This is a sad picture of the pleasant walks of Moorfields in the year 1665. Nor is the picture of the following year much brighter, for the dreadful fire of 1666 drove the inhabitants of

London without the walls of their burning city into the fields of Finsbury and Hoxton. Here they erected sheds and shops, living in tents like gipsies, till such time as they could return to their old localities, though not to their old habitations.

When the plague was over, the great pit in Finsbury was enclosed with a brick wall, "at the sole charges of the City of London." The convenience of the site, the size, and, if the expression may be allowed, the consecrated nature of the ground, recommended it soon after to the notice of the great dissenting sects in London, who conscientiously scrupled to the burial-service of the Book of Common Prayer. What stipulation was made with the city is unknown, but here all the interments of the dissenters took place. The city subsequently leased it to a person of the name of Tindal, the same lessee who refused to furnish Maitland with a return of the number of burials in any one year. "This obstinate refusal," says Maitland, "put me upon inquiring of John Smith, the grave-digger, who assured me that, though he kept no register, yet, in the course of his long services, he had made such observations, that he was sure they buried annually between seven and eight hundred."*

It is to be regretted that no dissenter has thought it worth his while to compose a proper account of this Campo Santo of his sect, a work much wanted and of some research. Very little or no care seems to be taken of the many memorials of the dead; the register is very imperfect, and the inscriptions are fast wearing away. No Old Mortality repairs a fading letter with religious care, and no printed book preserves anything like a mere common transcriber's account of what is daily disappearing. This should not be. A careful restoration of the better-class inscriptions might be done at a comparatively trifling cost. The sale of a sixpenny guide-book would, when the purport of its publication was fully known, more than repay, or we are much mistaken, the total of a mason's bill for this common piece of commemorative gratitude. But it must be set about soon, or it will be attempted when it is too late. We call upon the Court of Common Council, the nominal keepers of this interesting cemetery, to stir at once in the matter; and we call upon the whole body of dissenters, throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain; to put at once this Westminster Abbey of their sects in order.

We have been at some pains in compiling what must necessarily be a very imperfect account of the eminent dead who are buried in Bunhill Fields. But the task has been a pleasing one. We have succeeded in identifying, to ourselves at least, a dull, damp, and gloomy-looking square of ground, with many attractive spots, over which we may speculate when the humor is upon us. The little reveries into which men occasionally run when the workday business of the world is past, make many of the duller hours of life innocently pleasing. The churchyard of Stoke in Buckinghamshire, which suggested to Gray his inimitable *Elegy*, is, by this one circumstance alone, an interesting spot; but when we know that the poet of the *Elegy* is buried in the same churchyard, there is a further link of interest to enchain the contemplative mind to the spot a little longer.

The first person of any eminence buried in Bunhill Fields, of whom our researches will enable us

* Strype, b. iv., p. 101.

* Maitland, ed. 1739, p. 537.

to give any account, was Dr. Thomas Goodwin, the Independent preacher, who attended Oliver Cromwell on his death-bed. Cromwell had then his moments of misgiving, and he asked of Goodwin, who was standing by, if the doctrine were true that the elect could never finally fall. "Nothing could be more certain," was Goodwin's answer. "Then am I safe," said Cromwell, "for I am sure that *once* I was in a state of grace!" Cromwell foresaw that his hour was come, but Goodwin pretended not to see it, and is said to have assured him that he was not then to die. But die he did, within a very few minutes after. Yet Goodwin maintained the reality of the assurance he had received by prayer, and, at a fast at Whitehall, a week after Cromwell's death, was heard to say, in an address to God, "Thou hast deceived us, and we were deceived." This Burnet had from Tillotson, who was present and heard it. Dr. Thomas Goodwin died on the 23d of February, 1679, at the great age of eighty. His epitaph, preserved in Strype, was written, says Antony Wood, by Mr. Thomas Gilbert, of Oxford, "the common epitaph-maker for dissenters, being one himself."

The second person of eminence interred in Bunhill Fields, of whom we find a note, was the learned Dr. John Owen, dean of Christchurch, and vice-chancellor of Oxford when Cromwell was chancellor of that university. He was much in favor with his party, and preached the first sermon before the Parliament after the execution of Charles I. Cromwell carried him to Ireland and to Scotland; and Clarendon, at the restoration, offered him speedy preferment in the church. This he did not accept, but died, like Calamy and Baxter, a steady and unflinching nonconformist. He was a man of more learning and politeness than any of the Independents, and met with the esteem, as he deserved, of all parties. Dr. Owen died on the 24th of August, 1683, at the age of sixty-seven, and was buried at Bunhill Fields, in a new vault towards the east end of the ground, over which was erected an altar tomb of freestone, with a Latin inscription from the pen of a ready writer, the facile Mr. Gilbert.

The two sturdy Independents, Goodwin and Owen, were followed to the grave, in 1688, by the Baptist Bunyan,—

"The *Pilgrim's Progress* now is finished,
And Death has laid him in his earthly bed."

Fox followed Bunyan. George Fox, the founder of the sect of Quakers, is the next eminent individual buried in Bunhill Fields. His *Journal* is a scarce, but very entertaining book, and one, therefore, that should not continue scarce. He was born, in 1624, at Crayton, in Leicestershire, and apprenticed "to a man that was a shoemaker by trade, and that dealt in wool, and used grazing, and sold cattle." This is his own description of his master's pursuits, and is, as it appears to us, an exact description of the trade of Shakspeare's father, who is described as a Glover by some of his biographers, and as a considerable dealer in wool by others. Fox's master united many callings in an age when a subdivision of labor was not so much practised or so well understood as now. Is it unfair to suppose that Shakspeare's father may have done the same? Fox died in 1690, in White Hart Court, Bishopgate Street. There is no memorial to his memory,—

"Obscure the place and uninscribed the stone,"

if stone there ever was to distinguish the grave of one who deserves a monument from the sect he called into permanent existence.

The mild and peaceable George Fox was followed to his grave in Bunhill Fields by Lieutenant-General Fleetwood, the Lord-Deputy Fleetwood of the Civil Wars, Oliver Cromwell's son-in-law, and the husband of the widow of the gloomy Ireton. Fleetwood had no great brilliancy of parts, but he was a gallant soldier, though destitute of that fine soldierly quality, decision. When Monk was debating what he should do, whether he should restore the king, or continue the command of the nation in a council of officers, Fleetwood was advised by Whitelock to be beforehand with Monk, and offer his sword and services to the king. The advice was good, and Fleetwood seemed inclined to adopt it. Such, however, was his indecision, that meeting with Vane and Desborough, just as Whitelock was going away, he was induced to tie his fortunes to the sword of Lambert. The upshot of this irresolution is well known. Monk was made Duke of Albemarle by a grateful monarch Lambert banished for life to the island of Guernsey, and Fleetwood allowed to end his days in singing psalms about Hoxton and Stoke-Newington. A stone in the burying-ground of Bunhill Fields recorded the death of Charles Fleetwood, Esq., at the age of seventy-four, on the 4th of October, 1692. It was there when Strype drew up his additions to Stow, but the curious inquirer will now search in vain for any memorial of the kind.

Another memorial existing in Bunhill Fields, and preserved by Strype, was a stone to the memory of "Mr. Roger Morris, M. A., and chaplain to the late Hon. Denzil Lord Hollis." Morris died at the age of seventy-three, on the 17th January, 1701. "This gentleman," says Strype, and his name deserves remembrance for this one act alone, "was a very diligent collector of ecclesiastical MSS. relating to the later history of the English church, whereof he left vast heaps behind him, and who favored me with his correspondence." Denzil, Lord Hollis, was one of the five members impeached by King Charles I. He was a steady Presbyterian, and has left his *Memoirs* behind him full of hatred and bitterness to Cromwell, whose ends he foresaw, but could neither favor nor retard.

There is a pleasure in turning from the graves of men who filled important stations and effected very little good in their generations, to the graves of men who have been the humble instruments of important and enduring benefactions to society at large. We must own to a kind of secret pleasure which we felt in standing by the side of the tomb of Dr. Daniel Williams. This Dr. Williams, who died in 1716, was the founder of the library in Red Cross street, which bears his name. The library which Archbishop Tenison gave to the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields was not half so large, or for its size, half so important. When Dissenters, by principles of their own adoption, were excluded from the advantages of church-registration of baptism for their children, there was a register kept in Dr. Williams' library, wherein parents might enter the births of their children, with all the legal advantages of a Church of England register. Dr. Dibdin is silent on the subject of Williams' claim to be considered a *bibliomaniac*; but surely he had a greater right than very many he has mentioned

to whatever honor may rise from so uncertain a distinction.

Williams the collector, and, better still, the preserver of books for his own and for others' use, was followed to the cemetery by a seller and a writer of books of some notoriety in his day. This was old John Dunton, the bookseller, whose *Life and Errors* is still a work of authority on the lives of our old stationers and divines. His other writings are of very little value, but this one work is full of whim, information and amusement.

Dunton was followed to a grave in the burial-ground of Bunhill Fields by George Whitehead, whose autobiography, called *The Christian Progress of George Whitehead*, had been of real service to literature in preserving the true story of John Bunyan's release from gaol. All the early writings of the Quakers will well repay perusal. Fox's *Journal*, Ellwood's *Life*, Barclay's *Apology*, and Whitehead's *Christian Progress*; nor should Sewell's *History of the Quakers* be omitted from this list: it is a curious account of a sect of some historical importance from the Restoration to the death of Anne.

The two most popular books in the English language, from childhood to old age, are, the *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Robinson Crusoe*, *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, for we hardly know which to place first. "Was there ever yet anything written by mere man," said Dr. Johnson, "that was wished longer by its readers, excepting *Don Quixote*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and the *Pilgrim's Progress*?" We have nothing to do with *Don Quixote*, on this occasion, but here are two out of three books which belong to England. The praise is high, perhaps excessive; but canvass England through, and you will find five ages, out of the seven ages of man, that will back the doctor in this judgment. Sir Walter Scott calls the *Pilgrim's Progress* a matchless parable, and so it is. He awards high praise, moreover, to *Robinson Crusoe*; but Mr. Hallam tells us to be careful how we break down the landmarks of Fame by placing the John Bunyans and the Daniel De Foes among the *dis majores* of our worship. We take his hint. Thank you, Mr. Hallam; but we are still of Dr. Johnson's way of thinking.

We feel, or pretend to feel, a particular kind of island pride when we stand by the tomb of Shakespeare at Stratford-upon-Avon, or the grave of Bacon, in the little church of St. Michael; or the grave of Milton, in St. Giles', Cripplegate; and our bosoms throb with feelings of national emotion when, within St. Paul's, we survey the sarcophagus of Nelson, or, in the Abbey, the graves of Chaucer, Newton, and men whose names are not confined to the limits of the sound of stupendous Bow, but are heard ringing from side to side of the four quarters of the world. We have felt this feeling, too, at Dryburgh by the grave of Scott, and at Dumfries by the grave of Burns. We have felt it, too, in Bunhill Fields, by the grave of Bunyan; and, at a short distance from his grave, by the side of some rough, rude heap of mould, which, we fancied to ourselves, lay lightly on the mouldering bones of Daniel De Foe.

Here De Foe lies buried! He was born in 1661, in the parish of St. Giles', Cripplegate, and was buried in the great pit of Finsbury, which he has described in his *Plague Year* with such terrific reality, and that one word contains the whole secret of his strength. He lies like truth; his very fictions have all the air and sincerity of a de-

position upon oath. How bare and ignorant is the entry of his burial:—

"1731, April 26, Mr. Dubow, Cripplegate."

But sextons and clerks are proverbially illiterate. The witty Farquhar is described as Mr. George *Falkvere*, in the burial-register of St. Martin's in the Fields. Sextons would have made a sad hand with the name of Shakespeare, had the poet died remote from his native Stratford. But Shakespeare returned to die among the scenes of his boyhood: the Avon was dearer to him than the Thames or the Tiber.

De Foe was followed to the grave, in 1742, by Mrs. Susannah Wesley, the wife of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, and the mother of John and Charles Wesley. John was the founder of the people called Methodists, and Charles was the first person who was called a Methodist. There is a head-stone to her memory; and in the Wesleyan chapel, over against the entry to Bunhill Fields burying-ground, a tablet to each of her two eminent sons. John Wesley died in 1791, and his remains repose in the dirty little burying-ground behind the chapel which bears his name. The Wesleyans should really see to the disgraceful state of this burying-ground. Men who differ from them in their tenets, still respect John Wesley; and when they look reverentially on his grave, should not have occasion to be offended with the dirt and neglect which they see about them.

The best-kept tomb in Bunhill Fields covers the remains of Dr. Isaac Watts, a man eminently pious and eminently a benefactor to his species. Johnson has a high and characteristic criticism upon him; but his devotional poetry he thought, like that of others, unsatisfactory:—

"The paucity of its topics enforces perpetual repetition, and the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction. It is sufficient for Watts to have done better than others, what no man has done well."

Cowper quarrels with Johnson on this point.

But Cowper, in defending Watts, was fighting the battle of his own *Olney Hymns*. No true poet (though the poet of the *Task* was a true one) will differ from Johnson in this judgment. Dr. Watts died 25th Nov., 1748, in his seventy-fifth year. There is a monument to his memory, where he well deserves to have one, in Westminster Abbey.

Eighty years elapsed before another name of eminence could be added to the list of illustrious dead interred in the plain and unpretending burial-ground at Bunhill Fields. This was William Blake, the painter. If old John Bunyan was a glorious dreamer in words, William Blake, the painter, was a gentle visionary in shapes, and fancies, and airy somethings upon paper. Blake, who died on the 12th August, 1828, should have been buried by the side of John Bunyan. There is no stone to mark the place of his interment; but the late Mr. J. T. Smith, a curious inquirer in matters of this kind, has marked the spot exactly in his *Memoir* of the painter. Blake, he tells us, lies buried at the distance of about twenty-five feet from the north wall, in the grave numbered 80. We wish some curious inquirer of the time had done as much for old De Foe. Memoranda of this description gratify thousands who take an interest in everything connected with a name eminently great: they are easily made at the time, and, if omitted, no after ingenuity of research can supply their want.

Blake, who always saw in fancy every form he drew, believed that angels descended to painters of old, and sat for their portraits. When he himself sat to Phillips for that fine portrait, so beautifully engraved by Schiavonetti, the painter, in order to obtain the most unaffected attitude and the most poetic expression, engaged his siter in a conversation concerning the sublime in art:—

"We hear much," said Phillips, "of the grandeur of Michael Angelo: from the engravings, I should say, he has been overrated; he could not paint an angel so well as Raphael."

"He has not been overrated, sir," said Blake, "and he could paint an angel better than Raphael."

"Well, but," said the other, "you never saw any of the paintings of Michael Angelo; and, perhaps, speak from the opinions of others; your friends may have deceived you."

"I never saw any of the paintings of Michael Angelo," replied Blake, "but I speak from the opinion of a friend who could not be mistaken."

"A valuable friend, truly," said Phillips; "and who may he be, I pray?"

"The archangel Gabriel, sir," answered Blake.

"A good authority, surely; but you know evil spirits love to assume the looks of good ones, and this may have been done to mislead you."

"Well now, sir," said Blake, "this is really singular! such were my own suspicions, but they were soon removed. I will tell you how. I was one day reading Young's *Night Thoughts*, and when I came to that passage which asks *Who can paint an angel?* I closed the book and cried, 'Ah, who can paint an angel?' A voice in the room answered, 'Michael Angelo could!' 'And how do you know?' I said, looking round me, but I saw nothing save a greater light than usual. 'I know,' said the voice, 'for I sat to him. I am the archangel Gabriel!' 'Oho!' I answered, 'you are, are you? I must have better assurance than that of a wandering voice. You may be an evil spirit: there are such in the land.' 'You shall have good assurance,' said the voice. 'Can an evil spirit do this?' I looked whence the voice came, and was then aware of a shining shape, with bright wings, who diffused much light. As I looked, the shape dilated more and more; he waved his hands, the roof of my study opened, he ascended into heaven, he stood in the sun, and, beckoning to me, moved the universe. An angel of evil could not have done that—it was the archangel Gabriel!"

Near the rails to that part of the ground which faces the City Road rest the remains of Thomas Hardy, secretary to, and one of the three who commenced the London Corresponding Society, but best known by his trial for treason in company with John Horne Tooke. Mr. Hardy was tried and acquitted in the year 1794, and died in the year 1832. He was a mild and inoffensive man; we speak of his later years, when the visionary schemes of his youth were subdued down to plans of a more practicable nature. He loved to talk of his trial, and of the ferment of those yeasty times.

Thomas Stothard, the last name upon our list, died the 27th of April, 1834, and was buried in Bunhill Fields. He is best known by his "Canterbury Pilgrimage," and his illustrations to the "Italy" and smaller poems of Rogers; but his best works, to our thinking, are his illustrations of "The Pilgrim's Progress" and "Robinson Crusoe." He was fond of drawing "Christiana

and her children," and "Christian with the Pilgrim." The great work of De Foe was frequently before him, and one of his most impressive designs was from this favorite author—"Robinson Crusoe on his lonesome isle, scared with the print of a man's foot upon the sand." It is long since we have seen it, but its image is still unmistakably before us. There is no thinking of this incident in De Foe in any other shape than the way in which it is drawn by Stothard. He loved De Foe for the truth and reality of his descriptions, and De Foe had loved him in return for the unaffected beauty of his designs. It is right they should lie together.

THE SONG OF SEVENTY.

I AM not old—I cannot be old,
Though threescore years and ten
Have wasted away, like a tale that is told,
The lives of other men.

I am not old: though friends and foes
Alike have gone to their graves,
And left me alone to my joys or my woes,
As a rock in the midst of the waves.

I am not old—I cannot be old,
Though tottering, wrinkled and gray;
Though my eyes are dim, and my marrow is cold,
Call me not old to-day.

For early memories round me throng,
Old times, and manners, and men;
As I look behind on my journey so long
Of threescore miles and ten:

I look behind, and am once more young,
Buoyant, and brave, and bold;
And my heart can sing, as of yore it sung,
Before they called me old.

I do not see her—the old wife there—
Shrivelled, and haggard, and gray;
But I look on her blooming, and soft, and fair,
As she was on her wedding-day.

I do not see you daughters and sons,
In the likeness of women and men;
But I kiss you now as I kissed you once,
My fond little children then.

And as my own grandson rides on my knee,
Or plays with his hoop or kite,
I can well recollect I was merry as he—
The bright-eyed little wight!

'T is not long since—it cannot be long—
My years so soon were spent,
Since I was a boy, both straight and strong,
Yet now am I feeble and bent.

A dream, a dream—it is all a dream!
A strange, sad dream, good sooth;
For old as I am, and old as I seem,
My heart is full of youth.

Eye hath not seen, tongue hath not told,
And ear hath not heard it sung,
How buoyant and bold, though it seem to grow old,
Is the heart, forever young;

Forever young—though life's old age
Hath every nerve unstrung;
The heart, the heart is a heritage
That keeps the old man young.

From the British Quarterly Review.

1. *Meteorological Observations and Essays.* By JOHN DALTON, D.C.L., F.R.S. First Edition, 1793. Second Edition, 1834.
2. *A New System of Chemical Philosophy.* By JOHN DALTON. Part I., 1808. Part II., 1810. Vol. II., 1827.
3. *Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester from 1793 to 1836.*

THE recent decease of Dalton, the greatest of English chemists, and one of the most distinguished cultivators of general physics, has naturally awakened a desire, on the part of many, to know something concerning his scientific discoveries and personal history. No satisfactory account has been hitherto published either of the former or the latter. We trust that the following sketch will go some way towards supplying this deficiency.

John Dalton was born at Eaglesfield, near Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on the 5th of September, 1766. His father, Joseph Dalton, was originally a person of no property, but after the death of an elder brother, he became possessed of a small copyhold estate, which he farmed with the assistance of his sons. He had six children, of whom only three survived to maturity—Jonathan, John, the subject of this article, and Mary. The first-named of these obtained the estate on the decease of his father, and retained it till his own death, in or near the year 1835, when it became the property of John Dalton.

Joseph, the father, though straitened in circumstances, strove to give his family the best education within his means, and John attended a school conducted by a member of the Society of Friends, named John Fletcher, until he had attained his twelfth year. We have no means of knowing anything concerning the nature or amount of the instructions which he received at this school, (the only one he ever attended; but he is said "to have made very considerable progress in knowledge," and he always spoke with respect of his early preceptor. That he did make such progress, and that he gave early proof of rare energy and natural capability, we may gather from the fact, that at the age of twelve or thirteen, he commenced a school in his native village, and persevered in teaching during two winters.

So modest, unassuming, and conscientious a man, as Dalton proved himself in after-life to be, must have been conscious, even at that early age, of the possession, both of knowledge, and of the power to impart it, or he would not have committed himself to so difficult a task. How he prospered in it we are not told, but probably not greatly, for we learn that his vacant time was occupied in assisting his father upon his farm; and he is said to have taken part in the labor of altering the farm house. He manifested a strong tendency towards mathematical pursuits when very young, and had some assistance in the prosecution of his taste in that respect from a gentleman named Robinson, who, along with his wife, an accomplished woman, directed the studies of the young philosopher.

In 1781, at the age of fifteen, Dalton removed to Kendal, where his cousin, named George Bewley, then resided, as the teacher of a boarding school, with whom the brother of Dalton had lived as an assistant. Dalton succeeded his brother in this office, and resided in Kendal till 1792, actively

engaged in learning and teaching mathematics and the physical sciences. During his residence in that town, he attracted the attention of Mr. Gough, a blind gentleman, who, in spite of his misfortune, was devoted to the study of physics and natural history. Mr. Gough had an excellent library and some apparatus, which he placed freely at the disposal of Dalton, who soon became his assistant and companion. The service required was of a light and pleasant description, and the blind philosopher, who was possessed of excellent natural abilities, and had obtained a liberal education, appears to have acted the kindest part towards Dalton, who, in return, was never weary of expressing his sense of obligation to his benefactor. When Dalton published his *Meteorological Essays*, in 1793, he said, in reference to Mr. Gough—"If there be anything new, and of importance to science, embraced in this work, it is owing, in great part, to my having had the advantage of his instructions and example in philosophical examination." And although we may believe that Dalton's modesty led him somewhat to over-estimate his obligation to Mr. Gough, there can be no doubt that a person whose early education had been comparatively so neglected, must have derived the greatest benefit from intercourse with such a person as the latter is described to have been. After his death, and so late as 1834, Dalton spoke of him as a prodigy in scientific attainments, considering the disadvantages under which he labored, and added—

"There are few branches of science in which he did not either excel, or of which he had not a competent knowledge. Astronomy, optics, pneumatics, chemistry, natural history in general, and botany in particular, may be mentioned.

"For about eight years," continues Dalton, "during my residence in Kendal, we were intimately acquainted. Mr. Gough was as much gratified in imparting his stores of science as I was in receiving them; my use to him was chiefly in reading, writing, and making calculations and diagrams, and in participating with him in the pleasure resulting from successful investigations; but as Mr. Gough was above receiving any pecuniary recompense, the balance of advantage was greatly in my favor, and I am glad of having this opportunity of acknowledging it."

From the year 1784 to 1794, we find Dalton contributing largely to two works, of some celebrity in their day, but now little remembered, entitled, "The Gentleman's and the Lady's Diary." In 1788, he commenced his meteorological observations, which led, directly or indirectly, to all his great discoveries, and were continued till the day before his death. In 1793, he published his first work—"Meteorological Observations and Essays," to which more particular reference will be made hereafter.

Some time previous to the appearance of that publication, Dalton had thought of qualifying himself to practise either as a physician or a lawyer, and corresponded with a friend in London on the subject. But his views were changed in consequence of the receipt of a letter, by his friend Mr. Gough, from Dr. Barnes, making inquiry for a gentleman to fill the situation of Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, in the new college, Mosley-street, Manchester. Dalton's offer to undertake the duties was accepted, and he removed, in 1793, to Manchester, where he spent the remainder of his days.

The year after settling in that town, Dalton

joined a society, which had been established for some time, under the title of the "Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society." To the transactions of this body—the most celebrated of all our provincial scientific associations—he contributed a series of papers, containing the results of original researches of the highest value. These, along with a few others on kindred subjects, have conferred on the society's periodical publications, best known as the "Manchester Memoirs," a celebrity which has extended beyond the nations of Europe. Dalton resided for about six years within the Mosley-street institution, and continued to officiate there till the college was removed to York, in 1799, when he began to teach mathematics and natural philosophy privately, at the charge, it is said, of eighteen-pence an hour.

In this humble occupation he was engaged, when, in 1804, he unfolded the laws which he had discovered to regulate the proportions in which substances combine chemically with each other, along with the hypothesis, by means of which he accounted for their existence and expounded them. The laws and the hypothesis are generally, though erroneously, taken together, and included under the single title of his "Atomic Theory."

Here, then, we may, for awhile, arrest the course of purely biographical detail, and leaving Dalton teaching his mathematics at eighteen-pence an hour, turn to the consideration of his scientific discoveries.

We need scarcely say that it will not be possible to offer more than the briefest sketch of these; and that even this will be out of our power, unless we confine ourselves to the chief points in relation to them. We shall select, therefore, his "Atomic Theory" as the main subject of illustration, and consider his other discoveries as they stand related to it. Great unity, and the impress of intellectual consistency, are stamped on all Dalton's labors. With few exceptions, they bear closely and directly upon each other, and on the atomic hypothesis of combining proportion, to which they ultimately led, and round which they naturally group themselves. The method which we shall follow, will serve, accordingly, both to bring out the nature and value of his discoveries in science, and to indicate the train of speculation and inquiry by which he was conducted to them.

As the first step, towards this, we have to consider the laws of proportional combination which are universally received as true by chemists. They are four in number, and refer to combination by *weight*; the laws of combination by *volume* being excluded from our present inquiry. Three of them were discovered by Dalton; all of them were brought into new prominence by his labors; and his atomic theory, or rather hypothesis, as it should be called, is an endeavor to explain them, by assuming a peculiar ultimate constitution of matter, which absolutely necessitates their existence. These laws are based upon one, deeper and more fundamental than themselves, which is assumed in their enunciation, and is to the following effect:—*The same compound consists invariably of the same components.* Water, for example, always consists of oxygen and hydrogen; common salt, of chlorine and sodium; vermilion, of sulphur and mercury. Exceptions to this law were at one time thought to exist, in the case of certain minerals and native gems, such as garnet, which seemed to exhibit constant physical characters,

and yet to vary in their constituent ingredients. But Mitscherlich's discovery of Isomorphism not only solved the difficulty attending the consideration of these, but in the end supplied new confirmation of the law which at first it seemed to contradict. This, then, premised, we may enter at once on the consideration of the following laws:—

The first of these is generally named the law of *Definite proportion*, but should rather be called the law of *Constant proportion*. It teaches, that the elements which form a chemical compound are always united in it in the *same* proportion by weight. Water not only consists invariably of oxygen and hydrogen, but the weight of oxygen present is always eight times greater than that of hydrogen. Whether we obtain it from lake, or river, or sea, or glacier, or iceberg; from rain, or snow, or hail, or dew; from the structures of plants or the bodies of animals; whether it has been formed ages ago by the hand of nature, or is produced on the instant by mingling together its elements in the most random way, the ratio of its components is immutably the same: eight-ninths of its weight are always oxygen, and the remaining ninth, hydrogen. It is the same with every compound. Common salt always contains 35 parts of chlorine to 22 of sodium; marble, 22 of carbonic acid to 28 of lime; vermilion, 16 of sulphur to 101 of mercury. In virtue of this law, a number can be found for every body, simple or compound, expressing the ratio in which (or in a multiple or submultiple of which) it combines with every other. Any series of numbers may be taken to represent these combining ratios, provided the due proportion is maintained among them, so that the number for oxygen shall be eight times greater than that for hydrogen, that for nitrogen fourteen times greater, that for sulphur sixteen times, that for iron twenty-seven times, and so on, according to the relations which analysis brings out. Different scales of combining numbers are in use among chemists; but the only one we need consider is that which makes hydrogen 1, and counts from it upwards. The numbers in this scale are all small, and do not, in the majority of cases, go beyond two integers.*

It must not be forgotten that such tables represent relative, not absolute weights. Of the smallest possible quantity of oxygen which can combine with the smallest possible quantity of hydrogen, we know nothing; all that we are certain of is, that it is eight times greater than that of hydrogen, whatever that be. None of the numbers taken singly has any absolute value: the 16, for example, which, in tables of the kind we are discussing, stands against sulphur, does not represent 16 grains, 16 millionths of a grain, or any other absolute quantity: its value appears only when it is taken in connexion with the number attached to hydrogen, to which the quite arbitrary value of 1 has been given. We may give any value we please to any one of the elementary bodies we choose to fix upon for a commencement, and call

* In conformity with the universal practice of chemists, in illustrating the laws of combining proportion, we have here, and elsewhere throughout this paper, employed round numbers, cutting off the decimal fractions, by which the exact combining proportions exceed or fall short of these. The equivalent of oxygen, for example, is not 8, but 8.01; that of nitrogen, not 14, but 14.06; and so on with many others. The equivalents of a few of the elementary bodies are round numbers: carbon is 6; calcium, 20: the greater number are not.

it 1, 10, 100, &c., or any other integer or fraction; but here our liberty ceases. The relation between the numbers is absolute, though their individual value is not; and from the settled figure we must count upwards or downwards, or both ways, so as to maintain inviolate the relative values throughout the series.

The law we are discussing, as we have already stated, is generally called that of *definite* proportion, but, as we think, erroneously; for it asserts something more than that the proportion in which the elements of a compound unite is *definite*; it affirms, also, that it is *constant*, or always the same. The elements of a compound *must* be united in definite proportion. A definite weight of water, for example, must consist of a definite weight of hydrogen and of oxygen; but the proportion of these elements might be quite variable, so that one specimen of water should be found to contain 1 hydrogen to 8 oxygen; another, 8 hydrogen to 1 oxygen; a third, a moiety of either ingredient; and so on, *ad infinitum*.

The native garnet, to which reference has already been made, is always a definite compound; but the proportion of its ingredients varies within wide limits, so that while one specimen contains 27 per cent. of a certain constituent *alumina*, another does not contain 1 per cent. The alum of the dyer may in the same way contain a proportion of peroxide of iron, varying in different specimens from 1 to 90 per cent.; and differences in the ratio of ingredients as great as these occur in all the combinations of what are called isomorphous bodies. These garnets and alums, however, are in reality mixtures in variable proportions of quite constant compounds, and offer no exception to the law we are discussing: but they illustrate what is manifestly quite possible, that constancy in physical character, and constancy in the nature of the constituent ingredients, might coexist with inconstancy in the *proportion* of the latter. Now Dalton's first law affirms, in contradiction to this possibility, that the proportion of elements in a compound is in every case as constant as their nature; a truth which the title, "Law of *definite* proportion," does not bring out, whilst that of *constant* proportion not only does, but in addition includes all that the former expresses; for a *constant* proportion must of necessity be a *definite* one also.

For these reasons, we press upon the reader the propriety of avoiding the singular and almost unaccountable confusion which exists in many of our best works in the use of the word *definite*, as equivalent to *constant*, and name the law—that of constant proportion.

This law applies to all bodies, organic and inorganic, native and artificial, so that in the light of our earth, with its atmosphere, may be considered as the sum or complement of an almost infinite number of compounds adjusted by weight, and told to the tale; and in a sense as mathematically true as it is poetically sublime, we may understand the declaration of an inspired writer, that God "has weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance."

The law of constant proportion was known before Dalton's time, and had been distinctly announced by several chemists in different countries towards the close of last century. We can scarcely doubt that it had been fully apprehended, in many quarters, before it was specially proclaimed. Every chemist who undertook the

analysis of a substance must have blindly or intelligently taken for granted that it would prove *definite* in composition; and most of them, we may readily believe, connected with this a more or less clearly discerned expectation that it would prove *constant* in composition also. This length, certainly, Bergman the Swede, our own Cavendish, Lavoisier, and many others, had reached, in their observations and speculations on the combinations of bodies; but it was made the subject of special demonstration by two German chemists, Wenzel and Richter, and by a French chemist, Proust, who published their respective works between the years 1777 and 1792. The views of the German chemists will come better under our notice when discussing the third law of combining proportion; those of Proust deserve more particular mention here, as they were published in consequence of a discussion carried on between him and the celebrated French chemist, Berthollet, as to the existence of such a law as the one we are considering. Berthollet asserted that the number of compounds which any two elements can form with each other is quite unlimited, and that constancy of physical characters, such as specific gravity, color, taste, &c., is no sign of constancy in chemical composition. Proust affirmed, on the other hand, that the number of compounds formed by two elements, such as iron and oxygen, is always limited, and often very small; and that so long as the physical characters remain unchanged, the chemical composition is equally invariable. The evidence adduced by him was so ample and incontrovertible, that the discussion ended in satisfying every chemist of the truth of his views.

The second law of combining proportion is related to the circumstance, that the same elements, in almost every case, combine in more than one proportion to constitute several compounds. Even the beginner will be prepared for this, if he is aware that the chemist has, in the mean while, reduced all kinds of matter to some fifty-six primary ones, and has the whole world to account for out of these. This law is named that of *Multiple Proportion*, and enforces the remarkable truth, that when one body combines with another in several proportions, the higher ones are multiples of the first or lowest. Oxygen and hydrogen, for example, which in water are united in the ratio of eight of the former to one of the latter, unite to form a second compound, named the peroxide of hydrogen, in which the oxygen is to the hydrogen as 16 to 1; or, the hydrogen remaining the same, there is exactly twice as much oxygen as in water. There are two compounds of hydrogen and carbon remarkable as being the bodies which suggested this law to Dalton. In the one of these, (*olefiant gas*,) there are six parts, by weight, of carbon, to one of hydrogen; in the other, (*marsh gas*, or *fire-damp*,) there are six parts of carbon to two of hydrogen; or, the weight of carbon being the same in both, there is exactly twice as much hydrogen in the first as in the second. One of the most remarkable examples of this law occurs in the compounds of nitrogen and oxygen, which are five in number. The proportion of nitrogen is the same in all, and may be represented by the number 14, while that of the oxygen, which in the lowest, may be expressed by 8, in the second is 16, or twice 8; in the third, 24, or three times 8; in the fourth, 32, or four times 8; and in the fifth, 40, or five times 8; the higher proportions are multiples of the lowest, by

2, 3, 4, and 5, at which last number, in this case, they stop. In every series of compounds we find the same law operating. If a substance can combine with more than eight parts of oxygen, the least next quantity it combines with is 16. It never combines with 8 and 2-3ds, 8 and 4-5ths, 8 and 9-10ths, or any other fraction whatever; but if it overstep the eight, goes right on to the 16 before it is again saturated. It may go past the 16, but in that case it cannot stop at any intermediate number, but must proceed to 24. It need not halt at 24, however, if it can go on to 32; or at 32, if it can combine with 40; and it may pass at once from 8 to 40, or to any other quantity, however large, provided it be a multiple of the original 8. The only unalterable decree is, that whatsoever smallest quantity of one body another can combine with, every higher compound must contain in increasing multiples.

In all the cases referred to, binary compounds have, for the sake of simplicity, been taken for illustration, and they have been such, that one of the elements has remained constant in quantity, while the other has increased in the higher or more complex compounds, by multiples of the quantity found in the lowest or simplest. But cases are quite common where both of the elements of binary compounds, and all those of more complex ones, occur in multiples of their smallest combining quantities. One illustration from a small series of binary compounds may suffice. There are three well-known compounds of iron and oxygen. In the first, we have 27 parts of iron to 8 of oxygen; in the second, 54 of iron to 24 of oxygen, or the proportion of iron is doubled, and that of oxygen tripled; in the third, we have 81 iron to 32 oxygen, or the iron tripled and the oxygen quadrupled.

This law reigns through all nature, and is so manifest, that it scarcely calls for fuller illustration. Those who are quite unfamiliar with chemical speculation, however, may perhaps be able to grasp it more firmly by means of the following comparison:—A compound body is with great propriety likened to a chain, while the separate links of which the latter is made up represent its constituent ingredients. In accordance with this view, let each of the elementary bodies be represented by a link of a different length. To carry out the analogy fully, there should be a difference also in the material, color, shape, and other attributes of the different representative links. For the sake of simplicity, however, we shall exclude the consideration of everything but the difference in length, and shall further suppose it to be such that all the links representing hydrogen are one inch long; those representing oxygen, eight inches long; those representing nitrogen, fourteen inches long, and so on with the links symbolizing the other elementary bodies, according to the differences between the numbers expressing their combining proportions, by weight. If, then, we proceed to construct a chain by attaching these links to each other, the length of the chain will in every case be a multiple of the length of the individual links of which it is constructed. Let us, for example, connect a link of nitrogen fourteen inches long with one of oxygen eight inches long, which will give us a double link twenty-two inches in length. This is the shortest chain we can have made of these links, and will represent the lowest, or simplest compound of nitrogen and oxygen. If we proceed to lengthen it by the

addition of oxygen links, we may add a single additional one, or two at once, or five, or ten, or a thousand; but whatever be the number we add, the length in inches of the part of the chain made up of oxygen links will always be a multiple of the original eight, which expressed the length of a solitary link. No fractional number will ever appear, for the chain is made up of links, none of which can be shortened, so as to be shorter than eight, or lengthened, so as to be longer.

In like manner, we might weave together, in utter darkness, and in the most random way, complicated net-works, consisting of links of different lengths, representing the fifty-six elementary bodies. But when our handiwork was brought to light, and the length of the chain-work contributed by each kind of link measured, it would invariably prove to be a multiple of the length of the primary links, by the interlacement of which the whole had been fashioned.

The law of multiple proportion belongs peculiarly to Dalton. He generalized it from a solitary case, that of the compounds of carbon and hydrogen already referred to, where the law at first sight strikes us less than it does in many other cases, as it appears only in the duplication of the numeral 1, representing hydrogen, which is taken as unity. It was sufficient, however, to suggest it to Dalton, who unhesitatingly predicted its applicability to all kinds of compounds. He had been so far anticipated in this by one chemist, a Mr. Higgins, of Pembroke College, Oxford, afterwards Professor of Chemistry at Dublin. In a work published by that gentleman, in 1789, entitled "A Comparative View of the Phlogistic and Antiphlogistic Theories," he states, according to Dr. Daubeny, that one ultimate particle of sulphur and one of oxygen constitute sulphurous acid, whilst one ultimate particle of sulphur and two of oxygen constitute sulphuric acid; and, moreover, that in the compounds of nitrogen and oxygen the ingredients are to each other in the proportion of 1 to 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, respectively. Mr. Higgins' work excited no attention at the time of its publication, nor for many years after. It was not, indeed, till Dalton's re-discovery and re-announcement of the law, that his views on the subject became generally known. It seems doubtful, indeed, if he was aware of the importance of the law he had discovered, but it should not be denied that he clearly saw and fully announced it as applying to several compounds; nor should it be forgotten, in estimating his merit, that when he published his views, there existed so very small a number of accurate analyses, that it was impossible to test its truth on any but the most limited scale. But after conceding this, we shall be guilty of no injustice to Mr. Higgins, if we say, that had he seen the value and importance of the law as fully as Dalton saw it, he would have done as Dalton did, who spent ten or twelve of the best years of his life in verifying its truth by analyses of as large a series of compounds as he possibly could compass. We shall have occasion again to refer to Higgins in connexion with Dalton; meanwhile we proceed to the consideration of the next law.

The third law of combination is named that of *reciprocal proportion*, and is to the effect, that if two bodies combine in certain proportions with a third, they combine in the very same proportions with each other. Thus 16 parts of sulphur combine with 8 of oxygen, and 27 parts of iron com-

lime with 8 of oxygen; but 16 parts of sulphur is the very quantity that combines with 27 of iron. We may reverse the numbers: 8 of oxygen combines with 27 of iron, and 16 parts of sulphur with 27 of iron; but 8 of oxygen is the very number that combines with 16 of sulphur. Or a third time: 8 oxygen and 27 iron combine respectively with 16 sulphur; but 27 iron is the quantity that combines with 8 oxygen.

This law is not only of the greatest theoretical interest, but of the utmost practical value to the chemist. But for its existence, his labors as an analyst would be endless, and the work of a lifetime would go but a short way in ascertaining the combining proportions of a single substance. As it is, however, if the proportion be ascertained in which one body combines with any one other, that, or a multiple or submultiple of that, is the proportion in which it combines with every other with which it can combine at all. A new metal, for example, *Didymium*, has been discovered by the Swedish chemist, Mosander, the combining proportion of which is still uncertain. To ascertain this, it will not be necessary to discover by actual trial what quantity of it unites with a certain weight of each of the other elementary bodies; it will suffice to know the proportion in which it unites with one of them, oxygen; this, with the qualification already stated, will be the proportion in which it combines with all the rest.

It is in relation to this law more than to the others that the combining weights of bodies are named their *equivalents*; the best title by which they can be distinguished. This term expresses, in a way no other does, that a certain weight of one body is equivalent to, or goes as far as, a certain but different weight of another in the construction of a similar compound. One part by weight of hydrogen, for example, goes as far in combining with eight of oxygen to form an oxide, as 27 of iron, 33 of zinc, 96 of platinum, or 199 of gold. These compounds have all the same value; the weight of oxygen is the same in all, and the 199 parts of gold do not neutralize the 8 of oxygen 199 times more effectually than the one of hydrogen does, but only as well and with the production of a *similar* compound. The same remark applies to the different but equivalent quantities of all the other substances referred to.

This law of reciprocal proportion was discovered by the German chemist, Wenzel, already mentioned, who published his views on the subject in 1777, in a work of great merit, which attracted, however, no attention at the time of its publication. In this he showed, from certain phenomena exhibited by neutral salts when they decompose each other, that the proportions in which bodies combine with each other were both constant and reciprocal. His views were taken up and followed out by his countryman, Richter, who began to publish in 1792, and confirmed the truth of Wenzel's conclusions by observations made on the precipitation of metals from solution, by each other. Richter's greatest merit, however, consisted in an endeavor to ascertain, by a series of most patient analyses of different salts, the exact weight of acid and base required for mutual saturation, and to express this by a number attached to each.

He spent some twelve years of his life in this labor, and published various works on the subject, but his views attracted as little notice as Wenzel's, and it was not till after his death that Berzelius obtained for them the attention they deserved.

All are now agreed, that though his numbers are wrong, and very far wrong too—a remark which applies equally to Dalton's first similar table—his name will ever be honorably connected with the earliest attempt to lay the foundation of quantitative chemistry.

The fourth and last law we have to consider is a very simple one, and will not require much illustration. It may be called the law of *Compound Proportion*, and teaches that the combining proportion of a compound body is the sum of the combining proportions of its components. The combining proportion of water, for example, is found by experiment to be 9, (or a multiple of 9,) hydrogen, as before, being taken as unity; but nine is the sum of 8 parts of oxygen, and 1 of hydrogen, its constituents. The equivalent of carbonic acid appears upon trial to be 22; but carbonic acid is found on analysis to consist of 6 parts of carbon and 16 of oxygen, which exactly make up 22. The combining weight of lime is 28, but lime consists of 20 calcium and 8 oxygen, which are also 28. Lastly, marble has the combining proportion 50, but it is composed of 22 carbonic acid and 28 lime, which are also 50.

This law is of as much interest and practical value as the preceding one, and supplies the chemist with a most important mean of checking the results of empirical analysis in the case of compound bodies. The merit of discovering it belongs entirely to Dalton. It followed so directly and unavoidably from his atomic hypothesis, that its existence was implied in the very enunciation of the latter; and we think we do not err when we say that chemists are so much accustomed to consider this law in the light of that hypothesis, that the possibility of its existence apart from it is altogether forgotten.

Independent, however, it certainly is of any hypothesis, and it could not have been deduced from the other laws we have just been discussing.

Although the atomic hypothesis had never been devised, it might, and certainly would, have been discovered; and though that hypothesis should prove utterly false, it will remain equally valid, resting, as it does, on the ground of direct experimental evidence. We are the more induced to dwell on this, that even so distinguished a person as the Rev. Mr. Whewell, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, has failed to perceive the independence and value of this law of compound proportion; and in the discussion of Dalton's Atomic Theory in the History of the Inductive Sciences, does not so much as once mention or allude to it. The error, whether it arose from ignorance of the law, or from the supposition that it was deducible from the laws of reciprocal and multiple proportion, is almost inexplicable, and quite inexcusable.

On these four laws modern chemistry is based. It has been said, indeed, of them, that chemistry before their discovery was only an art, but by their recognition became a science. But this is to say too much: chemistry, as a qualitative science—*i. e.*, as a science treating of the qualities or properties of bodies, existed before their discovery, and might have existed in a state of considerable perfection as such, although they had had no place in nature, or that place had never been discovered. Their peculiar effect is to confer upon chemistry the character of a science of quantity, which till they were brought to light it did not possess; but in so doing they widened and made more accurate its

range as a science of quality. For, to take but one example, we could not with absolute certainty affirm that water consists of hydrogen and oxygen, and of nothing else, unless we were able to show that a given quantity of water, subjected to analysis, yields weights of hydrogen and oxygen, which, taken together, are identical with that of the water analyzed.

These laws, it is important to observe, contain in them nothing hypothetical. They sum up the results of the universal experience of chemists, (so far as experience can be called universal,) of which they are the expressions. With the exception of the law of constant proportion, they were wrought out by Dalton for himself, and by him first fully made known to the world. He did not expound them, however, in the way we have done, but employed in their enunciation the language of the ingenious and beautiful hypothesis which had led him to the discovery of two of them, and supplied a satisfactory explanation of them all. This hypothesis, generally called the atomic theory, we are now to consider.

Dalton began by assuming that matter, although it may in essence be infinitely divisible, is, in fact, only finitely divided, so that it consists of certain ultimate particles or molecules possessed of a definite and unchangeable weight, shape, and size. These particles he named, as others had already done, *atoms*, from the Greek, *ἄτομος*, (*that which cannot be cut or divided*.) to signify that they were indivisible. The indivisibility attributed to them, however, was not affirmed to be absolute, so that they could not by possibility be reduced in dimensions, and broken up into smaller particles, but was held to exist in relation only to the chemical and other disintegrating forces existing in nature, none of which were supposed able to divide them. According to this view, then, ponderable masses or volumes of the different elementary bodies were supposed to consist of a countless multitude of undivided atoms.

On the shape of these atoms, Dalton offered no opinion, though he thought it probable that they were spherical, and drew them as such in his diagrams. Neither did their size enter as an element into his speculations, and it need not into ours; all, indeed, that we know on the subject or can affirm is, that they are inconceivably small; so small, indeed, that to say how many could stand at the same time on the point of the finest needle would be a problem as difficult for the modern physicist, as it was hard for the schoolmen of the middle ages to decide, how many angels could be accommodated at once on the same airy pinnacle.

Up to this point there was nothing novel in Dalton's views. For centuries an atomic constitution of matter had been held as probable by many, and defended by all the arguments that physics and metaphysics could supply. For the sake of contrasting these earlier views, which were almost purely physical, or referred to the atoms of homogeneous combinations of matter, with those of Dalton, which were chemical, or had reference to the atoms of heterogeneous compounds, we shall quote the exposition of one of the ablest of Dalton's predecessors.

"All things considered," says Newton, "it seems probable that God, in the beginning, formed matter in solid, massy, hard, impenetrable, movable particles, of such sizes, figures, and with such other properties, and in such proportion to space, as most conduced to the end for which he formed

them; and that these primitive particles, being solids, are incomparably harder than any porous bodies compounded of them; even so very hard as never to wear or break to pieces, no ordinary power being able to divide what God made one in the first creation."

Newton, it will be observed, says nothing concerning the weight, either absolute or relative, of his primitive particles. The former was manifestly beyond the reach of human discovery, and nothing was known in his day which could throw any light on the latter.

It is here that Dalton, introducing the question of weight, leaves Newton behind, and takes not a step, but a stride, in advance of all previous speculators on atoms. His early physical inquiries, as we shall afterwards find, had accustomed him to form the clearest and most precise conceptions of matter as made up of atoms, and as soon as he obtained the faintest glimpse of the laws of combining proportion, he connected it with these familiar speculations, so that his atomic hypothesis rose into full perfection before he had completed the analysis of so many as a dozen compounds.

This immediate perfection was given to his hypothesis by the one bold conjecture, that the ultimate atoms of the elementary bodies do not possess the same, but different weights; and that the difference between their weights is identical with that which subsists between the combining proportions of the elements themselves. As oxygen, for example, has a combining proportion eight times greater than that of hydrogen, so the ultimate atom of oxygen is assumed to be eight times heavier than the ultimate atom of hydrogen. As the combining proportion of nitrogen is fourteen times that of hydrogen, so the atom of nitrogen is supposed to be fourteen times heavier than that of hydrogen; and in like manner the relative weights of the atoms of the other elementary bodies are supposed to differ by the same numbers that the relative weights of their combining proportions differ by. Dalton, it will be observed, no more than Newton, pronounces on the absolute weight of his atoms; all, in truth, that he could have said on that point would have been, that they were so inconceivably light, that it would require millions of the heaviest of them to turn the most delicate balance. But he thought, that if it were possible by any means to select single atoms of each of the elementary bodies, and weigh them, one by one, we should find, *first*, that different atoms of the same element possessed all the same weight, so that whatever was the absolute weight of any one would be found to be the weight of each of the others of the same kind; and if one atom of hydrogen weighed the millionth of a millionth of a grain, each of the hydrogen atoms would weigh the millionth of a millionth also; *secondly*, we should find that all the oxygen atoms were 8 times heavier than the hydrogen ones; all the nitrogen, 14 times heavier; all the silver atoms, 108 times; all the gold atoms, 199 times heavier. In short, the proportions in which bodies combine with each other are supposed to depend upon the weights of the atoms which make them up, and to be identical with them. All the numbers, accordingly, which before this hypothesis is considered, represent combining proportions, as soon as it is adopted, come to represent weights of ultimate atoms, or atomic weights.

According to this view, then, when bodies com-

bine together, their ultimate particles do not interpenetrate, or become fused together, so that the individuality or identity of any is lost. The atoms only come into close proximity, and lie side by side, or above and below each other; and when the compound they form is decomposed, they separate, and reappear with all their original properties. The smallest possible quantity of water is in this way conceived to consist of one atom of hydrogen and one of oxygen, bound together, without loss of the individuality of either, by the unknown and invisible tie which we term chemical affinity.

Such is the atomic hypothesis: how beautifully it explains all the laws of combining proportion will appear on a moment's reflection. A law of constant proportion, such as we have learned, must obtain in the combinations of atoms, possessed of the properties Dalton assumed, for their relative weights are unalterable, and there is therefore but one lowest, or smallest, proportion in which they can combine. The weight of an atom of oxygen is 8, and that of an atom of hydrogen, 1. It is impossible, therefore, that their smallest combining proportions, by weight, should be any others than 8 and 1.

A law of multiple proportion is equally necessary, for an atom of one element is the smallest quantity that can be added to a compound containing an atom of it already, and whatever was the weight of the first atom will be that of the second also, so that an exact duplication of the first proportion, without any fractional lack or excess, must take place. And if more than one atom be added at a time, it must be atoms, not an atom and a half, or one and a third, or any other fraction or fragment, for this cannot be, seeing that the atom is indivisible.

In the five compounds of nitrogen and oxygen already considered, the first, which contained 14 of the former to 8 of the latter, was to be taken as a compound of a single atom of each. The second must contain 16 oxygen, because the next highest compound must be one of two atoms; the third, 24, because there are three atoms, each weighing 8, the fourth, 32, because the atom is quadrupled; and the fifth, of necessity, 40, for a similar reason.

It is almost unnecessary to continue the application of Dalton's hypothesis to the other two laws, it is so direct and unavoidable. The law of reciprocal proportion is an inevitable result of the constancy in weight of the atom. For if an atom of iron is found to be twenty-seven times heavier than one of hydrogen when weighed along with one of oxygen, and if an atom of sulphur be sixteen times heavier than one of hydrogen when also weighed with one of oxygen, then the atom of iron will continue to weigh 27, and that of sulphur 16, when they are weighed together; for these were the weights of the iron and the sulphur atoms before they combined; they remain so during their combination; and will reappear so whensoever they separate. In a word, the weight of an atom is a constant quantity; it cannot be lessened, or increased, or annihilated. Finally, the law of compound proportion is so necessary, that it was anticipated through this hypothesis before it was found in nature. There could not fail to be such a law, in virtue of the constancy in weight, and the indivisibility of the atom. For the aggregation of atoms does not alter their weight, and the atom cannot divide, so that its weight should be

shared among smaller molecules. Had the atom been divisible, it might have been otherwise, and when two or more atoms entered into combination, they might have broken up into lesser particles, among which the original weight was parcelled out. In this way, the compound made up of them might have had the same, or a smaller combining weight than that possessed singly or together by its components. According to the atomic hypothesis, the combining proportion, or atomic weight of water, is necessarily 9, because it consists of two atoms weighing respectively 8 and 1. But if these had not been indivisible, they might have broken up in the act of combining, and yielded not one particle weighing 9, but, for example, nine particles, each weighing 1, so that the combining weight of each particle of water should have been no greater than that of the original particles of hydrogen.

Such, then, was the chemical doctrine of atoms, in its first announcement, as related to the laws of proportional combination by weight. Before we consider the steps by which Dalton was led to its announcement, or proceed curiously to dissect and criticise it, let us stop for a moment to give it the deserved tribute of our admiration. It claims this at our hands, on the two-fold ground of its beauty as a method of expressing the order and symmetry of material nature, and its value as a means of apprehending and inculcating great chemical truths. We may afterwards find it unnecessary to concede to Dalton's atoms the attribute of indivisibility, even in the limited extent to which he conferred that property upon them, and see reason to believe that a potential, or virtual, not an actual atom is all that chemistry requires for the solution of her problems: nay, that the potential is better than the actual atom for the explication of many of them. But placing the question of its truth aside for the present, we cannot forbear to mark the grand idea which the Daltonian atomic hypothesis gives us of the law and order which prevail in nature.

In the light of it, there is nowhere any "fortuitous concurrence of atoms," as the Roman poet claimed of old; no crash or collision, no strife or warfare, when they meet together, as Milton sang, in relation to the embryon atoms of his chaos. According to this view, the courses of the planets around the sun are not more surely ordered than the movements of these invisible spheres round the centres of force which they obey. Arcturus and Orion know not their places better than each tiny gold or hydrogen atom which adds its weight to swell the sum total of the universe. And if poets of old have sung of the music of the spheres which the telescope unfolds to us, poets, we doubt not, will yet be found to sing of the harmony, as true and as wonderful, which attends the movements of those which the finest microscope will never reveal. Nay, we know not that we have to wait for a poet to do so, for one who will never be excelled has declared to us that—

"There's not the smallest orb—

But in his motion like an angel sings."

We might recur to our simile of the chain-work, and speak of atomic nature as a glorious garment woven out of links of different kinds, which Infinite Wisdom, at the first creation, forged of the shape, and length, and size, which it best fitted each of them to possess.

Or we might liken these atoms to coins stamped in nature's mint, of definite and unchangeable value, with which she pays all the demands the animate and inanimate world make upon her; but this illustration falls much below the dignity of the theme.

Rather would we have recourse to that old and familiar, but lofty and suitable one, which speaks of this world as a temple;—a temple built by God to his own glory and for the good of his creatures. And if we did so, we should speak of it, not as of a Cyclopean wall piled out of unwieldy and misshapen blocks, flung, as if by Titanic hands, together; nor as of a Tower of Babel, where, amidst confusion of tongues, one asked for bricks and another gave him mortar; but as of a structure such as the Hebrew king built to his God, where "the house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready *before it was brought thither*," and the "great stones, costly stones, and hewed stones," were each carved and chiselled, to fit its appointed place, before the builder began, "so that there was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building;" but,

"Out of the earth, a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet
Built like a temple."

On the atomic hypothesis, considered merely as a figment or artifice for expressing simply the laws of combining proportion, it is unnecessary to say much, its value in this respect is so apparent. To the student, who with difficulty has been struggling to form a clear conception of equivalents, proportions, and the like, which, after all, he apprehends only as shadowy, ponderable masses of equal value, the passage is like that from morning twilight to full day, when he grasps firmly the idea of different atoms like separate spheres, each a perfect whole, possessing a definite and unalterable weight. The movements and relations of the equivalent atoms can thereafter be as readily followed in thought by the chemist in his speculations, as those of suns, or of planets and their satellites by the astronomer, in the calculations which the science of the heavenly bodies demands. Nor is any revelation which chemistry seems destined to undergo, even should it bring about the decomposition of all the so-called elementary bodies, likely to lessen, or even much to alter, the value of the atomic hypothesis, considered as a device for inculcating chemical truths. On this subject, therefore, we say no more, but at once pass to a question of the highest interest.

The first glimpse of his "Atomic Theory" was obtained by Dalton in the course of certain researches into the solubility of the different gases in water, which he published in the *Manchester Society's Transactions* for the year 1802. In 1804, he "touched upon it in his lectures" in Manchester and at the Royal Institution in London, and, in the same year, he explained it in conversation to Dr. Thomson, of Glasgow, who spent a day or two with him at Manchester. By the latter chemist, and not by Dalton himself, it was first explicitly made known to the world, in the third edition of his "System of Chemistry," published in 1807, four years after its first partial announcement to the Manchester Society. In the same year, Dalton expounded his views in a course of lectures delivered in Edinburgh and in Glasgow,

the greater part of which, however, was devoted to the exposition of his discoveries in relation to heat; and in 1808, the substance of these lectures was published in his well-known work, entitled "New System of Chemical Philosophy." We cannot, therefore, consider the atomic theory as having come fully before the world till the latter year.

Up to the present time, so far as we are aware, no attempt has been made to trace the steps by which Dalton was led to his greatest discovery, although the evolution of these in a systematic way would have strengthened almost incalculably the argument of those who sought to defend his merits against the claims of British and foreign rivals: and the history of their development would have been welcomed by all who took an interest in scientific inquiry.

We shall endeavor, so far as our limits permit, to supply this deficiency; premising, however, that we have not had access to any private sources of information, but derive our knowledge solely from works which are, or may be, in the hands of all. In nearly every one of the memoirs which have been published concerning Dalton and his discoveries, we are simply told, in the words of Dr. Thomson, that the "atomic theory" first occurred to the former during his investigation of olefiant gas and carburetted hydrogen, which were imperfectly known when he undertook their investigation. A conclusion naturally drawn from this statement is, that the laws of combining proportion were discovered in the course of an analytical inquiry, undertaken expressly for the purpose of ascertaining what they were, and that the atomic hypothesis was devised, after the laws were discovered, as a means of explaining and expounding them. It was not so, however. On the other hand, we shall presently see that it was in the course of a purely physical inquiry into certain of the properties of a single class of bodies, the gases, that Dalton was arrested by a difficulty which obliged him to analyze several of those which are compound, such as the carburetted hydrogens. The result of these inquiries so completely fell in with his previous speculations, that he flung forth his atomic hypothesis as soon as he met with a single case of combination in multiple proportion.

The path along which Dalton travelled was somewhat like the following:—The blind gentleman, Mr. Gough, who exercised so beneficial an influence over his early days, added to his other tastes a love for meteorology. "It was he," Dalton tells us, "who first set the example of keeping a meteorological journal at Kendal;" and his pupil appears to have soon acquired a relish for the same study. Doubtless he was influenced likewise by the magnificent scenery around him, of which he has left some eloquent descriptions, and was tempted by the peculiar facilities which the locality of his residence afforded for every kind of meteorological inquiry. At all events, he commenced in 1788 those daily observations which were continued for fifty-five years, and led to the publication, in 1793, of the "Meteorological Essays," already referred to. It was impossible for Dalton, however, to content himself merely with recording the risings and fallings of the thermometer and barometer, or with counting the number of inches of water in his rain-gauge. Yet to take up meteorology as a science, was to enter on a study which required for its suc-

careful prosecution a knowledge of almost every one of the other physical sciences; and even their concentrated light, when directed upon it, did not suffice for the solution of more than a small number of the problems which perplexed the student at the time that Dalton entered on his inquiries. The theory of the winds was exceedingly obscure; the connexion between alterations in the temperature of the atmosphere and the fall of rain or dew, or the opposite phenomenon of the spontaneous evaporation of water from the surface of the earth, was completely misunderstood: the nature of the force which elevated the vapor of water into the air, and maintained it and the other gases of the atmosphere in a state of equable diffusion through each other, in spite of great differences in relative density, had not been recognized; and the chemical composition of the air, and many other points of the highest importance, were either greatly misapprehended or utterly unknown. Much assistance towards the elucidation of these difficulties might doubtless have been derived from works published before Dalton commenced his researches. But a single private library could supply but a very small number of these, and no public collection of books appears to have been within his reach while at Kendal. He was, moreover, eminently a self-reliant man, and debarred from books of which it must be acknowledged, even when he could get them, he was no great reader, he set to work to solve, by actual experiment, the problems which his meteorological studies had brought into view. Little could be done towards this whilst he resided among the lakes, but as soon as he reached Manchester, he gave himself assiduously to such employment, and the two great objects of his researches were the laws which regulated the action of heat in changing the forms of bodies, the discovery of which was certain to throw light upon the questions of dew, rain, hail, evaporation, &c., and the physical constitution of vapors and gases, which bore upon almost every question in meteorology. A very brief review of Dalton's earlier contributions to the Manchester Society's Memoirs will show the exact nature of these inquiries, and serve the important incidental purpose of giving the reader some acquaintance with his purely physical researches. Our space will not allow us otherwise to refer to these, but in commenting thus scantily upon them, we would not omit noticing that, as it has often happened in other cases, the greatness of one of Dalton's discoveries has thrown into shade all his others. It is certain that, although he had never unfolded his views on chemical atomics, he would have taken a very high place among men of science; and we encourage the belief that the method we are adopting in expounding his views, will have the effect of linking together in their natural connexion his physical and chemical speculations.

The first paper, read October 31st, 1794, is entitled, "Extraordinary Facts relating to the Vision of Colors," and referred to a remarkable peculiarity in his perception of the tints of bodies which will be considered in another place. The second, read March 1st, 1796, contains "Experiments and Observations to determine whether the quantity of Rain and Dew is equal to the quantity of Water carried off by the Rivers, and raised by Evaporation; with an inquiry into the origin of Springs;" and may be considered a demonstration, in the eighteenth century, of the truth of what the wise king had declared some thousand years before—"All the rivers run into the sea,

yet is the sea not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again." The third communication, read April 12th, 1788, entitled, "Experiments and Observations on the power of Fluids to conduct heat," was an ample and satisfactory refutation of Count Rumford's supposition, that fluids were non-conductors of caloric. It does not, however, particularly concern us. In the fourth paper, (June 27th, 1800,) "Experiments and Observations on the Heat and Cold produced by the mechanical condensation and rarefaction of Air," he returns to inquiries connected with meteorology. The next contributions, read October 2d, 16th, and 30th, 1801, but published in one memoir, are his celebrated "Experimental Essays on the Constitution of mixed Gases; On the force of Steam or Vapor from Water and other liquids in different temperatures, both in a Toricellian vacuum and in air; On Evaporation; On the expansion of Gases by Heat." The only section of this elaborate memoir to which we can refer is the first. It affirms the startling and apparently incredible proposition, that, "when two elastic fluids, denoted by A and B, are mixed together, there is no mutual repulsion amongst their particles—that is, the particles of A do not repel those of B, as they do one another; consequently, the pressure or whole weight upon any one particle arises solely from those of its own kind." Guided by this remarkable idea, Dalton proceeds to the consideration of mixed gases, and particularly of the atmosphere, and applies his views with great success to the removal of the difficulty attending the consideration of the cause of the constant composition of the air we breathe. To all previous speculators, who denied that the air was a chemical compound, as Dalton did, there remained unanswered the question—How do the constituents of the atmosphere exist in a state of equable diffusion through each other, in spite of the difference in their relative densities? Should not the heavier, oxygen, be found near the surface of the earth; the lighter, nitrogen, in the higher regions? No difference exists in this respect, and Dalton's hypothesis takes away all necessity for there being any. We have referred to this subject with a view to direct the reader's attention to a plate which is placed at the end of the paper, illustrating the constitution of our atmosphere as consisting, according to this hypothesis, of gases self-repulsive, but indifferent to each other. The particles of oxygen are represented by small rhombs or diamonds; those of nitrogen, by dots; those of carbonic acid, by triangles; and those of aqueous vapor, by asterisks. The reader will see the importance of this reference, as showing that, two years before he published his "atomic theory," Dalton had accustomed himself to the most precise views as to the properties of masses or volumes of bodies, resulting entirely from those of their ultimate particles, and pictured these to himself and to others by various significant symbols. There was not, probably, among the men of science of his time one who apprehended more clearly than he did that the properties of any mass, however great, are in every case the sum or the difference, or otherwise the expression, of the properties of the ultimate molecules, particles, or, as he afterwards came to call them, atoms, of which it consists. It is to be observed, however, that the word atom nowhere occurs, but is represented in every case by the equivalent term, "ultimate particle."

We pass over the next paper, which records

"Meteorological Observations made at Manchester, from 1793 to 1801," and take up the succeeding ones, which are closely connected with the essay we have just been discussing.

The first was read November 12th, 1801, and is entitled, "Experimental Inquiry into the proportion of the several Gases or elastic Fluids constituting the Atmosphere." Its title sufficiently explains its object. It was followed, in January 28th, 1803, by an essay "On the tendency of elastic Fluids to diffusion through each other;" a remarkable paper, carrying out the observations of the older pneumatic chemists, and especially Priestley, that elastic fluids of different specific gravities, if once diffused through each other, do not separate by long standing, so that the heaviest is found lowest, but remain in a state of uniform and equal diffusion. Dalton showed further that gases intermix with each other independently of agitation, although the one be much heavier than the other: so that carbonic acid, which is twenty-two times heavier than hydrogen, will rise into the latter, and the hydrogen conversely descend into it. The subject was afterwards more fully examined by Professor Graham, of London, in a memoir of the highest interest.

We have nearly completed our abstract. The next paper, read October 21st, 1803, the last, probably, in which, from its title, "On the Absorption of Gases by Water and other Liquids," the reader would look for it, contains the first announcement of Dalton's discovery of the laws of combining proportion, and the germ of the "atomic theory." After stating the laws which he had found to regulate the absorption of gases by water, he proposes a theory in explanation of it, according to which he contends that gases, such as oxygen, nitrogen, carbonic acid, &c., when in aqueous solution, are mechanically mixed with water, not chemically combined with it—a view which has not been adopted by other chemists. "Gases so mixed with water," says he, "retain their elasticity or repulsive power among their own particles, just the same in the water as out of it, the intervening water having no other influence, in this respect, than a mere vacuum!" He goes on to compare his gas dissolved in water to a pile of shot—"a particle of gas pressing on the surface of water is analogous to a single shot pressing upon the summit of a square pile of them;" and on the opposite page he has inserted an engraving of a pyramidal pile of balls left unshaded, with a dark ball surmounting the apex. This is entitled, "View of a square pile of shot, &c." The lower globes are to represent particles of water; the top globe represents a particle of air resting on particles of water." Further on are two other engravings, the one of a "Horizontal view of air in water," the other a "Profile view of air in water," in which dots and crosses are taken to represent particles of air, with spaces of water between them. We have specially referred to these engravings, as affording additional illustrations of the hold which a belief in the atomic constitution of matter had taken of Dalton's mind, and the use which he made of it in discussing purely physical problems, (or, at least, what he considered such,) before he had occasion to apply it to chemical questions at all. At the close of the essay comes the acknowledgment of the difficulty which attends a hypothesis of mechanical absorption. If the mingling of gases with liquids, on which they do not act chemically, be but a

mechanical action, like the mingling of indifferent gases with each other, how happens it that water dissolves its own bulk of one gas, such as carbonic acid, and only three per cent. of its volume of another, such as oxygen. We should expect, if the mechanical view were true, that all gases should be equally soluble in water; for if water act as a vacuum would do, it must act in the same way on every gas. Dalton saw the difficulty, and devised a hypothesis to overcome it. We give his own words:—"Why does water not admit its bulk of every gas alike! This question I have duly considered, and though I am not yet able to satisfy myself completely, I am nearly persuaded that the circumstance depends upon the weight and number of the ultimate particles of the several gases: those whose particles are lightest and single being least absorbable, and the others more, according as they increase in weight and complexity." To this there is a foot-note—"Subsequent experience renders this conjecture less probable." And the text is followed by a passage which we print in italics—"An inquiry into the relative weights of the ultimate particles of bodies is a subject, as far as I know, entirely new; I have been prosecuting this inquiry with remarkable success." On the succeeding page is a "Table of the relative weights of the ultimate particles of gaseous and other bodies." This was the first table of atomic weights, and every one of them was wrong, with the exception of hydrogen, which was assumed as unity. We extract four of the numbers:—

Hydrogen	1
Oxygen	5.5
Carburetted hydrogen from stagnant water	6.3
Olefiant gas	5.3

Such, then, were the steps by which Dalton was conducted to the discovery of the laws of combining proportions. He was testing, by experiment, the truth of a hypothesis as to the cause of the specific solubility of gases in water, which proved in the end to be quite untenable: but, like Columbus, who missed an El Dorado, but found an America, he discovered something better. From what Dr. Thomson tells us, he was struck by observing that the quantity of hydrogen in fire-damp is exactly twice that in heavy carburetted hydrogen, the quantity of carbon being the same in both. His constant reference of the properties of masses to those of their smallest molecules led him at once to connect these proportions, in which the carbon and hydrogen occurred, with the relative weights of their ultimate particles. We may suppose him to have reasoned somewhat thus—"Hydrogen and carbon are made up of particles which have different weights, the carbon atoms being all six times heavier than the hydrogen ones; but if hydrogen and carbon have atoms differing in relative weights; oxygen, nitrogen, and every other elementary substance will have atoms differing in relative weight also; and these may be ascertained by finding the relative weights according to which the masses made up of them combine with each other." To Dalton's mind, filled, as it were, already with the conception of everything consisting of atoms, it was only necessary to introduce the additional idea of these atoms differing in relative weight, and all the laws of combining proportion rose at once into view. He was gifted with a bold, self-reliant, far-glancing, generalizing spirit, and the researches he had long been prose-

ating had doubtless strengthened greatly that faith in the uniformity of nature's laws which we all inherit as an essential part of our mental constitution. We may believe that, without an effort, and almost instinctively, he would infer that if hydrogen followed a law of multiple proportion in its higher combinations with carbon, a similar relation would be found to hold in every case where the same elements united to form more than one compound. The detection of the other laws of combining proportion must have been immediate; but this has been so fully illustrated already, that we need not enter on the subject again. It must never be forgotten that Dalton's atomic views gave him the same advantage in detecting the laws of chemical combination which they afford us in apprehending and expounding them.

In confirmation of the view we have taken of the development of the atomic hypothesis, we would refer to Dalton's contributions to the first six volumes of the "Manchester Memoirs," which, gone through consecutively, will conduct every reader, we believe, to the conclusion we have arrived at. It is confirmed by Dalton's reference to the carburetted hydrogens already considered, and by the way in which Dr. Thomson introduces the earliest published account of the atomic theory, not while discussing chemical affinity or the laws of combination, but quite abruptly under the head of the density of the gases. Dalton himself always connected his later chemical with his earlier physical discoveries. When he published the second edition of his "Meteorological Essays," in 1834, forty-one years after the publication of the first, he said, in reference to the few alterations it contained—"I have been the more anxious to preserve the first edition unchanged, as I apprehend it contains the germs of most of the ideas which I have since expanded more at large in different essays, and which have been considered discoveries of some importance."

We wind up this long discussion with a single remark. Dalton's views of chemical combination, including both the facts and the hypothesis which expressed and explained them, are generally known as his "Atomic Theory." To Dalton himself the evidence in support of the existence of ultimate indivisible particles appears to have seemed so conclusive, that he considered the doctrine of atoms in the light of an induction from the data furnished by observation and experiment; and this without reference to any other than purely physical questions. We cannot, indeed, sufficiently reiterate that he was an atomist before he was a chemist. In his lips, therefore, the name "atomic theory" was consistent, and had a clear meaning. It was John Dalton's atomic theory of chemical combining proportions; his theory of atoms connected with his discoveries in chemistry, so as at once to account for, and to expound them. To those, however, who cannot by any process of generalization establish to their own satisfaction, or to that of others, the actual existence of atoms, (and it includes almost every who one thinks on the subject at all,) and for whom the doctrine of atoms is only a questionable, and, we may say, an indifferent hypothesis, Dalton's view is "an atomic hypothesis of combining proportion." It matters comparatively little, however, whether we say atomic theory or atomic hypothesis, provided we keep perfectly distinct what is matter of assumption concerning atoms, from what is matter of fact concerning laws of combining proportion.

The only chemist who has adopted Dalton's views is Dr. Thomson, who affirms that "unless we adopt the hypothesis with which Dalton set out—namely, that the ultimate particles of bodies are atoms incapable of further division, and that chemical combination consists in the union of these atoms with each other—we lose all the new light which the atomic theory throws upon chemistry." Dalton's other contemporaries—Davy, Wollaston, and Berzelius—on the other hand, protested against confounding the question of atoms with that of combining proportions, and declined to employ the word atom. Davy substituted the term *proportion*; Wollaston, that of *equivalent*—the best of all the titles by which the combining weight of a body can be indicated. Notwithstanding this, it is notorious that the word *atom* is universally employed; the phrase *equivalent* comparatively seldom. Some of Dalton's less discriminating admirers have built much upon this, as showing that even the opponents of an atomic view of matter are obliged to use its phraseology. This is true so far as the word *atom* is concerned; but in the language of a chemist of the present day, that term has no other meaning than the phrase *equivalent*; to which it is preferred only, we believe, because it contains half as many syllables, and is more easily pronounced. Liebig has justly observed that the use of the word *atom* is like that of the term *element*. The latter does not signify a body that *cannot be*, but only one that *has not been decomposed*: *atom*, not a particle which cannot be, but only one which, up to a certain point, has not been divided. Hence the chemist has no scruple in applying the term *atom* to a group of molecules considered as a whole, although he is quite certain that this compound whole may be, and often is, divided. He speaks, for example, of an atom of water, of carbonic acid, of sugar, and the like.

The announcement of the atomic theory to the chemists of Europe was like a lighted torch passed round among lamps, trimmed and filled with oil, and ready to be kindled. Some heard with incredulity, like Davy; others with gladness, like Thomson; none, probably, without astonishment, that the humble teacher of mathematics, had extracted more meaning out of his imperfect and even inaccurate analyses than they, even Berzelius and Wollaston, out of their scrupulously exact ones. It was so, however. In Spain, France, Germany, Sweden, and elsewhere, many were seeking to discover the laws regulating chemical combination, every one of them probably acquainted with a wider range of chemical phenomena, and a better analyst than Dalton; but he beat them all. So true is it, what Thomas Carlyle says, that "the eye sees what it brings the power to see." No great discovery, perhaps, was ever welcomed so heartily and immediately as the announcement in the atomic theory of the laws of combining proportion. The chemists looked over the analyses recorded for other purposes in their laboratory books, and found on every page ample confirmation of Dalton's discoveries. Davy, Thomson, Wollaston, but above all, Berzelius, furnished every day better proofs than Dalton himself could show, that in every essential point his views were as just as they were beautiful and original. The question of Dalton's exact merit was at one time a good deal discussed, and is certain to be made matter of discussion again, as soon as a complete memoir of him is published.

The sketch we have given of the path by which the atomic theory was reached enables us, we think, to set at rest the question of the rival claims of Higgins and others.

In deciding the question of merit in reference to any scientific discovery, three points require in every case to be considered. The first—The question of time—Who earliest made the discovery? The second—The question of desert—Who had the greatest merit in making it? The third—The question of practical effect—Who aroused the world by his discovery, and made it tell upon the progress of science? The last is, if not the only, at least the main point in the popular estimation of the merits of discoverers. It is the peculiar office of a journal such as ours to see that the two former receive at the hands of all equal consideration.

The question of time admits of no dispute. The law of constant proportion had been recognized by Bergmann and Proust, not to mention others, before Dalton's time, nor did he ever claim its discovery. The law of reciprocal proportion was made out completely by Wenzel and Richter, in 1777. The law of multiple proportion was recognized clearly and fully by Higgins, in 1789. The law of compound proportion was discovered by Dalton in 1803. This is the state of matters so far as time is concerned, and leaves no choice in the adjudication of merit in regard to the question of priority of discovery. Justice admits of no degrees. We should be as honest in handling our neighbor's character, as in handling our neighbor's money: as careful to protect the reputation of the forgotten Higgins as to exalt the memory of the immortal Dalton.

So far as intrinsic merit is concerned, we take it for granted that no one will call in question Dalton's honesty, or doubt that when he said "an inquiry into the relative weights of the ultimate particles of bodies, is a subject, so far as I know, entirely new," he faithfully expressed his entire ignorance of what Wenzel, Richter, and Higgins had done before him. It is certain, that, in 1803, the views of these writers were quite unknown in Great Britain, even to those most conversant with the scientific literature of the day, and that Dalton did not become acquainted with the views of Higgins at least, until the year 1810. If this be acknowledged, it follows that Dalton's merit as a discoverer is at least equal to that of his three predecessors taken together, for he found out for himself the laws which they only made out among them, and brought to light another, of which they were ignorant altogether.

The question of practical effect has been considered already. We have seen that it was Dalton who changed the state of chemistry. Dalton! who while his contemporaries were with difficulty building up a fragment of scaffolding here and there at separate corners, with the far distant hope of ultimately raising by their combined efforts the structure of chemistry another story, was in silence preparing to supplant them all; Dalton, who with the aid of a cunning engine of his own devising, uplifted at once the four corners, and planted the stately edifice on a new and stable basement, from which it towered above the bogs and quicksands which had been like utterly to overwhelm it before.

Four reasons may be given why Dalton's views on combining proportion should have attracted more attention than those of his predecessors.

First—Chemistry was riper and readier for the discussion of laws of combination than in the days of Wenzel or Richter, or when Higgins first wrote.

Secondly—Dalton's atomic hypothesis made the apprehension of the laws taught by means of it infinitely more easy than it had been before.

Thirdly—All the laws of combining proportion were taught together, and made to tell with their united force upon the mind.

Fourthly—Dalton's high character as a discoverer, and his wide reputation among men of science before he announced his atomic theory secured for it an immediate attention which was not shown to the works of his less distinguished predecessors.

In ending the discussion of the question of merit, we would express our hope that no inconsiderate admirer of Dalton will rob his predecessors of their scanty, but hard-earned laurels, to add an insignificant leaf or two to his full-crowned head. He would have been the first himself to reject any such borrowed honors.

Here we resume the long dropped thread of biographical detail. Our space will not allow us to prosecute it to any considerable extent. We have deemed it better, however, to discuss at some length those great questions connected with Dalton's discoveries and scientific reputation, which have never been brought before the public, than to occupy the reader with matters, however interesting, connected merely with his personal history, many of which have been published already in various ways.

Between the years 1803 and 1810, Dalton was occupied in the prosecution of analyses to verify his atomic theory; in teaching mathematics; and in delivering lectures in Manchester, London, Edinburgh, Birmingham, Leeds, and Glasgow. He was not a fluent speaker, nor had he any great talent for teaching. He declined, however, all the offers made by his friends to provide him with a competency, so that he might devote his undivided attention to scientific pursuits. To such overtures he replied, "that teaching was a kind of recreation, and that if richer, he would not probably spend more time in investigation than he was accustomed to do."

For many years he had the usual fate of the prophet, and "received no honor in his own country." He had always around him in Manchester, however, a small circle of appreciating friends, who did all they could to extend his fame. In 1814, they had his portrait painted by Allen, and an engraving was made from it, which has long been out of print. In 1817, they conferred on him a further mark of their esteem by electing him president of the Literary and Philosophical Society, of which he had long been the most distinguished member. He was re-elected every year till his death.

When Sir John Ross sailed on his first polar voyage, government and Sir Humphry Davy together thought it a fitting opportunity for doing Dalton a service, and offered him the post of natural philosopher to the expedition. But he declined the appointment, probably thinking that the North Pole would not present many advantages for confirming by experiment his atomic theory; and if they had been very anxious to serve him, they might have found better means, and nearer home, for so doing. He continued, accordingly, at Manchester, teaching, experi-

menting, and writing scientific memoirs; and we find nothing remarkable to record till the year 1822, when he visited France. He carried with him to Paris a single letter of introduction to M. Breguet, a celebrated chronometer-maker, and member of the French Institute. He could not have been introduced in a better quarter. Breguet was well known to the Parisian *savants* as the inventor of a metallic thermometer which bears his name; and being wealthy and fond of the society of men of science, was in the habit of assembling them round his table. He was well acquainted, moreover, with Dalton's researches, especially those upon heat, and at a former period had sent him a present of one of his thermometers. Through Breguet, Dalton was immediately introduced to La Place, and by him to all the more distinguished French philosophers. He was subsequently invited to the meetings of the Institute, where he was most heartily welcomed, and during the whole period of his residence in Paris was treated, both in public and in private, as one whom all delighted to honor.

The generous appreciation of his merits shown by the French, as contrasted with the indifference to these exhibited by all but his personal friends and a few men of science among his countrymen, made a strong impression upon Dalton. Although a man of few words, little given to betray his feelings, and very indifferent to applause, he was so moved by his reception as to say, when he returned home—"If any Englishman has reason to be proud of his reception in France, I am that one."

At length his countrymen became more alive to his merits; and if we have to acknowledge that the Celtic fire of our Gallic neighbors blazed forth into admiration at a time when our colder Saxon natures had scarcely begun to glow, it must be admitted, on the other hand, that when the latter began to warm, they rose steadily to a red, even to a white heat of unbounded admiration. For the last ten years of his life, Dalton was the object of universal esteem among his countrymen.

In 1826, the council of the Royal Society of London unanimously awarded to him the royal gold medal of fifty guineas value, placed at their disposal by George IV. But it is to the British Association for the Advancement of Science that Dalton was indebted for the estimation in which latterly he was held.

He attended its earliest meeting at York, in 1831, where he was seen for the first time by many who had long esteemed him at a distance, and now rejoicing in an opportunity of vying with each other in showing him respect.

At the next meeting of the association, held at Oxford, in the following year, the university conferred upon him the title of Doctor of Civil Law. In 1833, when the association met at Cambridge, the president, Professor Sedgwick, took a public opportunity of expressing his regret that the university could not honor herself, as the sister one had done, by conferring upon Dalton an honorary degree, as these cannot be granted without royal mandamus. At the close of his speech, he announced "that his Majesty King William IV., wishing to manifest his attachment to science and his regard for a character like that of Dr. Dalton, had graciously conferred on him, out of the funds of the civil list, a substantial mark of his royal favor. This "substantial mark" was a pension of

150*l.*, which was raised to 300*l.* in 1836. It is not generally known, but we have the best authority for stating it, that the Rev. Dr. Chalmers was the first to rouse the government to a sense of Dalton's claims. To his purely professional and literary accomplishments, the celebrated Scotch divine adds no inconsiderable acquaintance with most of the physical sciences, and the widest sympathy with the progress of them all. In early life, he is known to have been an indefatigable experimenter, and has even lectured to select audiences on heat and on chemistry. Knowing well what Dalton's merits were, he visited him at Manchester, and was surprised and pained to find him an obscure, ill-remunerated teacher of mathematics. Dr. Chalmers lost no time in expostulating, by letter, with Joseph Hume, on the injustice of suffering such a man as Dalton to go unrewarded. His claims were acknowledged even by that rigid economist, and soon after the first pension was accorded him.

We have already seen that Dalton declined to avail himself of the offers of his friends to provide him with a competency, which should set him free from the necessity of elementary teaching. This was in the days of his robust manhood; and we think he did right. We know no reason why the man of science, so long as he is full of health, should not take his share in bearing the burden "under which the whole creation groaneth and travaileth"—why he should be exempt from the common lot of earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. We are sure, moreover, that the joys even of a hard-earned independence will more than compensate, in every case, for the fancied advantages of an undeserved and an inglorious leisure. It is very different when age has overtaken the man who has labored while he had strength, and who has spent his days in extending that knowledge by which all men are gainers. Such a one, even though his studies have been of the most purely speculative and apparently unpractical kind, may fitly be saved from the gripe of poverty "when the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened," by the kindness of his less gifted but more wealthy fellow-men. But the claims of the worn-out man of science are still greater, when he has been the author of discoveries which have enabled his quite unscientific brethren to "reap where they had not sown, and gather where they had not strown." Then it becomes a matter of justice, not of generosity, that he who has been the invisible sower of the seed which has produced, in some cases thirty, in some sixty, and in some an hundred-fold, should receive his tithe of the fruits of the field. The pension which government allowed to Dalton might be regarded as a generous gift to the author of "Experiments and an Hypothesis on the Constitution of mixed Gases." But to him who unfolded the "atomic theory" it was only a moderate, we had almost said a niggard dole. Three hundred pounds a-year! What a small fraction was that of the countless sums which he had saved his country—which he had won for her. The application of the laws of combining proportion to the practical arts enabled the manufacturer of glass, of soap, of pigments, of medicinal substances, of dyes, of oil, of vitriol, and of many other bodies of great commercial value, to secure their production without waste, or loss, or any unnecessary expenditure. Dalton could tell such a man, to a grain, the exact quantity of

each ingredient, which required to be added to produce a given compound. Three hundred pounds a-year! If Joseph Hume could obtain as good an account of every 300*l.* sent out of the treasury, he would be a happy man, and England a happy country.

In the same year, 1833, in which Dalton received his first pension, a number of his friends subscribed the sum of 2000*l.*, and employed Chantrey to execute a full-length statue of him in marble. This beautiful work of art, which gives a fine likeness of Dalton, is erected in the entrance hall of the Royal Manchester Institution.

Dalton went to London to give Chantrey the requisite sittings for his bust, and while there was most cordially welcomed by men of science. Nor was this all. Through the influence of Mr. Babbage, the mathematician, of Lord Brougham, who was then Chancellor, and of some other friends, he was presented to William IV. From the account of a Manchester gentleman, who was well acquainted with the facts, we learn that "with great skill all the minute preparations for his appearance in such august presence were made by his friends, and arrayed in the pompous vestments of a Doctor of Oxford, with the scarlet gown and black cap, the silk stockings, the buckles, and the whole paraphernalia of a learned courtier, our townsman mingled in the crowd of soldiers, sailors, statesmen, and divines, who thronged the splendid apartments of St. James', where he was very graciously received by the king." Whether his London friends acted wisely in introducing such a man to his majesty, not as John Dalton, the great chemist, but as Dr. Dalton, of Oxford, we shall not stop to inquire.

In 1834, Dalton attended the meeting of the British Association at Edinburgh, where every sort of kindness and new honors awaited him. The university conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., the Royal Society elected him a member, and the town council presented him with the freedom of the city.

In 1835, he was present at the Dublin meeting of the association; where all parties, from the lord-lieutenant downwards, vied with each other in extending to him the marks of their esteem.

We have now reached the seventieth year of his laborious career, and it will not surprise the reader that the silver cord should be beginning to be loosed, the golden bowl to be broken at the fountain.

In 1837, when in his seventy-first year, he suffered from a severe attack of paralysis, which left his right side powerless, and also deprived him of speech. He experienced a second slight attack on the 31st of the same month, and for some time both his mental and bodily faculties appeared to be much affected. After an illness of some months, however, his health improved, and his mind began to evince something of its former vigor, though his articulation always remained less distinct than before. We are indebted to the Manchester Guardian for these particulars, and from the same able journal we take, with a few slight alterations, the following statements relative to the close of the career of John Dalton:—On the 17th of May, 1844, he had a third paralytic stroke, which partially deprived him of the use of his right side, and increased the indistinctness of his utterance. He recovered in some degree from this attack also, and on the 19th of July, 1844, was present at a meeting of the council of the Manches-

ter Literary and Philosophical Society, where he received an engrossed copy in vellum of a resolution of that society, passed at its annual meeting, recording "their admiration of the zeal and perseverance with which he has deduced the mean pressure and temperature of the atmosphere, and the quantity of rain for each month and for the whole year; with the prevailing direction and force of the wind at different seasons in this neighborhood, from a series of more than two hundred thousand observations, from the end of the year 1793 to the beginning of 1844, being a period of half a century." Dalton received the resolution sitting, and being unable to articulate a reply, handed a written one, which he had prepared, to his old and attached friend, Peter Clare, Esq., who read as follows:—"I feel gratified by this testimony of kind regard offered to me by my old associates of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester. At my age, and under my infirmities, I can only thank you for this manifestation of sentiments which I heartily reciprocate."

This was the 19th of the month; on the 27th, Dalton was no more!

On Friday, the 26th of July, he retired to his room about a quarter or twenty minutes after nine o'clock; and going to his desk, on which were usually placed the books in which he recorded his meteorological observations, he entered therein the state of the barometer, thermometer, &c., at nine o'clock; and added, in the column for remarks, the words "little rain," denoting that but little had fallen during the day. His servant observed that his hand trembled more than he had ever before seen it, and that he could scarcely hold the pen. Indeed, the book exhibits, in its tremulous characters and blotted figures, striking proofs of the rapid decay of the physical powers. But there was the same care and corrective watchfulness as ever manifested in this his last stroke of the pen; for, having written opposite a previous observation, "little rain this," he now noticed that the sentence was incomplete, and added the word "day," which was the last word that was traced by his tremulous pen. He retired to bed about half-past nine, and spent a restless and uneasy night, but seemed, on the whole, in his usual way when his servant left his bedside at six o'clock next morning.

About half-an-hour later, his housekeeper found him in a state of insensibility, and before medical attendance could be procured, though it was immediately sent for, he expired, "passing away without a struggle or a groan, and imperceptibly, as an infant sinks into sleep."

The news of Dalton's death, although it must have been looked for by many, was heard with sorrow throughout the whole length and breadth of the land. His townsmen, anxious to express their sense of the irreparable loss they had sustained, resolved to give him a public funeral. But this was not enough; and as an additional mark of respect, his body was "laid in state" for a day in the Manchester town-hall, and visited by about forty thousand persons. The funeral itself took place on the 12th of August. "A procession was formed of nearly a hundred carriages, and many hundred persons on foot; the windows were lined with spectators, as well as the roofs of the houses; nearly all the shops and warehouses in the line of the procession, and many in other parts of the town, were closed; four hundred of the police were on duty, each with an emblem of mourning;

and the funeral train was about three quarters of a mile in length." He was buried in the cemetery at Ardwick Green. It has been felt by many that it would have been well if the "lying in state" at least had been omitted. It lessens the pleasure also with which we otherwise read the accounts of Dalton's burial, to know that the mode adopted in this respect to do honor to his memory was a source of pain and offence to the members of that estimable religious body with which the deceased had always retained connexion. Who were to blame, if the thing is to be accounted as blame-worthy, for this ceremonial, we shall not stop to inquire. It is quite certain that the people of Manchester generally were actuated by no other feeling than that of an earnest desire to honor the illustrious dead: and there is something solemn and sublime in the idea of the intelligent thousands of a great city, forgetting for a time the claims of business, attiring themselves in the weeds of woe, and gathering round the bier of a solitary scientific recluse like Dalton. This feeling is heightened by the thought that it was no questionable hero, no noisy demagogue or destroyer of his species, to whom the multitudes were doing homage, but a true high-priest of nature, and a benefactor of his fellow-men.

In stature, Dalton was about the middle size, of strong rather than of elegant proportions. The likeness between his head and face and those of Newton was often observed during his lifetime, and is said to have become more striking after death. When engaged in study, a certain air of severity, such as may be seen on the busts of Newton, shadowed his features; but the gentle smile on his lips showed even the inexperienced physiognomist that it was deep thought, not angry passion, that wrinkled his brow.

Till his seventieth year he enjoyed robust health, and he was all his lifetime fond of exercise in the open air. He made a yearly journey to his native mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and climbed Helvellyn, and often also Skiddaw. The afternoon of every Thursday he spent at a bowling-green, where he could join with some congenial associates in a turn at the old English game of bowls. We have heard a distinguished professor of chemistry tell that he once called for Dalton at his laboratory on a Thursday, and was directed to look for him at the bowling-green. Dalton quietly apologized for being out of his laboratory, adding that he liked to take a Saturday in the middle of the week. He was entitled to do so, as he did not take one at the end, the seventh day being always a day of hard labor with him.

We have already alluded to a peculiarity in Dalton's vision, which he made the subject of the first paper he read to the Manchester Society in 1794. It consisted in this, that whereas most persons see seven colors in the solar spectrum, he saw only two—yellow and blue; or at most three—yellow, blue, and purple. He saw no difference between red and green, so that he thought "the face of a laurel leaf a good match to a stick of red sealing-wax; and the back of the leaf answers to the lighter red of wafers." When Professor Whewell asked him what he would compare his scarlet doctor's gown to, he pointed to the leaves of the trees around them. Dalton found nearly twenty persons possessed of the same peculiarity of vision as himself. The celebrated metaphysician, Dugald Stewart, was one of them, and could not distinguish a crimson fruit like the Siberian crab from

the leaves of the tree on which it grew, otherwise than by the difference in its form.

This failure to perceive certain colors is by no means rare, and has excited a great deal of attention. The continental philosophers have named it *Daltonism*, a name which has been strongly objected to by almost every English writer who has discussed the subject, on the ground of the inexpediency and undesirableness of immortalizing the imperfections or personal peculiarities of celebrated men by titles of this kind. If this system of name-giving were once commenced, it is difficult to see where it would end. The possession of a stutter would be called Demosthenism; that of a crooked spine, Esopism; the lack of an arm, Nelsonism; and so on, till posterity would come to connect the names of our celebrated men, not with their superior gifts, or accomplishments, or achievements, but with the personal defects which distinguish them from their more favored fellows.

Professor Whewell sought to better the matter by naming those circumstanced like Dalton, *Idiopts*, from two Greek words, signifying peculiarity of vision. But to this name it was justly objected by Sir David Brewster, that the important consonant *p* would be very apt to be omitted in hasty pronunciation, and so the last state of the Idiopt be worse than the first. Others have suggested various terms of Greek derivation, such as *parachrometism*, none of which, however, are sufficiently distinctive. The name "Color-Blindness," proposed by Sir D. Brewster, seems in every respect unexceptionable.*

We are more concerned to know that Dalton supposed the peculiarity of his vision to depend upon the vitreous humor, (the liquid which fills up the greater part of the ball of the eye,) being in his case of a blue color, instead of colorless, like water, as it is in the eyes of those who distinguish every tint. His own words are—"It appears, therefore, almost beyond a doubt, that one of the humors of my eyes, and of the eyes of my fellows, is a colored medium, probably some modification of blue. I suppose it must be the vitreous humor; otherwise I apprehend it might be discovered by inspection, which has not been done." †

After Dalton's death, in obedience to his own instructions, his eyes were examined by his medical attendant, Mr. Ransome. The vitreous humor was not found, however, to present any blue tinge, but, on the other hand, was of a pale yellow color: neither did red and green objects looked at, through it, used as a lens, present any difference in tint to an ordinary eye, as they should have done had Dalton's hypothesis proved true. Were his view, indeed, the correct one, blue spectacles should induce the same peculiarity in the eyes of every one, which they are well known not to do. Everything, in truth, points to the cause of the color-blindness, residing not in the optical apparatus of the eye, but in some peculiar condition of the brain or sensorium. So much for the physique of Dalton.

In endeavoring to form a conception of his mental peculiarities, we shall be assisted by comparing him with some of his great fellow-chemists. The laborers to whom chemistry has been indebted for

* The reader who is curious in regard to this matter, will find a very elaborate article on the subject, entitled "On Daltonism, or Color-Blindness," in the "Scientific Memoirs," an occasional periodical published by Richard Taylor, Red Lion Court, Fleet-street, London.

† Manchester Memoirs for 1793, p. 43.

its greatest advances admit of a natural division into two great classes. The one of these and by far the smaller, contains men possessed of enthusiastic, imaginative, poetical temperaments, of sanguine, hopeful spirits, and great rapidity, subtlety and comprehensiveness of mind. Such preëminently was Davy; such is the great living chemist Liebig; and if we accept a very subtle fancy instead of a far-stretching imagination, such too was Priestley.

The other and larger class consists of men in whom the poetical element was at a minimum, who were characterized by great patience, self-concentration, and perseverance in thinking; for whom the working motto was, "Non vi sed sæpe cadendo;" and in whom great self-possession and self-reliance were strongly developed, producing indifference to the opinion of others, and, in extreme cases, an almost repulsive hardness, sternness, and severity of character.

To this class belong Black, Cavendish, Wollaston, Bergmann, Scheele, Lavoisier, Dalton, and, if we include the living, and confine ourselves to our own country, Faraday, Graham, and Thomson. Thinkers of both these classes have done, and will yet do, excellent service to chemistry. We sum up their peculiarities in a word, if we say, with the late Dr. Henry, that the great object of the first class is to discover truth; of the second, to avoid error.

Dalton possessed, in an eminent degree, the characteristics of the class to which he belonged. He was so indifferent to the opinion of others, that he could never be persuaded to reply to the attempts which at one time were made to exalt Higgins above him; so self-reliant that, in the face of overwhelming evidence, he refused for a long time to put faith in Gaylussac's discoveries concerning combination by volume, because they contradicted a hypothesis of his own. To the end of his days he persisted in calling the atomic weight of oxygen 7, though all other chemists were unanimous in making it 8.

Like Newton, he referred the discoveries he had made, not to the power of genius, but to the industry which he had brought to bear upon their elucidation. At the anniversary meeting of the Pine-street Medical School, Manchester, he thus replied to a toast embodying his name:—"With regard to myself, I shall only say, seeing so many gentlemen present who are pursuing their studies, that if I have succeeded better than many who surround me, in the different walks of life, it has been chiefly, nay, I may say almost solely, from unwearied assiduity. It is not so much from any superior genius that one man possesses over another, but more from attention to study and perseverance in the objects before them, that some men rise to greater eminence than others. This it is, in my opinion, that makes one man succeed better than another. That is all I shall say concerning myself." In all this there was no affectation. One who knew Dalton well, said of him during his life, "If led into a discussion on any branch of science or philosophy with which his name is connected, he never hesitates to explain where his own discoveries begin and end, and what portion of the ground has been trodden by others." Neither did he hesitate to entitle his volumes on heat and atomics, "*New System of Chemical Philosophy.*"

He was very methodical and orderly in his habits. We have seen that the Thursday after-

noon was spent in the bowling-green. He was equally regular in attending the meetings of the Society of Friends, at which he was present twice every Sunday. On the same day, he was in the habit, for more than forty years, of dining at a friend's house; and even when the family were absent, he paid his accustomed visit.

His love for truth was very great, of which one striking example may be given. A student, who had missed one lecture of a course, applied to him for a certificate of full attendance. Dalton, at first, declined to give it; but, after thinking a little, replied—"If thou wilt come to-morrow, I will go over the lecture thou hast missed."

Such was Dalton; a simple, frugal, strictly honest, and truthful man. For the independence, gravity and reserve of his character, he was, doubtless, much indebted to his birth as a Cumberland yeoman, and his long connexion with the Society of Friends. The individuality of his nature showed itself in his great mathematical capacity, his thorough self-reliance and power of patient, persevering work, the native clearness of his intellectual perception, and the extraordinary power of fearless generalization which he brought to bear upon what nature unfolded to him. In the latter quality, in particular, he excelled every one of his scientific contemporaries.

The inhabitants of Manchester have announced their intention of erecting a monument to Dalton's memory. We trust that the proposition of founding a chair of chemistry, especially for the exposition of chemical atomics, will take the precedence of every other, as the best means of carrying out that intention. Every one, we think, must feel that bronze statues, or other costly erections, would be altogether out of keeping with the character of the plain Quaker man of science. A "Dalton" chair of chemistry, on the other hand, would be a fitting memorial, and in conformity with the wishes of him whom it is intended to honor. Dalton, it is well known, left the sum of 2000*l.* to endow such a chair at Oxford, but revoked it before his death, with the view, it is believed, of giving the money to friends, who had assisted him in his early days.

We would hint, moreover, that even the enduring brass and the everlasting granite crumble down under the tooth of Time, and are, at best, but dumb remembrancers of him whom they seek to save from oblivion. The living voice of the professor from his chair, would keep in perpetual remembrance the name of Dalton, as the paid and appointed chantings and masses of the Roman-catholic priest recall, if but for a moment, the memory of the long-forgotten dead.

We offer these suggestions, with all deference, to those who seek, by some befitting token, to keep before us the memory of Dalton, because we should grieve to think that a great sum of money had been spent for this purpose in vain. So far as he himself is concerned, we have no fear. Dalton will never be forgotten. He is the second Newton of English physics, and will go down to posterity along with the first. Men will think of them together, and compare them to the double stars which a later astronomer has unfolded to our view—each a sun, shedding light on the other; both stars of the first magnitude, revolving round, and pointing towards a great centre, which they equally make manifest and obey: even Him who is the first and the last, the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end of all things.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE FESTIVAL AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

A SCENE IN NAVARRE.

It was a fine afternoon in the spring of 1834; the birds were cheerfully singing on the trees, the flocks and herds contentedly cropping the young herbage, and the air was perfumed with odors. Not only did the face of nature brightly smile, but some festive ceremony was evidently about to be performed in the village of —, in Navarre. Numbers of young girls were seated at the cottage doors, weaving garlands of spring flowers, whilst several youths looked on and encouraged them. Here and there an old man, wrapped in a rusty-brown cloak almost as ancient as himself, stood observing the juvenile groups; and on the threshold of a miserable hovel sat an aged woman singing a wild air, accompanied by uncouth gestures; but whether they betokened joy, grief, or anger, it would have been difficult for a stranger to determine.

At length the damsels rose, each bearing in her hand the blooming wreath she had entwined, and the whole party proceeded to a small *plaza*, or square, in front of the church, where, waving their chaplets gracefully, they danced to the sound of a large tamborine and the mountain-pipe, called the *gaceta*, the tones of which strongly resemble those of the bag-pipes. Nor was the human voice wanting: the harsh and discordant chant of the beldame was again heard; and by her side a lean rickety boy, of about fourteen, with wiry flaxen hair, imbecile look, and unmeaning grin, beat time by clapping his hands. The dancers became more and more animated every moment; the fine hair of the young women, which had hitherto been plaited and arranged with natural good taste, was, by some sudden process, allowed to fall loosely on their shoulders; and at the same moment each maiden placed a chaplet on her head, the young men slinging larger garlands across their breasts, like the broad ribbons of chivalric orders.

At the conclusion of the dance, the great gates of the church were thrown open; at the eastern end the altar, resplendent from the effect of numerous large wax candles, had an imposing appearance. The cura, or priest, habited in richly-embroidered vestments, stood under the portico, and spreading forth his hands, bestowed a blessing on the people, who knelt reverentially to receive it.

While this act of devotion was in progress, a loud creaking sound was heard, and presently a small body of men appeared advancing along the road which runs close by the square. Their heads were covered with the flat cap called *La Boina*; they wore coarse brown cloth jackets, and loose white linen trousers, their waists being encircled with broad red woollen sashes, below which, and in front, were strapped their cananas, or cartridge-pouches: instead of shoes they had *alpargatas*, or hempen sandals: they were armed with muskets; and bayonets without scabbards were stuck in their belts. This vanguard was followed by four wains, each drawn by two oxen, guided by a peasant bearing a long staff, with a goad at one end. The oxen moved very slowly, the creaking sound being produced by the evolutions of the heavy wooden axle-trees of the wains, which were followed by a much larger party, clothed and armed in the same manner as that in advance, the

whole being commanded by an officer in uniform. Three of the bullock-cars contained each a new bronze mortar of moderate size; the fourth was laden with ammunition-boxes. On their arrival in the plaza, the escort uncovered their heads, knelt, and received the priest's benediction. The assemblage then rose; the tamborine and mountain-pipe struck up; the old woman resumed her discordant song; the half-witted urchin clapped his lean hands more vehemently than ever; the young men and maidens moved towards the wains with a solemn dancing step; and, finally, the girls decorated the horns and necks of the oxen with the wreaths they had been gracefully waving during the dance; whilst the youths encircled the mortars with the larger garlands; the whole ceremony being performed with the utmost enthusiasm.

Meanwhile, the priest had retired to the interior of the church; but when all the arrangements were completed—the oxen adorned with their glowing honors, standing patiently in the sun, and the murderous bronze artillery decked with sweet and peaceful flowers—he again came forth, preceded by a youthful acolyte carrying a large silver cross, elevated on a staff apparently of the same metal. By his side was another boy wearing a scarlet cassock, over which was a white muslin tunic; he bore a silver censer, which, when this little procession had reached the wains, he threw up into the air, and then drew it back again by its silver chain, making the white smoke of the incense cloud over the mortars, and around the heads of the oxen, after which the priest sprinkled them with holy water. The instant this ceremony was completed, there was a general shouting of "*Viva Carlos Quinto! Viva la Religion! Success to the new mortars! Death to the Christians!*" Amidst these fervent cheers the bullock-cars moved on, escorted as before; the young men accompanying them as a guard of honor a little way beyond the limits of the village. On parting, the soldiers cried—"To Elizondo! to Elizondo!" and soon entering a mountain gorge, they disappeared.

The day after this scene there was considerable agitation in the village. Several fathers of families, who had been absent acting as scouts, attached to Don Carlos' army, or otherwise connected with it, returned. They brought accounts of the retreat of the Carlist chief, Zumalacarraguy, from before Elizondo; and it was whispered that the mortars which had passed through on the previous day, and had been welcomed with so much pomp, were on their way back. The confusion occasioned by these reports was at its height when a stranger, covered with dust, rushed into the plaza, with breathless haste. He was a fine well-made man of about thirty; his features, though handsome, bore a strong stamp of cunning; and the expression of his large gray eyes, set in a face the color of which was only a shade removed from black, was so peculiar, as to render it painful to meet their gaze. The stranger's costume was unlike that of the Navarrese peasants. He wore a jacket of dark blue velvet, open, displaying a waistcoat of the same material, adorned with three rows of large open-worked silver buttons, hanging loosely; his breeches were of coarse dark cloth, with silver buttons down the outer seams; he also wore a blue worsted sash, and hempen sandals. Round his head was a cotton handkerchief of bright and variegated colors, tied behind, with two long ends hanging down; above

the handkerchief appeared a cone-shaped black beaver hat, with a narrow brim turned up all round; the front of the hat was ornamented with three tarnished tinsel stars—green, ruby, and yellow—stuck on a strip of rusty black velvet. His thick neck was bare, and from constant exposure to the sun and weather, as dark as his face. He was a *gitano*, or gipsy.

"I am sent by Zumalacarrégu," said this man, "to tell you that the mortars are on their way back, and that they must be concealed in this neighborhood; all, therefore, must unite in conveying them to a place of safety. The general's orders are, that every man proceed instantly to meet them; they must not reënter the village; your privileges, your lives even, depend on promptitude and energy; the *holy* guns must be placed in security."

This appeal met with a ready echo in the breast of every hearer; for the whole population of the village had identified themselves with the fate of the consecrated artillery. All the men immediately sallied forth with Zumalacarrégu's messenger. They had not proceeded far along the road, before the well-known creaking of the bullock-cars indicated that the objects they had set forth to meet were approaching; they soon appeared, bereft, however, of their gay adornments.

The gitano immediately addressed himself to the officer in command of the escort: and after a brief parley, three of the village elders were summoned to join in the consultation. Much animated discourse ensued, accompanied by that lively gesticulation by which the Spaniards are characterized. The result was, that the wains were drawn along a by-road to a field, under the guidance of the villagers, the gipsy and the escort following. On arriving at the centre of the field, the oxen were taken out of the wains, which, being tilted up, the mortars glided easily to the ground. The peasants had brought with them the large hoes used by the husbandmen of Navarre, and having dug trenches of about three feet deep, the mortars, which only the day before were adorned with garlands, and sent with shouts and vivas to be employed against the Christians, were now buried in the earth in solemn silence.

The oxen were again yoked to the wains, and led to the high road, whence they departed in an opposite direction: the escort took the shortest route to the mountains, and the villagers hastened to regain their homes. The gipsy proceeded to the residence of the cura, with whom he was closeted for some time: he then went to the small venta, or village inn. After his departure, the alcalde was summoned to attend the cura: they held a long conference, at the conclusion whereof the alcalde visited every house, and made a communication of solemn import to its inmates.

Towards evening several little groups were assembled in the plaza, and before the house doors. They conversed energetically, and, on separating at nightfall, their countenances and manner indicated that a definitive and decided resolution had been universally adopted upon some highly interesting and important matter.

The following morning, just as the mists were clearing away from the summits of the neighboring mountains, General Mina entered the village, having marched during the greater part of the night. He had previously caused the place to be surrounded by his troops, in order to prevent the escape of any of the inhabitants. Attended by

his staff, he rode to the plaza, whither the whole population were summoned by the crazy drum and drawing voice of the *prégonero*, or public crier.

The people who only two days before had hastened to the same spot with dancing step and exulting eye, cheered by the tamborine and mountain pipe, now crept one by one out of their dwellings with fearfully-anxious looks, and wended their unwilling way towards the plaza.

Mina eyed them sharply as they emerged from the narrow avenues; but his weather-beaten face did not betray any inward emotion. By his side stood the cura, dressed in a rusty-black cassock, holding between both hands his oblong shovel-hat; and pressing its sides within the smallest possible compass. His countenance was ghastly, and his small jet-black eyes peered from beneath their half-closed lids, first at the villagers as they glided into the plaza, and then askance at the general, who had already questioned him closely with regard to the mortars, which he had been assured the villagers had voluntarily assisted in attempting to convey to Elizondo—then in possession of the queen's forces, and fortified—for the purpose of bombarding it. He had also heard of the ceremony of decorating and rejoicing over the mortars, and of their subsequent concealment, with the connivance and aid of the cura's parishioners.

The priest, however, pretended to be totally ignorant of the matter. "Senor General," he said, "the cura of — will never sanction rebellion against his rightful sovereign."

As soon as these words had escaped his lips, a loud clapping of hands was heard immediately behind him. Upon turning round, the cura perceived the idiot lad, who laughed in his face, and trailed his half-dislocated legs along, in grotesque imitation of dancing. The cura looked affrighted; the muscles of his visage became suddenly contracted; and his eyes flashed fire upon the urchin whose noisy movements seemed to strike terror into his soul.

The plaza was now crowded with men, women, and children; shortly afterwards an aid-de-camp appeared, followed by an officer's guard. The former approached the general, and reported that, in pursuance of his orders, every house had been searched, and that, to the best of his knowledge, all the male inhabitants who remained in the village were now present.

"Let them be separated from the women and children," said the general.

This order was promptly executed, the men being drawn up in a line before Mina. It was a strange, an anxious scene: the elderly men stood, like ancient Romans, with their cloaks thrown about them in every variety of picturesque drapery; some of their younger companions were dressed in brown woollen jackets, their snow-white shirt collars falling on their shoulders; others in short blue smock-frocks, confined round the waist by broad girdles of bright mixed colors. All wore the picturesque boina, but of varied hues—blue, white, or red.

The women and children formed a gloomy background to this singular picture: they were far more numerous than the men, one or more of every family having joined the Carlist party. The young girls, who only forty-eight hours before had been weaving chaplets with so much glee and energy, now stood motionless, some looking fixedly in Mina, others, their hands clasped, and their beautiful eyes raised towards heaven, appeared

absorbed in prayer. The old woman, crouched on the ground, plied her knitting-needles with great diligence; her lips moved rapidly, but no sound escaped from them; and she had so placed herself as to be able to peer through the slight separation between two of the men who stood before her.

Mina now advanced a few paces in front of his staff-officers, and thus addressed the villagers:—

"I know that, two days ago, three mortars passed through your village on their way to Elizondo, and that, yesterday, they were brought back. I also know that they have been concealed in this vicinity with the knowledge of the inhabitants: where are they?"

Not a syllable was uttered in reply.

"Where are the guns!" cried Mina, with a loud voice and irritated manner—"the mortars you decorated with garlands, because you supposed they were shortly to be used against the queen's forces!"

The people continued silent.

Whilst this was going on—the eyes of the staff-officers and the troops being all fixed on the general and the villagers—the cura had managed to glide into a narrow alley by the side of the church, (at the back of which, by a strange oversight, no sentinel had been placed,) then darting down a lane, he crossed a rivulet at the end, and plunged into a dell covered with brushwood; thence, through paths well known to him, he bent his course towards a small town about a league off, where he knew there was a Carlist garrison.

Mina, finding he could not make any impression on the determined people before him, turned sharply round with the intention of commanding the cura to use his influence to induce them to give him the information he required; not seeing him, he said, "Where is the cura? Search the church!—search his house!"

In the former there was not a living being; and at the latter only the ama, or housekeeper, a good-looking young woman, who declared that she had not seen his reverence since he was summoned to the general's presence early in the morning.

This being reported to Mina, he shrugged his shoulders, and proceeded once more to harangue the multitude:—"Well," he said, "you appear resolved to refuse giving me the information I ask for: now, listen to the voice of Mina, who never promises nor threatens in vain. If, in one quarter of an hour by this watch, (drawing it from his pocket,) the place where the Carlist mortars are hidden be not divulged, I will decimate the men now before me. Every tenth man shall be instantly shot: decide for yourselves."

It was a fearful quarter of an hour. Each man was joined by a female—a mother, wife, sister, or one to whom his heart was devoted: the only individual unnoticed by any of the women was the gipsy. He was a stranger in the village, and belonged to a race for which there was no sympathy on the part of the Navarrese, although its members were at that early period of the civil war employed on important missions by the Carlist chieftains. He stood alone with his arms folded, and was apparently in a state of abstraction.

The drum was beat—the quarter of an hour had elapsed: the soldiers again began to separate the men from the women. In the confusion, the idiot boy crept up to the gipsy, and roused him from his reverie by saying in a half-whisper, "Ho,

Senor Gitano! stand last on the line, and you are safe."

The stranger looked intently for an instant at the lad, who rubbed the palms of his hands together, and glanced confidently towards the extremity of the line of men now almost formed. The gipsy contrived to place himself the last.

Silence having been commanded and obtained, Mina said, "This is the last moment—confession or decimation." No answer, no sign.

"Sergeant, do your duty," said the general.

Immediately a non-commissioned officer began counting along the line. On arriving at the tenth man, he was made to stand forth. The sergeant then went on reckoning in like manner. Four more were thus selected. The sergeant recommenced counting. There were but nine left, the gipsy being the ninth. The rank was closed up again, and the five men were left standing about a yard in front of the others. An officer and eight soldiers now marched into the centre of the plaza; and the villager, who had the unenviable precedence in this mournful selection, was led to the general, who thus addressed him: "Reveal the hiding-place, and you are safe. I should rejoice if your life could be spared."

"Senor," replied the prisoner, a fine young man, "I know it not."

Mina rode to the front of the line of villagers and said, "Will any of you confess, and save this youth?"

"The mortars did not pass through the village on their return," cried the men.

Mina then rode to the rear, and questioned the women.

"General, general," they all shrieked together, "we know nothing of the mortars. Spare him, spare him; be merciful, for the love of God!"

This reply—this appeal for mercy—had scarcely been sent forth, ere a young and beautiful woman rushed from the group, and falling on her knees before Mina, exclaimed in imploring accents, "Spare, oh spare my brother! He was all yesterday in the mountains cutting wood, and did not return till after nightfall."

"There is no remedy," replied Mina, "unless the secret be disclosed."

Five minutes after Mina's return to the spot where his staff were assembled, the young man was led to the wall of a house fronting the plaza; his arms were pinioned, and a handkerchief was tied over his face. He was then shot dead by four soldiers, who all fired at one and the same instant. Three more shared a similar fate, after every endeavor to induce them or the other villagers to give information concerning the mortars. They all met their fate with heroic calmness and dignity. The fifth was an old man. His anxious eyes had followed each of his fellow-captives to the death-station. His own turn was now at hand. There lay the bleeding corpses of his young companions, and he was interrogated as they had been previously to their execution. "I call God to witness," cried the aged man, "that I know nothing of the matter. I confess to having been present when the mortars passed through on their way to Elizondo, but I was not here when they were brought back."

"'Tis true, 'tis true," shouted the people, forgetting in the fearful excitement of the moment, that they were condemning themselves by this declaration.

"Then save his life by confessing," answered Mina.

"We have nought to confess; Francisco is innocent," was the universal reply, to which succeeded a sepulchral silence.

As the old man was being conducted towards the wall where lay the four-dead bodies, he passed close to Mina's horse; and at the moment when his arms were about to be tied behind him by two soldiers, he broke from them, and casting himself on his knees, clasped the general's thigh with both his shrivelled hands, crying, "For the love of the Holy Virgin, spare me, spare me! Oh! by the affection you bore your own father, save the life of an aged parent! I never saw the mortars after they left the village the first day."

Mina moved not; his face appeared as though it had been chiselled out of a block of brown stone. The two soldiers in vain endeavored to loosen the old man's hands from Mina's thigh; he clung to, and grasped it with all the strength of desperation. At length, however, by dint of repeated efforts, he was removed, and having been taken in a state of exhaustion to the fatal wall, he speedily fell, pierced by the deadly bullets.

After this awful execution, Mina said, in a loud voice, "Now let the last man in the line be brought forward."

Mina had observed, immediately after the old villager had been shot, that an interchange of glances full of meaning took place between the gipsy and the half-witted boy; and surmised, all at once, that the stranger might be influenced by the fear of death to divulge the secret.

On hearing the order for his being brought forward, the gitano's swarthy complexion assumed a deep yellow tinge, and he trembled from head to foot. "You have but five minutes to live unless the mortars be found," said Mina, addressing the gitano.

The moral construction of the gipsy was of a very different nature to that of the peasantry of the northern provinces of Spain, although he had been a zealous hired agent of the Carlist junta in stirring up the people to the pitch of enthusiasm to which the Navarrese had been wrought at that period, under the idea that all their rights, privileges, and religious observances were at stake, and could only be secured by the annihilation of the Christians. He had expected to escape by means of the position in which he had contrived to place himself on the line of villagers, and had therefore remained silent during the previous interrogations; but now, finding that the very manœuvres he had put in practice to save his life had, on the contrary, brought him to the verge of destruction, he lost all command over himself. In tremulous accents he begged permission to speak privately to the general. He was led, tottering from fright, to the side of his horse. Mina was obliged to stoop to listen to his almost inaudible whisper, rendered doubly indistinct by the chattering of his teeth. "Senor Mina, my general," he muttered, "If I divulge the secret, will you take me with you? Will you protect me from the vengeance of these villagers?"

"I will," answered Mina.

"Then—send a party of soldiers, with some pioneers, down the lane to the left of the church, and when they arrive at a spot where there are three evergreen oaks, let them turn into a field to the right; in the centre of it they will see a heap

of manure; let that be removed; then let them dig about three feet deep, and they will find the mortars."

Mina instantly gave orders to the above effect; and during the absence of the party—about half an hour—a solemn silence reigned in the plaza. The gitano stood close to Mina's horse with downcast eyes, though occasionally he glanced furtively at the villagers, who all regarded him with menacing gravity.

At length a sergeant arrived from the exploring party, and informed Mina that the mortars had been found. "Your life is spared," said the general to the trembling gipsy, "and your person shall be respected—you march with us."

It took the greater part of the day to get the mortars exhumed and placed in bullock-cars pressed from the inhabitants, who were also compelled to dig up the guns and hoist them into the wains, the owners of which were forced to guide the oxen, under a strong guard.

The foregoing narrative, the leading features of which are traced from facts, displays the indomitable spirit of the Navarrese peasantry. Heart-rending it is to reflect upon the frightful evils of civil war, which none can fully conceive but those who have been eye-witnesses of them.

THE UNITED STATES.

BY JOHN KEBLE.*

TYPE of the farther West! be thou too warned,
Whose eagle wings thine own green world o'er-
spread,

Touching two oceans; wherefore hast thou scorned
Thy father's God, O proud and full of bread!
Why lies the cross unhonored on thy ground,
While in mid-air thy stars and arrows flaunt?
That sheaf of darts, will it not fall unbound,
Except, disrobed of thy vain earthly vaunt,
Thou bring it to the blessed, where saints and
angels haunt!

The holy seed, by Heaven's peculiar grace,
Is rooted here and there in thy dark woods;
But many a rank weed round it grows apace,
And Mammon builds beside thy mighty floods,
O'ertopping Nature, braving Nature's God;
Oh, while thou yet hast room, fair, fruitful land,
Ere war and want have stained thy virgin sod,
Mark thee a place on high, a glorious stand,
Whence Truth her sign may make o'er forests,
lake and strand.

Eastward, this hour, perchance thou turns't thine
ear,

Listening if haply with the surging sea,
Blend sounds of ruin from a land once dear
To Heaven. O trying hour for thee!
Tyre mock'd when Salem fell! Where now is
Tyre?

Heaven was against her. Nations, thick as waves,
Burst o'er her walls, to ocean doomed and fire;
And now her tideless water idly laves
Her towers, and lone sands heap her crowned
merchants' graves.

* Author of "The Christian Year."

From the Edinburgh Tales.

YOUNG MRS. ROBERTS' THREE CHRISTMAS DINNERS.

CHAPTER I.

THOUGH an old bachelor myself, I have always had a fancy for visiting new-married people. I cannot, however, pretend that I have been able to approve of above half the unions my young friends are pleased to form. Yet I am so little of a Malthusian philosopher as never to have been able to comprehend how Jerry Jenkins is to be dissuaded from intermarrying with his beloved Jeany Jones, because their remote posterity may chance to add an inconvenient fraction to the living thirty millions of the British Isles, and probably become a burden, at some time or other, on the parishes of *De-la-mere-cum-Diss*. But whether I approved the marriage or not, where I liked the parties, and the deed was done, I have always found it pleasant to visit them, as soon as the first blush of the affair was over, and the sober household-moon rising over, whether that of pure honey, or of treacle and butter. I like to look upon the first home, however humble, in which the young bride has shrined so many fond hopes; and to witness the effects of the heart-taught taste which has adorned her bower in the brick-and-mortar wilderness. Then there are to be seen the little tokens of the affection and good-will of distant friends, which surround her like tributes and trophies. There is, too, the indescribable flutter of a vanity, now first divided between her own pretty person, decked in its bridal garniture, and her pretty sofas and window curtains; both repressed by the matronly dignity of a woman to whom belongs, of sole right, a certain number of silver spoons, and china cups and saucers, and the whole consolidated by the awful responsibility of her who bears three small *keys of office* upon a steel or silver ring, and has a six inch account book, "to chronicle small beer," locked in a new rosewood eighteen-inch writing desk—and who, you see by her face, nobly resolves to do her *duty*, as becomes a married woman, who has the responsibility of laying out money, and of keeping house for herself and another, who may never yet have taken her capacity for domestic management into much account. There may be, nay, there are, many giddy-headed, shallow-hearted creatures, who feel all the vanity, with none of the tremendous responsibility of this condition. My business, at present, is not with them.

It was my good fortune, in 1820, to pay my devoirs to three newly married women, on one frosty October morning; one of them in humble life, the two others in what is called the middle rank of society. Of these marriages I had heartily approved one—that of my friend Joseph Green; while I was doubtful of Mr. George Roberts' matrimony, and had openly disapproved, and, so far as my advice went, opposed the wedding of Sally Owen. This Welsh girl was educated in a public charity; and, from ten years old to eighteen, lived, first as an apprentice, and then a voluntary servant, under the same roof with myself, enjoying in her early discipline the vigilant superintendance of notable Nurse Wilks. From our abode she went into a better, that is to say, a more lucrative service; but our house she considered her home—her rendezvous on her *Sunday-out*, and in all seasons of trial and difficulty. While with

us, Sally was chiefly noticeable as a well-tempered, industrious girl, who cheerily scrubbed and dusted all day, and sang like a lark, "*Far beyond the Mountains*," and other Welsh airs. In her new service she became more prudent and less girlish, which increased my concern when she came formally to announce her marriage. No folly that girls like her can possibly commit in the way of matrimony, will ever excite my surprise. Her intended husband was a boot-closer. He could make his couple of guineas a-week, *if he liked to keep steady*; and needed never be out of employment, *if he chose to work*. *Its* and *but*s spoil many a good charter; and it proved so with Sally Owen, who wept all night over my warnings and Nurse Wilks' scolding prophecies, and married in the morning in very tolerable spirits.

This was all past by two months or more, and I visited her tidy single room, not to hear more of her husband's faults, but much better pleased to listen to her shy praise of his kindness and *steadiness*; and that in one week he had earned fifty shillings!—and placed it in her hand. I hoped she would take care of it, and so, with good wishes embodying good advice, I left my compliments for Mr. Hardy, the extraordinary boot-closer, who could work miracles when he liked; and placed my gift of Franklin's *Life* on a little rack above Sally's drawers.

Joseph Green was a member of the Society of Friends. He was the eldest son of my old friend, Joseph Green the draper, to whose long-established business he had lately succeeded. About the same time a courtship, if such it might be called, of some three or four years' duration, had been brought to a close by Joseph marrying, with the full approbation of all concerned, the eldest daughter of a cloth manufacturer in Yorkshire, who, I need not say, was a member of the same society. The fair Quaker, I found endowed with a competent share of the comely and intelligent looks which distinguish the females of her beneficent sect. I was pleased with her manners, her conversation, her comfortable and well-arranged abode; pleased, but not yet particularly interested, nor in the least charmed. Perhaps I was too late of paying my marriage visit to this serenely sensible person, who, for aught that I saw, might have been married for seven years.

So far as human beings may dare to calculate on the course of human events, it was clear that this was to be a *soberly* happy couple, and theirs a flourishing household, established on the sure basis of prudence, mutual esteem, rational affection, competence of the means of a moderate life, perhaps a little romantic *love* also, though for this last I cannot swear; but certainly with a deep and holy sense of the duties and claims of the condition upon which they had deliberately entered, obtained by the discipline of a life, and enforced by the customs of their society, and the sanctions of their peculiar institutions. Chance had thrown my third bride into the next door of the neat row of new houses, one of which, while their house was building, formed the temporary abode of Joseph and Rachel Green. She was now the two months' wife of Mr. George Roberts, my brother's confidential clerk, whom I had known from a foolish boy—who had, indeed, grown up with and among us. He was now neither a fool nor a boy; he was, instead, a sensible and singularly acute fellow, above thirty: yet it had pleased him to fall in love, in the previous month of July,

with a very pretty young woman, a governess in a school at Hastings, to whom he had chanced to carry a letter, and whom he had seen afterwards at church, and met two or three times during his sea-side sojourn. My brother and his wife, to whom Roberts was more than an ordinary *attaché*, thought the thing a more "foolish affair" than they might have done some twenty years before; but Roberts had certainly a right to please himself—which he did, by marrying at Michaelmas, and laying out his savings, and probably a little more, in furnishing smartly the house next door, as I have said, to Joseph Green. He insisted that I should come to see, he did not exactly say to admire, *his* wife and *his* house; and I complied willingly. I had already seen her at a party given by my sister, in honor of "the foolish marriage." She was a lively, and almost a handsome, black-eyed girl, about twenty; and if not what ladies would allow to be fashionable-looking, she was at least showy and dressy; vain enough quite, and occasionally affected in her manners, though not yet wholly incrustated with either the scurf sugar-work or worse frost-work of an incurable affectation. Although the assumed fine *personage* would rise, and obtrusively come between one and the natural woman, it was not yet difficult to doff the shadow aside and come at the real substance.

Mrs. George Roberts, like, I fear, ten thousand others of my country-women, had married with little more knowledge of the duties of her new condition, than belonged to the marriage dresses, the cake and cards, her ring and its brilliant guard, at which she glanced fifty times by the hour, her bracelets and combs, and the other paraphernalia of her rank and state. Yet there was occasionally that about her, which did not bespeak a woman to whom nature had denied either heart or mind, and I hoped she had fallen into tolerably good hands.

In those digital acquirements, named accomplishments, young Mrs. Roberts was no mean proficient. She also read French, and a little Italian, and had a natural talent for music, and, moreover, an ill-toned, brass-mounted new cabinet piano-forte, which formed the principal ornament of the small drawing-room, into which I was ushered by a fluttering girl in a wedding cap and topknot. It was a temple worthy of the goddess: yet the general effect at this time, while everything wore the gloss and freshness of novelty, was airy, and, so to speak, tasteful—French, or Anglo-Gallican; and I suppressed the cynical idea, forced by an involuntary comparison of this apartment with Rachel Greene's roomy bed-chamber, on the other side of the party-wall—and the question, "How will all these *fimsies* look two years hence,—mistress included?" At present all was glittering, if not golden; and "brightly blue" muslin draperies, coarse gilding and lacker, and spider-limbed, crazy-jointed chairs and sofas—painted and varnished in imitation of expensive woods—made up the inventory, and—all obtained prodigious bargains!

"As we can't afford to give many dinner parties, it don't much signify for the dining-parlor" said George, with the prudent air so becoming in a young husband. "And as we have only a limited sum to lay out in furniture, we have made anything do for the family-room down stairs, to have this one nice for Maria's little parties."

"But where the deuce are you to sleep? This is your neighbor Greene's chamber through the wall there. Is your house larger?"

"Self-same every way; but the Greens have no drawing-room: there is a very good small attic chamber—What signifies where people sleep?"

"Then this is the *show-room*. It really looks pretty to-day,—*umph*."

"It was so good of Mr. Roberts to leave the decorating of this apartment to myself," said the bride. "I so love a bright, delicate, pale, but not too pale, blue." We all looked round us admiringly at chairs, and squabs, and pillows, all "beautifully, brightly blue," and at the flowered muslin curtains, bordered with blue, and at everything festooned with bunches of "bonny blue ribbons," even to Maria's dark hair. On her varnished work-table, with its blue silk bag, were blue bell-ropes, the twisting and twining of which formed her present employment. On other tables were volumes of neatly bound little books, and vases of artificial flowers, and cards of wedding guests; and the chimney-piece was profuse of "ladies' work," in its numerous conceits and flimsy varieties. But the most striking, and to me the most provoking part of the details, was the small portable grate, placed within a large bronzed and lackered one, in which smouldered and smoked a few small coal, contrasting dimly, on this chill, lowering day, with the clear-burning fire and cheerful fireside I had left in the next house. I am not yet done with these details. Upon the spider-legged work-table, which a puff of air might have overturned, lay the lady's cambric-laced pocket-handkerchief, bordered by her nicely-clean French gloves, which had been taken off, that she might prosecute the bell-pull industry; and on the handkerchief, a very pretty purse made of gold and purple twist, with a *rich* clasp and tassel; half sovereigns and sixpences glancing brightly through, ready to start forth, prompt to do the bests of the fair owner as long as they lasted. I had no right nor wish to be *sulky*, nor yet to anticipate evil. There was nothing positively wrong, though there might be indications of excess of right. There certainly was nothing irreclaimable, nothing that a year's *tear and wear* of life, with its attendant experience, might not rectify. My friend George was so evidently delighted and charmed with his wife, his house, his domestic happiness and good fortune, that I could not be otherwise. I could also see that the household virtues, with their concomitant vices, were budding already in the thoughtful heart of his bride.

I would have been content with something quieter this morning than the lilac silk frock, one of the principal bridal dresses, and my brother's present, put on to do me honor; but then the motive was so good. Mrs. Roberts was already half aware that frugality was a *virtue*, hence the *bad* fire—and industry a *duty*, hence the blue bell-roping, till the poor girl was herself blue with cold.

"You have been calling for our neighbor, Mrs. Greene," said Roberts.

"Is she so very pretty?" inquired the lady. "The Quaker ladies are all imagined so handsome; that odd dress of theirs attracts attention to their faces—yet I am sure it is not in the least becoming."

"Not in the least, only convenient, and *comfortable as clothing*. I wish their female costume were more elegant. But I beg pardon. My friend Joseph's wife is not very pretty. She looks the mild, intelligent, amiable young woman

which I am certain she is. Her face is very *English*, both in features, and in its serene beauty of expression—the real, not the *beau-ideal*, English beauty of modern artists."

"The Quakers are not musical, I believe?"

"No!—I am sorry they are not.—I do not mean exactly musical, that is now an odious hackneyed phrase; but that those whom Nature has attuned to the harmonies of sound, are not allowed to follow her bent. There can be no true wisdom in obliterating the gift of a fine ear, or a delicious voice, because it may sometimes be abused. Rachel Greene has a small bookcase in her chamber, where your piano-forte stands. I should like to see both where there is taste and leisure."

"They seem to have very nice furniture though; very *expensive* furniture," rejoined the lady. The subject had become of importance to the young housekeeper, with whom sofas and tables were fairly dividing empire with gowns and bonnets, and threatened to subvert their reign.

"Perhaps the Quakers think dear things cheap. They have excellent, substantial, and even handsome mahogany furniture in sufficient quantity. This *tasty* little drawing-room corresponds to their family chamber. They have no flowery muslin draperies—gilding or imitation work:—black hair-cloth chairs, and couches; and window curtains, and carpets of some warm color and substantial fabric—I cannot tell you what all they have."

"And they have no best room," cried Mrs. Roberts, glancing round with triumph on her arrangements.

"They have, and keep it for themselves," cried George laughing. "That is so like Broadbrim."

"I presume they may imagine themselves best entitled to the use of their own house. 'Greatest-happiness principle,'—hey George! Sleep in a dog-hole all the year round, to have a handsome apartment to receive one's pleasant idle friends, once a-month or so."

"One can't do without *one* apartment to keep neat for company. Roberts insists on making this our ordinary sitting-room; but as it is fitted up, that cannot *prudently* be."

I admired the emphasis, and did not despair of Mrs. Roberts yet comprehending the true import of the word graced with it. Another trifling incident I noted. Rachel Greene had herself taken from her small sideboard the glasses and bright silver salver required when the refreshment of cake and a glass of wine was offered me. She had but one servant-girl, who had come up with her from Yorkshire. Maria Roberts had exactly the same complement of domestic help; but the temporary bell-pull gave way, in sounding the alarm to the kitchen for the supply of our wants, to considerable bustle, misunderstanding, and delay occurred, before the gaudy japan equipage was forthcoming. When I took leave, Roberts bid me laughingly, that I must come often to see his wife. I had a foreboding that the lectures might be required sooner than he anticipated. The question with me was, did Mrs. Roberts seem a woman likely to profit by elder experience to league with her own; and as I saw no reason to despair of her, but in her energy, activity, and sweetness quite the reverse, I frequently repeated my visits, and always found her busily employed in one useless way or another.

The first grand marriage-dinner followed close

on the completion of the fittings-up, the covering of the ottoman with blue, and the suspension of the blue bell-ropes. I could not resist it. My brother's wife, with prudent consideration of a very small house, took only one daughter to represent the five who were to appear at tea. Mrs. Roberts had spared neither time, nor thought, nor labor. She had given her orders with spirit; and freely drawn upon the thrice-replenished gold and purple purse. The result was, everything considered, and fair allowance made, a very *genteel entertainment*. True, we were sadly crowded:—many things were forgotten, several lacked of the thousand-and-one requisites necessary to English *stylish* dinners; and there occurred numerous casualties. Several compulsory levies were made during dinner on the glass and plate stores of Rachel Greene. But, on the whole, though the thing did not work so well, where *hired* cook, *hired* footman, *hired* charwoman, *hired* everything, were strange and awkward, as where there is a well-drilled establishment, we got through the day, without affording materials to Theodore Hook for a piquant chapter on bourgeois pretension; leaving on the field of action three imitation rose-wood chairs dislocated, and two broken, many stains on the bright-blue furniture, compelled for the day to do parlor duty, with a large lot of cracked china and glass, and several plated forks reported missing.

"What's the good of Roberts giving such expensive, fine dinners?" said my ungrateful brother, (who had praised the venison to the skies, and been helped twice,) as we drove home. "His wife is but a child, poor thing, but he should have more sense. I must tell Master George this won't do."

My sister made her ordinary good-natured excuses. "It was the first entertainment—a marriage dinner; people must be like their neighbors."

"Well, well; all very good, Anne; but we shall see." What selfish, suspicious wretches prudent men in business are! James was already thinking of another clerk.

On my future calls upon Mrs. George Roberts, I found her always at work, busily employed, as if for daily bread, in embroidering caps and habit shirts, or altering and repairing her own dresses. One day, in the end of March, as I find by my diary, I visited Mrs. Roberts, after having called upon her neighbor, Rachel Greene. Indeed, I never went to see the one lady without calling for the other. Both appeared alike anxious to fulfil their duties; both were economical and *industrious*; but with how different an understanding of the domestic virtues! Maria Roberts was, beyond all doubt, the most laborious of these fair neighbors. By twelve o'clock, or earlier, any day that I called, I found Rachel, all the arrangements completed that took her to the kitchen, seated in her parlor with her *plain work*. All her work I found was what women called *plain work*: making or repairing useful garments—often of very ugly shapes—without seeming to consider that one kind of useful *seam* had greater pretensions to gentility or elegance than another. Her work was very often neighbored by a book; for, as she modestly told me, this year she had more reading leisure than she could in future look to have. At a regular hour she went abroad for her accustomed exercise, and generally brought home my friend Joseph to an early and comfortable dinner.

"How I envy my neighbor her walking and reading leisure!" said Maria, with whom I was now so intimate that she pursued her *ungenteel* work in my presence. "She looks always as if she had nothing to do—nothing to trouble her." The placid pair were passing, arm in arm, into their dwelling, accompanied by an elderly friend from the country, who had come on chance to share their family dinner.

"Why don't you make leisure? what are you always doing? Your family is exactly the size of Mrs. Greene's; your labors less in one way, for Rachel is a *martinet* about her house and furniture. She is making her new tables all looking-glasses. You tell me you have given up parties—what are you always doing?"

"Doing! Mr. Richard Taylor; I wish you knew the half of it: but gentlemen never do understand ladies' work. I wish school-girls only knew what married life is—with a small income—(a *sigh*.) I have not opened my instrument these six weeks; I have not looked into a book; indeed, I have given up the newspaper, it was so expensive, and such a waste of time, as Roberts sees it at his chambers. It is always *sew, sew, sewing*, as you see; but I don't repine at this. It is necessary that I should be industrious—and I rather like it." And she pinched, plaited, and held off, at arm's length, some part of the lilac silk dress which she was adapting to a new spring fashion, the garment having the misfortune to have been made in the extreme mode of the last October. I could perceive it was a tough job, and one which required both patience and affection for the work.

The flirtish form to coarse materials lent,
And one poor robe through fifty fashions sent.

How much of female time is consumed in this wretched way—time, valuable for health, for knowledge, for social enjoyment, for really productive labor, is thus wasted!

"Maria, when we obtain that nicely balanced constitution of king, ladies, and commons, of which we have so often talked, I hope Rachel Greene, representative of the women of this district, will bring in a bill, decreeing that when a dress is once made in the proper form, there it shall remain till worn out, or, at least, till it requires to be turned. I will have no remodelling, no adaptation to new style. How many mornings will this piece of gear cost you now?"

"Mornings! ay and evenings, Mr. Taylor,—four or five at the least, I assure you! If I have it finished before Easter Sunday, it is all I expect:" and she again turned it over, and plaited away.

"Fit preparation for that festival! Let us count the cost. Four or five long delightful walks in these bracing, invigorating spring mornings, exhilarating to health and spirits, even in London streets. A great many hours of pleasant, useful, or serious reading; storing knowledge for future days; ay, and several long evenings, in which you might have indulged your own taste, and that of your friends, with some very good music, which you can give them when you like—no lady better."

"It is hard!"—(a *sigh*)—"But you know I work from principle—from a sense of duty. I can't afford to pay a dressmaker."

"Fashion sew a lilac silk gown from principle!—Umph!"

"From a principle of economy, Mr. Richard!"—(peevishly)—"What can I do? I brought Roberts no fortune—I must be industrious." And the needle flew, while the color rose. How could I be displeased? I blamed my own severity, and gave her virtue the praise it merited; for here was the virtue of industry, however unenlightened and misdirected.

"Your good opinion, I am sure, is very flattering to me. Mr. Roberts has told me so much good of you; and I am so strange here and inexperienced, that I am most grateful for your advice. I have been so much benefited by your conversation and knowledge already. It was you first gave me the motive to industry, by showing me how expensive everything is in London."

"I am afraid I have blundered exceedingly, or else my patient has misunderstood my directions. If this sort of work *must* be done, it would, in my opinion, be better economy, better sense, better everything, to pay for it ten times over, than ruin your health, waste your spirits, and sacrifice the comforts of your domestic arrangements in this way." Her color rose yet higher, as we both looked round the somewhat littered parlor, in which Mr. Roberts was in a short time expected to dinner.

My remonstrances were not yet of any effect. My young friend was acquiring a young housewife's passion for work. She was what the women call neat-handed. She was inventive, ingenious, and loved to be fashionably dressed; and her whole time was accordingly spent in fabricating ornaments for her own person or her house. Hannah More speaks somewhere of six weeks of the precious time of an immortal creature being spent in embroidering a child's cap. She should have said—not by a poor creature who, to sustain the life of her own infant, must labor thus to decorate the child of some more fortunate woman—but by ladies commanding money as well as leisure. If Mrs. Roberts took not above a month to her christening-cap, it was because she was a very deft, and indefatigable needle-woman. Hardly was she earning the praise bestowed upon her by the good-natured of her own sex, of being a remarkably genteel, nicely-dressed young woman, and so excellent an economist! The ill-natured sneered at the foolish attempt of a person, such as she, striving to appear like one of thrice her fortune; and they perhaps were in the right.

CHAPTER II.—DUTY.

I have often been amused by the meaning women attach to particular words, and among others, to the stern word *Duty*—that principle by which the stars are kept from "going wrong," and households from being converted into dens of dirt and discomfort. One morning, on my way to Roberts' house, I called upon one of my numerous dowager acquaintances, to pay my respects to a niece of a certain age, then with her on a visit. I pretend to some skill in female works, for which, with my learned friends, I plead the example of Rousseau. When I had satisfied myself, or at least the lady, about the astonishing progress made by her pupils in the country, to whom my sister Anne had recommended her, I examined and admired her work.

"And such industry, Mr. Richard!" cried the aunt. "In the ten days she has been here, she has done as much as will trim five!—and yet we go about all day."

"My dear aunt," cried the younger lady, bridling, yet with a modest blushing disclaimer of all superhuman virtue, "I am only doing my Duty."

The duty was twisting tape into a zig-zag form, to make a railing for the bottom of her five new petticoats.

When I walked to Rachel Greene's, I met her at the door, going out to visit the infant school she had assisted to organize in this neighborhood, and which she anxiously and unostentatiously superintended. She invited me to accompany her; and I asked permission to take young Mrs. Roberts. I wished much that these neighbors were better friends. "Certainly," said Rachel cheerfully; "these visits will soon form to her, as they already do to me, a delightful Duty. I have of late taken a great fancy to watch children. I wish Friend Roberts and I were better neighbors. I used to love to hear her through the party-wall singing her hymns and psalms; but I think she has given that up." Here was unexpected liberality. Perhaps Maria's music might be only Italian melodies or opera songs; but I was not going to tell that to Rachel. Maria could not accompany us; she regretted it sincerely; "but all this must be done before dinner." She was making up a head-dress for an evening party—to save money. "You would not have me desert my duty?"

"Certainly not; but think beforehand, I would have you, of the kind of duties you lay upon yourself." Maria watched our return, and tapped on the window as soon as I had left my fair friend within doors. "O, that sweet, serene Rachel Greene," she cried, half laughing; "how I do envy her!"

"Had you seen her in the last hour you might."

"Nay, I shall be jealous too. Roberts gets as bad as yourself: we shall have green-eyed monsters among us, I can tell you, if we cannot be more Greene."

"Why not be as Greene as is desirable."

"Is it the soft vernal grass, or bright apple, or brilliant emerald green you would have me? Really, Mr. Richard, you would not wish me to turn Quaker?"

"Clearly not, unless your reason and conscience told you: I don't intend to turn Quaker myself, but I would like to see you turn a Rational, for which I am sure nature intended you, Maria; and from the Friends you may obtain excellent hints. With what you call your limited income, how much comfort and leisure a Quaker family could command; but how much more enjoyment could you command with your accomplishments and taste." There was, with me, one decided superiority which Maria held over my friend Rachel. Her different mode of education, and scope of reading and lively fancy, made her understand all my allusions, whether playful or sarcastic. This had at once established a certain intelligence and sympathy between us, even when we quarrelled. But if Rachel did not always perceive the point of my illustrations, Maria was far more backward in apprehending the force of my reasoning, when directed against her own notions and practices. It was in vain that I strove to convince her that the household god she had set up under the name of Duty, was an ugly misshapen idol, blubber-lipped and with squinting eyes, consuming the time and wealth of its votaries in the besotted rites of a stupid and blinded idolatry. In vain I talked to her of the slavery to which she was hourly con-

demning herself. She could not yet renounce her idol-worship.

"I wish we were as rich as the Greenes, Mr. Richard," said she, "and then I should be so happy to visit your Infant School, or walk, or read, or be social:—but at present—"

"Why, at present you spend more money than Rachel Greene."

"You don't say so! This last to be sure has been a dreadfully extravagant year; the outset always must; and that shockingly expensive dinner!"

"I can at once tell you what Rachel Greene's housekeeping cost in the last twelve months."

"Does she talk to you of her family affairs? I thought that had been indelicate, improper, in money concerns."

"So English people in general seem to think. Money is the only thing of which they must not speak—because they are eternally thinking of it, because it occupies their whole souls, and because, poor creatures! they really feel it a disgrace and crime not to have a very great deal of filthy lucre—or what is thought a great deal for them. Why else may not people talk with as much candor and frankness about their incomes as they do about their children, or anything else nearly pertaining to them?"

"Family matters! Mr. Richard?"

"Ay, family matters is the word. Be assured, Maria, it is either selfishness, insincerity, or coldness, that prevents *family matters* from being the topic most frequently talked over of all matters between true friends. These are interests, which, above all others, 'come home to women's business and bosoms.'"—(A long deep sigh—followed by a pause.)

"I believe that, Mr. Richard: but you perceive how the world goes—"

"The world of England?"

"All one sees, hears, or reads, forbids the sort of frankness, and the notions you hold. No one writes a book on education, on domestic morals, on household economy, or even on cookery, but what is adapted to wealthy persons—Miss Edgeworth and Rousseau included. Their systems are all concocted for people worth at least £500 a-year: and they require much more."

"I wish we had better elementary or guide-books, Maria. Your remark is acute, and far more just than many that are made by the critics on these works. Hannah More was an honest woman, when she said *Hints for the Education of a young Princess*, limiting her book to one individual. All works on education hitherto published, ought, in common honesty, to be entitled, *Treatises for Training the children of the Rich: or Books of counsel for the Wealthy*. We have no systems for the *Many*—but still we have our 'old experience'—"

"To what does it attain in my case, sir?" My young friend smiled upon me with so much sweet earnestness, that I could not help vowing my best efforts to aid in solving her difficulty.

"With given data to something like absolute certainty, Maria. For example, how much domestic comfort of the extrinsic kind, a family of three or four persons in London may secure for £200 a-year. Or take any British or Irish town, and vary our estimates from 15 to 25 per cent. You won't live £25 per cent cheaper in Kerry or Shetland than in London, believe me, Maria—nor

in any continental town I ever knew; though you may vary your style of living, you may *retrench*. If London is not a *cheap* place, to those who wish to make it so, then is the division of labor a mockery—cheap carriage and the principle of *competition* all *humbug*. But London is a *cheap* place, cheaper than Boulogne, or the Norman Islands, if you please to exercise your understanding aright—and exorcise, cast out, the Demon *Fashion*, and the *Imp Style*.”

“To return to the *data*, Mr. Richard,” said my fair friend. She really stuck better to a text than most women.

“The *data*, madam, in the present case, is 1971. 15s. 8^{td}.—I found it in Rachel Greene’s little book.”

“Sordid creatures!” exclaimed Mrs. Roberts, “with an income like theirs to spend so little! For what do they hoard?”

“You are unjust, Maria. You take their high-rate of income. So do all enterprising gentlemen who afterwards grace the bankrupt list. My friend Joseph Greene’s income, unlike my friend Mr. Roberts’, is fluctuating. This year his profits may be £500; next year £150, or less. Bad times have come on all retail dealers, and threaten to continue. His father made much more money in the same trade and shop. Now, Joseph and his wife, in their honeymoon—”

“A Quaker honeymoon!” cried Maria, in scornful mirth. “Fancy a pair of Quaker turtles!” (a scornful hollow laugh.)

“Call it what you will, Mrs. Roberts; it was the time of the first sensible, prudent, affectionate, and confidential talk between my friends, Joseph and Rachel Greene, by their own fireside, in the first month of their marriage: then and there they struck the average of the profits of our friend Joseph’s trade, and resolved that £200 a-year was all that could at present be reasonably afforded for household expenses.”

“Sordid!” again exclaimed Maria.

“Far from it. The only circumstance I ever heard Rachel Greene regret—and she speaks most frankly of her means of life, not considering that there is any difference between £50 a-year and £50,000, where each is the sole product of honest industry and diligence—is, that she cannot know exactly at the end of each year how much is over—to be laid up, as she said, ‘where moth and rust cannot corrupt, nor thieves break through.’ She already guesses, I suspect, that our friend Joseph admires a different kind of investment. All her own savings, I know, she devotes to deeds of benevolence. Her heart, like the hearts of most women, is naturally compassionate. She even gives to common beggars, and forgets the far-seeing wisdom of her sect, and of the political economists. One day I checked her. ‘Alas!’ was her reply, ‘that poor old man’s pale, emaciated face tells me a true story. Shall not we *women* apply the lenitive, till you *philosophers* cure the distemper; because that poor man may perhaps be so far an imposter, shall I harden my heart against my fellow-creature—my fellow-immortal? Him who, as a Christian, I am bound to hope will share the joys of heaven with me—shall I withhold from him my wretched pittance on earth? Is this to do the will of Him who maketh his sun to shine and his rain to descend, alike upon the just and the unjust?”

“Amiable woman! I was base to doubt her worth,” cried my young friend, in whose eyes

tears had gathered. “How shall I resemble her? Where learn like her to know and do my duty?”

However unfit I may be to give counsel, I am not the man to hear such an appeal with indifference.

“I have been surprised,” I continued, “to find how nearly Friend Rachel hit the mark in her expenditure. But she would not spend more—did not wish to spend much less. She has an excellent idea of the prices and values of all ordinary commodities, and of how much of everything is required in a family of a certain number; and this knowledge she possesses along with the domestic discipline, frugality, and good management, which the uniform, regular habits of the Quakers, and of many quiet English families, give their women, as it were, by hereditary right.”

“Management!” Maria’s ear mechanically caught the word. “Can you explain to me Mrs. Greene’s system?”

“I cannot—probably it is not what you would call a system.

A few good instincts, and a few plain rules, Maria, derived from her Yorkshire granddames. ‘Economy,’ says Johnson—no economist himself—is a very nice thing—one man’s coat wears out much sooner than another’s.’ Neatness, regularity—above all, order, and the absence of every sort of pretension, must be essential to her system. I believe that young housekeepers often fail from want of knowledge of the principles of arithmetic.”

“Of ciphering, Mr. Richard? Nay, I can challenge the whole Quaker and housekeeping world there! I got three prizes at school for ciphering.”

“But can you apply your knowledge, fair lady? Can you tell me in a moment how much a young couple, whose annual income is under £300 a-year—call it for safety £270—may afford to expend on one dinner? Come, now, by any rule you please? *Experience—Practice* is best—I mean without forestalling their income, an increase of their family rendering a certain enlargement of expenditure necessary.” Poor Maria fluttered and colored, tears again gathering to her eyes. I cannot say whether *management* or *maternity* now preponderated in her heart.

“I cannot yet tell; but I fear not so much as this.” She had unlocked the little desk, and taken out the *book* so thumbed and studied, and so mysterious in the frightful totals which it cast up out of *nothing*. To me the amount was at least not astonishing, as I was quite aware to what an enormous expense her absurdly extravagant Christmas Dinner must have come; the soups, the fish, the game, the jellies, the creams, the dessert, the wines, the hundred-and-one incidental charges, which any woman less clever and anxious to probe to the bottom of the evil would have overlooked or slurred over; but which here stood in a formidable array of figures. *Plunder* ought to have formed a considerable *item*, I dare say; but it was not entered under this head. It is always fortunate to make a good smashing loss at once, which may startle one, and put one on one’s guard. “18l. 5s. 3d.; well, I don’t think that so far out of the way, considering the good *style* in which the thing was done. Some things appear very reasonable—other items extravagant enough. A monstrous quantity of Epping but-

ter; but good cookery requires good oiling; nothing in the world goes sweetly at first without it."

"And we gave a very nice, genteel evening party with the left things—ham, cakes, jellies, and other things."

"And that is a *per contra*."

"Oh! Mr. Richard, a *per contra* to this abominable bill! No, no!—I am grieved and ashamed to look at it. How useful to me were half that money at present to get decencies and necessary comforts: no wonder Roberts says I cannot manage." This was unlooked-for humility. "I dare say Mrs. Greene would have given half-a-dozen dinners with that money!"

"Probably a whole dozen, Maria, all good of their kind, too; but then the party would have been small, in conformity to the house, the attendants, the income, the number of *real* friends—to economy, good sense, and true social enjoyment."

"I see it all, Mr. Richard; Roberts was right in saying I can manage no more than a baby—no more than a baby! Think of that, sir; you who have seen how I have labored for eight months out of the twelve I have been here, injuring my health, as you have told me often, and spending almost nothing upon myself: to be sure, I was fully equipped last year. I declare, when I have been chilled to death, tortured with chilblains, and threatened with rheumatism, I have denied myself a shovel of coals in my chamber, to economize; while Mrs. Greene has a good fire every cold evening, and her chamber so much more comfortable than mine, as they have no drawing-room; but let the Quaker ladies alone for taking care of themselves."

"To how much does *almost nothing* come, Maria!" was my rejoinder. "You must forgive my freedom, since you invite my counsel. Let us see." The little book was again produced. I was aware of one *irresistible* French summer bonnet and scarf, and an indispensable autumn evening shawl; but as it turned out, there were fifty other trifles, bits of lace, and joining lace, morsels of ribbon, scraps of gauze, gloves, shoes, &c., &c., that came, when summed up, to above £8. Maria was in astonishment. Her dexterous ciphering had never suggested anything like this. "What you say of my friend Rachel's extravagance in fire and *comfort*, is quite like her good sense. She keeps possession of her own house for her own self; lives to her own feelings, her own conscience, even to her own comfortable bodily sensations, rather than to idle people's eyes, or to fashion and vanity; and is she not right!"

"That Mrs. Pantague almost made me buy that bonnet and scarf, one day that she did me the honor to introduce me to her own *milliner*. I know it was wrong, too, to purchase *French* things. We should encourage the lace-makers and embroideresses of our own country."

I smiled involuntarily. "Now," she continued, "the Quaker ladies give no encouragement to the industry of their own sex. They wear no lace, embroidery, or fancy articles. And, surely it is right for women to encourage the industry of their own sex; and all ladies, you say, have a right to buy whatever they like and can afford."

"Which conscience and understanding approve:—clearly, Maria."

"Now, were we all to turn Quakers, the whole factory-women would be thrown idle, with all the lace-workers."

"Not idle; only differently, and, I am sure, better employed, in their own households, as daughters, wives, and mothers, for such rational length of time daily, as neither trenched on health nor enjoyment, and the mental culture, without which the condition of the human being, even with lace and embroidery, is but little above that of the beast that perishes. You blame the Quaker ladies for not buying lace and embroidery; do you know anything of the state of the poor women engaged in that manufacture, or in what you term fancy articles—married as well as single women?"

"Not much; only I know they work amazingly cheaply: so cheaply, that if I were as rich as Mrs. Greene, I would always buy, never make. That *thing*, as like an ungallant gentleman, you term my beautiful *canzou*, has cost me six weeks' labor; and I could buy it in a cheap shop in the city for 11. 2s."

"And certainly not the half of that sum went to the poor creature, who sat bundled up fourteen or sixteen hours a-day, poking her eyes out working it, earning from 6d. to 8d. daily. Have you ever had an opportunity of visiting the cottages or town-dwellings of the lace-workers in Buckinghamshire, Nottinghamshire, or Northampton county!—always abodes of discomfort and penury, often of actual starvation—where the natural order of things is very frequently inverted, the husband arranging the house, that the hands of the sickly, slatternly wife, may not be rendered unfit for the delicate employment on which her children's bread depends."

The free maids that weave their lace with bones, are among the most miserable of the slaves of civilization;—and its chains press upon and gall us every one, the rich as well as the poor. But let me not say civilization—it is fashion, vanity, madness, I really mean. Society cannot be too highly civilized. I would see it rise to far higher enjoyments among its Marias, than this everlasting *ornamenting*, and needle and scissor work."

My young friend took up a book, with an arch glance at me. "This is a favorite writer with you, sir. What says he!—'I love ornament: all nature is full of it.'"

"And so do I, love the ornament with which all nature is full: its colors, odors, forms; all its exquisite beauty—intricate or palpable, universal or minute—cannot be enough admired and glorified. Flowers, 'the stars of earth;' stars, 'the poetry of heaven;' these are the ornaments I love—and for this, among a million reasons, that their beauty is immutable, unchanging. The rose has been the '*red, red rose*,' with the same rich foliage, since it first blossomed in Eden. The pale lily has risen on the self-same graceful stem since the general Mother, 'fairest of her daughters,' first bent her dewy eyes upon that flower of Paradise. So when you quote Leigh Hunt against me, Maria, in favor of changeful fashions, as well as profuse ornament, you must quote in the spirit. If the rose chose to prank herself every season in new garniture, and sported yellow flowers with blue leaves this year, and brown with white the next, I should tire even of her; if the lily forsook her slender stem and changed her pearly white

that—her Naïad-like beauty—to flaunt in crimson, with glossy leaves, I would be for instantly deposing her as the Queen of Flowers:—yea, if Jupiter himself—

The star of Jove, so beautiful and large,

chose to astonish the nations by rising to-night, angular in shape, with a deep, sapphire radiance, and to-morrow in flame-colored taffeta, I would vote him a huge bore—and anything but an ornament to the heavens. The analogy between the ornament of which all nature is full, and the perpetually-changing, gaudy, inappropriate artificial ornaments of vanity and fashion, does not in the least hold, or rather it makes for me."

"Then you would not discard all beautiful, all magnificent things, nor even our pretty decorations?"

"Certainly I would not—only ugly trumpery, useless trash, to which you make yourselves slaves."

"Lace, for example, that exquisite fabric which Rousseau admired so much!"

"The *Man of Nature* was in many things a very sophisticated, artificial personage, Maria—almost a coxcomb. I have no objection to your lace, and delicate needlework; though, in my Arcadia—my ideal republic—the beauty, health, and spirits of one order of the women shall never be sacrificed, that another may wear a thing about her face which Rachel Greene looks very pretty without, and Maria Roberts also."

"A compliment by implication! I shall value it were it but for the rarity," said my laughing companion. "Well, though our caps and veils cost something, pink bows and *brides* included, the Quaker ladies don't dress—*clothe* themselves—I beg pardon—for nothing. In the quality and fineness of the material, they are perfect *exquisites*."

"A consequence of really enlightened economy. Mrs. Greene seriously asked me one day if I could, in this part of London, recommend her to a *dear* shop. Persons with whom a fashion lasts till a garment wears out, show good sense in making it of such materials as are worth bestowing labor upon. But let us reckon now, Maria, the real difference of money-cost between your lace English cap, and Rachel's snug Quaker one; or, say, between it and the tasteful veil of thin muslin, the becoming head-dress of a Genoese girl."

"I presume the Genoese head-gear, like the Quakers—(like, and yet how unlike!)—may cost 2s. or 3s.; mine, my own labor, *brides* and bows included, at least 25s.; so there is a clear 21s. or more for Rachel Greene to hoard, which I distribute in encouraging manufactures, you perceive, sir."

"To spend on her *Infant School*, as like, Maria; or very probably in fuel or flannel petticoats for the poor creatures who have become sickly, and prematurely old, spending their life in fabricating ornaments for more fortunate women."

Maria sighed at this view of the question. "I do envy the rich, and the *Friends*, their means of benevolence."

"Don't be content with envying—*attain*; go to the fountain-head. The means of enlightened benevolence are in every one's power. Begin with my amiable young friend, Maria Roberts; emancipate her, in the first place, from her profit-

less, thankless toils, and this will be one great good gained."

"If the *world* would only come to your way of thinking, Mr. Richard:—the first edict, I assure you, of your king, *Ladies*, and Commons, which commands more rational conduct—"

"Unfortunately edicts won't do it." There was consequently no more to be said. What Maria called the *world* was still too strong for her. She was more and more its reluctant and repining slave; but not the less fettered that her very restiveness made the chain gall and fester.

Before I saw Mrs. Roberts again, she had suffered from a severe rheumatic fever, produced by the cold sifting airs of her attic chamber; and by imagining that it was absolutely necessary to have furs to wear abroad, while flannel and fleecy hosiery might be dispensed with, not being *risible*, which, by the by, seems the practical belief of two thirds of the female world, where both cannot be obtained.

Towards the end of the year tradesmen's bills, of all sorts and sizes, came tumbling in. Every new bill was a fresh surprise; yet their items were like housemaids' newspaper characters, *undeniable*. Maria studied, and summed and filed, but could not cipher away the startling amount; and now mistaking the reverse of wrong for right, as far astray as ever, and more offensively so, the small coal was meted out by scuttlefuls, the salt by cupfuls,—she counted the candle ends, and reckoned the potatoes. The small joint was charred for want of fire and Epping moisture, the pie-crust smelt of rancid kitchen stuff. Roberts, in an angry fit, vowed that he would dine at an ordinary, and the maid mutinied. Another was procured—*cheap*—an awkward country lass, who, hitherto accustomed to handle only wooden pails and buckets, broke all more brittle wares. Roberts was for the time appeased. Indeed, if he had not, he must have been a savage—for poor Maria, almost killed with mental anxiety and efforts at management, gave birth to her first child; and, to save expense, dismissed her nurse so soon, and was taken so seriously ill in consequence, that my sister instantly procured a country nurse for her infant, and another for herself, scolding the unhappy Roberts for his senselessness; and making such inroads on Maria's saving and plans of retrenchment and economy, as I fully believe retarded her recovery.

By the middle of February Maria was restored to health—pale and meagre enough, but quite well as she vowed; and she brought home her child, from affection and economy, to be what old Irish and Scotch nurses call brought up "by the pan and the spoon,"—and English ones, "by the hand."

The christening feast and annual Christmas holiday-dinner were to be consolidated this year in furtherance of economy and retrenchment. Maria had given up her needle. She was now an active housewife. Long were the consultations we held. "I will show you a different bill from last year's," said she to me with harmless exultation in her newly-acquired knowledge, "You shall see how I will *manage*!"

I had no wish to damp Maria's ardor, nor yet to check the current of her self-teaching. *Painful* experience I foresaw it was to turn out, but not the less wholesome in its effects. Her first dinner had been the *senselessly-ostentatious*; her

second was to be the most absurd of all, the worst of mistakes, the *shabby-genteel*. I reserve its mortifying details and consequences for another chapter.

CHAPTER III.—THE SHABBY-GENTEEL.

At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen ;
At the bottom was tripe, in a swinging tureen ;
At the sides there were spinach and pudding made hot ;
In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
GOLDSMITH.

How often soever it may have been said, that we never seem ridiculous from what we are, but from what we assume to be, the saying remains as true as ever ; and, therefore, I once more repeat it, at the opening of this chapter. Taken in this sense, ridicule is indeed the test of truth, for nothing *true* can be in itself ridiculous. We may smile in contempt or derision of conceit and folly ; or laugh in sympathy with comic or ludicrous scenes and ideas ; but it is pretension, assumption only, that move our ridicule. To be above its insolent insulting inflictions we have only to be ourselves ; which simple part, to the bulk of mankind, appears the most difficult to perform of any. Our social customs universally conspire to make us attempt everything, rather than display the real character ; but above all to conceal the true circumstances in which we live. We must either seem above, or—though far more rarely—below them. The very wealthy do sometimes take to

The Devil's own vice,
The pride that apes humility,

as soon as they rise above the more common affections of vanity.

My young friend, Mrs. Roberts, exposed herself to *ridicule*, by the common folly of assuming to give dinners, to dress, and to live in the style of persons of double her income : but, for the credit of English morality, I regret to say, that she only incurred the penalty by attempting to reconcile discretion and honesty with what, in such circumstances, was quite incompatible. Extravagance, folly, debt, gross dishonesty, might, in short, have been pardoned, where the thing was managed with *dash*, and a proper understanding of effect ; but who can pardon the *shabby-genteel*—abhorred of gods, men, and charwomen ! And on a charwoman turned the fortunes of Maria Roberts' *Second Christmas Dinner*.

I mentioned in the last chapter that she had, from frugality, hired one of those wondrous machines, a *maid-of-all-work*, ignorant and stupid, at half-wages—who made up the balance by breaking china and glass, and damaging every article of furniture that fell in her way. I have frequently noticed that notable housekeeping ladies are, in general, fatalists about breaking. Mrs. Roberts, after the first three months, concluded that Jane had got through most of her breakings. "And she was so good-hearted and kind to 'baby,'—that important small personage in so many small households—and was believed so honest." "With myself, Jane, and the charwoman, and a good deal of forethought, I can manage very well," said Maria, at one of our final consultations. "I shall have everything possible done beforehand—the cooking will be all over before the company begin to arrive—then I can dress in a minute ; and Biddy, [the Irish charwoman,] when

she has sent in dinner, can assist Jane to wait at table. I cannot think of having one of those insolent fellows of hired footmen in the house again ; and those cooks who go about, are so horribly extravagant, conceited, and dictating—one of them, whom Mrs. Pantague hires to assist her cook, charges 15s. a-day ; and must be *wine'd* and *portered*, and waited upon and coaxed."

I entirely approved of dispensing with the perambulating footman, whether "of parts or figure," and also the consequential cook mentioned, whom I knew to be as troublesome and conceited as if she had taken a regular diploma from M. Ude ; but how Jane and Biddy were to perform their various functions was still an affair through which I could not see my way. Of the latter I had indeed considerable suspicion all along ; strenuously as I understood she had been recommended by her countrywoman, my neighbor, the orange-seller, Mrs. Plunkett, as possessing every good quality requisite under a kitchen roof, "had lived cook in genteel families, both in Bath and Dublin city itself ; and in her first husband's time, assisted the cook to the mess of the 92d regiment, though that was fifteen years ago."

My doubts threw Maria into fresh perplexity : she studied her bill of fare. "It would be taking too great a liberty to ask Mrs. James Taylor to lend me her cook for a day ; but I might ask her advice—she is always so genteel, and so kind to me."

"But you won't ask her advice though," I put in abruptly. "My sister Anne is one of the best women that breathes ; no one more amiable, more generous ; but, good worthy lady, she has been happy and moderate enough never to have known any one serious domestic difficulty in her life. She has always been so perfectly at ease in money matters herself, that, like many more excellent women one meets, she is rather puzzled to find out why other people are not as much at *their* ease, and have not everything as *nice* and proper about their nurseries and their table as herself. When Roberts can allow you 600*l.* or 800*l.* a-year for your housekeeping, about half my brother's liberal allowance, then advise with my sister Anne. She can discourse most sensibly on economy, and wonder, too, how people need be so very ill off. In which sort of surprise, I have seen her sensible husband join her, and with a most proper and husband-like admiration of his wife's domestic talents, declare that where families do not go on well, (with probably not the fourth of her means,) there must be bad management at bottom. And yet they are among the best people I know. To comprehend the exigencies of your position in society, or rather that of struggling professional people, the most difficult of any, is quite out of their way. Your part in life, once clearly ascertained, ought to be easily filled."

"I assure you, to me it seems the most difficult of any. If with the fourth part of Mrs. James Taylor's income, one could do with the fourth of the beef, bread, tea, coals, candles, butter, and so forth ; but you see how it is—that would be no rule, and what to save upon, while one must have everything the self-same as those wealthy people—"

"Or at least some *mock imitation*, and *make-shift* thing, Maria. Well, it is a wretched system, a despicable slavery—this making one guinea do the fashionable work of three, or *seem to do* ;

for, after all, it never gets beyond seeming. Like the foolish bird, we hide our heads under the wing of our own vanity, and fancy that the whole world is not seeing and laughing at us, because we have hoodwinked ourselves."

I had probably pushed the conversation beyond the point of politeness; for on this subject, and with so interesting a victim before me, I could have no reserve or patience. Sometimes my heart misgave me, and I was on the point of warning Maria against the absurdities she was about to commit, and the ridicule she was to draw upon herself, by her "Three Courses and a Dessert;" but stern friendship counselled that I should let her do her worst, and endure the penalty of shame and mortification at once and forever.

I undertook several little commissions for Maria, connected with her *fête*, and promised to come myself very early, to amuse Mr. Sam. Madox, a cockney bachelor of some sixty years; somewhat of a virtuoso, but more of a *gourmand*, finical and withal priggish, and known by the ladies of the many families with whom he managed to be a dinner-visiter, as "that plague, old Madox, who always comes so early." Not that he came a second before the appointed hour, but to that he appeared punctual as the hand of his watch.

I did not appear before my services were required. Great as are the mysterious powers of ubiquity possessed by the maid-of-all-work, it is still just possible that the most thorough-bred of the corps cannot overtake everything. When I arrived, all was, as is said, at sixes and sevens. The parlor fire was still unlit; the confusion in the kitchen might have been, as the charwoman who made it, said, "stirred with a stick." Maria, in a morning gown and apron, not over clean, of course, and her brown tresses in papillotes, was hushing "baby," who squalled, as if on purpose, ten times louder than ever he had squalled before, and casting looks of distraction and despair on Biddy, the regular charwoman and brevet cook. To me the latter was the most amusing person of the group. Maria watched her as a clever sensible patient may an ignorant surgeon, certain that all was going wrong, that some dreadful mischief was impending, but overawed by the dignity of the profession, and afraid to interfere. Mrs. Roberts was conscious that, though perfectly able to judge of results, she still knew little or nothing of preliminary culinary processes; and was, in many cases, an entire stranger to the mode by which particular effects were to be produced. It was not difficult to perceive that Biddy, if she had ever possessed the requisite skill, had let her right hand forget its cunning. Like all other persons in office who do not know their own business, she required a deputy.

"Sorrow be on you, girl, won't you give me the cullender; and the tureen, as you see, between my own hands." Mrs. Roberts flew with the desired utensil. "Och, excuse me—is it yourself, ma'am—where the *diavol* has that creature Jane put the dish-cloth, which was in my own hands this minute. In troth, then sir," continued she, looking at me with one of her broadest grins, "if you don't lave that, we'll be thinking of pinning it to your tails. But just mention, mi-lady, now, what sauce you would like for the roast bullock's heart, that's to relave the soused rabbits and onion sauce."

"Oh, not the rabbits," cried Maria: "surely you know better—you can't forget it is the

Hessian ragout, that the mock roast-hare relieves—"

"Well, never mind—the one or the other it is, any way. Sure, I saw it oftener than there's teeth in my jaws, both ways. With the mess of the 92d it was always the t'other way; but your ladyship may take your own way for all that."

"Think how time flies, my good woman," cried the anxious hostess, "almost five! Will you take another draught of beer—and then the pheasant—not singed yet. — Mrs. James Taylor has sent me such a beautiful pheasant!"—

"We'll be none the worse of the liquor, any way, ma'am. And is not he an illigant love of a bird, now, Mr. Richard—many is the likes of him I seen in my own country—only a thought larger. (*Drinks.*) That's no bad beer. Cox's house is one of the best in Lunnon, both for measure and quality. But would you like his head twisted this way, ma'am, or that way, ma'am? He is a prince of a bird! He'll grace your table, ma'am!"

"So I hope. It was so good of Mrs. Taylor to send me this game—I never would have gone to this bird's price. But dear me, cook, truss the head any way: really, my good woman, this is no time for conversation—pleasantly as you talk—any way with his head—you know best about that."

"*I shud*," was pronounced with emphatic brevity; and the neck of the unhappy biped was twisted every way but that which fashion or custom prescribes and calls the right way. Maria guessed as much; and I admired the strong good sense and presence of mind which prevented her from fretting, or standing on trifles in such an emergency. She was like Napoleon giving his commands to the surgeon accoucheur of Marie Louise. Mrs. Roberts' silence seemed to say, "Treat my golden pheasant as if it were but an ordinary barn-door fowl."

"And never fear," replied Biddy, "I'll have him in in pudding-time, I warrant me—the pisan and the sowles, ma'am, first—an't that it?"

"O dear, no, no," cried Maria, now thoroughly vexed. "The pheasant—the game, is for the third course."

"The third course! Sure I have seen him in the first, when a donny bird like that, both in mi-lady Ark's, and Mr. Sergeant Saurin's too."

"But in England—O Biddy! Well, you Jane, you will surely remember when the pheasant is to be sent in. Here's the bill of fare."

Again, perverse "baby" squalled out, and drowned all our voices.

"Such a scene, Mr. Richard—will you, pray, step into the parlor, Jane has lit the fire now again, I hope. O, baby, cruel baby! if you knew what your poor mother has to undergo to-day, you would surely be a better boy. Gracious! that's old Madox's knock!"

This luckily proved a false alarm; "baby," by good fortune, had now exhausted himself in squalling, and fell asleep. Maria had five minutes to dress; but how, she whispered, could she leave that fearful Biddy.

"Make yourself asy, ma'am: trust to myself, and mind you your good company. First, the sowles, and the *Hessian ragout*: but there's no

good any way of letting this drop of beer die a natural death in the mug. A merry meeting of friends to you, mi-lady! and trust your dinner to myself, and I'll do it handsome and gentale, as Mr. Richard there will tell you."

The maid, by power of bellows, had by this time forced a tardy reluctant fire in the parlor, and sent clouds of ashes over all the neatly laid-out table, the labors of the indefatigable Maria. Willing to be useful, aware that the mode of a service may often double its value, and having no fitter means, I dusted all round and over with my veritably *clean* silk handkerchief—and sagaciously comprehending that a bundle of half or one-third-burnt wax-lights, such as thrifty housewives buy cheap in London, were meant to be stuck in the candlesticks, but forgotten by her of all-work, I also performed this other duty. And now Madox fairly knocked, and Maria flew down, adorned, from her attic chamber. Miss Kelly never shifted her costume more rapidly. We were both in the passage on our way to the drawing-room; but the final orders were to be given to panting Jane, who was about half-dressed. "Now, for any sake, Jane, don't forget what I have driven into you! Don't affront me by your stupidity; the thickened butter—and to have the coffee hot—and to heat the cream—and the drawing-room fire; and oh, do try to keep 'baby' quiet, if he awake; and don't let him pull his nice cap. But don't put it on till I ring for him—and above all, be sure you don't let Biddy roar so loud, or touch more beer—you know what a beast she makes of herself—she will spoil the dinner, and break the things. O! that plague, old Madox! How he does knock!"

"Yes mar'am—no mar'am," followed at intervals from the bewildered maid of all-work, whose replies were mechanically measured by time; certainly not dictated by sense, for true it was, as Maria said.

"Now, Jane, you don't know a word I have been saying to you. Oh me!"

Maria had not composed her looks, or drawn on her gloves, when Mr. Madox was upon us in the blue drawing-room.

Whether the devil tempted him or not, I cannot tell, but he talked away at no allowance of the excellence of the London markets always at this holiday-time. Fish so good—salmon, prime—game—wild ducks—teal. It was the very season for the London carnival.

Mrs. Pantague here sailed in imperially—spread abroad in brocade, capped and jewelled; and after the ordinary compliments, the discourse flowed in the former channel. She had been ordering things that morning, though she rarely marketed herself. Mrs. Pantague was one of those many English people, who use the possessive pronoun on all possible occasions. "My fishmonger." "My confecti-ner." One might have thought she held the whole of each poor man in sole property. My cook is nothing.

"My cook is so exquisite a judge, that I rarely look at anything. I can so fully rely upon my butcher. How do you manage, my dear Mrs. Roberts?"

"The London markets are splendidly filled at present, ma'am," said Plague Madox to the great lady. "Few London sights equal to them after all, ma'am."

"And so they are, Mr. Madox: Paris, Brussels. I don't say much about Vienna, though my

friend, Lady Danvers, who lived long there, when his lordship was connected with the embassy, has often told me that Vienna is in *bonne chere* a superb city; but after all, Mr. Madox, as you say, commend me to the London markets. Cookery may be better understood in Paris. You have been in Paris, I conclude, Mr. Madox—often?" Madox bowed. "But for provisions; the sterling English staple, as Sir John says, London may challenge the world, fish, flesh, or fowl."

"Right, madam, and so it may. Old English roast beef, the growth of every county. Banstead mutton, Essex veal, Dorking fowls, Norfolk turkeys, Lincolnshire geese. Hey, Mr. Roberts, got before you." Maria bit her lips over the alimentary catalogue of the month, while Roberts saluted the company.

I cannot go into the mortifying details of this *Three Courses, and a Dessert*. The bawling, and mishaps of Biddy, the blunders of distracted Jane, the agony of poor Mrs. Roberts, and the distant squalling of "baby." Even I could not have anticipated a chain of such mortifying accidents, though they were all quite natural.

The awkwardness of the guests who possessed politeness and delicacy, and the ill-suppressed grumbling of the ruder natures, disappointed in that great affair, a dinner, was nothing to the airs of insolent disgust, with which Mrs. Pantague pushed away plate after plate—touched, yet untouched. I must acknowledge that the *soles* were not of the freshest, though they might be correspondingly *cheap*, nor were they the best cooked. Mrs. Pantague, in pure malice, I am certain, required to have the dish named *Hessian ragout*, analyzed by Madox.

"Bullocks' cheek stew! that is a ragout I am not acquainted with; not any, thank you: indeed I have dined." The great lady leant back in her chair with a look of haughty yet piteous resignation to her fate.

"There's a pheasant coming," faltered poor Mrs. Roberts. It was in her dinner like the single great lord among a vain man's acquaintance.

"I will trouble you, Mrs. Roberts," said my hearty brother James, "I did not know the dish under its fine name. You remember, Dick, how we used to lay our ears in this stew at Nurse Wilks' on Sundays. Never was turtle so glorious."

This was scarcely a rally for Maria. At another time it would have been mortification. Plague Madox now ventured upon "Just one-half spoonful of the ragout—thick;" and, after cautiously reconnoitring the table, had the dose repeated. This looked better; and

By and by, the second course
Came lagging like a distanced horse.

Bullocks' heart stuffed and roasted has its admirers even among *gourmands*; but then it must be *roasted*, sanguinary as English eaters are. The condition was, therefore, a capital disappointment to more than one gentleman, and worse to Mrs. Roberts, compelled to say, "Take this away," though it had been her main reliance; a dish that both Mr. James Taylor and Mr. Madox particularly admired—and rarely saw. A young puppy, one of Mr. Roberts' friends, who had got, by chance or accident, a copy of verses into a maga-

zine, and set up literary pretensions accordingly, regaled us at our side of the table with the story of "De Coucy's Heart," and the "Basil Pot," till the ladies began to look pale and sick. Across the table there was a dialogue on cannibalism and the New Zealanders, which, so far as it was heard, did not mend our health nor quicken our appetites; but all this was nothing to the tremendous crash which came at once above, below, and around us! and the exclamation.

"Och diaoul! come quick, jewel, Mr. Richard. Did not the kitchen chimney go on fire—we are all in a blaze!" And Biddy, like ten furies, was in the midst of us.

The ladies huddled together and screamed, and would have run into the street—if not prevented by main force, backed by my speedy assurance that this was a false alarm—merely a blaze of overturned grease as their noses might inform them. Maria, forgetting everything but a mother's feelings, flew to find her child, who appeared among us after all in his night-cap, but yet helped wonderfully to restore tranquillity, as all the women were bound in turns to seize, and kiss him. Things looked better again. The *sweets*, previously prepared by poor Maria with great pains and care, and want of sleep, and a wonderful effort for a first, got the length of being "damned with faint praise" by the lady-judges, though Mrs. Pantague did recommend Mrs. Roberts to try "My confectioner only for once. He was, to be sure, an unconscionable wretch in his prices—but exquisite in taste. His *Vanilla Cream* was allowed to be unequalled in London. It was sent to the Pavilion, and to Devonshire House, when nothing else of his was taken. It was indeed a great favor to procure it." What was the final catastrophe of the pheasant I cannot to this day tell, but he never appeared; and Plague Madox indemnified himself with *blue stilton* and some tolerable Edinburgh ale. The port—it was called clarety-port—something that was to unite *cheaply the body of Portugal with the spirit of France*, he had sipped—eyed between him and the candle—and pulled in on trial another decanter. I suppose the sherry, or rather Cape Madeira, he hit upon, was a leap out of the frying-pan into the fire. He actually made faces.

"Who is your wine-merchant, Roberts?" cried loud Mr. Pantague, the stock-broker, from where he sat by the elbow of the miserable hostess, who had now lost self-possession and almost temper, and who afterwards told me that it was with great difficulty she kept from crying. Pantague was also smacking critically, and holding his glass between him and the candle. Roberts looked as simple as his wife, and more vexed. Either no current name of value in the wine-trade occurred to him, or he might not like to lie. He had, after a moment's pause, the forethought, the true John-Bull spirit and manliness, to say, "The very little wine I use, Mr. Pantague, I buy where I find it best and *cheapest*."

"O right—quite right," cried Mr. Pantague, and he tossed off his glass. This was the most hopeful feature of the night. Could I have caught the eyes of the speaker mine would have thanked him.

"Very fair port, this," said Mr. James Taylor, the rich thriving solicitor. Plague Madox drew his red wine glass to him again, and filled it once more. "New; but very good: what say you, Dick? My brother is one of the best judges of

wines now in London. You need not gainsay it now, Dick: your Italian residence, and your early pursuits, have made you so; but I believe you refer it to your unsophisticated palate."

I rose one hundred per cent. with the company in one second; and resolved to improve my sudden accession of vinous fame to the benefit of Maria Roberts.

"There ought to be *wine* in this house; ladies' wine, at least," I said, nodding, knowingly to Mrs. Roberts. "If the lady of it would only appoint me her butler for the night, I think I could find it."

"With the utmost pleasure, Mr. Richard; but you know—"

"What I know—give me your key." Maria stared at me. There was method in my madness. I returned in five minutes, or rather more, and solemnly placed a couple of pint bottles upon the table. Jane furnished me with fresh glasses.

"I am not going to accuse our hostess of not bestowing the very best wine she has upon her friends; but I am afraid I must accuse her of not having taste enough in wine to know the value of her own treasures."

"Nay, if I had thought that half as admired as—"

"Give me leave, ma'am. We need not mystify the matter. This is two of six bottles, but we must not rob Mrs. Roberts of more than one, this little cobwebbed fellow, that came as a present from the Bishop of —'s cellars; sent by his lady to her goddaughter, our amiable hostess, before her late confinement. The late brother of the bishop was for some time governor at the Cape. Give me your opinion, ladies, of this *codling* wine, that you send in presents to favorites." I had said enough for a lady of such quick tact as Mrs. Pantague.

"Delicious Constantia!" was her affectedly rapturous exclamation. "'T is not everywhere one meets with the like of this. And the bishop's lady, whom I have seen at Brighton, is your godmother, Mrs. Roberts?"

"I have that honor."

"Exquisite wine! The veritable nectar of the gods, Mr. Richard, must be Constantia. Nay, nay; this must be kept for a *bonne bouche*—husbanded—a fourth of a glass, if you please." I had no wish to hazard a second trial, having come off so well upon the first.

"The *bouquet*, the delicious fragrance of this wine, is its charm to me," said our young poet. "You must be sensible of it, Mr. Richard!"

"I'll be hanged if I smell anything save the burning grease the cook had nearly set the chimney on fire with," replied my brother. "She seems, by the way, on very happy terms of familiarity with you, Dick; and quite a character in your way. I believe you know all the Irish charwomen in London."

All the ladies tasted the "delicious Constantia," while Maria, trying to look frowningly, really looked half-comic, half-amused, at my impudent fraud. Several of the fair judges pronounced it very fine. My sister, Anne, said it was very sweet and nice indeed, but of wine she was no judge; and Miss Claves, a very lively young lady, vowed it was so like Milk Punch, which was quite a charming thing, that she could not tell the difference for her life.

"Oh, the *green* taste of *raw* girls, Mr. Rich-

ard!" whispered Mrs. Pantague. "How many good things in life are thrown away upon them! Your niece, Charlotte, has really then positively refused the old banker—her ultimatum given? But will Mrs. Roberts never move, think you? Really, to be frank, I long for a cup of even cold wish-washy coffee after this (*a shrug*) absurd *visceral* repast. I wish some friend would give the poor young woman a hint! Could not you, Mr. Richard?" She looked at her watch.

I vowed in my indignant heart that Maria should, in hearing every word of this, reap the bitter fruit of her own vain toils. But I did not need to be so severe in my lesson.

Before the poet and myself reached the drawing-room, half the ladies had disappeared. From below Plague Madox, my brother, and all the old sagers went off without looking near us. The claret-port could not have been very good, after all, I suspect. Madox swore that either the wine or the fare had deranged him sadly; for three days fairly baffled Dr. Kitchener's *Peptic Precepts*, lost him two good dinner parties, and raised doubts whether he would ever accept an invitation from Roberts, or any man who kept no regular cook, in his life again, where everything was, he said, "more provoking and worse than another. Pity the poor fellow with such a wife!"

In the mean time I have forgotten to tell, that, when very late, George Roberts, and a few young men, who, in spite of every disaster, stood by him and the bottle, staggered up stairs. I was now alone in the drawing-room. The young ladies, after yawning, hour after hour, in the vain hope of relief from below; after examining and re-examining Maria's store of nick-nacks, and hopelessly endeavoring to extract music and young gentlemen from the broken-stringed cabinet piano-forte, had all taken wing while Maria was gone to put "baby" to sleep.

Roberts was half tipsy, half chagrined, and I perceived in a fair way of getting into very bad temper. This was his day of festival, the christening *fête* of his first-born; and there was no joy, no sociality, no pleasure, no amusement. He had promised his young friends, his wife's music, female society, a dance, and there remained for them an empty disordered room, where "Queer Mr. Richard Taylor" kept watch over four blinking wax-candle ends and a few smouldering cinders.

"Where are all the ladies—where is Maria?" was said hurriedly. "Where is Mrs. Roberts?" in a more imperative, and husband-like tone. Echo might answer *where*, if she chose, but I was dumb. Roberts jerked the blue bell rope; and down it came, and up came panting Jane.

"Where is your mistress?"

"Putting 'baby' to sleep, sir."

It would be treason against nature to suppose that Roberts could really have said "Deuce take 'baby,'" but Jane, who looked perfectly aghast, and, indeed, in utter horror, certainly believed those shocking, unnatural words were spoken; and had they even been, they would have meant nothing serious—a proof that a man must not always be judged by his rash expressions.

"By Jove!" was the next exclamation, "if we cannot have amusement above stairs, we shall have jollity below. Here you, Biddy, or whatever they call you—"

"Biddy Duigenan, an' please your honor—so christened by Father—"

"Get us a dry devil, or a broiled bone, or something peppery and famous."

"Och then! devil a bone with a thread on it, within the dour of ye. The mistress chooses her mate without bones. She's a mighty frugal, managing young cratur."

This conversation passed aloud, between the door of the drawing-room and the bottom of the stairs. The young men roared in full chorus; and Mr. Sullivan the Templar, instantly challenged a countrywoman in Biddy, who was heard laughing jollily below, crying to Jane, "Faix, but it does myself good to see the gentlemen getting hearty and merry at last. One might thought their faste a *Keason*—no luck till the bits of misses, the cratura, go off."

"By the powers! if we can't get meat we shall have drink, boys," cried Mr. George Roberts again, in a most uproarious and savage humor, something affected too by the satirical commentary made by one of his friends on "a lady choosing her mate without bones," which as a husband of some eighteen months, and consequently still very touchy on the score of *hen-pecking*, he fancied it mightily concerned his honor and masterhood to resent.

"Ay, bones and blood, and spirit too, by Jove. Maria! Mrs. Roberts! Madam, I say, come down stairs! You shall see, gentlemen, who is master in this house—if all the wives in Christendom!"—But it is idle to repeat the ravings of an intoxicated man. I knew Maria would have the delicacy and sense not to come down stairs; and Sullivan, by far the soberest of the party, having brought our host to order, and promised to me to take care of the party, I stole away. Jane, as I afterwards learned, a simple country girl, immediately became so frightened, that she crept up to her mistress, reporting "that the gentlemen were tipsy and riotous, and that one of them had pulled her on the stairs. Master was tramping up and down, rummaging all the cupboard for brandy to make punch; and Biddy was worse than all the rest." Maria, a stranger to every species of excess, a girl transferred from school to her own house, became more nervous than Jane; and as the noise of song and revelry,

Of tipsy dance and jollity,

rose louder and louder from the polluted blue-room, constituted into a kind of *Free-and-Easy* club-room, the women bolted themselves in. Jane, after her hard day's work, soon fell asleep, sitting on the floor, and it was not till the watchmen, attracted by the riot within, had rung repeatedly, and that the young men sallied out "to thrash the Charleys," when a general *mêlé* ensued, that she was awake by the shaking and suppressed cries of her mistress, as the whole party below, Biddy Duigenan included, were carried off by the guardians of the night, and safely lodged! How Maria got through the dreadful night, I cannot tell; but I lost no time, after receiving her early message, in repairing to the office. Mr. Roberts and his friends were already liberated without examination, and had slunk away, bribing Biddy to silence with sundry shillings and half-crowns.

Roberts looked foolish enough when I found him at home, sitting amid the wrecks of the blue-room, writing a note of apology to Joseph Greene for the nocturnal disturbance; but he still seemed

to believe that the whole mischief arose from Maria's absurd management, and that air of pretension, which, together with the *shabby gentility* of her entertainment, had made them both ridiculous. To the same cause he imputed the discomfort and mal-arrangement of everything—nay, even what he termed the impudence of that Irish hag, and the insolence of that stock-broker's dame. He did, however, condescend to apologize to his wife for the outrage of which he had subsequently been guilty; and his boon companions of the night, one and all, afterwards declared, that they durst never look Mrs. Roberts in the face again.

This was not the end of the affair. Roberts was forgiven by his wife, who, in her ignorance of *life*, fancied his conduct far more grievous and degrading than he was disposed to own it. But there was another reckoning to adjust. By some means my brother got intelligence of the manner in which Roberts' *fête* had ended. "A married man—in his own house—it is too bad. I fear this is not the first of it," James said to me. "For some weeks, Richard, I have wished to consult you about this. Do you know, Roberts is short of his cash?"

Awful charge against a confidential clerk! I guessed how much it imported.

"To what extent?"

"No great extent; but the thing is so wrong, so *unbusiness-like*." This is another most significant phrase. "About £60 or £70—and perhaps he may have some claim against me; but I don't like the look of it. Such arrears are so *unbusiness-like*. I fear he is extravagant—getting dissipated—"

"Only foolish—or something of that sort," was my careless reply; "but he will mend, I dare say. What, meanwhile, have you done?"

"Ordered him to balance his cash, and pay up by Friday at farthest."

"Quite right."

I instantly took my way to the Row. Maria was in the blue drawing-room; now in its gilding and draperies of all hues, soiled and tawdry; the ornaments smoked and tarnished; the chairs and tables crazy or fractured, and the purple and gold purse sadly faded from its original splendor, as I remarked on seeing it on the table.

"Alas! it has acquired a worse fault," Maria said, while she shook it to display its emptiness, smiling and sighing.

"A sieve-like quality—the faculty of running out faster than Roberts pours in—"

"Something very like that, I confess."

"Do you pardon my frankness, Mrs. Roberts, and give me leave to be sincere with you?"

"I do, I do, and thank you most sincerely. With our limited income"—(*hesitation.*)

"All your stitching and pulling cannot keep fortune in at heels, and make both ends meet."

"You have guessed it, Mr. Richard. Were it not for my poor child—and poor Roberts, too, I would certainly endeavor to procure a situation as a governess—and Roberts, he might go into lodgings again, since it seems I cannot, with all my skill and economy, manage that we should live within our income—and it is worse than that with us! Oh, I assure you, it has almost broken my heart! Mr. Roberts is short of Mr. Taylor's cash. It is shocking! his probity may be doubted; and he is in fearful temper this morning. I dread his

coming back." Maria could no longer restrain her tears. I was gratified by her confidence in me, pleased that Roberts had at once told her the circumstance so important to them both; but she had another motive for confiding in me. "I have a great favor to beg of you: I have a few trinkets," she said; "presents and gifts of one kind or another. It would be such a kindness in you to dispose of them for me, that I may help Roberts so far. There is the piano, too, and other *useless things*"—she looked round the room—"they would not bring much, but everything helps."

I knew, for I had seen it, that Maria had at least the full value for her *suit* of pearls and other ornaments; but principle and generous affection were far more powerful than vanity. Roberts had peremptorily refused to dispose of her trinkets; he was even affronted by the proposal, and she depended on me, and urged me; and with the case in my pocket I left her, and encountered her husband at the corner of the street.

"You have been calling for your favorite, Mrs. Greene?" said Roberts.

"No; I have spent the last hour with my more interesting favorite, Mrs. Roberts."

Mr. Roberts looked confused and uneasy. He remembered in what humor he had left his wife in the morning. "Then, sir, you have spent your time with a very silly, incorrigible woman: but this, I suppose, is no news to you; you see how all reason and advice are thrown away upon her."

These were high airs, indeed, for Mr. George to give himself! he who deserved at least a full half share of the common blame.

"Pardon me if I see no such thing; but quite the reverse. To me, Mrs. Roberts appears an uncommonly clever young woman—generous, candid, and well-principled—and most anxious to do her duty, so far as she understands it. All she requires is, forbearance, kindness, and gentle guidance, till her rapidly increasing knowledge is matured into experience."

The honeymoon was long past, and Roberts, as I have said, in the crisis when young husbands are the most susceptible of jealousy for their many privileges and powers; yet was Roberts much better pleased with my opinion of his wife, than if it had coincided with that which he had expressed. I took his arm, and we walked back towards his house. One of the peculiar blessings of an old bachelor and slender annuitant like myself, is the power of saying, when the salvation of a friend demands frankness, things that it would frighten a sensible man with a wife and six small children, to dream of uttering. Some of these startling things I now whispered in the ear of George Roberts and his wife. They were young, healthy, virtuous, sincerely attached to each other, better endowed with world's goods than on the average are four-fifths of their fellow-citizens—why should they not be happy? "How great a blessing were it," said George, sensibly, "if young women were trained to the *utilities*, and *comforts*, and *solidities*, like Rachel Greene, and less to the *refinements* of life, like Maria."

Now, though Maria was more my favorite at present, from compassionate interest, and though custom had stamped many of her little pretty ways and affectations with the name of refinement, was she in reality more truly refined, farther removed from the vulgarities and the assumptions of affect-

tation, than Rachel Greene, the amiable Quakeress, with whom she was contrasted!

"If Maria had been taught a little plain housewifery, instead of so much music," continued sensible George, "how much better for us all now!"

Yet Maria had not been taught so very much music. She had not, at least, acquired more than any girl might easily learn between seven and seventeen, and practice while it was desirable, without interfering, in the least, with her domestic duties, where music is kept as an elegant recreation, not held as a means of coquetry and display.

"If we could be carded through each other," said Maria, half laughing.

"Ay, Rachel's substance, with Maria's gloss and color, would be a first-rate fabric. I think I see it in my fancy-loom. I shall never despair of *woman* in the general, nor of Maria in particular."

I took my leave, inviting myself back to tea, at which time, in a regular family-council, I deposited the price of Maria's pearls in her husband's hands. He was half-offended, half-vexed. I have ever noted that men have much less true magnanimity and simple greatness, on such occasions, than women. He was at first ashamed and angry at being obliged to his own wife; but better feelings prevailed. We had a long, frank, and therefore a most satisfactory explanation. The *limited income* was the first head of discourse. I heard George expatiate on that with some impatience. "Your income is, at least, more, by three times, than the richest rector in England affords to his drudge curate—twice or near three times more than the income of two thirds of our half-pay officers, with considerable perquisites in addition."

"These have undone me," said Roberts. "Trusting to these, I forbore to be so explicit with my wife as I ought to have been. I trusted to contingencies. I did not choose to seem churlish and sordid, by perpetual interference with her arrangements, for I read all her anxiety to do right."

"Fluctuating income and sanguine calculation have ruined thousands," was my *sensible*, though rather commonplace rejoinder.

George Roberts needed not my directions, now that his good sense was roused. His wife's generous sacrifice, for so he was pleased to call it, though neither Maria nor myself would allow the phrase, and the sale of nearly all the movables of the *blue room*, enabled him next day to clear scores with my kind brother, Mr. James Taylor, who now said there was no such pressing haste, as Mr. Roberts, with his *first year's outlay*, might need a little indulgence.

On the same day Maria could say she at last had a house of her own to *live in*, almost as comfortable as Rachel Greene's.

Jane and she had indeed worked hard to have all right before Roberts came home, to dine in comfort; bringing myself along with him, after the completion of our *blue sale*, to share the very small but sufficient juicy stew of meat with vegetables and apple-pasty, which formed the dinner. After dinner, while she filled my tall Teniers-looking glass with amber-colored creaming Scottish ale, Maria said, with a more elevated spirit than I had ever seen her assume—with an air of noble simplicity, "Drink to the happy woman, my excellent friend, whose husband owes no man a shilling

—and to her who resolves that, so far as depends upon her economy and management, he never shall."

I never accepted pledge with more sincere pleasure in all my life.

"But what will Mrs. Pantague say?" said Roberts, laughing.

"Exquisite Constantia!" mimicked Maria, archly, as she sipped the cream off her ale; and the merriest young natural laugh rang out that I had ever heard her indulge. My fears for the peace of the Roberts family—for their prosperity and happiness—were laid forever. The spell of fashion was broken—the demon, Mrs. Pantague, exorcised; and Maria was one more proof that a well-principled character, an intelligent and active mind, when its energy is roused, will be found in every circumstance equal to the common duties of life. She became an excellent housewife.

There were few of the many houses at which "I dropt in," where the fireside now looked so snug and sunny as that of Mrs. Roberts. Even "baby," my old antipathy, now well managed and healthy, had grown a fat, good-humored, smiling, *conversable* fellow. Maria once again ventured to *take in* the newspapers at the usual expense, and never grudged to pay for as much reading as Roberts or myself chose to give her at what she called the mother's hours of work—from seven to ten in the evening.

Towards the end of the year I was again consulted by my sagacious brother, James.

"What do you think, Dick; that old fox, Martin of Chancery Lane, is trying to steal George Roberts from me—the man who knows all my affairs better than myself—the boy I brought up, whom I trust as my right hand. Don't you think, Dick, I might do worse, now that I am growing lazy and fond of the farm, than give so steady a fellow as Roberts some sort of share?"

"There was an obstacle about his arrears," was my sly reply, "Was there not? He either over-drew, or was *behind in his cash*."

Mr. James Taylor could remember nothing of it; and there was no affectation, much less insincerity, in his oblivion on those points—which inclines me to think that when statesmen sometimes totally forget their early professions, they may not be so hypocritical as people imagine.

"Is there anything you think Mrs. Roberts would like at this Christmas season? You are a great friend of hers, I find—and she has considerable influence with Roberts."

"My brother wished to show you some substantial mark of his good-will," said I to Maria, when, two hours afterwards, I went to her house. "I have counselled him to assist Roberts in purchasing the lease of the house next your friend Rachel Greene's new abode. He has money to lend at a very low rate of interest; and as you often truly tell me, rent is such an *eat-em, (item)* as the Scots say, in a fixed income. On your own personal account, instead of *gaud* or *toy*, I accepted only of this." And I called in the boy who bore the guitar I had chosen and purchased for her as my brother's gift. Maria was not too proud to feel warmly, to seem highly gratified; and in six weeks afterwards I partook of her Third Christmas Dinner, in her new house.

"I am afraid to venture," said she beforehand, "strong as is still the recollection of all my mortifications, and disgraces, and miserable failure of last

year; but with the treasure you have given me in poor Sally Owen, who is the most neat, industrious, and excellent servant-of-all-work I have ever seen, I think I must venture, since Roberts insists we can now, by better economy and sense, afford to see our *real* friends, and a pleasant acquaintance too. But I grieve to tease Sally with a party, who still pines so about her little girl, and that *scamp* of a husband of hers."

"The sooner she is roused from these recollections the better."

I could think with no patience of Mr. Hardy, the marvellous boot-closer, who, because he could earn very great wages, contented himself with half; wasted that pittance in riot; starved, *beat*, broke the heart of his uncomplaining wife; whom I could sometimes have beaten also in anger of her foolish forbearance, and really tender but senseless attachment to this worthless fellow, who had, I was assured by her, "so good and kind a heart when he kept sober."

I cannot comprehend the infatuation of women. After the boot-closer had behaved as ill as mechanic or man could do, squandered all their little furniture, and the fruits of Sally's early savings, he ran off in a drunken frolic to Liverpool. She was compelled, to avoid starvation, to take service, and let her child go to the work-house. I thought myself fortunate, for both their sakes, in recommending her to Mrs. Roberts. For ten months the boot-closer was not once heard of, and Sally looked a forlorn Penelope. He had gone to Dublin, and thence to Belfast, where we first heard of him in the hospital, ill of typhus. He should have had my leave to take time to recover. But what an unnatural monster did my fair friends, Mrs. Roberts, Rachel Greene, and Nurse Wilks imagine me, when I suggested the propriety of letting Mr. Hardy quietly lay his restless bones in Ireland, without disturbing his wife.

Blessings upon their kind, simple hearts!

He spoke to them who never had a *husband*!

Would I keep Sally from her duty?

Poor men's wives have often very hard conjugal duties compared with those of the ladies of the rich. Sally tied up her few remaining clothes, with my recommendatory letter to a very particular old favorite of mine, who had settled in Ireland, (whom I may yet introduce to my readers, by her maiden name of Mary Anne,) kissed her child, and trudged away to walk a couple of stages ere she took the top of the Liverpool coach, on her way to her sick husband. It was six weeks before she returned to us, thin as a greyhound, much dejected, and looking twenty years older; but all the women concerned assured me Sally had done her duty; for the extraordinary boot-closer said on his death-bed, that he sincerely repented of his unkindness; and he sent his blessing to his child, whom he solemnly charged Sally to bring up in the fear of God.

Excellent, consistent man! for his sake Sally resolved she never would make a second choice. With her wages, and a little help, she could now take her child from the work-house, and send it to the country to nurse; and as soon as it was five years old, Mrs. Roberts determined to fetch the little girl home to be first a comfort, and then a help to its subdued mother. This prospect gave a zeal and warmth to poor Sally's services which no other motive could have furnished. She was per-

mitted to go to see her child on a Sunday. Poor Sally Owen could not now have been known for the blithe, light-hearted, ruddy Welsh girl, who wont to sing like a bird all day at her work. She had plenty of work still; but her mistress was kind and sisterly, and in her little girl Sally had something dearly to love; so that, upon the whole, I believe, the widow of the accomplished boot-closer, who starved his family, and killed himself because he could make double wages when he chose to keep sober, (I do confess a spite at the man,) was upon the whole in fully as felicitous circumstances as ever his wife had been;—though I durst not say so.

From Mrs. Roberts' Third Christmas Dinner, I walked home part of the way with my brother, Mr. Sullivan, and Plague Madox, whom I saw to the Haymarket, near where he lodged.

"Very pleasant party," said the old buck, for the third time, as we stood to take leave. "Remarkably well-dressed, well-served dinner; so good, and *enough* only—no John Bull load. She is an excellent valuable creature, that Sally Owen. I suppose the mutton was Welsh. Really Roberts' wife looks a hundred per cent. better since she plumped out a little, and dressed in that neat, plain way. Last year—I have not seen her since—she looked so fretful, tawdry, and haggard, that, upon my honor, I was concerned for Roberts. I don't think I would have visited them again, if Mrs. James had not hinted at decided improvement. I am to dine at your brother's charming house to-morrow. Everything delightful there, though I don't think the young ladies are better guitarists than Mrs. Roberts."

"The difference being that Mrs. Roberts is a tolerable performer on that charming unpretending instrument, which links the romance of sunny lands to a quiet English fireside, while my nieces—"

"Charming girls!" But the wind set in most cuttingly. "Eliza reminds me most of Abingdon of any lady I know." This was unintelligibly breathed through ten folds of a Barcelona handkerchief, and Madox went off, hating the east wind as much as he loved a pleasant dinner party, with all its accompaniments—guitar music included.

I could not forbear calling to congratulate Mrs. Roberts next day. "Always at home to you, sir," said smiling Sally Owen to me, "though mistress has been so busy putting things to rights."—"Quite done now, though," cried Maria, opening the parlor door; "I know your knock so well." It is pleasant to have friends, particularly female friends, that know one's knock. I like to hear it.

"Your triumph is complete, Mrs. Roberts!" I said. "Plague Madox has pronounced you perfect! But you need never hope for the Pantague suffrage."

Maria was still laughing heartily, when Sally brought in a packet. I knew its contents before it was opened, for I had seen Madox purchase that morning, at an auction, a *whole lot* of cheap guitar music. No man in London could exchange this sort of notes for solid dinners more knowingly than my old acquaintance. I had foreseen that Mrs. Roberts, now fairly ranked among the comfortable dinner-giving women, was to have her share of the purchase.

"Confirmation strong!" cried Maria, laughingly holding out to me the printed sheet of music,

inscribed in his best hand, "With Mr. Madox's compliments to Mrs. George Roberts." "But in spite of this polite note, and 'Zara's Ear-rings' to boot," said Maria, "a charming bribe, no doubt, I do think a young couple like Roberts and myself, beginning life, may find, if we beat up diligently the highways and hedges, more suitable or desirable family guests than the Plague Madoxes of society. I have imbibed your own

notions and Rachel Greene's of that in which true hospitality consists. They exclude the regular *diners-out*."

I must some day write the biography of my friend, Plague Madox; who had dined out for nearly thirty years upon the reputation of a farce, damned forty years ago, and three anecdotes of Sheridan; and this, though the ladies where he visited detested him with one accord.

THE FRENCH IN CHINA.

We find in the *Courrier des Etats Unis* a letter extracted from the *Rhone*, a journal published at Lyons, (France,) which contains the fullest, and, apparently, the most authentic account we have seen of the proceedings of the French Embassy in China, and which we translate as follows, preserving the French spelling of the proper names:—

"Ki-ing, Imperial Commissioner, Vice Roy of Canton, prince and relative of the emperor, arrived at Macao, the afternoon of the 29th of September. He rested the 30th, and then came the next day in great pomp to visit the Ambassador of France, to whose dwelling he had the evening before sent his portrait of the natural size. His *cortège* was opened with 150 lancers on foot, and closed by Manchu cavalry, armed with bows and sabres, but very ill-mounted. We were all in grand uniform, at a heat of 32 degrees, (*Reaum.*) At this first interview, manifestations of consideration and friendship were exchanged in profession. Ki-ing and M. de Lagrenée embraced one another several times.

"The next day but one, (October 3,) at 1 o'clock P. M., we went to return to the Imperial commissioner the visit with which he had honored us. Ki-ing was lodged in the pagoda of the village of Wang-hia, at a short distance from Macao. Besides the gentlemen of the Embassy, M. de Lagrenée had admitted in his *cortège* a dozen officers of the French squadron.

"We were all in sedan chairs. After reciprocal compliments, Ki-ing took M. de Lagrenée by the hand, and we entered into the dining hall, where there awaited us a splendid festival, served in the Chinese taste, in the midst of flowers and foliage. Those who arranged the banquet had taken care to place knives and forks by the side of the Chinese chop-sticks; but, like men who knew the world, we made use of chop-sticks almost exclusively. The wines of Champagne, Ronssillon, Porte, Madeira, circulated at the table.

"We began with sweetmeats; after which was presented to each guest a cake having the form of four Chinese words, which signified: 'Ten thousand years' friendship between France and China.' This wish was received with plaudits. Then commenced the drinking healths, which succeeded each other so fast as seemingly to threaten ours.

"Ki-ing had at his left M. de Lagrenée, at his right Rear-Admiral Cécille. Howen, Treasurer General of the Province of Canton and Mandarin of the first class, was seated at the left of our Ambassador; and three other Mandarins had places at the table, namely: Tonlin, one of the forty academicians of Peking; Tchao, a large and fat Manchu of the figure of a brigadier of the municipal guard, and sub-prefect of Canton; Pan-thin-chen-tin-oua, honorary Mandarin, son of an old hong merchant of Canton, who left to him immense wealth. I happened to be placed between the two last. As to the academician, he was

placed at the other extremity of the table, and he gave himself up so heartily to pledging healths that about the middle of the dinner he became intoxicated, and it was necessary to carry him out. This episode gave rise to a quantity of the most grotesque scenes.

"Ki-ing was very animated. He invited M. de Lagrenée to drink; and then, when he had emptied his glass, he held it bottom up, to show that he had drunk it off, and drained it into the glasses of his neighbors, who did the same in return. A great act of politeness with the Chinese is to take from the table a morsel of something in the chop-sticks of the country, and to place it in the mouth of the person to whom it is desired to do honor. Ki-ing did this several times to M. de Lagrenée and to Admiral Cécille; my neighbor, the Manchu, also gave me this testimony of consideration and friendship.

"They served, during the repast, bird's nests, sea-worms, sharks' fins, fish-maws, and toad-stools, &c., all very good things, I assure you, seasoned with Porte and Champagne, which our hosts served up with the most engaging attention.

"My neighbor, the Manchu, showed me incessantly his glass full and empty, in sign of provocation; and thus, from yellow as it was in its natural condition, his complexion assumed a purple color of the most brilliant hue.

"Before leaving the table we had placed before us Manchu tea, bitter, and without sugar. Then we recurred to protestations of the warmest friendship. 'China and France are now but one!' said Ki-ing. Finally, after some hours of hilarity, we separated enchanted with one another. We returned to Macao.

"We shall leave in two days for Batavia, but we propose to return here in the month of April. It is only at that time that the treaty can be finally concluded. Everything leads us to expect that it will be favorable to our commerce. The inclinations of the Chinese government are excellent."

It appears by this letter that the statement recently made of a treaty having been actually concluded by the French was premature. Recent advices from China report the French Embassy as having left Macao, and being at the last advices at Hong-Kong.—*National Intelligencer*.

PREPARATION OF COFFEE.—It is a fact well known in Prague, that the water of the wells in that town is better adapted for use in making coffee than the river water; comparative analyses of the water indicate that this depends on the carbonate of soda contained in the former. Pleischl found this opinion corroborated by the fact, that a small quantity of the salt added to coffee improves its flavor, and advises consequently the addition of 43 grains of the pure carbonate to each pound of roasted coffee, as an improvement to the flavor, and also to the curative effect of this beverage, as it neutralizes the acid contained in the infusion.—*Pharmaceuti- cal Journal*.

From the Protestant Churchman.

CHURCH BELLS IN THE DESERT.

"The sun growing fiercer and fiercer, shone down more mightily now, than ever on me he shone before; and as I dropped my head under his fire, and closed my eyes against the glare that surrounded me, I slowly fell asleep, for how many minutes or moments I cannot tell; but after awhile I was gently awakened by a peal of church bells—my native bells—the innocent bells of Marlen that never before sent forth their music beyond the Blaygon hills. I roused myself and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes, and plunged my bare face into the light. Then, at least, I was well enough awakened; but still those old Marlen bells rung on, and not ringing for joy, but properly, prosily, steadily, merrily ringing 'for church.' After awhile the sound died away slowly; it happened that neither I nor any of my party had a watch by which to measure the exact time of its lasting, but it seemed to me that about ten minutes had passed before the bells ceased."—*Edthen, or traces of Travel brought home from the East, page 273.*

BENEATH the fervid eastern sky,
Far from his native land,
A way-worn man, at noon of day,
Lay dreaming on the sand:—
Around him, like a burning sea,
The trackless desert spread;
Beneath him was the torrid earth,
The brazen sky o'erhead.

Sweet visions of his island-home,
Beyond the distant main,
Like vernal landscapes, filled his soul,
And sooth'd his racking pain.
The green old hills—the pleasant fields,
The summer groves and streams,
'Neath fancy's sleepless eye were spread,
And flash'd through all his dreams.

He wakes;—and on his waking ear,
What joyous music swells;
He hears the chimes—the glorious chimes,
Of his own parish bells.
Peal after peal, distinct and clear,
Through the hush'd air they roll,
Bringing home's thousand memories,
Afresh upon his soul.

They mind him of the Sunday groups,
Within the church-yard shade;
He sees again the pictured light
On aisle and transept laid;
The organ's soft prelude strain
Floats on the desert air,
With solemn Eucharistic hymn,
And voice of holy prayer.

The sweet delusion lingers yet,
Though fiercely still on high
The fiery sun-heat, wave on wave,
Sweeps over all the sky:—
The sweet delusion lingers yet,
Though still the sand wastes glow
Beneath the scorching atmosphere
That withers all below.

O thus, amid the arid waste
Through which our journey lies,
When fiery streams of woe seem poured
From fierce, unkindly skies,
When o'er the desert-sands of time,
In life's hot race we toil,
And every footstep, track'd in blood,
Seems burnt upon the soil;—

How sweet to catch the solemn chimes
Of holy hope and cheer,
Which oft from heav'n seem pealing down
On faith's attentive ear;
Echoes as 't were of Sabbath bells
Forever ringing on,
Where saints and angels worship God,
Around th' eternal throne.

Echoes of those sweet chimes that roll
O'er all the heavenly plains,
Responsive to the seraph's songs,
And high angelic strains;
Borne on—borne on unceasingly,
Where life's immortal streams,
'Mid the green pastures of the Lord,
Roll in love's noontide beams.

Astoria, L. I.

J. W. B.

WE ARE GROWING OLD.

WE are growing old—how the thought will rise
When a glance is backward cast
On some long remembered spot that lies
In the silence of the past:
It may be the shrine of our early vows,
Or the tomb of early tears;
But it seems like a far-off isle to us,
In the stormy sea of years.
Oh, wide and wild are the waves that part
Our steps from its greenness now,
And we miss the joy of many a heart,
And the light of many a brow;
For deep o'er many a stately bark
Have the whelming billows rolled,
That steered with us from that early mark—
Oh, friends, we are growing old.
Old in the dimness and the dust
Of our daily toils and cares,
Old in the wrecks of love and trust
Which our burdened memory bears.
Each form may wear to the passing gaze
The bloom of life's freshness yet,
And beams may brighten our latter days,
Which the morning never met.
But oh the changes we have seen,
In the far and winding way;
The graves in our path that have grown green,
And the locks that have grown gray!
The winters still on our own may spare
The sable or the gold:
But we saw their snows upon brighter hair—
And, friends, we are growing old.
We have gained the world's cold wisdom now,
We have learned to pause and fear;
But where are the living founts whose flow
Was a joy of heart to hear?
We have won the wealth of many a clime,
And the lore of many a page;
But where is the hope that saw in time
But its boundless heritage?
Will it come again when the violet wakes,
And the woods their youth renew?
We have stood in the light of sunny brakes,
Where the bloom was deep and blue;
And our souls might joy in the spring-time then,
But the joy was faint and cold,
For it ne'er could give us the youth again
Of hearts that are growing old.

Stranorlar.

FRANCES BROWNE.

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C O R R E S P O N D E N C E .

WHAT a contrast is shown in our biographical articles this week! And yet we hope that all were doing good in their generation. Poor Lancaster, in his excitable zeal for others, he neglected that indispensable preliminary to great usefulness—a sufficient provision for the necessities of the day to secure to him what Burns calls

“the glorious privilege
Of being independent.”

For this purpose it is not much that is needed—but it is necessary to keep out of *debt*. This is urged by St. Paul, and is therefore a christian duty; and so far as we can judge, Mr. Lancaster fell into it from his desire to minister to others. But even such an impulse should not be unrestrained—and we recur to Burns again:

“Prudent, cautious self-control
Is Wisdom's root.”

Our last number contained as great a contrast between Bunyan and Dalton.

The “English Gentleman” is respectfully submitted to our politicians—no! they are hopeless!—to young men who aspire to statesmanship—as containing an important lesson.

The Tory Fraser gives in its adhesion, cautiously enough, to the great change which is making in British policy.

We have received files of the Polynesian and of the Liberia Herald. The latter contains matter from the Living Age, and we hope we may be able to get some good notices of matters showing the state and progress of that colony. At present, we have not had time to look over either file, and make use of a summary on the Sandwich Islands, from that well informed, judicious, gentlemanly paper, the National Intelligencer.

Chocolate, Prussic Acid, and French Cookery have accidentally come together in our pages.

It will be seen that our searchers for Captain

Kidd's treasure, are kept in countenance by similar companies in England.

It is rumored that the British minister, “near” the President, is authorized to make a treaty to favor a great increase of trade between England and her “daughter.” Such a negotiation will have the best wishes of the friends of human kind.

The possible discoveries of Lord Rosse's great Telescope, we suffer our hopes to dwell upon with great pleasure. To see more and more of the works of the Great Architect, is one of the highest delights even of the present life, during which we see “through a glass darkly.”

Spectator, 22 Feb.

O U R S T E A M N A V Y .

GOVERNMENT are beginning to find out that steam-navigation has destroyed the insular character of Britain. Troops can be transported in steam-vessels with greater despatch, cheapness, and certainty, than even by a railway. The destruction of a railway at any one point would put a stop to all operations based on its integrity; but the loss of one or two steamers would not materially affect the operations of a squadron. The sea is Nature's railway, and cannot be broken up and interrupted like the artificial substitutes of man's invention. Steam has bridged the waters with flying bridges, movable to any point, resting on every port—flying pontoons, by which Inverness may be threatened one day and Hull the next. Steam has conquered storms and tides, and given naval operations a certainty they did not formerly possess. With every improvement in steam-navigation the coasts of Great Britain will become more accessible to attack from every maritime power between the Cattegat and Cape Finisterre.

The same cause is changing the requirements of our navy. Instead of brave and experienced seamen, equally brave mechanical engineers and marine artillerymen are needed. The issue of the next naval war will depend upon the steam-engine and Paixhans gun: the men to decide it will not be those who can “hand, reef, and steer”

best, but those who can best work an engine and fire an eighty-four pounder with the precision of a rifle. This new triumph of mind over matter will change modern warfare, as much as the invention of gunpowder did the ancient. Sea-fights will become short, sharp, and decisive—their results capable of being mathematically demonstrated beforehand. Less blood will be shed on the whole; but what is shed will be condensed into an epitome of agony.

The right of search treaties keep war always hanging by a hair over our heads. If the French or the English war party were to gain the ascendant, (and we dread the fanatics of Exeter Hall more than the Prince De Joinville and La Jeune France,) peace would not be worth a week's purchase. Let two hot-headed French and English naval officers on the coast of Africa quarrel about a suspected slaver and settle the dispute by an exchange of shots, and away would go all security for peace. Who would in that case continue to live at Brighton or Hastings, now that Britain is almost more exposed to invasion and predatory attacks than any continental state? What a change the first shot fired between England and France would make in the value of property on our southern and eastern coasts!

Government are now awaking to the urgent necessity for adopting new provisions of defence against a new mode of attack: a subject brought before the public by a correspondent of this journal three years ago. Government have been trifling with the subject in dilettante fashion ever since. Nearly three millions of the public money has been spent during the last three years in building, equipping, and hiring steam-vessels; and yet, we are well assured, there is not at this moment one steam-vessel in the naval service of England, in commission or ready to be commissioned, that could make the passage under steam between Plymouth and New York. During the last ten years, not less than five or six millions has been spent in fitting the navy with steam-vessels, and yet there is no instance on record of one of her Majesty's steam-vessels crossing the Atlantic under steam. There is not in commission a steamer capable of steaming three thousand nautical miles. The Admiralty have steamers in China and America, but they did not get there by steam. The Royal Navy could not produce one steamer fit to carry Sir Charles Bagot, or Lord Ashburton, or Sir Charles Metcalfe, to his destination.

The admiralty orators in Parliament tell us that such or such a vessel has more power than the largest French steamer. This is not to the purpose: let them tell us what the vessel can do; let them give facts of distances run under steam, and the time in which the runs were made. Without this, returns of the horse-power of the steam navy are only calculated to mislead. The capabilities of the admiralty steamers are never tested in a fair practical way. Nothing is heard beyond the puffing of the performances of one or other of them on her trial at Long Reach. The Lucifer or the Pluto is reported to steam so many miles per hour on the river Thames, and no more is heard of her. Had the trial-trip been a run to Halifax in the winter, a very different class of steamers would now be wearing her Majesty's pendant.

Two causes, combined with the dilettante spirit at head-quarters, have mainly contributed to render ineffectual the great expense incurred of late years for the creation of a steam navy. The first is,

the system adopted by the Admiralty of dividing the responsibility between the builder of the vessel and the engineer. The second is, the system of contracting for the conveyance of the mails to America and to the East and West Indies.

By dividing the responsibility between the builder and engineer, no one official person was made answerable for the result. If the vessel disappointed expectation, the builder threw the blame on the engines, and the engineer on the hull. The contractor for a steamer ought to be responsible for the hull, engines, and the whole equipment. The hull and the engine of a steamer are its body and soul: unless they harmonize, there can be no efficiency. The system pursued by the Admiralty has precluded unity of design; and the result has been, the creation of a class of steamers combining the qualities of a bad sailing-ship and a useless steam-vessel. A new system is required: the head of the steam department of the Admiralty ought to be responsible for the efficiency of a new steamer in every way, as the surveyor of the navy is for the construction of his ships.

The system of contracts with private companies or individuals for the conveyance of the mails has done a great deal to suppress competition and prevent improvement in steam-navigation. By such contracts, government tie themselves to the preferred party for terms of years. During these periods, they are precluded from availing themselves of better vessels belonging to other parties. They make it the interest of the contractors not to construct vessels on an improved model, lest they should injure the character of their old ones. As long as £500,000 per annum is paid to contractors for perpetuating the present model of steamers, they will make no improvements. A curious illustration of this has just occurred. Iron is generally superseding wood in the construction of steam-vessels: last year, twenty-four iron steamers were built in the Clyde, and only one of wood: the solitary wooden vessel was for a company who knew that by building an iron one they would lower the estimation of their wooden fleet.

Two examples of the practical consequences of the way in which the Admiralty has gone to work may be cited. About twenty years ago, a description of engine called the "direct action engine" was invented: it has been condemned, and at present no private individual would take the gift of one, unless he were guaranteed from all competition: yet what are called our first-class steam-frigates are fitted with engines of this description. Again: screw-propelling is yet in its infancy; no vessel propelled by a screw has yet crossed the Atlantic; the screw is not employed by a single passenger-vessel in the kingdom: the Admiralty have built and equipped a vessel for the express purpose of trying experiments on screw-propulsion; and, after trying it several times on the Thames, and once between the Thames and Portsmouth, they have actually begun to construct ten large steam-vessels propelled by the screw. The performances of the Rattler have doubtless been satisfactory as far as she has been tried; but are such fresh-water and fair-weather experiments as she has been subjected to, sufficient to warrant the great expense of building ten ships on the strength of them?

More information on these matters is evidently wanted. We have said enough to show the national importance of the subject.

From Fraser's Magazine.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIVES OF RUBENS AND REMBRANDT.

On the evening of All Saints' Day, in the year 16—a little party of travellers were wending their weary way along the rugged highroad that leads from Laege through Juliers to the old city of Cologne. Of all nights of the year the superstitious feelings of the Flemish and the Walloons surround that of the 1st of November with the greatest terrors. What the Walpurgisnacht is to the Germans, this horrible night is to the natives of Flanders, Brabant, and the banks of the Moselle. The "hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels," which the warlocks and witches were dancing in old Alloway Kirk before jolly Tam O'Shanter, were as child's play when compared with the supernatural and eldritch performances on All Saints' night in the regions mentioned. The dead at midnight arise from their rank sepulchres, and, shrouded in their reeking grave-clothes, haunt the abodes of those whom, while living, they had injured, in the hope of obtaining from their lips a prayer for their future repose. Then the sorcerer allowed most powerfully to use his abominable arts, and the witch her foulest incantations. Then, for the space of twelve hours, the angel Gabriel raises his foot, beneath which lies groaning the captive demon, who, rising with his accursed malice, straightway proceeds to scatter his deadly temptations among the weak sons of men. Then the air teems with hostile spirits, and the earth engenders all that is vile and filthy.

Not a creature was to be seen moving along the road to break the dreadful solitude surrounding the small party of travellers, which consisted of a man and his youthful wife, a little boy, and a girl so young that the father was obliged to carry her in his arms. The snow lay thick on the ground and was falling fast, so that it was with difficulty that they kept along their path.

"Margarita," at length said the husband, with feeble tones, and in Italian, "it is impossible to proceed farther, thy slender frame is exhausted. Cover thyself and the little girl with my cloak, and lie down in this sheltered hollow. I will endeavor to keep animation in our Antonio's limbs."

The wife followed her husband's directions, and the party for some time lay down in silence and sadness. But the snow fell more thickly, the wind blew more sharply, and the cold became more and more intense. The husband arose and found his wife speechless, thoroughly benumbed, and heavy with sleep. Her death was certain, unless she could be aroused. He shook her and called her by every endearing name, but in vain. He raised her in his arms and tried to make her walk; but she reeled and fell down, and in her fall her infant daughter escaped from her arms, and received a wound on its forehead. He picked up the crying child and tried to stanch the blood.

"Antonio," said the unhappy man, in a tone of despair, "creep close to thy mother's side, and place over her this additional covering, while I carry thy sister with me and look about for assistance."

He doffed his coat and placed it, with the cloak, over his half-dead wife and his son. Presently the sound of a distant clock came slowly echoing through the lazy and infected air. The husband for a moment listened; he knew the sound was wafted from the church-towers of Cologne, which

could not be far distant, and he darted forward, bearing his wounded infant in his arms.

He ran unceasingly, and reached the city gate, round which were lounging a number of Spanish soldiers, and rushing up to a small group, he eagerly asked the way to the house of Master Rembrandt. His request was couched in bad Flemish intermixed with Italian. This unintelligible jargon, added to his half-naked appearance and anxious looks, produced loud laughter from the soldiery, who bantered him in no measured terms. They had never heard of such an individual.

"Master Rembrandt!" cried one; "he lives just by—at the other end of the town. Take every turning you come to, and you are sure to be right."

"Master Rembrandt!" said a second. "Go straight ahead and follow your nose, and you cannot fail to get to the old curmudgeon's house."

"Master Rembrandt!" exclaimed a third. "Turn to the right, and after that to the left, and then go right forward round the corner and across the churchyard, and you will see a large house without door or windows; you must then drop down the chimney, and you will be sure to see your friend seated at his fire."

All this was followed by a round of laughter.

"For mercy's sake!" faltered forth the poor distracted traveller, "show me the way to the house of my dying wife's uncle, Master Rembrandt."

Just at that moment up came a little, short, humpbacked individual, a tailor by trade, who held a lantern in his hand. The police regulations of Cologne directed that every inhabitant should carry a lantern after nightfall. The little man was an Italian himself, and had, from his broken accents, recognized a countryman in the stranger. The tailor's heart melted at the sight of the wretched father with the tender infant in his arms.

"Come along," said Master Nicholas Borruelo, the humpback, "I'll show you the way to Master Rembrandt's, though he will never at this late hour open his door to any human being, especially on the night of All Saints. However, we'll try; so come along, friend."

"But my wife and my poor boy, what will become of them? They lie without the city, and are dying. If I lose much more time it will be too late," exclaimed the agonized stranger.

"Verily, friend," answered the humpback, "if thou expectest aught of relief from the charity of Master Rembrandt, thou laborest under a woeful error, and their loss is but too certain. He would not give a doit to save his own brother from the jaws of death. It were, believe me, much better to entreat some of the soldiers to go with us to thy wife and child and assist us to conduct them into the city. They can be carried to my lodging; though the room is but small, and though I am myself poor, still, with the blessing of God, they shall not, on this cold and comfortless night, stand in need of assistance!"

The stranger readily assented, and the little tailor forthwith accosted some of the soldiers, and in a sorry Flemish *patois* explained to them his companion's miserable condition. A kind-hearted drummer caught the child from the stranger's arms and took it into the guard-house before a rousing fire, while four soldiers, with their sergeant's permission, lighted torches, and accompanied the husband and the tailor through the city gate. It was with difficulty that the party could

keep pace with the eager stranger, who ran along shouting the names of Margarita and Antonio. But the snow was falling more thickly than ever, and the wind had arisen into much louder gusts. It was impossible that the sufferers could hear his calls. A sudden lull of the tempest, however, enabled them to hear a feeble cry, and then they discovered the ravine where the wife and boy were lying almost buried under a drift of snow. Had they tarried a few moments longer they would certainly have been too late. The tailor entreated the soldiers to bear along tenderly the speechless wife, while he took young Antonio under his own protection; and as they entered the city he desired the party to proceed to the narrow street which contained his abode. The soldiers the more readily complied since the distance was not very far from the guard-house. As they were going along, Nicholas Borruelo, by dint of hard questioning, discovered that the stranger's name was Francesco Netcelli; that he was a native of Venice; that he had made a runaway marriage with the daughter of Rembrandt's sister, who had, contrary to the wishes of her family, chosen a poor Italian gentleman; and that he himself was by profession a painter. This was at a period when a successful painter easily commanded, like a potentate, the ready homage of mankind, and painting, consequently, had many more enthusiastic, self-denying votaries than she reckons in the present dull, prosaic, and degenerate days.

The tailor introduced the poor travellers and two children into his room, and, after having the wife and infant daughter laid upon his bed, he dismissed the soldiers with many thanks, and, blowing up the fire, placed seats for Netcelli and his boy Antonio. Netcelli sank into his seat, and gazed motionless and unmeaningly at the fire, like one in a trance. The boy appeared also in a stupor. Nicholas Borruelo bustled about, now trying to arouse the husband, now divesting the wife of her wet garments and covering her with the warmest clothing his poor lodging could afford, having previously warmed it before his fire. The former was stupified and dead to his calls and entreaties; the latter was so benumbed that she was motionless and rigid as marble. It might be the cold which had operated upon the young man's limbs, it might be despair at his desolate position which was wringing his heart and had made him speechless. Nicholas Borruelo rummaged in a cupboard, and drew forth from its extremity an old-fashioned bottle, carefully corked up, containing some rare and exquisite brandy. This was carefully kept as a *bonne bouche* for himself, but his generous heart made him lay aside all thoughts of his own comfort, although an audible sigh escaped him as he poured some of the precious liquor upon a piece of rag, with which he carefully rubbed the lips, face and hands, of the senseless lady. For a long time he labored in vain; but, at length, she gradually opened her eyes, and, stretching forth her arms, in a faint voice demanded her children.

"Here they are, signora," exclaimed little humpbacked Borruelo; "here they are, all warm and comfortable."

Then, going up to Netcelli, he slapped him on the back, and told him to be a man. But seeing him still gazing vacantly, like one demented, he seized his bottle with the precious contents, poured out a glass, and desired him to drink it off, for that it would create new life under the very ribs of death. Still the young man did not move.

Upon which the tailor, somewhat losing patience, put the glass to his lips, and, with a slight struggle, fairly forced the contents down his throat. The liquor operated like magic. In a very short time Francesco opened his eyes, looked around him, then recognized his wife and children, and burst into a flood of tears.

"We are saved, dearest Margarita! we are saved!" at length exclaimed Francesco.

But Margarita looked first at the wounded infant, and then at the stupified Antonio. Francesco comprehended her meaning, and groaned with a look of despair.

"Messire Netcelli," said the humpback, "I am shocked at your ingratitude. Place your trust in the blessed Virgin and the holy saints. Your wife has been restored to you, why should not your children be also saved? Arise and assist me to restore animation."

Netcelli arose with difficulty, and assisted the good tailor in his efforts. The children opened their eyes and smiled upon their mother.

"Now, then," said the Italian painter, "now is the time to go and demand aid at the hands of my uncle Rembrandt. I will tell him of our misfortunes and our miserable plight, and he cannot refuse us."

The tailor shrugged up his shoulders, and with a sneer replied—

"You may as well demand aid and consolation from a door-post; but, since you are bent upon going, I will accompany you to the quarter of the Jews, where the old gentleman resides. He is not only a painter, but an usurer, and Heaven have mercy upon his victims. May you be successful in your appeal, though I much doubt it."

The humpback lighted his lantern, and was about to take his cloak from the bed; but, on second thoughts, he left it as a covering for the sick mother. He then beckoned to the stranger, and led the way to Rembrandt's abode, which was situated at the other extremity of the city.

The snow had ceased, and the howling wind was scattering the clouds in wild confusion, while the struggling moon was by fits casting around an unearthly light. The streets and the houses were covered with snow; not a soul met them on their way; all was dead silence and solitude. It seemed a fit season for the carnival of evil spirits who are permitted to hold uncurbed dominion on the night of All Saints. So thought Nicholas Borruelo, as every now and then he looked anxiously around and behind him, as though he expected to see a troop of ghosts and goblins in the full enjoyment of their unholy sabbath. He hurried his companion along, and at last reached the quarter of the Jews, a district under the ban of all good Christian souls, and rendered yet more detestable by its being shut in on one side by an extensive and abandoned burying-ground. Borruelo pointed out to Netcelli a large white house, flanked on each side by a small tower. It stood within a large space of ground, surrounded by a high wall; its windows overlooked the cemetery. Altogether, the house had a gloomy, desolate, and abandoned appearance. The Italian painter approached a low, narrow door, which was, for security, thickly covered with iron plates, and rang the bell. The sound was instantly answered by the fierce barking of several dogs.

He paused, waited, listened attentively; but no footsteps were heard. He sounded the bell again and again, but to as little purpose, while the fury

of the dogs was increased to a tenfold degree. Again he sounded, when suddenly the dogs ceased their barking. The tailor and his companion heard many a bolt and bar withdrawn, and an inner door opened, and the dull echo of a heavy footstep descending some steps into the courtyard. This was followed by the sound of an old man's dry, hollow cough. They waited for the opening of the outer gate until their patience was exhausted, and then Netcelli gave another pull at the bell, which rang as if it would split. They then learned why it was that the footsteps were heard in the court-yard, for in an instant the loosened dogs bounded in savage fury against the door. They were convinced of the obstinate determination of the inmates of the house—that they would not allow admittance to any one at that late hour of night.

"I knew how it would be," murmured the little tailor; "the old miser takes us for robbers or murderers, and is determined not to open. It is better to return to the fire in my little room than to be standing before this miserable house, and by that frightful churchyard. This night is the festival of the dead, and every moment I expect to see some of them rise up in their fearful winding-sheets. Oh, Messire Netcelli! if you did but know what dreadful tales people tell of the diabolical goings on in that dismal churchyard. The spectres and imps of darkness sometimes proceed from the graves and charnel-house to old Rembrandt's mansion, and there they enjoy themselves in a rare jubilee. The mansion stood empty for twenty long years; no one was bold enough to buy it; everybody feared visits from the dead bodies in the burying-ground. But old Rembrandt was not to be frightened; he bought the house dirt cheap, for a mere old song; for, to save a hundred florins, he would take up his abode at the very gates of the infernal regions. He need not be afraid of robbers, for, besides those dogs, they say he has made a bargain with an unearthly imp, who every night keeps guard by squatting upon his money-chest. Let us along—let us along, and all the saints grant that we may reach home in a whole skin, and without meeting any spectres or witches!"

He seized the young painter by the arm, and almost dragged him along, for the noise of the crisp snow under their feet, and the low, plaintive murmur of the wind, which was again rising, made him fancy that he heard the lamentation of some restless and despairing unsubstantial being. Dispirited, and with his heart aching with deep grief, and a thousand torturing anxieties, the young man allowed himself to be led along with silent submission. By the time he reached the tailor's abode, he was, moreover, thoroughly overcome with fatigue, while he was fearful to enter, because of apprehension of new calamity. He staggered against the door faint and irresolute, and paused for a moment to gain sufficient strength to enter.

"Mother, mother," said the little Antonio, from within, "open your eyes and speak to me, for I am very cold and very hungry!"

But the poor mother answered not.

Netcelli rushed desperately into the room; it was perfectly dark. He stumbled against a chair and table which had been overturned; the window had been burst in by the violence of the wind, which must have blown in fierce gusts through the broken casement. He felt about until he

came to the bedside, and, stretching forward his hands, they encountered the cold and stiff body of his infant child, around which were twined in fond endearment the arms of its mother. Nicholas Borruelo followed slowly, in silence and secret consternation. He marched to the corner of the room where should have stood his cupboard, and where he sought his tinderbox. But the wind had overturned his cupboard, the floor was thickly strewn with fragments of broken plates and kitchen utensils, and the tinderbox could nowhere be found. He was afraid of passing the remainder of the night in the cold and in darkness, and he called on Netcelli for assistance. But no answer was returned. A cry of anguish would have been more consoling than that appalling silence; the tailor got frightened, and, rushing into the street, ran towards the guard-house. All the soldiers knew him for a kind-hearted little fellow; they invited him in, and made room for him before the fire. He warmed himself, and expressed his worst fears; and the sergeant ordered two soldiers to accompany him to his lodgings, with lanterns and a bottle of wine. In his hurry he had left the door open; on his arrival he found it closed. He hammered at the door, but in vain; not a sound was heard in reply. The soldiers were just about breaking open the door, when Borruelo bethought him that the key was in his pocket. He opened and entered, and their eyes rested on a dreadful sight. The mother and youngest child were lying dead upon the bed, on one corner of which, also, the husband was seated, deadly pale, with haggard countenance, protruding eyes, and an idiotic laugh, and the boy Antonio was struggling in violent convulsions.

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed the tailor, "what dreadful crimes have I committed to be surrounded by such misery? Here lie two human beings quite dead, another is in the last agony of death, while the fourth is sunk in irretrievable idiocy. The holy Virgin and the saints protect me on this fearful night!"

With this he fell into a chair, covered his face with his two hands, and for some moments gave way to silent and deep grief.

Meanwhile the soldiers had lighted a blazing fire of wood, and with some boards stopped up the broken window. They also moved the dead bodies from the apartment into an adjoining room, which was the tailor's workshop. Borruelo caught up the boy, and held him before the fire, while he tended him with the utmost care. The boy revived, and, perceiving that the soldiers were about to lead away his idiot father, he broke from Borruelo's arms, and rushed up to them, entreating that he might accompany his father.

"Nay," said Nicholas Borruelo, "take him not away; since I have the keeping of the dead, I will not lose sight of the living. The boy is out of danger, and the poor idiot is harmless, and will not injure me; so even let him stay here. In the morning two of your comrades will, perhaps, look in to see that all is safe, and after that I will go to old Rembrandt's house, explain all circumstances, when, miser and obdurate as he is, he cannot refuse to bury his dead relatives, support the young boy, and, perhaps, obtain, through the city authorities, admission for his poor nephew into the public lunatic asylum."

He bade the soldiers good night, who would not depart until they had made the little man swallow a good cup of comfortable wine. When they

were gone he threw some more wood on the fire, seated the idiot by the fireside, lifted the boy upon the bed, well wrapped him up in his cloak, took down a branch of holy box-wood and a small crucifix, and laid them on the two dead bodies, and then placed himself by the fire, and, pulling out his beads, told them over and over, repeating a multitude of prayers, until morning had fairly dawned.

The first rays of light that pierced the gloom of the chamber fell upon the figure of Francesco Netti. He was seated, but nearly bent double, as he leaned forward towards the fire, with a fixed, soulless, stupid gaze at the flickering flames, while, now and then, he would give an idiotic grin, and chatter incoherently. The little Antonio was sunk in profound sleep upon the bed, where he remained until Borruelo heard the deep tones of the cathedral clock sounding the hour of eight.

"You must get up, *mio caro!*" said the kind-hearted tailor; "the morning is wearing apace, and we have much to do."

"But my father and my mother, where are they?" demanded the boy, as he sat up in his bed.

"Your father sits there," said the tailor; "but he is too ill to speak to you. Your mother is fast asleep; but her last injunctions were that you should go with me to her uncle, Messire Rembrandt; so get up like a good child."

At last he got the child up, and, leading him by the hand, he made the best of his way to the quarter of the Jews. He stood for a moment gazing in evident disgust at the house, then, as if summoning sudden resolution, he pulled the bell violently. The summons was answered by an old woman, very meanly clad—indeed, her dress was in no wise better than what was worn by the commonest servant. But Borruelo instantly knew her for the mistress of the mansion, and he took off his cap, and made her a low reverence.

"What do you want?" said she, abruptly, and in a hoarse voice.

"Our business is with Maître Rembrandt," answered Borruelo; "we would speak to him."

"Indeed!" said the other, sharply. "And pray, my master, what may be your business? You cannot see him now; my husband is busy painting. Return at noon."

"It will be impossible for me to return at noon," answered the tailor, doggedly; "and I opine that Messire Rembrandt will be sorry that he has not spoken with me. I bring him—I wish to restore to him something that belongs to him."

"Is it money?" demanded the wife, with a keen, eager, penetrating look.

"It's something valuable," replied the tailor, with perfect *sang froid*.

The wife held the door half shut, and for a moment or two hesitated. At length, she said,—

"You can come in, but, if I find you have deceived me, your interview, I promise you, will be of the shortest; for you shall not with impunity interrupt Maître Rembrandt in the midst of his precious labors."

She opened wide the door, Borruelo and young Antonio entered the court-yard, and she shut, looked, and bolted again, the gate with the utmost precaution. As they crossed the yard, the tailor observed four great, shaggy, savage mastiffs, which came forth from their respective kennels to have a look at the strangers, and he blessed him-

self that he had escaped their jaws on the previous evening. They then ascended a lofty flight of stone steps, entered the vestibule, traversed one or two apartments, spacious, though dreary, and wholly devoid of furniture, and were at length ushered into a large room, lighted by a single window of small dimensions, worked through the wall just under the ceiling. The sudden transition from light to darkness prevented the tailor and his companion for a few minutes from seeing any object distinctly. At length they perceived, in the corner opposite to the window, a man past the meridian of life, with his head wrapped round with a piece of linen which had once been white, a long-neglected beard, a brow and face deeply furrowed either by old age or care, and eyes greenish, piercing, and restless, like those of some wild animal. He was standing, silent and wrapt in thought, before a picture, which rested on an easel, and which, every now and then, he touched with his brush, and at each touch produced a marvellous effect. His brush, indeed, seemed to possess all the miraculous potency of a true magician's wand. Before him, and stationed right beneath the rays of day which streamed through the small window, was a man in a winding-sheet, in the attitude of one just awakened from the iron sleep of death, and coming forth into light and life from the darkness and horrors of the sepulchre. The old man continued to work away without casting a look at the strangers, while the old lady quietly seated herself at the chimney-corner, first stirring up the savory contents of a large copper pot which was hanging over the fire, and then cleaning and preparing a quantity of vegetables with the assiduity of a regular cook.

Nevertheless, Borruelo could not help approaching the glorious performance upon which Rembrandt was at work. The little Antonio followed his example. They were lost in astonishment at the extraordinary creation of the painter's genius. They could not be otherwise; the most insensate heart must have bounded with enthusiasm at the wonderful production, which was no other than the "RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS."

"Holiest Queen of Heaven," at length exclaimed the young Antonio, "how very beautiful!"

At the sound of the youthful and silvery voice immediately behind him, Rembrandt turned suddenly round, and said, in a sharp, half-angry tone,—

"Why dost thou speak of things about which thou canst know nothing?"

"My father is a painter," answered the boy, readily; "and then I have an uncle who is very celebrated as an artist. My father has often told me that he was the pride and ornament of the Flemish school!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Rembrandt, "thou art, then, the nephew of Rubens; for after myself, I know no one deserving of such high eulogium. Tell thy father, boy, that thy uncle Rubens is a very great painter, but not the best that Flanders has produced!"

"My uncle," said the boy, with quickness, "is a finer painter than Rubens, and than even yourself!"

"And who, then, may be this rare phoenix?" demanded Rembrandt, with a disdainful smile.

"His name," answered Antonio, "is Rembrandt!"

"Ha!" exclaimed the painter, "thou the

nephew of Rembrandt!—Thou! Thou art, then, the son of that poverty-stricken Netcelli, whom my infatuated niece espoused contrary to my strict commands! Hence!—away! I will have nothing to do with either thee or thy father, whom I despise!”

The poor boy gave way to a violent and bitter food of tears.

“Must he, then, needs perish from cold and hunger,” asked Borruelo, “like his mother and his little sister, who both died last night?”

“Let him then look to his father!” said the painter, savagely.

“His father!” exclaimed Nicholas; “long-suffering, privations, and misery, have bereft him of reason. He is a madman!”

“My father—my mother—my sister!” cried out Antonio, still weeping bitterly.

Even the hard heart of Rembrandt could not withstand this; a solitary tear was visible on his wrinkled cheek.

“And is what you tell me really true?” demanded he. “What, Jeanne, the only child of my poor sister!”

“And she has only met her deserts!” exclaimed a sharp, piercing voice; and dame Rembrandt, with her arms akimbo, came forward from her seat, where she had been busying herself with her cookery. “If the foolish young hussy had not disobeyed you—if she had listened to your advice, her miserable end had been avoided.”

“Messire Rembrandt,” said the tailor, calmly turning away from the old woman, “your nephew has lost his reason entirely; your niece and her infant daughter are lying dead; have some pity! Bury the mother and infant; give food to the helpless father, and this no less helpless boy!”

Rembrandt looked hesitatingly towards his wife, but she seized the boy by the arm, and brought him with such force to where the tailor stood, that the little man was pushed back several steps towards the door.

“And is it so?” she screamed out. “Is my husband to take charge of a madman, and a boy so ill brought up that he may prove a curse? Is he to work night and day for miserable creatures not worthy of his bounty? Never, while I live! Hence!—Get out of the house!”

“And is that your determination, Messire Rembrandt!” firmly demanded the indignant Borruelo.

Rembrandt proceeded with his painting, as if he did not hear the question.

“Come, then, Antonio,” exclaimed the tailor, taking him up in his arms, “since God has cast thee in my path, thou shalt never want a friend while I can work! Hence!—away from this accursed house, which is full of gold, but where even a morsel of bread has been denied to thee and thy famishing father! Out upon this family, without a heart and without pity!”

The tailor with his charge left the rich Rembrandt's house, his heart bursting with anger and deep indignation.

As they were proceeding along the streets towards Borruelo's abode, a party of horsemen in rich attire passed so rapidly, that Borruelo escaped with difficulty, while little Antonio's foot slipped, and he fell under the horse of the principal cavalier. He instantly dismounted, raised the boy, kindly inquired if he had received any injury; and, finding that he was unhurt, the horseman slipped a piece of silver into Antonio's hand, again

mounted, and asked Borruelo the way to the abode of Rembrandt the painter.

“It is at the end of the second street on the right-hand side, in the Jews' quarter,” answered the tailor. “You, noble lord, are rich, and are sure of meeting with a gracious reception.”

“And do not the poor, also, sometimes receive a kind welcome?” demanded the cavalier.

“The poor a kind welcome!” exclaimed the tailor. “In that accursed house there is not even a morsel of bread for the master's own nephew!”

The horseman seemed interested, and Borruelo, in the fullness of his heart, gave the history of the Netcelli family.

His auditor took his purse from his girdle, and counted four pieces of gold into Borruelo's hand.

“Here is a trifle,” said he, “for burying the dead, and for the present comfort of the living; and now thy name, friend, and the place of thy abode? Thou art an honor to humanity! I will see thee again this evening, and advise with thee what had best be done with this poor unfortunate boy.”

The tailor gave his name and address, not far from the western city gate. The cavalier bade him farewell, and, setting spurs to his horse, galloped after his companions.

On the departure of the tailor and the boy, Rembrandt sought his palette and brushes, with which a huge monkey (supposed to be the painter's familiar spirit) was playing; but his heart was ill at ease and his hand trembled, so that he could not please himself by a single touch. He flung both aside in disgust. His thoughts wandered back to the days of his own impoverished youth when his cares were soothed by the fond affection of his eldest sister, Louise; and he was now abandoning the offspring of another sister, Margaret, to want and dreadful privations. With reluctant hand he drew forth a leathern purse from the pocket of his doublet, and began counting out some money. At this sound his wife arose from her occupation before the fire, and stood over him while he told the pieces.

“Here,” said he at length, “take these six crowns to the lodging of Borruelo the tailor, and tell him that I will shortly send more.”

Dame Rembrandt did all to prevent his purpose, used every argument against it, and at last abused him for his ill-placed liberality. This led to an altercation, which the painter ended by peremptorily commanding her silence.

“Listen to me, woman!” said he, sternly; “when I selected for my wife a peasant girl—a mere servant—I did so that I might be always obeyed. Do my bidding without another word. I desire that my niece and her child should be decently interred, and that the father and the boy should have wherewithal to purchase food. Hence, and begone!”

Dame Rembrandt knew her husband's humor, and she obeyed in silence. She was preparing to depart, and Rembrandt had once more resumed his labor with greater satisfaction, when a violent pull of the bell announced the approach of strangers. Rembrandt started, and made so false a stroke with his brush, that he uttered a loud oath, which brought his wife running to see what was the matter. The strangers before the gate would not evidently brook delay, for the bell was again rung yet more violently.

The wife ran out to open, though in a great passion, and with a volley of abuse ready upon her

lips; but she was startled into silence when she beheld a dismounted page in costly livery standing at the door, and a number of richly-attired cavaliers on horseback, and in the midst of them a lady, still young and beautiful.

The principal horseman of the group then addressed her:—

“Pray, good woman, inform your master that a stranger, just arrived from Antwerp for the purpose of purchasing some paintings, is desirous of being admitted into his studio.”

They all dismounted and followed her into the house, the page being left behind to take care of the horses. Rembrandt, but little in humor for company, received the party in a surly manner. Nothing could exceed the ease and graceful deportment of the stranger. Heeding little the repulsive bearing of Rembrandt, he took a stool and seated himself before the picture over which Rembrandt had been at work. No one could have looked upon these men without being struck by the difference of their appearance. They differed as light differs from darkness, yet each bore upon him the manifest stamp of genius. The stranger was tall of stature and of symmetrical proportions; and, though of fifty years of age, there was elasticity in his gait, and his manner evinced lightness of heart and much still of the buoyancy of youth. His handsome figure was well set off by magnificence of dress; had he been a prince, he could not have carried more costly attire. His ample brow was shaded by a large hat, surmounted by a broad black feather. His eye was clear and full, and its look penetrating; his mouth well formed and small, with an habitual smile playing around it, and his white and small hand might well have raised the envy of many a beautiful woman. His every action showed that he was noble by birth, and that his daily intercourse through life had been with the highest nobles of the land. The face and appearance of Rembrandt, on the contrary, indicated an anticipated old age—the result either of incessant toil, of aching anxieties and hard struggles with poverty, or of the uncontrollable turbulence of the passions. He was short, stout, bent in the body, heavy of foot, dirty in face and attire, and with a coat for which no Jew clothesman of the district would have given a groat. His long hair, already gray, was gathered up under a piece of dirty linen, and his face was marked by a hundred wrinkles, but the searching glance of his eye manifested the depth of soul that lurked within that miserable-looking body.

While Rembrandt was playing with his hideous favorite, the monkey, the stranger was minutely examining the painting on the easel.

“What magic of color!” he at length exclaimed, in the utmost surprise and admiration: “what freshness! what transparency! The school of Venice has never produced anything to compete with this admirable performance! Master Rembrandt, I must possess this treasure!”

“Impossible!” answered Rembrandt; “this has been executed by the express commands of the princess Clara Eugenia, and the price is a thousand florins!”

“I will,” said the other, “go nearer its value, and give you four thousand florins. My gallery will be dishonored without such an ornament. That is not destined for the palace of the governor of the low countries. Come, Master Rembrandt, the painting is mine. Here, Vandyke, pay Meseire Rembrandt four thousand florins!”

“Vandyke!” exclaimed Rembrandt; “and who may you be, to command the services of Vandyke as squire and treasurer?”

“I,” answered the stranger, “am Peter Paul Rubens, and I am come from Antwerp expressly to visit you!”

“Rubens!” exclaimed Rembrandt, eying his mighty rival from head to foot. “Since you are a brother artist, you will excuse me if I continue my labors; for time is precious, and bread very hard to earn!” He heaved a deep hypocritical sigh, and then added, with somewhat of a malicious smile, “I, alas, can never expect to have as much as four thousand florins to throw away upon a painting!”

At the moment of uttering these words he secretly hugged himself with the conviction that his private cellar contained the thirty barrels of gold pieces which were actually found there after his death.

Rembrandt resumed his work, and in less than an hour the immortal painting was finished. The hour was passed in uninterrupted silence, and during the whole time Rubens, standing behind him, closely watched the manner in which he laid on colors and managed the astonishing effect of his light and shade.

When the painting was fairly finished he turned to Rubens and begged his acceptance of it, as a token of his admiration of his rival’s genius. For the first and last time in his long life the miser refused money.

“It is not yet mid-day,” said he, “and before night I can sketch out and finish another subject. Accept this as a token of my regard. If sometimes I have passed sleepless nights, it was because my thoughts were employed on the preëminent success of my great rival!”

“I am not your rival, Master Rembrandt, but your humble pupil,” answered Rubens, whose bosom was ever free from envy, as his generosity was unbounded; “and that I may prove to you that I am your pupil, and you my master, allow me to have that piece of canvass and the brushes which you have just laid down. I will imitate your manner, and show you how aptly I have learned my lesson. Come hither, my sweet Helen, and sit down right under the light from that window. Place also on thy head this broad straw hat, and be a patient and docile model. My worthy brother artist, allow me to present to you my excellent wife!”

Rembrandt regarded for some moments the charming creature before him with a sardonic smile; then calling to the old woman who was still busy before the fire, he took her by the hand, and, imitating the manner of the noble Rubens, he said,—

“And this, messire, is my wife; allow me to present her to your distinguished notice!”

But Rubens was seated at his task without, however, interrupting the conversation.

“Some weeks ago,” said he, “I had many anxious moments on your account, my worthy sir. There was a report at Antwerp of your death; and a picture-broker even showed a letter from your son, confirming the sad intelligence!”

Rembrandt gave a suppressed laugh, and unblushingly answered—

“The truth is, I was sadly in want of six thousand florins, which still remain due as part of the purchase-money of this house. I myself spread the report of my death, and the trick succeeded,

for my paintings immediately doubled their prices.* But, pray," he continued, "a thousand excuses; it's my dinner-hour, and forgive me if I eat, without, however, interrupting you. I dare not ask you to partake of my sorry repast. It would be unwelcome to the high fed stomachs of yourself and your gentlemen. But what would you have? It is not the lot of all painters to become like you an ambassador and a prince. It was never my good fortune to receive favors at the hands of the kings of Spain and of the Indies, and of England; nor am I a member of any order of knighthood in Christendom; and all my followers consist of my monkey, my wife, and my son Titus, when he happens to be at Cologne. 'Come, come, Katherine, serve up the soup and the dinner!'"

All this was said with a bitter sneer, unperceived by Rubens, but understood by the wife, who well knew every turn of her husband's humor. She spread a soiled cloth upon his table, brought two earthen-ware plates, and poured forth the contents of the pot into a deep earthenware dish. It consisted of a thick soup, mixed up with vegetables and bread. A piece of lean, over-boiled beef, some salt herrings, some cheese, and a jug of beer, completed the measure of the repast. The husband and wife sat down regardless of the company, and ate like a couple of famished wolves. When they had finished, Rubens was giving the last finishing touches to the head upon his caavass. It was the famous "Chapeau de Paille," painted under the inspiration of the lesson received from Rembrandt, and exhibiting all the mysterious influences of light and shade, so characteristic of the manner of the great master of Cologne.

Rembrandt regarded the performance with forced admiration, while secret jealousy was burning at his heart. Rubens presented the painting to Rembrandt.

"We are now," said Rembrandt, "more than quit, for I remain your debtor."

"No, Messire Rembrandt," answered Rubens, "we are not quit. Without the lesson received from you, I should never have been able to paint this portrait, which may well be called my master-piece. Permit me now to present to you this case of silver for your dinner-table. I have had the contents expressly made for you, and your cipher is engraved on each piece. Whenever you use them, I beg you to cast a thought upon your admirer, your pupil, and, also, if you will permit me the honor of that appellation, upon your friend!"

Rembrandt regarded the present with perfect indifference, while old Katherine seized the casket, and, turning out the silver-handled knives, forks, and spoons, for a long time kept admiring their beauty.

* Rembrandt had recourse to the meanest expedients to raise the prices of his paintings, and to get money for the wretched purpose of hoarding up. He was, moreover, a miser and notorious extortioner. He would also, for larger profit, sell his engravings by auction, and even get persons to bid up their prices to an unconscionable amount; and the imperfect ones were sold by candle-light, that their defects might pass unperceived. Mention has been made of a *picture-broker*. This was, during the glorious times of art in the Low Countries, a regular and very lucrative calling. The individuals following it, like the *bulls* and *bears* of our modern Stock Exchange, endeavored to raise and lower the prices of paintings by a thousand rumors and contrivances. They also had their time bargains for the works of eminent masters, and every other mode of profit so well known to stock-jobbers.

"Ha, ha, ha, Katherine, they are much finer than the pewter ones we have been accustomed to use!" exclaimed old Rembrandt. "However, put them aside, wife—put them away!" he continued; "and you, Messire Rubens, are a great lord, and it would not become a poor artist like me to refuse the tokens of your beneficence. I would humbly ask permission, noble sir, to pay my respects to you either this evening or to-morrow morning. For the present I cease to be a painter. When the hour of two strikes I become merchant, and every moment I expect Levi Zacharias, the silk-merchant, Solomon Larch, the banker, and Samuel Netscham, the picture-broker. At what hotel do you lodge, Messire Rubens!"

"I am at the Count Peñafor's, the governor of the city," answered Rubens. "Adieu, Master Rembrandt, let me see you this evening."

"It shall be this evening," answered Rembrandt, bowing servilely to the very ground.

Rubens led forth his Helen, the gentlemen of his train followed, the party remounted their horses and departed.

"He is a prince!" murmured Rembrandt, as they departed—"he is a very king! He enjoys life in the midst of pleasure and magnificence. Perhaps he is right, perhaps I am an insensate fool, for living thus meanly and obscurely. But what matters," he cried, with an hysterical laugh and an exulting glance of his eye—"ay, what matters, while I have in my secret cellar, and under the safeguard of this key that never quits my side, that which would serve to satisfy the wildest caprices of an emperor! Then lavish, Rubens, all the produce of thy labors in idle acts of generosity and useless extravagance; I also have power, if I would wield it, in the increasing amount of my hoarded treasures!"

The remainder of the day was devoted by Rembrandt to the reception of various persons who knew his habits, and never disturbed him on matters of business till the afternoon. The painter would see anybody and upon any matter, provided only he could realize the exorbitant interest which he invariably demanded. In the evening he bethought him of the promised visit to Rubens, and he left the house for that purpose.

As he approached the heart of the city, he was surprised at the crowds of people in the streets. There seemed a general commotion: something very extraordinary must have happened. There came the body of the city crossbow-men in full uniform; the archers shortly followed, with their band playing a joyous strain of music; and then passed in quick time the arquebusiers, with lighted matches, as if they were about to fire off their pieces. Presently he met the burgomaster of the city.

"Well met, Messire Anthon von Opsam!" said Rembrandt; "what is all this noise and confusion about?"

"I cannot stop!" answered the little fat burgomaster, as he bustled onward; "come along, come along!" and he seized the painter by the arm, and they proceeded together.

"Most important news has just arrived," continued Anthon von Opsam. "The United Provinces have yielded to the rule of Spain; the States-general have notified their submission. 'This is the work of Messire Rubens, who negotiated the treaty. All the companies of the city, with the burgomaster and sheriffs at their head, are about to go in procession to the governor's house, to congratulate Messire Rubens on the auspicious

event. Listen only to the shouts of the people."

And on every side was shouted, "Long live the king of Spain!" "Long live Rubens!" "Long live the friend and benefactor of the United Provinces!" These cries were followed by repeated *feux-de-joie* from the arquebusiers.

"What!" said the burgomaster, as Rembrandt stopped suddenly—"What! will you not accompany us to compliment Messire Rubens?"

"No," answered Rembrandt, in a low tone of voice; "it is getting late, and my wife will be uneasy at my absence. Adieu!"

On saying this he plunged into the midst of the crowd.

"Long live Rubens! Long live the friend and benefactor of the United Provinces!" said he, as he now and then ground his teeth for vexation and spite. "This man, then, has every kind of talent, and reaps glory from everything that he attempts. But what of that? He may be a better diplomatist than I am; but I am curious to know if posterity will admire his paintings more than mine. After all, old Rembrandt will have his glory. And then for money! Ha! ha! ha! He dissipates his fortune with an open hand; while I—I could pay off, with my hoarded wealth, the debts of an impoverished kingdom!"

At that moment the air resounded with a thousand acclamations. He turned his head, and saw Rubens from the balcony of the governor's palace, acknowledging the loud salutations of the citizens of Cologne. He never stopped nor turned his head again, but hurried back to his house.

"What ails thee!" demanded his wife; "thou art breathless; thy lips are livid; thy eyes wander; thou hast torn the collar of thy doublet; thy hand still holds the fragment! What ails thee?"

"Peace! peace, woman! I would be alone!" answered Rembrandt, in a savage tone, that would not bear contradiction. When he was alone, he flung himself into his old leathern arm-chair, and exclaimed, as with his clenched hand he violently struck his forehead, "Madman that I am to be envious of this man!"

But we must return to our honest friend Nicholas Borruelo and the young Antonio. After receiving the four pieces of gold from the generous cavalier, he bought food and a bottle of beer, which he placed upon his small table, and gave orders for the decent interment of the mother and her child. On looking round, he saw the idiot father crouched in the corner of the room, greedily devouring the food, which he had, unperceived, taken from the table, and utterly regardless of the hungry boy or his generous protector. The tailor was shocked beyond measure; for he wanted no further proof of the utter abasement of the father's mind.

"Yesterday," said he, sorrowfully, "this man showed an heroic courage—the tenderest devotion for his wife and children; to-day his reason is departed, and by the cold remains of those most dear to him he follows the call of a grovelling instinct! Yesterday he was almost an angel; to-day he is less than the vilest animal!"

The burial duly took place, and the coffins were followed by the tailor's neighbors; for everybody was ready to pay the tribute of respect to one who had acted with such singular kind-heartedness. The day was now wearing away rapidly, and yet the stranger had not made his appearance according to his promise. Nicholas Borruelo made many

reflections on the heartlessness of the rich. The selfish uncle had turned his little nephew into the street, to starve, or beg his bread, and had refused assistance for the burial of his niece. The rich stranger had lightly forgotten a promise lightly made, and never requested.

"Ah! Master Eustache," said he to his neighbor, the cabinet-maker, "let us thank God that he has made us poor; for, believe me, friend, it is only the poor who best know and most keenly feel for the sufferings of the poor!"

"By our lady, neighbor!" answered the cabinet-maker, "you are a worthy man, and I honor you from my very heart. But, look you, friend Nicholas, I am somewhat jealous that you should have all this good work to yourself; so now, if you have no objection, while you board and lodge the poor boy Antonio, I will teach him my trade; and I promise to turn him out the best workman in Cologne. What say you?"

They shook each other cordially by the hand, and the bargain was soon concluded.

By way of parenthesis, it is necessary to mention two circumstances. Dame Katherine Rembrandt, profiting by the arrival of Rubens, and her husband's consequent temper, had quietly put into her own pocket the six crowns destined for the necessities of the Netcellis; and a messenger came post-haste to Cologne, at the very moment when Rubens was appearing before the people on the balcony of the palace, commanding his instant departure for Brussels, there to be intrusted with the management of another most important mission. He departed that same evening, and thus was prevented the promised visit to honest Nicholas Borruelo.

Now, like Time, who enters as chorus in the fourth act of the *Winter's Tale*, we must beg permission to slide over the space of a few years.

Ten years, then, after the circumstances narrated, Rubens once more visited the old city of Cologne; being commissioned by his sovereign, Philip II. of Spain, to form a collection of the works of the most celebrated masters of the Flemish school for the Escorial Gallery. The commands of his sovereign he was bound to obey personally; and the first master to whom he applied, as a matter of course, was Rembrandt. When Rubens approached the house, he was surprised to find many embellishments on the exterior, and when he entered he was struck with the numerous improvements. He was ushered in by a servant neatly dressed, and met in the antechamber by an old lady well attired; short, plump, bustling, and with an eye beaming with good nature.

"Messire Rubens," said she, as soon as she knew the name and quality of her visitor, and in tones of earnest cordiality, "my brother will be rejoiced to see such a guest; for you will be our guest. Is it not so! Messire Rubens will never think of receiving hospitality from any other than his admirer, Rembrandt?"

Rubens excused himself; but the good lady would hardly listen to him. At all events, she insisted on his dining with her brother; and, opening the door of the studio, she announced the name of their distinguished visitor. This apartment had undergone less change than the other parts of the house. The old fire-place, however, had now given way to a stove ornamented with porcelain.

"Welcome," exclaimed Rembrandt, "to the

King of Antwerp; but what has your royalty done with your customary suite?"

Rubens colored deeply at this salutation, which was ironically uttered; but as Rembrandt's eye met that of his sister, his manners changed, and he assumed a much more cordial tone. He shook Rubens warmly by the hand, as he said, "It is many a long year, Messire Rubens, since we met, and many events have since then passed. My old Katherine, whom perhaps you remember, is dead. Heaven be praised!"

"Brother! brother! for shame!" interposed the sister.

"My sister Louise," said Rembrandt, "has kindly come to take care of me and my house. She is devoted in her attachment to me. She is a perfect angel, Messire Rubens—she is a perfect angel." His voice faltered while approaching his sister, whose hand he affectionately kissed.

A tear glistened in the eye of the generous-hearted Rubens, as he looked at Louise with profound respect. Louise blushed like a young girl of sixteen.

"I trust, Messire Rubens," said Rembrandt, "that you will receive better treatment at our hands than when last you saw us. I am ashamed of the sorry reception we then gave you. But who comes here?" continued he, as he turned to the door, which was opened by Master Nikeleker, the notary.

The sister was desirous of preventing his entry, on the plea that her brother had company, and could not be disturbed.

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed the notary, in a hearty tone; "you must not keep me out, Mademoiselle Louise. I bring tidings of your having become a great heiress, and Master Rembrandt has an accession to his fortune of two hundred thousand florins."

"Two hundred thousand florins!" shouted Rembrandt, in an ecstasy of delight.

"Yes, sir," answered the notary. "Your uncle, Eustache Gerritz, is no more. He has left in all six hundred thousand florins—one-third for you, one-third for Mademoiselle, and the remaining third for the children of your sister Margaret."

"My sister Margaret," said Rembrandt, vehemently, "died many years ago."

"Aye, aye," replied the notary; "but her children!"

"Dead, also," asserted the painter.

"Their deaths, then," said Nikeleker, "must be legally proved; for, until that is done, the division of the property cannot possibly take place."

"That can be done in less than an hour's time," answered Rembrandt. "The girl, I know, died: the boy was sickly, and, I dare say, is long since dead; unless, indeed, Nicholas Borruelo, the tailor, who took charge of him, sent him to the hospital."

"The boy of our sister Margaret?" cried the tender Louise; "did she leave a surviving child? Oh, brother, brother! Heaven have mercy upon you! Why did you never mention to me the fact of the boy's existence?"

"Why, sister," replied Rembrandt, in great confusion, "what would you have? How could I bear the expenses of rearing Margaret's boy, when I had one myself, and was, besides, a poor struggling artist, who with difficulty could gain a subsistence!"

"And," demanded sister Louise, "is it only lately that you have heard of the boy's existence?"

"It is now," said Rubens, remembering well meeting the boy and Borruelo, "ten years since Master Rembrandt knew of his nephew's existence: it was on the night of All Saints."

"Master Nikeleker!" exclaimed sister Louise, "you, doubtless, know where this Master Borruelo resides. Will you conduct me to his abode?"

"Mademoiselle," answered the notary, "he resides at the other end of the city, not far from the guard-house of the western gate. I will conduct you there with pleasure."

"And, with your permission," said Rubens, "I will join you company. I am very culpable in having forgotten a promise, and I wish to do all in my power to repair the effects of my forgetfulness!"

Louise, Rubens, and the notary, traversed the city, and entered the humble abode of Nicholas Borruelo. They saw a good-looking, healthy boy, of sixteen, hard at work on some canvass, which was on an easel in a corner of the room. He informed the visitors, in answer to their question, that Nicholas Borruelo would very shortly enter. He had, in fact, gone out with some clothes for a customer; and he handed a seat for Mademoiselle Louise, who was evidently laboring under very great excitement. Rubens went straightway up to the sketch on the easel, and uttered an exclamation of surprise and astonishment, which made the boy blush scarlet.

"Who is thy master?" demanded Rubens, turning to him.

"I never had a master, sir," answered the boy. "I amuse myself in my moments of leisure in daubing canvass, as you see; still that is but seldom, for Master Eustache, the cabinet-maker, for whom I work, has too much need of my services."

"You must put by the saw and the plane, and you must devote yourself to painting," observed Rubens.

"That, sir, is impossible," replied the boy, "for I must work hard at my trade to support myself and my father, who is now getting old."

"Thy father?" asked Dame Louise. "Does thy father yet live?"

"I speak, madam," said the boy, "of the excellent tailor, Master Nicholas Borruelo, who adopted me, and has been to me all that the kindest parent could have been. My own poor father has been dead four years. Master Borruelo supported him, also, for six long years; but he is gone to join my sainted mother and my little sister in heaven! Ah, madam, ours has been a sorrowful story; but Heaven has been merciful to me in sending me such friends as Borruelo and Eustache!"

"Thy name is Antonio Netcelli, is it not?" demanded the lady.

"Yes, most honored lady," answered the youth; "such truly is my name."

"Then thy sorrows and trials have ceased," exclaimed the lady. "Thou need'st no longer toil for thy daily subsistence; thou hast found thy family, and art become rich. My child—my child! I am thy mother's aunt, Louise." And, with many tears, the kind-hearted lady warmly embraced the young Antonio.

At that moment a heavy step was heard approaching the door, and Borruelo made his appearance. The youth left the arms of Dame Louise, and joyfully met his foster-father.

"Here is aunt Louise, father—aunt Louise, of whom my mother spoke so often, and so affectionately," said Antonio.

Dame Louise informed the tailor of the sudden change in Antonio's fortunes.

Borruelo heard the communication with evident sorrow of heart. His lips moved, and his eye was turned towards heaven in silent prayer. He then took the boy in his arms, and said, in a low, plaintive voice, "Thou art now become rich, Antonio; thou need'st no longer work at thy trade; thou must quit my roof, and wilt perhaps soon cease to love thy father."

"Never—never!" said Antonio, struggling with deep emotion. "As thou hast been, so thou shalt always be—my father. The same roof shall always cover us; we will never separate."

"Worthy man," said the good Louise, "you deserve the world's esteem; it is an honor to know you. Henceforth, look upon me as your intimate friend. And now, nephew, come with me; your uncle Rembrandt is anxious to see you."

"My uncle Rembrandt!" said the youth, drawing back, and shuddering.

"Hush!" said Dame Louise. "You must forgive the past, as those have who are now in heaven!"

"Come, then, my father," said Antonio, turning to Borruelo; "if I go, you must come with me." And he took the old man gently by the arm, and led him along.

"Young man," said Rubens, laying his hand on Antonio's shoulder, "wilt thou become my pupil? I will take thee and thy excellent father to Antwerp, and my house shall be thy home. Dost thou consent? I am Peter Paul Rubens!"

"Rubens!" cried Antonio, enthusiastically—"Rubens! What! I become the pupil of Rubens!" He paused for a few moments in great hesitation; then, running up tenderly to Dame Louise, he said, "Pardon me, noble sir, I cannot do it; I must remain with this good lady; for she is the living resemblance of my dead mother!"

Antonio Netcelli became the pupil of Rembrandt, and rapidly obtained eminence as one of the first masters of Flemish Art. To please his old uncle, he gave a Flemish termination to his Italian name, and always signed his painting GASPARD ANTOINE NETSCHER.

From the Spectator of 22 Feb.

CHINA.

FURTHER acquaintance with the "central flowery" land serves to confirm the opinion we have always expressed, that our Chinese victories were only the beginning of more complicated embarrassments.

The government of China is one of those which exist in virtue of doing nothing, and because men are accustomed to it. It is a government upon paper: its officers do not attempt to check or punish crimes—they only write essays against them. Towards the end of 1843, the child of a widow in the district of Canton was stolen by a band of robbers and held to ransom: the poor woman

could not raise the sum demanded, and the robbers roasted the child alive. The governor of the province hereupon issued a proclamation, intimating (what was too well known already) that there were numerous bands of robbers in the district, and exhorting the people "to contrive plans for capturing them and bringing them to justice." The proclamation also stated, that by this means "the number of these banditti will be daily lessened and that of well-behaved people increase; the manners and habits of the populace will undergo a renovating change." But not a word was said of any active steps about to be taken for the arrest of the kidnappers. The same fashion of publishing a lay sermon or moral essay, instead of sending policemen to arrest offenders, prevails at Peking. Robberies and murders are perpetrated as openly in the province of Pe-che-li, in which the capital is, and in the neighboring provinces of Leaoutung and Shantung, as in that of Canton; and encountered in like manner by proclamations only.

The despatches of a shrewd man like Keying to the emperor indicate the character of the prince to whom they are addressed. Little stress should be laid upon the hyperbolic compliments paid to the monarch and the abusive epithets applied to foreigners. Our best translators are mere elementary scholars in the Chinese language; its turns and combinations, so different from those of European tongues, become more strange in their schoolboy versions; and epithets are supposed to be used by the Chinese with an entire consciousness of their force, which are probably as unmeaning as the "most obedient servant" of our epistles, or have lost their original offensive meaning as completely as "furosh," (slave,) which at Medina has come to be the title of the rulers of the city. But even after translating Keying's strange phraseology into the most commonplace language, his despatches are evidently the efforts of a man of sense to reconcile an ignorant and childish despot to treaties concluded with more powerful nations upon equal terms. The wily statesman prepares the royal mind for the intelligence of what has been conceded, by sneering at the bad grammar of the foreign ministers, and enlarging on the claims that have been rejected.

There is a great amount of political insubordination as well as general lawlessness in China. In Leaoutung, (the Mandshu province nearest Peking on the east,) Chinese immigrants are occupying large districts in defiance of the prohibitions of government. In Koko-nor, (the Mongol province immediately adjoining the western termination of the north frontier of the "central flowery,") the predatory tribes threaten to invade the province of Sechuen; and the Chinese government has no better means of repelling them than by bribing one half of them to fight against the other. In Doongaria and Turkistan, (the provinces lying between Siberia and Tibet,) no taxes are paid. In Formosa, the islanders have rebelled, and were still in arms against the Mandarins at the date of the last news. In the mountains north-west of the province of Canton, there is a numerous and hardy race which has never acknowledged the imperial sovereignty.

In a country where rebellion and robbery have become chronic diseases—where the forms of government exist everywhere and its power is felt nowhere—habit may give permanence to such an imaginary constitution, so long as no impulse is

received from without. But the slightest contact with foreign influences must shake it to the foundation. That contact has taken place. England has contracted one commercial treaty with China; the United States another, in which some more favorable articles have been introduced; the French have a mission in China, which is claiming, with a good deal of bluster, more respectful treatment than was experienced by the American Envoy. The French, American, and English traders in the waters of China, are animated by their full share of national jealousy. The British settlement at Hong-kong is an eyesore to the others: France and the United States will aspire to have their islands or their settlements on the main also. The hatred of foreigners entertained by the rabble, and the powerlessness of the officers of the law, have already given rise to repeated attacks upon the European and American traders at Canton: an unprovoked assault has been made upon some English gentlemen at Fow-chow-foo. When it is the cue of any American or European government to pick a quarrel with the Chinese as a pretext for occupying a part of the Imperial territory, a substantial grievance is not likely to be long wanting. And who can doubt that such a territorial acquisition by any one state would stimulate all the rest to hasten to anticipate each other in appropriating part of the spoil? France has only to place Dupetit-Thouars on the Chinese station, in order to recommence in China the game of hostilities between the European factories and intrigues with the local native governors, which in India has terminated by leaving almost the whole of the peninsula on our hands.

From the National Intelligencer.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

EVERY man whose philanthropy is not bounded by country or kin, who can rejoice in the advances of the human family in knowledge, virtue, and happiness, whether those advances take place in China or New Zealand, and mourn when he hears of violence and of wrong, of crime and of misery, as well when they occur in Labrador or Cracfraria as in London or New York, will be gratified to learn that "in the far-off isles" of the Pacific, the white man has carried not unmixed evil, but that civilization, in some of its most unquestioned shapes, is rapidly extending itself among the natives of those comparatively lately-discovered abodes of the human race. We have just received a file of "*the Polynesian*," a weekly journal, published at Honolulu, in Oahu, one of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands, and have made the following summary of its contents:—

There are three weekly papers published at Honolulu, viz. the "*Friend*," the "*Nonanona*," and the "*Polynesian*." The first of these is edited by a clergyman, the Rev. Samuel C. Damon, and devotes much of its columns to the cause of religion, temperance, &c. The "*Nonanona*" contains many valuable agricultural articles; and the "*Polynesian*" has been lately purchased by the government, and connected with the government printing establishment. It is published under the editorial care of J. J. Jarves, who is also the director of government printing. This last mentioned paper is therefore "the official organ," and contains the government appointments, ordinances, decrees, reports of the proceedings of

the courts, &c. The decrees and orders of the courts are generally printed in the English, the French, and the Hawaiian languages.

We find in the Polynesian a weekly summary of foreign news, selected from the journals of all countries, highly respectable disquisitions on philology, jurisprudence, the law of nations, reviews of new and foreign publications, scientific notices, &c. Thus, for example, the number dated August 24th contains an elaborate report on the finances, commerce, manufactures, &c., of Mexico, by R. C. Wyllie, British pro-consul at Honolulu—this is continued through several succeeding papers; a long and learned disquisition on the exact meaning of the words used in connexion with the subject of allegiance, in which the Roman Code, Vattel, Chancellor Kent, Judge Story, and the French and English authorities are quoted. To this succeeds an editorial article on the establishment of a public cemetery at Honolulu; news from China and from Oregon; reports of cases tried before C. Kanaina, acting Governor of Oahu; a petition to Kamehameha III. King of the Sandwich Islands, against the grant of a license for the sale of spirituous liquors in the Bay of Hilo; a list of imports for the week; notice of a meeting of the "*Hawaiian Total Abstinence Society*;" shipping intelligence; advertisements of new books, hotels, schools, sales, new goods, &c. The Polynesian is very neatly and accurately printed. Hungwa, the landlord of the Canton Hotel, advertises that he has secured the services of superior Chinese cooks and waiters; the lists of new books received, include all the recent publications of the English and American press.

In the paper of August 31st, we have an "order in council" of his Hawaiian majesty, prescribing a "code of etiquette" to be observed at his court. There is also an advertisement of "Albert E. Wilson, general commission merchant, Astoria, mouth of the Columbia river," offering his services for the sale of merchandise and purchase of the produce of the country. Other papers contain similar advertisements of merchants in California.

In the papers of the 21st and 28th of September very copious literary notices are given of the cruise of the "*United States Exploring Expedition*," as deduced from the synopsis published in this city in 1842, and the brief account published in Silliman's Journal in 1843. In the Polynesian of the 28th September is a very able article on naturalization, and the reciprocal duties of nations to each other. The same paper contains an anticipatory glance of the future importance of the Sandwich Islands in a commercial point of view. "Their riches," says the writer, "lie in the soil; of mineral wealth they have next to none. Markets are opening around us. A continent lies near us, rapidly filling with Anglo-Saxon sons. Sugar, coffee, indigo, tobacco, cotton, and cabinet lumber will be the staple commodities, and maize, wheat, yarns, arrow-root, hemp, raw silk, &c., articles of secondary value. These islands will become the West Indies of the northern Pacific; the trade will naturally go forward to Oregon, and if we do not hasten operations the demand will exceed our means of supplying it. The trade of the Southern Islands," continues the writer, "will naturally tend southward, towards the myriads of Englishmen who inhabit the Island Continent," (New Holland.) The existing trade between Columbia river and the Sandwich Islands is evidenced by an

advertisement in this week's paper of the arrival for sale of 107,000 feet of lumber, 300 barrels of superior flour, 300 barrels of "the highly-prized Columbia river salmon," &c., by the barque Brothers; and subsequent papers notice similar arrivals to a large amount. A considerable arrival of lumber, shingles, &c., from California is also noticed. In the *Polynesian* of October 5th, reference is made to a letter (the second on the subject) received from "a Maryland farmer of capital," in regard to emigration to the Sandwich Islands, with a view to the cultivation of wheat and the manufacturing of it into flour. The editor requests information upon these points, as the probable means of establishing a very desirable branch of business.

The paper of 5th October contains the following notice of the latest news which had been received from other parts of the world. This was from London to March 12th; Paris, March 10th; New Orleans, May 22d; Boston, April 10th; New York, April 26th; Mazatlan, May 30th; Society Islands, August 19th; China, June 14th. A supplement to this paper publishes "by authority" the official correspondence between G. P. Judd, Esq., secretary of state for foreign affairs, and George Brown, Esq., United States commissioner, relative to the case of John Wiley, an American citizen, who had been fined by a native court for a breach of the laws. Without in the least taking sides in the controversy between these gentlemen, we must be allowed to say that the Hawaiian secretary of state displays much diplomatic tact and address. Under date of October 12th, we find a long literary notice of "the Life, Character, and Labors, of the late Bartimeus L. Puaaiki, of Wailukee, by J. J. Green." The reviewer says: "A book in English from a Hawaiian press was not long since a *rara avis*; but now the list of authors who clothe their thoughts in that language is very respectable. Literature is looking up among us."

The total amount of whaling shipping of all nations which touched at the several ports of the Sandwich Islands, from January 1st to October 10th, 1844, is valued at \$12,183,940, being 249 vessels, which were manned by 7,200 seamen. The great preponderance of American property engaged in this business will strike every one. It exceeds that of *all other nations* by \$9,621,960, by 176 vessels, and by 5,407 men. The American vessels sail on temperance principles, and much of their success is to be attributed to this fact. The United States government bestows no bounty upon this fishery, and yet it flourishes to an extent which casts that of all other countries into the shade. The English appear to have almost entirely abandoned it. Next to the Americans, the Bretoners are the most successful; but their business can be considered little else than a branch of the American, being mainly established by them.

The high moral tone uniformly maintained by the editor of the *Polynesian* cannot be sufficiently commended, whilst the always lucid and often elegant style in which his ideas are expressed gives "to the truth a double force." The editorial article of the 26th October, on the duty of economy, and the folly of people living beyond their means, is worthy of all praise. It appears that, even in Honolulu, this species of false pride prevails to a considerable extent:

"How far this has been the case (says the editor) we will not undertake to say; but we do

fear that a false pride exists, and a spirit of emulation which prompts people to transcend their means. Individual wealth is unknown as yet; a few persons have been sufficiently fortunate to acquire a competency from the precarious and restricted business of the place. But poverty is likewise a stranger. Every industrious man has it in his power not only to secure a living, but to accumulate."

Royal trips and journeyings seem to be the fashion in Hawaii as well as in Europe. Their Majesties take sailing excursions in a royal schooner; and a cargo of royal household furniture had arrived at Honolulu for the new palace for the residence of the king, which was expected to be completed by the 1st of November. The royal party "sailed to Kailua on the 12th October, on a visit to Governor Adams, who was expected to be near his end."

The paper of 2d November contains a long editorial review of the "correspondence between the Hawaiian Secretary of State and the American Commissioner in the case of John Wiley, an American citizen—printed by order of the government." The editor handles the subject "without gloves," but decorously and in a good spirit. He concludes by expressing "his firm reliance upon the wisdom and equity of the cabinet at Washington," to whom the business has been referred. We have received a copy of the handsomely and correctly printed pamphlet, extending to seventy-eight pages, which contains this correspondence, and has been printed at the government press, Honolulu; but shall make no comments upon the subject, awaiting the arbitration of the tribunal to which the Hawaiian authorities have referred it.

The news of the rejection of the treaty for the annexation of Texas, by the Senate of the United States on the 8th June, was received at Honolulu on the 28th October, and noticed without comment. The sentiments of the British government, as expressed in a letter from Lord Aberdeen, dated July 1, 1844, and received by the British Consul General to the Sandwich Islands towards the end of October, appear to have given great satisfaction. His lordship says:

"I need not repeat the assurance, which we have already given to the government of the Sandwich Islands, that our only object is to secure the independence and permanent well-being of that country; at the same time that we ensure to all British subjects a fair and liberal treatment on the part of the government. All that the British government desires is, that British subjects and British interests in general should be placed upon the same footing with the subjects and interests of other countries, and also that that footing should be such as to prevent as far as possible all future misunderstanding and contention between the respective governments."

There were in the harbor of Honolulu, on the 2d of November, 26 American vessels, including the United States sloop-of-war Warren, Capt. Hull; 4 English vessels, including her Britannic Majesty's ketch, the Basilisk, Capt. Hunt; 8 Hawaiian, 2 Bremen, 2 French, 1 Danish, 1 Norwegian, and one Tahitian vessel; in all 45 vessels: being 2 ships-of-war, 33 ships and barques, 4 brigs, and 6 schooners.

The *Polynesian* of November 9th contains an account of Morse's Magnetic Telegraph, extracted from the Baltimore American. The same paper contains the recognition of the independence of the Sandwich Islands by the government of Belgium,

the latter expressing a desire to establish close commercial relations between the two countries.

Besides the new royal residence, it appears that a palace is also building for the governor of Oahu, which is said to be the most costly and imposing building which has been erected on the island. "Its faults, however," says the Polynesian, "and those of other public and private buildings, show that an architect of good taste and skill is much needed." The native chiefs are also building new residences in Honolulu, and the town appears to be rapidly improving.

It was stated, among other novelties, that "the Wesleyan Methodists of the Bingham circuit have erected a wooden meeting house upon wheels, capable of seating 130 persons, for the accommodation of several villages where no site can be obtained."

The Polynesian of the 16th November says that complaints have been made, without just cause, by the captains of whalers touching at Honolulu, of the amount of port charges which they have had to pay. The following statement is given of the port expenses charged on a vessel of 300 tons burden :

Tonnage duty, at 6 cents per ton, . . .	\$ 18
Buoys, &c.,	3
Pilotage in and out, \$ 1 per foot, say 28 feet, 28	—
	\$ 49

These charges are said to be very low in proportion to the advantages obtained. "The peculiar value and importance of these islands to the whaling interest" are said "to have become more conspicuous since the discovery of the great North-western hunting ground." In this quotation "*hunting*" is to be understood by the uninitiated as meaning the *catching of whales*, and "*ground*" to mean *sea*. "These islands," says the editor, "afford fresh provisions, medical aid, secure harbors, wholesome laws, the means of recruiting diminished crews, of repairing vessels, &c. If they had not existed, the whaling business must have been prosecuted under serious disadvantages."

The latest news which had been received from Tahiti (Otaheite) at Honolulu was of the 26th October, at which time the best understanding appeared to exist between the native authorities and the resident ones of England and France. Queen POMARE had been invited to return to Tahiti to resume her rights as the independent sovereign of the Society Islands, under the protectorate which had been established. This she had refused to do till the definite orders should arrive from Europe; but hopes were entertained that everything would be speedily and satisfactorily arranged.

We trust that, with the great majority of our readers, the interesting nature and the importance of the subject will supersede the necessity of any apology for the length of this article. The Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-American race are belting the world with their language, their laws, their literature, and their religion. This enterprising, energetic, and enlightened branch of the human family is, if not absolutely dominant in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, secondary to no other race. In Australasia it is striking firm and vigorous root; and in Polynesia, our present article will show that its march has been and is rapidly onward. May it be the means of spreading true religion, sound knowledge, rational liberty, and

useful and ennobling literature, science, and art, through the universal family of mankind!

From the Spectator.

THE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

No nation has been great or prosperous that did not honor an idea. The power and happiness of every nation have been in proportion to the purity and elevation of the idea it has honored. The idea which England reveres and cherishes is that of the English gentleman.

The very outcast of society, when he would gall one of his betters in worldly station, can invent no reproach that he conceives more bitter than "you are no gentleman." When the Earl of Dalhousie, in the house of lords, proclaimed Captain O'Brien "a man of as pure integrity as any peer in this house," he recognized, and the peers of England with him, the unquestioned honor of the English gentleman—the title of moral nobility superior to legal rank, to which peers and commoners must alike aspire if they wish to be respected by their countrymen. The *real* gentleman is in the England of our day what the knight was in the days of chivalry: the ascendancy in council, in the field, and in the hall, which was conceded to the knight of old, is attributed now to the gentleman.

The English gentleman is that ideal character which all Englishmen aspire to be, or at least to be thought. The English gentleman is brave—physically and morally. The English gentleman is veracious—in England alone "the lie" is considered as the greatest and most inexpiable insult. The English gentleman is decorous—no deliberate profligate can hope to be thought an English gentleman. The English gentleman is humane. The English gentleman has a taste for literature and science. The English gentleman abhors ostentation; though his plainness is free from rusticity. The substratum of the character is the homely hearty squire; the *animating* principle, a spirit of chivalry such as existed in Sydney, dashed with a spice of the Puritan; and the *regulating* principle, strong common sense, with a dread of appearing ridiculous, carried almost to excess.

The English public is not exacting; it does not demand perfection from its leaders—it is ever ready to make allowance for lapses incident to humanity: but it reverences those only who keep the ideal character of the gentleman constantly before their eyes as the model upon which they seek to form themselves. The very mob have never been long faithful to any leader who was not by education and habits a gentleman. The demagogue who would count upon their fidelity must possess that refinement on the want of which they pride themselves: he may be weak, vain, headstrong, inconsistent; but a shabby trick, or anything that looks like chicanery, is fatal to his empire. The English mob retained to the last a sneaking kindness for the "faded gentleman," which the power and (in his main object) consistency of O'Connell have failed to obtain for him. And to the minister of this country the highest talents and most fervid patriotism are recommendations far weaker than the character of a true English gentleman. In practical sagacity, in broad statesmanlike views, Fox was immeasurably superior to Pitt: but the dicing and drabbing of the whig leader placed him at a disadvantage. In the present century, we have seen a statesman endowed with preternatural quickness of apprehen-

sion, unsurpassed powers of oratory, boundless ambition, energy, and indefatigable activity, lose all political influence, simply from an excess of versatility incompatible with the self-respect which is a main ingredient of the idea of an English gentleman. Lord Liverpool's and Lord Grey's best recommendation to the office of premier was their gentlemanly character: Lord Melbourne was acknowledged as the leader of his party because he was, take him all in all, much of a gentleman. The present premier, though undoubtedly possessed of all other essentials of the gentleman, has, it must be confessed, one capital fault of manner: not satisfied with acting sensibly and honorably, he is in the habit of telling parliament, with no slight parade, that he does so; a practice inconsistent with the quiet self-reliance which characterizes the English gentleman. This defect in externals has been found sufficient of itself to preclude his becoming with John Bull the object of a devoted and unhesitating confidence: and at this moment, to make matters worse, his best man of business in one house has met a rather awkward charge in a rather equivocal way; while his crack debater, now in the other house, is constantly exposing himself to the sarcasm that he studied morals at Newmarket and logic in the office of a pettifogging attorney.

The public opinion of England is formed and guided by the gentlemen of England—by the men who, whatever their fortune, rank, or profession, have cultivated minds, a manly courage, and an ever-watchful sense of honor and decorum. Their influence may be traced in our foreign as in our domestic policy—in the Quixotic scrupulousness with which England rejected all share in the spoils of Europe at the congress of Verona; in the anxiety that all nations should share the opened commerce of China.

Honor, then, to the English gentleman. If you ask where is the source of England's greatness, Mr. Cobden will say, its manufacturers—its men to whom the bank of England would gladly lend two millions; Mr. Gladstone, its church; the Duke of Buckingham, its landed proprietors; and Cobbett (if alive) would have said, its bold peasantry. And all of them are entitled to their share of credit: but the true English gentleman, wherever he is found or whatever his pursuit—whether pleading causes, spinning yarns, feeding prize-oxen, shooting game, or poring over books—is the real upholder of England's might.

VERSES TO AN OLD FRIEND.

We will not meet again, old friend of mine!

Much of life's beauty hath already past,
And now I would not willingly resign

The spell thy memory can about me cast.
What I have been to thee, and thou to me,
Even since those old days wherein we met,
We ne'er could be again, if each should see,
How little of the past remaineth yet.

No, no! It were not well to learn how strange,
How all unlike thy heart and mine have grown;
To feel and know how sorrowful a change

Time and the world have wrought; weeping to
own

The fairest vision of our lives had fled.

I know we are not as we were; I know

How much, alas, of my past self is dead!

Therefore, old friend, we'll meet no more below!

How have the depths of bitterness been stirr'd

Within my soul since those departed days;

I, who could smile at every jesting word—

I, whom thy spirit at its will could raise

Up to its own proud heights of dreamy thought—

I, from whose sunny hopes, thy nobler mind

Fresh energy and inspiration caught—

How little of all this thou now would'st find!

I would be still to thee the same as then—

The bright, the gay, the fearless; I would be

To thy vex'd soul, amid the strife of men,

A joy and comfort; o'er the dreary sea

Of this unresting life I fain would bring

From the sweet promise-land of youth, some sign

Of hope, some token of that joyful spring

When time flowed sweetly as a hymn divine.

We will not meet again; for though I've clung,

As a fond child, to every lovely dream

We culled, like blossoms, when we two were

young,

Many have wither'd in the duller beam

That lights my pathway now, and we should feel

At once too bitterly that harshest truth—

That time, in our despite, hath power to steal

Such sympathy as bound our hearts in youth.

We will not meet again! I dare not look

Into the secrets of thy world-tried heart.

Remembering all thou wert, I ill could brook

To see a change in thee, if changed thou art;

Thou, from whose wisdom, breathed to me of old,

My soul has gather'd strength in hours of pain—

How could I bear to find thee dull and cold!

Old friend of mine, we must not meet again!

It may be that I wrong thee, thus to dread

Losing the comfort thy remembrance gives;

That through life's trials thou hast nobly sped,

And still thy lofty faith has lived and lives.

Forgive, if this be so, for I am weak

With many care-worn thoughts, and full of fear

Lest now thy voice in altered tones should speak,

Nor pour rich words of wisdom on mine ear.

We will not meet, and all that thou hast been

Thou still mayest be to me till life is o'er,

And I, my later griefs unknown, unseen,

Can still to thee be all I was of yore.

Thou, with thy wise and holy words, shalt bless

My lonely thoughts; and ever o'er thy soul,

Mine image, bright with youth and happiness,

Shall hold, in spite of time, its soft control.

Fraser's Mag.

From Fraser's Magazine.

POLICY OF THE BRITISH MINISTERS.

It is a strange feeling that comes over us when, for the first time in our lives, we find ourselves upon the descent of the Brenner, or the Simplon, or any other precipitous mountain-road, especially if, on the right hand or the left, there be a frightful chasm, into which a single jib or a start by the horses must inevitably plunge us. No matter how firm our confidence may be in the skill of the driver; no matter how decided the postmaster's assurances touching the steadiness and amiable tempers of the beasts that drag the carriage. Our nerves tingle and our breath fails us as often as we suffer our vision to wander down that horrible pit, which seems yawning to receive us; and, in spite of the sublimity of the scene, we are forced in the end—that is, supposing our constitutional temperament to be a delicate one—to lean back in our seat and close our eyes, committing ourselves, in a sort of collapse, to fortune, or to providence, or to any other invisible, but resistless, agency that may be in favor, to do with us exactly what it will.

We are not prepared to say that, with feelings altogether similar to these, the great Conservative party, who brought the present ministers into power, regard at this moment their own position and the proceedings of their master. There is much of hope mixed up with the alarm which generally pervades them. They are satisfied that the coachman is skilful in his vocation, and has nerve enough for anything. They admit, likewise, that his style of driving is suitable to the path on which they have entered; and, therefore, trust, and, indeed, believe, that they will be carried through the pass without sustaining hurt; but it would be absurd to deny that they heartily wish themselves out of it. The whole scene, and their own plight in regard to it, is so new, so unexpected, that they are at a loss how to sustain the nervous agitation that is caused by it. Let us drop this metaphor, however, and in plain, downright English, set forth what we mean to say to the readers of *Regina*, leaving them to draw their own inferences from the facts which may be brought before them; for of facts, more than of theories, it is our intention to speak.

Time was when the watchwords of the Tory party were:—in England, "Our glorious Constitution in church and state;"—in Ireland, "Protestant Ascendancy," with an occasional reference, especially after dinner, to "the pious, glorious, and immortal memory of ——" no matter whom. We speak now of days when Sir Robert Peel was a young man—a subordinate in that ministry of which the late Earl of Liverpool was at the head, and John, Earl of Eldon, lord-chancellor of England, the main prop and stay. Then was Mother Church not only mighty, but rampant. Then was the statute-book graced by enactments which denied to Papists all the privileges of citizenship, save protection to life and property alone; and rendered it incumbent on such as might aspire to seats in the house of commons to have received at least once, previously to the day of election, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the church of the parish where they might be resident. The agricultural interest, too, was in high favor then; for the ports were closed against foreign corn, till after the price of that grown at home should have exceeded eighty shillings per quarter. Nor let it

be supposed that the trade and commerce of the country were neglected. Very far from it. English silks were saved from the competition of foreigners by import duties, which amounted to a prohibition. English cotton and woollen goods, English cutlery, porcelain, hats, shoes—everything, in short, of home manufacture, was protected; not by the skill of the fabricators, but by the interference of laws, which closed the home market against strangers. Meanwhile the shipping interests, the West India interests, the Canadian interests, the East India Company's interests, were all bolstered up as stoutly and carefully as the votes of houses of parliament could do it. Protection, indeed, was the order of the day;—protection to life and property by the free use of the gallows to the church, by a steady depression of Dissenters; to commerce and navigation, by a thousand restrictive duties; to the aristocracy, by a careful denial of representatives to populous places, and a tender fostering of such constituencies as were found in Gotton, Sandwich, and Old Sarum. And the faintest intimation of a desire to change that system, especially in regard to the election of members of parliament, was denounced as symptomatic of those levelling views which are directed constantly and with eagerness towards a democratic form of government.

The great principle of the Liverpool administration may be described as the "Do-nothing principle." "Let well alone," was their favorite maxim; and, as long as it continued to be well, perhaps a little longer, the *vis inertiae* was kept in steady operation. There were, however, even in the Liverpool cabinet, men to whom a state of absolute rest was not a state of absolute happiness. Canning, and Huskisson, and their friends, desired change; and, though faithful to parliament as it then existed, and as much opposed to reform as the duke himself, they forced their colleagues into the repeal of the navigation-laws, as well as to the general admission, that wherever a system of reciprocity could be established, free-trade offered greater advantages to all parties than its opposite. For this, however, the old tory party hated them. How eloquent were the *Standards* and *Morning Herald's* of those days in their denunciations of measures which persons of greater weight in the country than they felt to be but the beginning of an end! And how gallant, too, was the resistance of the tory section in the cabinet. Catholic Emancipation! the repeal of the test and corporation acts! free-trade! the theories of political economists! the very sound of the words fell like discord on the ears of the Eldons and Peels of the period of which we are speaking. And so it came to pass that, till the liberals, as they were called, had, by the hand of death or otherwise, been purged wholly out of the cabinet, no steps were taken to innovate seriously upon arrangements which custom had matured, and to which long use, it was supposed, had reconciled the nation.

Another peculiarity of the times of which we are now speaking, ay, and of days less distant, was, that the worst kind of taxation was asserted to be that which makes its appeal directly to the pockets of the payers; which takes money, apparently for nought, and so renders the state a copartner in every man's earnings and property. Assessed taxes men brought themselves to endure, though not without an effort; because they bore exclusively upon luxuries, and were paid on account of conveniencies which the payers, if they chose, might do without, and which were con-

spicuous to the world. But even assessed taxes were not popular with the statesmen who imposed them, and were retained on no other plea than that of dire necessity. Hence soap, candles, tea, sugar, malt, beer, wine, bread, salt, leather, dye-stuffs—every article, in short, of consumption, every necessary of life, to the poor as well as to the rich, bore its burden. And the arguments of such as ventured to hint at a different arrangement were met, first, by the assertion that there was no injustice in the arrangement at all; and next, that if there were, it was better that men should pay to the state through their grocers, their hatters, and their shoemakers, than through the most unpopular of all public functionaries, the common tax-gatherer. Well do we remember, so recently as the year 1829, when an honorable gentleman, now in parliament, suggested a change in regard to this matter, that his proposition was met by the minister with a brevity and vigor of expression which had more the air of determination than of courteousness about it. However, time was running his ceaseless course all this while, and changes of various kinds came round upon his chariot-wheels.

Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Eldon, and their party, refused to take office under Mr. Canning, because he was avowedly favorable to the removal of what were called the Catholic disabilities. The old tory party praised them for this on their retirement, and bore them back again with loud shouts, after the death of Canning and the weakness of his successors opened to them once more the gates of Downing-street. They came into office one year, and the very next test and corporation acts and Catholic disabilities went by the board. Had they taken another step in advance, we are not prepared to say that they would have insured to themselves a perpetuity of power; but there can be no doubt now that their proceedings in the matter of the East Retford question, followed up by the duke's memorable declaration against parliamentary reform, were the proximate causes of that terrible convulsion, from the effects of which this country has not yet recovered. The whigs came in, and with them the triumph of liberal principles, as far as it suited the convenience of professed liberals to broach these principles; yet the whigs neither dared to speak of endowments for the Roman Catholic church in Ireland, nor dreamed of revolutionizing either the commercial or the fiscal arrangements of the empire. Many changes they certainly introduced into the *constitution*, properly so called, of the country; but the manner of working it in detail, the system of management in the several portions of the United Kingdom, the church, both here and elsewhere, and, above all, the principle of taxation, these, when compelled to quit office, they left pretty much as they had found them. Let us see what has befallen since; and how a conservative cabinet, backed up and supported by the most powerful party that ever forced its chiefs into office, has, in regard to these matters, comported itself.

There is no denying that the present government took office at a period of extraordinary danger and difficulty to the country. Disastrous wars abroad; seditious movements, but little removed from rebellion, at home; ruined commerce, and a revenue falling off from quarter to quarter; all bespoke a state of things which was not to be met by common measures of amendment. The new

government felt this, and acted upon the conviction. Warned by the total failure of the policy of their predecessors, they determined to hazard a complete change of system, and they were encouraged to do so by the assurance that dwelt upon their minds that their will would be accepted as law by the nation. How, indeed, could the case be otherwise? Their majorities in the two houses of parliament were overwhelming. True, the measures which they had considered and matured were not likely to please their own friends, or, at all events, some of them. But what of that? Their friends *dare* not leave them, for, if they did, the consequence would be an immediate return to office of the clique towards whom they had taught themselves to feel as Hannibal felt towards the Romans. And as to the opposition, first, they were numerically too feeble to be much accounted of; and, next, they must become false to their own principles, and so degrade themselves in the eyes of the whole world, if they refused to support attempts, which it was assumed that they had meditated, perhaps yearned and longed to make, but which, well knowing the strength of the party that would have gainsaid them, they had not hardihood, perhaps patriotism, enough to propose.

The putting down of the repeal movement in Ireland, with the trials, bungled as they were, that followed, were measures entirely after the good old tory heart; there was no reserve in the applause wherewith that master-stroke of policy was greeted. But may we predicate as much in regard either to the tariff of 1842 or the imposition at that time of an income-tax? Perhaps not. Nevertheless, the measures were proposed and carried; and the conservatives, or tories, felt that, from that hour, the ground on which they used once upon a time to stand was no longer tenable.

The original tariff and income-tax were speedily followed by enactments more and more indicative of the fact that "old things were passing away," that "all things were become new." Ireland must be quieted; the demand for a repeal of the union must be put to silence; and there were but two means whereby this end could be accomplished. Half a century ago, or less—may we not say five-and-twenty years ago, at the utmost!—the Irish people would have been told that, if they persisted in disturbing the public peace, they should suffer for it. And suffer for it they would have done. For, unless our memory be much at fault, the Duke of Wellington in the lords, and Sir Robert Peel in the commons, gave to all concerned something like a pledge to this effect, when, in 1829, after passing the emancipation act, they declared, "that, should the measure unfortunately fail of producing the results which they anticipated from it, they would be the first to ask from parliament such powers as should enable them to vindicate the outraged majesty of the law." Now we need not say that, if by the language which they then held, our illustrious leaders intended to prophesy a long season of content and submission in Ireland, they proved no more than that they had not been gifted with the art of vaticination. Ireland has never been so turbulent, so entirely unmanageable, as since the Roman Catholics carried that point, the surrender of which was counted upon, ere the event befell, as the sure forerunner of peace, and plenty, and gratitude, and the very height of loyalty, in that portion of her majesty's dominions. However, it would be unfair to keep

out of view that many other causes than the one have contributed to produce this. Thirteen or fourteen years of whig management, during which the government depended from week to week for its existence on men avowedly hostile to all the established institutions of the country, could not fail of creating in Ireland a spirit which we do not know how to describe, lest we should seem to labor under the influence of a delusion. It is enough when we remind our readers that the tables were turned with a vengeance; that it was no longer Protestant, but Popish ascendancy which sober-minded men found cause to dread; that laws yet unrepealed were violated openly, and the violation sanctioned by the authorities of the day; and that the consequence was a thorough dislocation of the whole framework of society. How the whigs can have the effrontery to speak of the repeal movement as originating in the return of the tories to power would, indeed, surprise us, if anything that occurs in party strife were a legitimate cause of wonder to the lookers-on. The repeal movement was in full operation long before the weakness of Lord Melbourne's cabinet had become apparent beyond the limits of parliament, and would have operated far more effectually than it did, either at Clontarf or anywhere else, but for the providential removal from the sovereign's councils of men who, let their intentions be as upright as they might, were without power to carry them into execution.

There was no alternative to Sir Robert Peel, in reducing Ireland to a state of rest and comparative obedience to the laws, except either to govern with a rod of iron, or to conciliate the great body of the people, by behaving generously to them on their most tender point. To effect the former, he must have prevailed upon parliament to suspend the constitution in the sister island, and to coerce and restrain its inhabitants by martial law, and an army of 150,000 men. Now, apart from all considerations of moral right and moral wrong, these are arrangements much more easily talked about than accomplished. We do not believe that a proposal of the sort would have been listened to in either house; we are very sure that in the present cabinet there is not a man who ever dreamed of making it. For, be it observed, that there is no doing work like this by halves. You must have penal laws against the Roman Catholic religion, otherwise failure is certain. You must go back to the days of William III., or the Duke of Cumberland, and treat Papists as these worthies treated the Episcopalians of Scotland, each in his generation, reacting the massacres of Glencoe and Culloden, only on a larger scale, or you will do nothing. Now neither Sir Robert Peel nor Lord John Russell would tolerate such things. How, then, was the minister to act?

And here let us observe, that we are arrived at the summit of the Brenner pass. We know that it is necessary to descend; yet it would be ridiculous to deny that the first movement which the carriage makes towards the plains of Bavaria agitates us exceedingly. The charitable endowments bill was a bold measure. We praised it at the time, and we repeat our praises now; but it certainly made us, and, we suspect, the whole tory party, feel queer. In Ireland it has wrought much good, not unminged with a little evil. We are sorry to see that our Protestant brethren there too much denounce it. We can make many allowances for them, but in this we are satisfied

that they are wrong. And now behold what follows! The queen's speech having lightly paved the way, the minister seizes the earliest opportunity of announcing that the education of candidates for holy orders, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic church in Ireland, shall henceforth be carried on at the public expense. Fed, clothed, and boarded by the public these young aspirants for the cowl and the tonsor may not be; but all the appliances of learning are to be provided for them out of a grant from government; and Maynooth, enlarged and enriched, yet no wise remodelled, either in its constitution or privileges, is to be the scene of their religious and intellectual training.

The carriage has taken another dash downwards. Safe we still believe it to be; but there is a chasm close to the road, over which it makes us dizzy to gaze, though we cannot shut our eyes to it. Sir Robert Peel does right in facilitating the better education of the Irish Roman Catholic priesthood. Till this is done, and benefices assured to them afterwards, less repulsive to good taste, good feeling, and personal independence, than the contributions of the poor, it is vain to expect that *gentlemen* will become ministers in the church of the majority in Ireland. Plenty of talent there will always be, with some scholarship—not much; some slight acquaintance with the dead languages, and an abundant stock of bigotry; but Maynooth as it was, and the P.P. parishes as they are, never could have produced such a body of priests as should deserve the respect of the higher orders, or become guides to the lower in those moral duties of the present life which best fit men for happiness in another. Indeed, it is a well-known fact, that ever since Maynooth was established, the characters of the Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland, and their influence for good, have steadily deteriorated. We are old enough to remember the Romish priests of the old school, men of good families and liberal views, who, trained at some of the foreign universities, most of them at Douay in France, brought back with them to their pastoral office at home, not only the manners, but the feelings and desires of well-bred gentlemen. Not one of them now remains. Mr. Pitt's horror of republican principles, having been barely strong enough to come between the Irish gentry and the foreign education of which we are speaking, gave them Maynooth in its room, and so stunted the gift, that it ceased to have value in the eyes of any except the sons of the peasantry. It was a charge against Jeroboam, who "made Israel to sin," that he "took of the lowest of the people, and made them priests of God." The selfsame accusation lies against the founders and supporters of Maynooth up to the present time; for verily the priests which go forth from that seminary have all been taken from the very lowest of the people.

And here the question arises, how far has Sir Robert Peel judged wisely in continuing to Maynooth a monopoly, so to speak, of the education of young men designed for the service of the Romish church in Ireland? If Maynooth was to be continued at all, the wisdom of largely increasing the grant for its maintenance does not admit of a doubt. But the real problem to be solved is, why should this seminary be kept up? Doubtless there are good reasons for this, of which we are ignorant. Probably the minister, having made up his mind to do a gracious thing, put a further re-

straint upon his own wishes, in order that it might be done with as much grace as possible. And, if it be true that the Roman Catholics of Ireland prefer the present to any other arrangement that could have been made, there is an end, we presume, to all argument on the subject. But these are points which we do not find ourselves bound to take for granted; and, therefore, heartily going along with him in the *animus* by which he is swayed, we feel ourselves at liberty to doubt the wisdom of the minister's actual proceedings.

If we Protestants be right in our belief that men continue Papists only through ignorance and prejudice, it surely seems to follow that we should desire as much as possible to communicate to them the knowledge which they lack, and to overcome their prejudices. Now the obvious method of accomplishing this end is to make them as much as possible sharers in our own system of education. We do not mean to argue that, either in England or in Ireland, it could be desirable, or even just, to throw open to Roman Catholics, or Dissenters of any kind, the endowments of our colleges, which are, by their constitution, inseparably connected with the Established Church. But why there should not be in Great Britain, as there is in Prussia, universities with mixed faculties, wherein men of both creeds might pursue their general studies together, going to their respective professors of theology for theological instruction, is what we have never been able to comprehend. Let us not be misunderstood. The English universities have so completely departed from the spirit, and, indeed, the form, in which they were founded, that to append to either a seminary wherein members of the church of Rome might pursue their studies, is impossible. But the same objection does not apply to Dublin, far less to any new university which government might found, and pious individuals foster, in other parts of Ireland. And we frankly confess, that the adoption of some plan of the sort would have been more acceptable to us than that on which the minister seems to have determined in regard to Maynooth.

At the same time, we do not condemn an arrangement of which we cannot see all the bearings, or even the sources. If it be true, for example, as we know is asserted, that by the terms of the act of Union the government is bound to support Maynooth, then has Sir Robert Peel come to a wise determination, in adding to the amount of the grant annually made to it. But was he likewise bound to keep it precisely as he found it? Could he not, even now, add a Protestant college to the college as it exists—giving to both higher privileges, and placing both upon a better footing?

So much for deeds actually done. We have, under a tory government, recognized the Church of Rome in Ireland as a church. We speak no more of ministers of the Romish persuasion; but, in commissions issued from the crown, address ourselves to "The Most Reverend Archbishop Murray," and "The Right Reverend Bishop."

Again: We pass an act of parliament whereby pious individuals professing the Romish faith are empowered to endow benefices, and build Roman Catholic places of worship, at their pleasure. Thus an end is put to that fiction in law which denied the existence of the Church of Rome within these kingdoms. So far from prohibiting the Romish clergy to officiate in public, we permit them to become bodies corporate; and, like our

own vicars and rectors, to hold property as corporations whole, so long as time shall last. Moreover, if we do not negotiate directly with the pope, we give a sanction to the promulgation of one of his bulls in this our Protestant realm; and very much rejoice to find that it enjoins on the Romish clergy that, which all our laws failed to command—an abstinence from political agitation, and the steady devotion of their time and talents to the duties of their calling. And, lastly, that other symptoms of change may not be wanting, the head of the party which so long resisted emancipation proposes a grant of many thousands annually for the better education of Roman Catholic priests; and, if not cheered, is certainly not turned round upon or denounced by the party for having done so.

Are we annoyed at all this? Do we blame it? By no means. Sir Robert Peel is pursuing, according to our poor judgment, the only course which holds out a prospect of peace for Ireland, and, as a necessary consequence, for the United Kingdom. He is acting justly towards the majority, and with exceeding policy towards the minority, of the population of Ireland. But we acknowledge, nevertheless, that we are on a rapid descent on the hill-side, and that our nerves are somewhat shaken by it. Who will undertake to give a pledge, that in ten years, or twenty at the most, the Roman Catholic Church shall not be established in Ireland? Be it so. This is the risk. And, if it do come, we must try to make the best of it. But we are not at all disposed to say that it *must* come.

And now let us look a little to other matters. It is not in regard to churches and to the education of the people alone that the wheel is going round. It seems to us that the financial system of the country is in the balance. Formerly, men's theory was, that indirect taxation was greatly preferable to direct taxation. We may be wrong; but we fancy that this notion is, with many others, getting out of date; and, on the whole, perhaps properly so.

The income-tax has been repealed for three years; and, that no doubt may remain touching the minister's design of desiring a further renewal, when these three years shall have expired, an amended tariff keeps pace with the arrangement, and trade is set free from a great many more of its shackles. Export duties are to be levied no more. Raw cotton, and other elements of manufacture, are to enter our ports duty free; and glass, and we know not how many *fabriques* besides, rejoice in an exemption from taxation. Sugar, also, one of the great necessaries of life to the poor, is to be so lightened, that it shall pass from the grocer's shop into the cups of the consumers at something about one penny farthing per pound cheaper than it used to be. And the grand result is, that the trade of the country is to be relieved from the pressure of three millions of annual taxation, for which the income-tax, though taken at five millions, will, according to the estimated expenditure for the ensuing year, barely compensate, with a trifling balance in favor of the exchequer of ninety or a hundred thousand pounds.

The minister has not said, of course, that at the termination of three years he will certainly propose a further prolongation of the income-tax. On the contrary, he cheers the house with the same sort of assurance that he gave them three years ago, namely, that whenever the finances of

the country will bear it, he shall remit the tax; and that, perhaps, the increased facilities afforded to commerce may enable him to gratify both himself and the country in this way three years hence. We quite believe him. We do not doubt that, if it were possible to maintain the public credit, and keep the wheel of government going without the imposition of taxes of any kind, Sir Robert Peel would propose their total abolition. But this is not possible, neither is it at all probable that trade can take such a start within three years, as to bring in, by means of the reduced duties, an increase of five millions sterling to the treasury. Our chances of getting rid of the income-tax through the operation of ordinary causes seems, therefore, to us to be small indeed. But supposing these causes to operate, and the returns from the customs and excise to go beyond their former productiveness to the amount of five millions, or more, is it therefore certain that the income-tax shall cease? We think not. Manufacturers and trading gentlemen generally resemble, in more ways than one, the monster in the tale of *Vathek*, who though fed with little children, never seemed to get his belly full. If reductions in duties to the amount of three millions add so much to their gains that they can afford to pay five millions for them, how much will they not gain provided the three-million reduction become six? Besides, though four hundred and thirty articles be exempt, there remain still four hundred, and more, to be released in like manner. Will not the tea-merchant assert, and with reason, that he has the same claim to consideration with the sugar-merchant? And are we to put out of view altogether the corn-merchant, the most oppressed of all importers—at least, in the opinion of the League? Surely not. Surely, this experiment, if it prove as successful as the last, will lead to another, and another, till the brightest dream of the economist is realized, and trade left free to find its own level, unbolstered by protecting duties on the one hand, and unshackled by drawbacks and restrictive impositions on the other.

Once more, therefore, we cannot disguise from ourselves, that the carriage is rushing down the pass at a tremendous rate. Not that we object either to the pace or the position. The former, though rapid, will carry us the sooner through our perils; the latter, though beset with some dangers, has a considerable touch of security in it too, and we will tell our readers where to look for it.

The evident tendency of the new system of taxation (for a new system has arisen, and will be carried out vigorously) is to relieve, as much as possible, the poorer classes, and to lay the burden upon the richer. All *direct* taxation seeks this end, provided it do not degenerate into a poll-tax: for to tax property is to tax directly: and, even if there were no line beneath which the tax-gatherer were forbidden to go, the heavy end of the property-tax must, in the very nature of things, be borne by such as possess the largest share of this world's goods. And he who cannot perceive that the present government is gradually substituting direct for indirect taxes must be very short-sighted indeed. So far, therefore, we think that the minister deserves both approval and support. And though the views which we are disposed to take of the operations of an income, as contradistinguished from a property-tax, may not, perhaps, prove popular, we shall not, therefore, hesitate to give them.

The objections to the present device are, that it operates unfairly; that it exacts as much from the annuitant and the professional man as from the landed proprietor or the fundholder; and that, in regard to men in trade, the inquisitorial nature of the surveillance to which they are liable is intolerable; and that, after all, the grossest injustice prevails both for and against the tax-payer. We do not think that anybody has objected seriously to the standard, as the legislature has settled it. Persons worth barely 150*l.* a-year are generally of opinion that 200*l.* would have been a better line; but there is a sort of suspicion on our minds that if 200*l.* had been taken, the same argument would have held—ay, and been repeated at 400*l.* and 500*l.*, and perhaps 1000*l.* We will conclude, therefore, that the 150*l.* line is a fair one; and so address ourselves to the matter in dispute between income and property.

And here, the first question which occurs to us is, what do men mean by property? If you and I possess each ten thousand pounds, and you, being a man of moderate wishes, invest your capital in the funds, or the purchase of land; while I, envious of higher things, go to Manchester, and purchase a mill, and become a manufacturer, does it therefore follow that my property ceases to be property because it makes thrice the return that yours does? and would it be fair, while you paid three per cent. on your three hundred a-year to the state, that I should pay nothing on my twelve hundred? The truth is, that the capital which men embark in trade is not only property, in every sense of the term, as much as the moneyed man's money and the landed proprietor's land, but it is that which theirs is not—improvable property, accumulative property—property that goes on increasing itself, and therefore of twice the worth of theirs, even at the outset. True, the merchant and trader have many risks to encounter; for, though a wealthy man to-day, he may be a beggar to-morrow. But whose doing is this? He prefers the risk of loss and the chance of gain to the quiet of repose. Is he, therefore, a fit subject for exemption from those burdens which the necessities of the state impose upon its subjects?

No, it will be said; but, in truth, merchants and traders seldom know what they are worth. Their returns may be great for awhile; but, supposing circumstances to arise which shall induce them to wind up the concern, it may come to pass, not only that their incomes are terribly diminished, but that they find it impossible to realize even the amount of capital which they brought with them originally to the concern. Is it fair, then, to tax them from year to year upon an income which has no more solid foundation to rest upon than luck or the current of trade?

We really think that it is quite fair. Subject they doubtless are to all the contingencies that are here enumerated, but they are not the only classes of persons whom contingencies of the sort affect. A fall in the funds would reduce the property of the fund-holder; to a less extent, perhaps, but still sufficiently so to place him, in regard to principle, on the same footing with the trader. And, as to land, the frequency with which, within the last thirty years, it has changed its owners, and the prodigious fluctuations in value to which it has been liable, show that not even when standing on our own dirty acres can we tell, within many thousand pounds, what we are worth. The only difference, indeed, between us and the merchant is,

that while we can, he cannot always leave his business to his children, or keep it from breaking down in his own hands. But, so far as regards the returns which it makes to him on his capital, it must be a very poor business, indeed, if it do not pay a better interest than either the three per cents or the very best of the marsh lands in Lincolnshire or the Isle of Ely. Besides, in proportion to the diminution of the incomes of both, the tax-gatherer's demand becomes less startling; and if, unfortunately, we sink below the line of 150*l.* we shall both of us become exempt altogether.

Well, but the very existence of a trader may depend upon the maintenance of his credit; and hence your prying tax compels him, in very many instances, to pay for a larger income than he receives. Or if he be a thorough-paced curmudgeon, he will make his returns as small as he can, and so cheat the state, while he cultivates habits of falsehood and knavery in his own bosom.

Both propositions are admitted; but what then? The legislature cannot help either result. If men are so dishonest as to describe themselves to be that which they are not, what power on earth is there to prevent it! For he who makes a false return in order to bolster up a failing credit deserves to pay for his whistle; indeed, the chances are that, in his case, the law is doing good to many, inasmuch as it is hurrying forward a crisis which cannot come too soon. The bane of this, and of all other commercial countries, is the readiness with which men, virtually insolvent, are kept above water till they contrive to drag down hundreds with them. We cannot pay the smallest heed to men who wilfully represent themselves to be in a flourishing condition when they know that they are on the eve of bankruptcy. And as to your curmudgeon, the fact that he is able to cheat the tax-gatherer, even if it be at the expense of his personal honor, proves that the law is neither so inquisitorial, nor so inflexible as it is generally represented to be. But this is not all.

The opponents of the income-tax have no objection to impose burdens upon realized property. They object only to an arrangement which treats the uncertain profits of trade and life-incomes as if they were of equal value with the rents of land or half-yearly dividends. We admit that, if you look to the individuals, neither a profession which brings annually a thousand pounds, nor a business which clears as much, is half so desirable as a landed estate or a capital invested in the three per cents, each of which makes a similar return. But the state, we apprehend, cannot view the matter in this light. The object of all governments is to preserve order and to afford adequate protection to the life and property of the subject. Now order and good government are doubtless necessary to the quiet enjoyment by the land-owner of his rents, and by the fund-owner of his dividends. But are they not, at least, as necessary to the merchant and the professional man? Nay, are not the two latter more dependent on good government by far than the two former? Suppose the machine of state to get out of order. Such a result seldom arrives in a day; but suppose the symptoms of a revolution to become so manifest that nobody can avoid to notice them, who is in the worse plight then, the land-owner or the merchant, the professional man or the fund-owner? Surely the merchant and the professional man. Landed estates have survived many revolutions, and continued in the families of their ancient proprietors. The prudent fund-owner, when he sees the storm com-

ing, will sell out, at a great loss doubtless, but still for something, and withdraw with the wreck of his property to some better land. But what becomes of the merchant and the professional man? The former is beggared at once; the latter finds that his clients, or patients, or parishioners, as the case may be, have something else to do with their money than to pay his tithes or fees. And so he finds himself suddenly, though a man of consummate talent and enterprise, cast out into the street. We think, then, that merchants and professional men, when they complain of the injustice of an income-tax, are forgetful of the one great purpose for which all taxation is imposed. They do not take into account that of the various classes of society they stand the most in need of the protection which a good government affords, and that to grumble because they are requested to contribute equally with other classes towards its maintenance is to show themselves not very grateful for the protection which they enjoy.

Again, one obvious consequence of the remission of the tax on income, and the substitution in its room of a tax on realized property, would be that the amount of realized property in this country would diminish from day to day. Who would keep his capital locked up in the funds in order that a percentage from it might be applied to the uses of the state, while all who chose to embark theirs in speculation or trade were excepted from the impost? Land, to be sure, must remain; and if you think it just to tax land, and not to tax the profits of cotton mills and Chinese adventures, the land must pay. But the price of stocks will very soon tumble down under such a system to the lowest figure, inasmuch as every holder that can, will realize his property, and, should things come to the worst, purchase with it Pennsylvania bonds: that is, supposing the drab men to have the effrontery to bring any more of their waste-paper into the money-market. The obvious consequence of a tax on realized property, to the exemption of mere income, from whatever source derived, would therefore be extreme confusion in the money-market, and an eager rushing by all classes into trade, out of which would come national disgrace and universal beggary.

It appears, then, to us that, having fairly changed his system, having seen the exact point beyond which indirect taxation could not be carried, having had the boldness to avow this, and to shape his plans accordingly, Sir Robert Peel has entered upon the one course which held out a prospect of permanent security to the throne and to the great institutions of the country. For his income-tax is sure to become more and more productive, in proportion as the trade and commerce of the empire extend. We will venture to predict that the effect of the removal of the duty on glass alone will be to set up scores of glass manufactories, each of which will turn out a profitable concern, and by the tax on its profits add to the surplus of the next year's revenue. And as to the weaving and working up of cotton, and the impulse that is about to be given to the sugar-trade, we cannot speak in terms too sanguine as to our anticipations concerning them. Moreover, we feel that we are yet only in the beginning of things. Other indirect taxes will go; and, through the relief which their removal affords, we shall not feel the weight of the income-tax, though we may marvel to behold how, from year to year, it goes on increasing in its productiveness.

One argument more there is in favor of the new

system, which has probably occurred, are we particularize it, to most of our readers. There is no kind of tax so easy of collection—so little expensive to the state—so little dangerous to public morals, as an income-tax. Falling as it does upon persons in a certain station of life, you have a right to assume that they will make, for the most part, an honest declaration of their means, and pay without—or not, perhaps, without reluctance—but certainly without equivocation, as the seasons of payment come round. A body of collectors, comparatively small in point of numbers, will get the whole in; and a moderate percentage on the sums collected will repay them for their trouble. Whereas customs and excise not only require whole armies of officers to do their bidding, but are the fruitful sources of dishonesty, sometimes of violence, in many quarters. We cannot hope that the day will ever arrive, when we shall be able to pay the public creditor, and defray the ordinary expenses of the state, without both customs and excise. But the less we depend upon them for the realization of the revenue the better it will be for the moral as well as the physical well-being of the masses, who, being less able to resist temptation than their superiors, ought, by a wise government, to be more guarded from its influence.

If we have succeeded in making our meaning plain, the readers of *Regina* will understand that, in our humble opinion, the whole frame-work of society in this country is in a state of transition. The changes proposed seem, moreover, to be good in many respects; and the manner in which they are conducted is both considerate and wise. We shall have no revolution; no more nonsense about People's Charters, Parliamentary Reform, Repeal of the Union, and suchlike; but a gradual though steady settling down of old tory opinions and prejudices, and a thorough alteration in matters, both civil and ecclesiastical, which, twenty years ago, were supposed to be immovable as the hills. We are content to abide the issue; and, though somewhat dizzy, as we have more than once taken occasion to observe, full of hope that we shall yet reach the plain, without any damage to our horses, ourselves, or even hurt to the carriage.

From the Colonial Magazine.

AN EXCURSION TO A CACAO OR CHOCOLATE PLANTATION IN THE WEST INDIES.

SOME years back, while residing in the town of Port-of-Spain, the capital of the island of Trinidad, one fine morning at daylight, which begins there a little after five, I mounted my hardy Venezuelan pony, and started off at a brisk canter, for the purpose of spending a few days with my excellent and esteemed friend, the mayor-domo or manager of Reconocimiento cacao, or chocolate plantation, situate about twenty miles off, in the heights of the quarter or district of Arauca. I had despatched my gun and portmanteau, on the day before, by a trusty black. After a smart and delightful ride of nearly two hours along an excellent road, having handsome sugar-plantations on both sides of it, I arrived at an establishment called "The Pens," a sort of better half-way house, on the road to Reconocimiento, about fourteen miles from Port-of-Spain, at the foot of the northern range of mountains of Trinidad, and on their southern side. This place was a dependency of the plantation for which I was bound, and consisted of a few acres of land

in pasture and of the house, which was a very good and commodious one of two stories, having large store-rooms in the lower one, which served as a depôt for the produce from the estate above, until it should be forwarded to market in the town. As there was good shooting along my road, I resolved to leave my pony here until my return, and proceed on foot. Having six miles farther to travel, and that entirely through woods and precipitous mountains, an excellent cup of *café-au-lait*, and some American cracker-biscuits with plenty of fresh butter—the latter being a great rarity in the island—I found most acceptable. This first breakfast over, I clad myself in my shooting habiliments, and struck into the woods by a narrow path, the only one to the plantation, and which could only be used as a bridle-and-foot one. I went alone, for the way was familiar to me from having been several times before along it. I shall not stop here to describe the grandeur of the Arauca forests; suffice it to state, that they are composed of nature's choicest selection of tree and shrub, among which a variety of animals roam, and numerous birds of varied hue and plumage, worthy of such a dwelling, abide and disport. I wended my way leisurely, now bringing down a brace of parrots from a flock of those noisy creatures, as they would clamorously fly across, or sit feeding among the branches above my head. At another time, diverging a little from my path, enticed by their cooing, I would bag a scallop-necked pigeon, or a mountain dove. While in quest of an agouti, or Indian rabbit, which I had espied not far off, I shot a prehensile porcupine, which required a second and a third shot to bring it down, so fast did it cling to a branch with its tail. A herd of pearies or wild hogs crossed me at too great a distance for destruction; but a brace of pawies, which are a sort of wild turkey, I succeeded in adding to my stock of game. The road was exceedingly rich in the picturesque. It was, as it were, a kind of forest-clad *Bolan*-pass, for the most part; now crossing a deep ravine, presently ascending and winding along a ledge affording hardly room to proceed even with the greatest caution, and anon leading across a roaring torrent, and then a gentle stream, while innumerable shrill-toned birds and cricketing insects, drowning the lamentations of the plaintive dove, lent to the feelings of romance which were raised by the ever-varying locality.

I at length reached the plantation. Reconocimiento, (in English, *Gratitude*,) like the lovely but rare virtue which its name represents, bursts suddenly and brightly upon one's view, when at last found, and not the less so from its being unexpected. On coming thus suddenly upon it, it has the appearance of one vast forest-orchard, if I may make use of the term, planted in the space formed by a hollow between two mountains, which have here receded a good deal more than they are wont to do at any other point. It is placed in what the West Indians term a punch-bowl—a designation which will give one a very good idea of its situation, if he supplies to it, in his mind's eye, the mouth of a milk-pot at two of its sides, to serve as an entrance on the one and an exit on the other. The mountains rise to, I should suppose, nearly 1,500 feet above the level of the cultivation, which is itself nearly 1000 feet above the level of the sea. One's sensations on reaching this calm and lovely spot, after a rugged and toilsome, although exciting, journey of six miles, are pleasurable in the extreme. The place appeared to me, on my first

visit to it, to be an earthly paradise, which the rugged and difficult nature of much of the road to it from below, had well prepared me to appreciate to its full.

I soon gained the dwelling-house of my kind host, which is a few hundred yards only from the commencement of the plantation. It was now about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when I found him anxiously awaiting me, to partake with him a sumptuous second breakfast, or *tiffin*, as they call it in the East Indies, in which part of the world he had been. Having deposited my game with the cook, I was introduced to the doctor of the plantation, who had, like myself, come on a visit, although his was one of profit as well as pleasure. This son of Esculapius was not only a most agreeable companion, but could wield and thrust a boarspear almost as well as flourish the spatula, or dart the lancet. I did that justice to an ample spread, which no one but a pedestrian ever realizes in its fullest extent; the viands were both exotic and indigenous. A piece of roasted pecary flesh stood opposed to a cold ham of its near congener, the domestic swine; while curried fowl, and crayfish stewed in claret, flanked them. I need not say that the beverage of the gods was there—theobroma, chocolate of excellent flavor—and left us nothing to desire.

I shall not trouble the reader with any further account of several days most agreeably spent on Reconocimiento. What with hunting the pecary, shooting, fishing, bathing, and ranging through the delightful groves of the plantation, and occasionally lending a hand to the laborers, in helping them to pick the cacao fruit from the trees, I spent a most delightfully recreative sojourn. I shall now describe the estate in all particulars.

Reconocimiento is one of the largest cacao establishments in Trinidad. Its immediate cultivation, or that part of it which is actually planted, occupies a *vega** or bottom of land nearly a mile in length, and rather more than a quarter of a mile in breadth, the ground, however, having a sufficient declivity from the foot of the mountains—which, as I said before, almost entirely hem it in—to secure its perfect natural drainage into a rivulet, which, gently meandering through it, divides it into two slightly unequal parts. There were about 30,000 cacao-trees growing on this space and some newly-planted land on the adjacent hillside, and the produce of the estate, when I visited it, ranged from 1,000 to 1,200 fanegas of cacao, each fanega being a sack containing 150 lbs. It employed, as far as I recollect, forty effective slaves. This would give, at the rate of ten Spanish dollars per fanega, which was the then price, a gross return of from 10,000 to 12,000 dollars per annum, which, after a deduction of one-third for expenses, leaves a clear return, in round numbers, of from 6,500 to 8,000 dollars, equal to £1,300 English sterling money, in the first, and £1,500 in the second case. The profits of a cacao estate at Trinidad may be imagined to have been very great about the year 1816, a great many years before the time of my visit, when it is considered that the produce was then selling for as much as 25 dollars the fanega, more than double the price I speak of. In fact, to begin my account, *ab ovo*, Reconocimiento owes its existence to that very high price. It was originally reclaimed from the

forest by an old Spanish military officer, who, finding it difficult to carry on the war on a sugar-plantation which he possessed at the foot of the mountains below, and enticed by the magnificently handsome profits which the undertaking promised, achieved his views in the following manner:—

While the Spanish limbs of the law were pressing him in front of his old plantation, with their formal and tardy approaches, intent upon possessing and sacking it, like a wily and experienced old engineer-officer, as he was, he with great circumspection quietly withdrew, and retired up the valley in his rear. He succeeded, after much toil, in making an unperceived retreat with all his baggage, and ensconcing himself on the spot of his new hopes. The enemy fired a due quantity of petitions, replications, surrejoinders, and other legal shot, and having expended a great deal of breath in their war of words, were at last allowed to enter the gates of the citadel, consisting, at this stage of matters, of some falling buildings, and an old rusty sugar-mill on some worn-out land! Out of gratitude for his deliverance, the old man gave his new habitation its present name.

The whole of Reconocimiento, with the exception of a few acres of land towards its centre, and devoid of vegetation, may be described as being one entire forest, in no way distinguishable from the surrounding one but by the peculiarity of the cacao-trees themselves, and the tall erythrimas which serve to afford them shade and shelter. The space of unplanted land mentioned above, is in the form of a square, which is occupied, on part of two of its sides, by a most commodious dwelling-house, by the manager's and the overseer's house, and by the buildings requisite for drying and housing the produce; while, upon part of the opposite side, are the huts of the laborers, so contrived, by being screened behind foliage, as not to be perceived from the opposite buildings. With the exception of this square, in all other parts of the property, one is secluded in a delightful, almost impenetrable, shade. It will be sufficient to say, that all the buildings, as to situation, comfort and convenience, are such as were to be expected from one who could so ably and judiciously select the spot for this fine plantation.

In the rear of the dwelling-house there is a beautiful garden, consisting principally of flowers; but in it I perceived the English strawberry-plant, growing luxuriously, without, however, producing any fruit, which, I suppose, proceeded from a want of knowledge of the proper mode of cultivating it, as the temperature of the place is low enough to allow of its bearing tolerably. I here found the nights absolutely so cold as to disturb my sleep towards morning, although I used the covering of a blanket, in addition to the usual linen sheet of the West Indies. As far as I could judge, in the absence of a thermometer, the temperature must have ranged from 65° to 70° Fahrenheit, during the greater part of the night; in the middle of the day it was, I should think, 80° in the shade. No doubt, it is at times somewhat lower. At Port-of-Spain, which is on a level with, and close to the sea, the heat is generally about 77° during the night, and 84° during the day, in the shade, subject to slight fluctuations. Any one, however, curious enough to leave his bed at three or four o'clock in the morning, may, even at Port-of-Spain, in the months of January and February, observe the thermometer as low as 70°. The doctor informed me that Reconocimiento was remarkably healthy,

* Vega lands are rich flat lands, principally of alluvial soil, situated between a river and a mountain, and receiving the washings of the latter.

said that malignant fevers, such as occur in the low lands, were there unknown.

The cacao, or chocolate-tree, is known to botanists by the generic name of *Theobroma*, signifying, in the Greek language, food for a god; a name which was bestowed upon it by Linnæus, to mark his opinion of the excellent quality of its seeds. Benjoni, however, who travelled in the sixteenth century, formed a very different estimate of its merits, and declared that chocolate was a drink "fitter for a pig than a man;" an opinion for which nothing but gross ignorance could account, so totally false and absurd is it. I know it to be good for both; and not the less so for man, because it is exceedingly fattening for the swinish fraternity. There are three species of the *Theobroma*—the *Theobroma cacao*, of which I am now treating; the *Theobroma Gujanensis*, and the *Theobroma bicolor*; this genus belongs to the class *Polyadelphica*, and to the order *Pentagynia*. The sort under consideration is produced by a tree seldom rising above the height of twenty feet; it is equal in size to an orange-tree, and its leaves are large, oblong, and pointed. Herrera, the historian, compares the leaves with those of the chestnut-tree; but there is very little, if any, resemblance. The whole tree more resembles the cherry-tree than any other I can compare it with, the leaves, however, being infinitely larger than those of that plant. The flowers, which are small, and of a pale red color, spring from the large branches, and also from the trunk; they are succeeded by oval-pointed pods, grooved like a melon, and, indeed, not unlike that fruit, although the cacao-pod be smaller in girth than the melon. They contain a white pithy substance, which is of a sweetish, but sickeningly mawkish and disagreeable taste, and surrounds numerous seeds: these are the cacao of commerce. These seeds are oval-formed, and about as large as a moderate-sized almond-kernel, but not so slender; they are, internally, of a dark brown color, approaching to dun, and are covered with a thin skin or husk, of a light reddish-brown color. The nuts are very numerous, but vary in this respect, some pods containing as many as fifty, while others do not yield more than twenty seeds; they are, as is well known, of a very oily nature. The tree produces fruit twice a year, or rather its principal bearings are two, although it may be said to be never altogether without some pods on it. The trees are raised from seed, which is sown, in the first instance, in nurseries, shaded by the plantain or banana-tree. They are then transplanted in straight lines, so as to make a cross, or quincunx, formed by the junction of the apices of two triangles, or are arranged in the form of squares. The distance of the trees from each other is about fourteen feet in good soil, and about twelve in that which is inferior. Much nicety and judgment are necessary in selecting a soil and situation appropriate to this kind of produce. The Spaniards, who are the principal growers of cacao at Trinidad, do not trust to the results of analysis, to the color, or to any character or quality, except that derived from the luxuriance of the trees growing on it. The exposure should not be to the north, and the situation should be on the banks of a river, from which the benefits of irrigation may be derived when the seasons are too dry, and against any sudden overflow of which there are sufficient safeguards. A piece of land having been chosen, it is cleared of

all the natural vegetation. This is effected in several ways; but the most common is to cut down the wood, allow it to dry, very thoroughly, and then to burn it off. The plantation is then drained, and, if necessary, small trenches are cut so as to carry off all superabundant moisture; when all this was done, the land is ready to receive the cacao plants.

It is peculiarly necessary to defend this tree from the scorching rays of the sun, and at the same time sufficient warmth should be afforded to secure the vegetation. This is done by planting it, as before stated, with the plantain-tree and the erythrina, which answer all the objects desired. The cacao plants which are transplanted should not exceed three feet in height; where they are larger, they are less manageable, and more apt to die. The nurseries of the cacao require very fine land, well dressed, and free from wet. They should be sheltered from the sun. Small heaps of earth are collected, into which two seeds of the cacao are set; for the first twenty-four hours the heaps are covered with plantain-leaves. The ground is watered, if necessary, but no water is allowed to remain on it. The period best suited to this operation is in the month of November. When the two seeds in each heap have germinated, the weakest plant is destroyed, to give greater vigor to the remaining one. The plantain-trees should be carefully cut down when they become old, lest in their fall they should injure the cacao-trees. By the time the plantain-trees are cut down, the erythrina-tree, which is called by the Spaniards, French, and English by the respective names of *madre-del-cacao*, *bois-immortel*, and *coral tree*, has attained, from its rapid growth, a sufficient height to protect the cacao plant, and in five or six years becomes a lofty tree, affording a congenial shade to its protégée, which begins to bear fruit when three years old, and comes to perfection in about fifteen years, at which time it is from ten to fourteen feet in height.

It may be inquired why this particular plant is used to protect the cacao, in preference to any other. It is chosen on account of its affording the most agreeable covering. The cacao-tree, to prosper, although requiring little sun and light, yet, like all other plants, must have the exact quantum which its peculiar nature calls for. Other trees would afford it either too much or too little, but the erythrina seems to have been formed by nature as the maternal guardian of it, capable of ministering to all its exigencies, for which it is required, no doubt, by some hidden service to itself. There are two kinds of erythrina, one smooth, and the other prickly, both of which are used for the above purpose. It grows to the height of more than sixty feet, and its foliage is delicate and sparse, and of a light-green color. It entirely drops its leaves towards the end of the dry season, about the end of March or beginning of April, and then becomes covered with flowers of a bright crimson, and shaped like a cimier. At this season, an extensive plain covered with cacao-plantations, is a magnificent object when viewed from a height. The far-stretching forests of Erythrina present then the appearance of being clothed on the summit with flames, the fresh north-east trade-wind adding to the illusion, as it sweeps over their tops in apparent fleecy clouds of smoke. I must not omit to mention that a plantation of cacao has many enemies; deer, a small kind of

which are exceedingly plentiful at Trinidad, and squirrels and birds, are often very destructive to both tree and fruit.

Cacao is prepared for market in the following manner: the pod having been gathered from the tree by the hand, or by means of a hooked pole, where that mode is impracticable, from the branches being too high, it is collected into large heaps on the ground, and allowed to soften, or sweat, as it is termed by the planters, for three or four days. The pods are then opened, by means of a longitudinal cut, with a strong knife or bill, called a cacao-knife, or bill, and the seeds and pulp extracted with the fingers, and thrown into another heap, where the mass is allowed to sweat for two or three weeks more. At the end of this period, fermentation has loosened the seeds from their pulpy bed, when they are easily separated from it, and taken to the drying-house in baskets. The nuts are now daily spread in the sun upon a large cemented, or sometimes only carefully swept, esplanade, in front of the drying-house, where they are turned frequently and carefully, during the day; at night, they are again housed. The drying house is furnished with large trays, in which the cacao is received during the process of drying, and which can be run out at ports in the side of the building, when the uncertainty of the weather may render that plan advisable. The operation of drying is continued for about three weeks, more or less, according to the favorable or unfavorable state of the weather, when the nuts become sufficiently dry, and are packed for sale and shipment. Coarse bags, made of Oznaburgs sacking, having been prepared, each large enough to contain a fanega in weight, they are filled with the produce, which is now ready to be conveyed to market, in Port-of-Spain, on mules' backs, or in carts, as the nature of the roads will admit, where it is usually immediately sold, and shipped for Europe, as it is an article which deteriorates by keeping.

The cacao-tree is cultivated to a considerable extent in South and Central America; but, in the former country, by no means to the great extent that it was before the Declaration of Independence from the mother country, by its several republics. It is grown with great attention, and to a very large extent, in Mexico, where, Humboldt tells us, it was extensively reared, so far back as the time of Montezuma, and whence, it is supposed by him, to have been transplanted into the other former dependencies of the Spanish monarchy; an opinion which one may be allowed not to coincide in with that great man, since it has been ascertained by more recent travellers, that excellent cacao is to be found growing wild in the forests of the interior of British Guiana. The names whereby the plant, and the confection prepared from its seeds, are recognized at the present time, are, indeed, both derived from the Mexican language, a circumstance which might have been imagined to favor the supposition, but which of itself, obviously, is entitled to little weight. The tree is called by that people, *cacava quahuil*, the meaning of which I do not know, but which, is all probability, on reference to a vocabulary of the Mexican tongue, by those curious enough to do so, will be found to be descriptive of the nature or use of the plant. The confection, and the drink made with it, are termed *chocolatl*, a name which I am fortunate enough to know the origin of, with pretty certain accuracy. *Choco* is the Mexican-Indian word descriptive of a thick sound, such as is produced by beating or stir-

ring a thick liquid; and *latl* means drink, or beverage; so that the entire word, which suits the sense to the sound, exactly comes up to what we mean by a milled-drink, and what, in the West Indies, is yeleft, (although, however, in a more spirited practice,) "swizzle." But, should my friends be not satisfied with this verbal analysis, let them agree that the first component of the word is the name of the province of Choco, in Mexico, where chocolate was first most used as an article of food, of meat and drink. In the time of the Aztec kings, the seeds of the cacao were made use of as money in Mexico, a use to which they are still turned in some parts of it, the smaller seeds being employed for the purpose. The lowest denomination of coined money current in Mexico is a silver coin called a real, which is of the value of about fivepence; and, as there must arise many petty transactions of business to a lower amount, the convenience of these seeds, about sixty of which are reckoned as of the value of a real, must needs be very great. The best cacao is produced in the province of Soconusco, in Mexico, but the produce there is so small, that it barely supplies the people of property in that country, for which reason very little is sent to Europe, where that little brings an exorbitant price. The second kind in point of goodness, is that of Machala, Ironcoso, and Motoria, in the state of Guatemala; the fourth, that grown on the banks of the river Magdalena, in the republic of New Granada; the fifth, that of the island of Trinidad, and of which I now treat; the sixth, that of Caraccas, in the republic of Venezuela; and the seventh, that of Guayaquil. Europe, during the dominion of Spain over them, was chiefly supplied from the abundant crops of the two last places, but since their independence, a comparatively small quantity is exported by them. Trinidad now furnishes a large portion of the demand.

There are, besides the modern ones, several treatises on cacao and chocolate, which are curious and learned, by Bartholomew Marradon, who was a doctor of Marchena; Antonio Colmenero, of Ecija; and Dr. Philip Silvester Du Four. All of these authors agree in giving to chocolate, and all the other preparations from the cacao, a very high character for the possession of great nutritive qualities. I have myself personally used it a great deal, watching most narrowly its effects upon my system, and have always found in it a most wholesome, nourishing, and delicious refreshment, qualities which some have denied it, in their crude, captious, or fanciful attempts to decry it: the more it is used, with a real intention and spirit to allow one's palate and digestion to be their own unbiased judges, the more will it be appreciated. Foreigners know how to value it; why should not Englishmen do so to its full extent, except the reason be found in John Bull's old character for hesitation, in not adopting novelties, until the rest of Europe have almost got tired of them.

In conclusion, we recommend the Trinidadians and other West Indians who have investments in plantations of it, to stick to their cacao, for it is an easy, light, and gentlemanly culture and occupation, which a man could enact in pumps and silk stockings, and that without spoiling his complexion; although its price be not too encouraging; it is not one third of what it was in 1816. But, would it not be wise in them to represent their sufferings to the powers that be, in Downing-street, a little more frequently and energetically

than they seem yet to have done! Has the quaffing of theobroma in the West Indies the same effect on gods and men there, in making them oblivious of their interests, as Lethæan sources too often produce in higher regions, as respects the claims of large bodies of suffering men! Let the planters mind their game, and cacao will yet turn up as a large trump.

From the *Lancet*.

ON PRUSSIC ACID AS A POISON.

SEVERAL cases have lately been painfully brought before the public attention, in which prussic acid has been used for the purposes of suicide and of murder; the first feeling excited is that of surprise that the sale of so terrible a poison should be so unrestrictedly allowed; unless for some improper purpose, it can scarcely ever be required by the non-professional man, and the danger and skill demanded for its preparation would be some safeguard against its manufacture by any but chemists. The plea under which it is generally obtained is to destroy some animal; but the instantaneousness of the death produced by this acid, even in its most concentrated form, is much exaggerated. There is a short, but a very distinct interval between the taking of the poison and death: animals destroyed by it give a cry singularly expressive of pain, and are strongly convulsed from the apparently acute agony they suffer; nor do we think that even on the grounds of saving some old favorite animal pain it is preferable to laudanum, and yet only on this plea is it ever vended.

For suicide this poison has over all others this terrible advantage; when once the fatal phial is to the lips, no earthly power can stay the course. Antidotes are useless. Almost ere the alarm can be given the deed has been accomplished; and even if an antidote were at hand, with the quantity taken, in nine instances out of ten it would be useless; and when first taken the nervous system is so violently affected as to render the approach, even of a friendly hand, dangerous; the teeth are firmly fixed; and when the sufferer falls exhausted, the poison has spread too far into the system to be counteracted, even though the antidote were administered within the few seconds that life then remained.

In debarring the suicide from this deadly poison, we could not hope to prevent one determined to put an end to his existence from effecting his deadly purpose; we will admit this in its fullest extent to those who advocate its sale upon the grounds that were it forbidden, a plunge from a bridge at night, a rope, or a fall from some high place are still within his reach; or even if excluded from these, oxalic and other corrosive acids producing death with the most intense agony are still left. But the cause is here marked out: time in every poison, save this, is afforded to the sufferer to free others from suspicion, but here a method of murder is offered by which, if care is taken, it would scarcely be possible to detect the murderer—a sudden fall, a person is seen applying sal volatile, and all traces of the poison are immediately lost; suspicion would indeed scarcely arise; if it did, a country surgeon would recognize the familiar smell of ammonia. It is undoubtedly true, that even though united to ammonia, the presence of the acid might be shown by delicate tests; but the composition of prussic acid is against

any certainty; it can be produced from animal fibre or from blood; for the purposes of commerce it is procured by heating hoofs and potash in an iron crucible, and its extreme proneness to decomposition would present another still more serious difficulty; unless made from the ferro-prussiate of potash, it changes in a few hours into ammoniacal compounds. The cyanuret of potash prepared as advised by Professor Liebig, by heating the oxide of manganese with the ferro-prussiate of potash, in two hours commences to evolve ammoniacal vapors, and within the twenty-four hours is entirely decomposed; the deadly poison is by chemical combination changed into the stimulant, which undoubtedly is its most efficient antidote. It is true, the advance of science has rendered the evidence of chemists of a far different character from that tendered on the trial of Sir Theodosius Boughton, upon which the fact of poisoning by prussic acid was considered proved after an interval of seven years; the evidence then considered as most conclusive would now but expose the incapacity of the witness. In a late inquest, the fact of the surgeon not being aware of the ease with which this fatal poison could be made from urea and animal bodies, deteriorated his otherwise valuable evidence; and chemists are the more called upon for care, as the judges have lately considered it necessary to check the importance which chemical evidence so naturally exerted on the minds of the jury. The analytical chemist should not tender his evidence as if he regarded it as conclusive or otherwise of the guilt: in Madame Laffarge's case, the verdict depended upon the discovery by Professor Orfila of a minute portion of arsenic, which had escaped the researches of six experienced chemists, while that strong link of circumstantial evidence which established the guilt was comparatively overlooked; but here the poison can even perform its deadly task without being swallowed. Dr. Collier witnessed a case where a lady steeped some fur into the poison, and then endeavored to swallow it. The piece stuck in her throat, and though aid was immediately given, she perished. Had sal volatile been freely given, it would have been nearly impossible for any chemist, however skilled, to have recognized, by the most delicate test, the presence of this poison after a few days; yet Captain Donellan was executed for the murder of Sir Theodosius Boughton, by the administration of an essence of bitter almonds; now, the evidence of the existence of an extremely volatile poison could not, after seven years, have been depended upon; and the more particularly as the witnesses, without exception, fell into the serious error of asserting that the decay of the corpse commencing immediately after death was an undoubted proof of the administration of poison. Experience has since proved the gross inaccuracy of this absurd statement, yet in the summing up of the judge we find this assertion urged most strongly against the prisoner, while the strong and damning facts of his possession of a book giving instructions to prepare the poison, and the apparatus required to prepare it, with the sudden death of the young man to whose property he succeeded, were passed over. The death was here accompanied with great agony, and where the poison is so weak as to allow a struggle, the pain is evidently of a most severe character. The evidence of the witness on the inquest on Mrs. Belaney, most painfully showed this; the acid was here, indeed, so weak,

that had the slightest energy been displayed she might undoubtedly have been recovered. The judge, on the trial of this case, appeared to give but little weight to the evidence of the chemists and physicians, and this we fear will be even more strongly marked. We admit that the positions taken by the chemists and physicians would, if admitted, have superseded the necessity of legal inquiries; one of the most scientific stating, as in the case of Mr. Macnaughton, that the mind of a man capable of committing a murder could not be in a sound state, and that the criminal required the application of medical instead of legal correction, to renew the harmony between the passions and their counterbalancing faculties.

The prussic acid, prepared as directed by the Pharmacopeia, is very dilute, containing two per cent. only of the acid. The strength of Scheele's which is continually referred to by physicians, is not known, the professor having in his form omitted to state the quantity to be distilled over. The first quarter of an hour would, therefore, if the operation were carefully conducted, yield an acid, three drops of which would destroy a small animal; while that prepared by another chemist who would continue the distillation for several hours would be weaker than the dilute acid directed by the Pharmacopeia. This great difference in the preparation of the acid has produced several fatal accidents, particularly in France, where, to secure uniformity, Gay Lussac introduced the plan of producing acid of the highest possible strength. Cyanuret of mercury was decomposed by the addition of its own weight of strong hydrochloric acid; the receiver was kept cool in ice and salt, the acid distilled by the gentlest heat passing over dry chloride of lime to absorb the excess of water; in this way an acid is procured the inhalation of which is sufficient, during the trifling escape inseparable from the most careful distillation, to produce headache, and occasionally stupefaction; flies near it are observed to fall dead, and while transferring it to a bottle the operator is forced to hold his breath. Acid of this terrific strength is not kept by any chemist in England. Majendie, the celebrated French physiologist, on the other hand, recommended an acid weaker than that prepared by our Pharmacopeia, mixed with a syrup; but at his own hospital the dreadful preparation of Gay Lussac was administered for his own; the medicine was poured out and swallowed, and nine or ten had taken the dose before the fatal convulsions of the first patients showed the mistake. Remedies were immediately given, and some, we believe three, were saved; but as if a fatality was to be attached to this medicine, no sooner is it recognized by physicians and admitted into our Pharmacopeia, and every chemist required to keep it, than we find it the general weapon for murder or for suicide; and though an unobjectionable form is given in the Pharmacopeia, physicians still adhere to the uncertain form of Scheele. The advocates of the strong acid have but to increase the dose of the Pharmacopeia preparation to ten drops, to satisfy themselves that giddiness and other signs of too large a dose are produced by this, the dilute acid, with the same certainty as with even the strong acid of Gay Lussac.

Prussic acid consists of charcoal, hydrogen, and nitrogen; the known affinity of the two latter to form ammonia is the cause of the tendency of the acid to be decomposed, and the cyanate of ammonia being itself a very volatile salt, renders its trace still more evanescent.

COOKING AND LIVING IN PARIS.

THE following is an extract of a letter from Mr. Weed to the Albany Evening Journal;

"Nothing about Paris strikes a stranger with more surprise than the quiet manner of conducting its business. You see little or nothing of the noise and bustle of other great cities. Neither the hum of commerce nor the din of manufactures are heard. There is more stir about the basin at Albany, with greater demonstrations of business, than is to be met with in all Paris. You even wonder how such a vast population are supplied with provisions; and the wonder how they all support themselves is much greater. We, however, are strangers to the rigid system and habits of economy that prevail here. I am assured by an intelligent American, who has been long here, that the expense of victualling Paris, with its million of mouths, does not exceed that of victualling New York. Nothing is wasted here, while in New York enough is thrown away daily to feed a hundred thousand Parisians. French science in cooking is everything to Paris. Many of their most delicate, as well as their most frequent dishes, are made of things which we reject as garbage. Many of their most delicious soups are compounded of materials which we have never dreamed of eating. Indeed, there is no part of a creature, from its horns to its hoofs, out of which the French will not serve you up a savory dish. I came here with a determination to eschew the refinements in French cookery, but my resolutions and prejudices have yielded, day by day, and dish after dish, until I now eat whatever is set before me, taking care to smother all that looks like horse steak, cat stew, or rat pie, in tomatoes. I have eaten as many varieties of soups, since I came to Paris, as there are sub-divisions in a New England sermon, or verses in a chapter of the Book of Chronicles; and for the most part I must say that these 'pottages' are excellent. With beef and vegetables, a French cook will serve you a capital dinner, in three courses, for one franc. The tendency of French cooking is to diminish the quantity of meat, and to increase the proportions of bread and vegetables consumed; and another and more important result of the perfection of their art, is to greatly diminish the expenses of living. Bread and wine, or perhaps I should say wine and bread, are the staples of life in France. You see Frenchmen in cafés, in gardens, and by the road side, dining not only contentedly but cheerfully, upon red wine and dry bread. I look from my window into the apartment of a humble French family, who dine daily from a single soup, with wine and bread. The bread here, for families, is baked in rolls a yard long, and stands by the table with one end upon the floor, while the other rests against the wall. In commencing dinner, the master or mistress of the family cuts a slice, and then passes the loaf round the table, each cutting for themselves, and then the roll is again placed upright against the wall.

"It is said that from thirty to fifty thousand of the inhabitants of Paris rise in the morning without knowing where or how they are to get either a breakfast or dinner. This class, for the most part, neither work nor beg, but in some way or another, enough sticks to their fingers, during the day, to enable them to procure the necessaries of life—wine and bread."

From the Polytechnic Review.

THE UNIVERSAL SALVAGE COMPANY.

SINCE our last number, this company has so far advanced, that it is most probable that it will be enabled to come into early operation; we have read with much attention the prospectus it has placed before the public, and we have no doubt, whatever, that to a maritime and commercial nation it is likely to prove of the highest value; the following extract is one that will be considered conclusive:—

"The history of the casualties of the royal and commercial navies of this great maritime country affords melancholy proof of the immense losses annually sustained by shipwreck. Indeed, so great is the amount of treasure and valuable property sacrificed to the sea, that the wrecks which lie submerged in the seas of Europe, especially on the coast, within the latitudes of 36 and 56 degrees north, and in known localities, are calculated to contain property to a greater amount than could be found in a tangible shape upon the surface of the two kingdoms of Spain and Portugal. This immense treasure receives constant augmentation from wrecks occurring upon the different coasts of Europe to the estimated amount of about four millions annually; and these wrecks, in many instances, occasion other wrecks from the obstructions, and especially the foul anchorage, caused by them, when ships are sunk on anchorage ground. In the years 1835-6, this interesting and important subject was investigated by a committee of the house of commons, who, in making their inquiries, selected two periods of three years each, viz. first, from 1816 to 1818 inclusively; and secondly, from 1833 to 1835 inclusively; and reported according to Lloyd's books, that, in the first period, the total number of ships or vessels wrecked or missing appeared to be 1203; and in the second period 1703. About the middle of the last century, one hundred vessels were lost in a single gale of wind at the port of Cadiz.

"These facts sufficiently demonstrate the magnitude of the losses occurring from vessels wrecked at sea, and the importance of any attempt to retrieve them. Such attempts have not been unfrequent; and the most usual have been by means of the diving-bell. In the year 1683, (about a century after the first exhibition of the diving-bell in Europe before the emperor Charles V. of Germany,) William Phipps, founder of the noble house of Mulgrave and Normanby, formed a subscription, to which the famous General Monk, Duke of Albemarle, largely contributed, for searching and unloading a Spanish galleon, sunk about forty-five years previously, on the coast of Hispaniola (St. Domingo.) After one or two failures, Mr. Phipps succeeded, and returned in 1687 to England, with treasure amounting to 300,000*l.* sterling. The tenth part accrued to the king; the Duke of Albemarle's share was 90,000*l.*; and subscribers of 100*l.* received 10,000*l.* each from the adventure. Large, however, as was the fruit of this enterprise, the result obtained from the use of the diving-bell, in cases of salvage, is but partial and incomplete; nor is it improbable that an amount of treasure remained in the galleon, after the operations of Mr. Phipps, larger than that which was recovered by him."

If a survey were made of the wrecks which surround the coasts of the United Kingdom, similar

to the one made of wrecked vessels on the coral reefs round the small island of Anagada, West Indies, by order of the house of commons, in 1824, such a survey would astonish the world that so much valuable property should have lain so long, and almost daily increasing by other wrecks, within the immediate reach of the first maritime nation, without any effectual means, on a large scale, being adopted to recover them. We frequently read that such a vessel has sunk, the crew saved or drowned as the case may be, the public lament the occurrence, the parties interested set about recovering the loss of property from the underwriters, the claim is adjusted, and both parties endeavor to forget the catastrophe as soon as possible; although the vessel, worth several thousand pounds, has sunk in twenty fathoms water only, her position easily ascertained, every facility to pass chains round her to recover her, nevertheless there she lays given up as lost forever. Take, for instance, the Phoenix steamer, sunk off Dungeness, and many others we could mention; it is to be remembered also that several vessels of war lay sunk at Spithead upwards of fifty years, and that it is only within the last few years, that the application of the galvanic battery and the improved diving dress, induced the government to recover the effects of part of those vessels by means of the tedious and dangerous process of diving, and by the former to destroy the vessels by blowing them to pieces, creating vast labor to recover the fragments. Many persons imagine that when a vessel has sunk she is immediately destroyed by the action of the waves; such generally is the case in very shoal water, on rocks, &c., but when the depth of water is beyond the swell or break of the sea, such vessel will remain whole for many years; for example, the numerous foreign vessels of war and others sunk many years back, whose position and condition are well ascertained; also the Mary Rose, one of Henry the Eighth's ships, sunk off Spithead near three hundred years back; the divers have visited her, ascertained her position, several guns have been raised from her, and they have reported that although she is covered with innumerable shellfish, she appears whole and in fair condition; and an opinion has been expressed by those capable of giving one, that she could be raised by the power of the atmosphere applied according to Mr. Edward Austin's patent method. Really, this is so interesting a subject that we must beg permission to call the attention of the scientific world to the fact that a vessel of so ancient construction lies in a moderate depth of water, within a short distance of the shore, that it is capable of being raised by the application of the above invention, and placed in one of her majesty's docks at Portsmouth.

Several individuals have lately, by means of the diving dress, realized considerable sums of money from wrecked vessels on the coast of Ireland, in the Mediterranean seas, the Azores, &c.; and one of the steam tug companies at Liverpool, during the last year, recovered a vast amount of cargo from wrecked vessels; and they placed in the hands of Lloyd's agents at that port upwards of £20,000 recovered from one vessel; also, during the last four years, another party has been working by the same means successfully in various parts of the Mediterranean. They visited the bay of Navarino, and recovered several brass guns

from the Turkish vessels of war sunk in that port (upwards of 100 including the transports.) The Greek government had employed their divers previously to the depth of nine fathoms, which was their limit, when the parties alluded to arrived and carried on their operations to eleven fathoms; but the pressure of the water became so great and distressing to the men that they could not descend to a greater depth, and the pursuit was given up, leaving immense wealth untouched, and the more wealthy and large ships sunk in deeper water, and in still weather are easily discerned. The same divers entered into a contract with the Turkish government to receive fifty per cent. on all they recovered from their vessels. They operated by the same means on the Turkish admiral's ship, on board of which the wealthy Turks had placed their treasure during the revolt at Scio; this vessel took fire and sunk; from it they recovered much valuable plate and a brass gun weighing between six and seven tons. These successful ventures have been kept quiet for certain reasons, but such and similar facts clearly prove that if parties with limited means and power can accomplish so much, there is an ample field open for the "Universal Salvage Company," with capital and unlimited lifting power, to realize immense wealth; for they are unshackled by any expensive machinery or establishment. Their operations are expeditious and economical; having accurately ascertained the value of the proposed ship to be raised, her exact position by their simple and ingenious method by buoys on the surface of the water, the probable expense to accomplish the object is easily known. The large per centages of thirty-three and one-third per cent. which the salvors are entitled to by law, must, if their business be conducted with common prudence, enable them to pay a large dividend on their shares as well as to restore a vast amount of property to underwriters and others, who, in many instances, have been ruined by the sad and melancholy catastrophe, shipwreck.

Another important feature proposed by this company is to establish a steam vessel, or more, in a position, especially during the winter months, that is likely to be of essential service to ships in distress entering the Downs or the river Thames. Numerous are the instances of vessels perishing, with their crews, in sight of hundreds of spectators on shore, without possibility of aid being rendered them by the present means; and although there are upwards of thirty steam vessels employed as tugs on the river Thames, strange to say, there is not one of them fitted with proper anchorage gear, or the means to recover them in rough weather, or to continue for any time in a gale of wind exposed to the action of the sea without being herself destroyed; therefore, it is impossible that such vessels can render assistance to a ship in bad weather. These are facts beyond contradiction, and are well known to the pilots; we therefore hail with satisfaction the proposal that a steam vessel be constructed, combining all the late improvements, and capable of continuing under weigh in severe weather to render assistance to ships on entering the Thames, which, no doubt, will be the means of saving many valuable lives and much property; and from the sums of money realized occasionally by the class of vessels just described, the expectation is justified that a handsome profit will be obtained on the capital so employed.

A Brief Sketch of the Life of Joseph Lancaster. Including the introduction of his System of Education. By WILLIAM CORSTON. 18mo.

[THE Eclectic Review has an article on Dr. Bell and Joseph Lancaster. Having so lately had a long notice of the former in the Living Age, we omit most of that part of the review.]

Joseph Lancaster was born in Kent Street, Southwark, on the 27th of November, 1778. His father was a Chelsea pensioner, who had served in the British army during the American war. To the pious example and early instruction of his parents he always attributed, under the divine blessing, any acquaintance he possessed with the power of religion. "My first impressions," he says, "of the beauty of the Christian religion were received from their instructions." There is a touching beauty in his own account of himself as a little child, retiring to a corner, repeating the name of Jesus, and as often reverently bowing to it. "I seemed to feel," he says, "that it was the name of one I loved, and to whom my heart performed reverence. I departed from my retirement well satisfied with what I had been doing, and I never remembered it but with delight." This little incident was an epitome of the man, and, inconsistent as it may seem to be with his future religious profession as a member of the society of Friends, it truly shadowed forth the enthusiastic, not to say passionate feeling, which through life so eminently characterized him.

At the early age of eight years he was pondering the Gospels in secret retirement and delight, his heart "filled with love and devotion to God," with "breathings of good-will to the human race," and with "desires to devote his life to the service of God." At fourteen, Clarkson's Essay on the Slave Trade came in his way, and alone, and without taking counsel of any one, he determined to go to Jamaica, to teach the poor blacks to read the word of God. Mr. Corston's narrative of this adventure is so brief and simple that it scarcely admits of condensation:—

"With a view to accomplish his purpose, he left home for Bristol, without the knowledge of his parents, having only a Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, and a few shillings in his pocket. The first night he slept under a hedge, and the next under a hay-stack. On his journey, he fell in with a mechanic who was likewise going to Bristol. They walked together; and as Joseph's money was all expended, his companion sustained him. On arriving at his destination, he was pennyless, and almost shoeless. He entered himself as a volunteer; and was sent to Milford Haven the next morning. On board, he was at first the object of much ridicule, and was contemptuously styled *parson*. The captain being absent one day, the officers asked him if he would preach them a sermon. He replied, 'Yes, if you will give me leave to go below for half an hour to read my Bible.' They said, 'O certainly, an hour if you choose.'" When he came up, there was a cask placed upon deck, and the ship's company were all assembled. Having placed him upon the cask he proceeded to lecture them upon their habits of profane swearing, drunkenness, &c., at first much to their mirth and amusement; but after a little they began to droop their heads, when he told them if they would leave off these wretched practices, repent, and turn to the Lord, they might still be

happy here and happy hereafter. After this sermon, he was treated kindly—no one was suffered to laugh at him, or use him ill, during the three weeks he remained on board.

“His return home to his parents was occasioned as follows:—a dissenting minister at Clapham, happening to call in at his mother’s shop, found her weeping, and in great distress. On his kindly asking the cause, she informed him that her child had left home, and she knew not what was become of him. He endeavored to pacify and comfort her with the hope that the Lord would restore him to her: and then inquired where she thought he was gone. She replied—‘Why, we think to the West Indies. He has felt much and talked much about the poor blacks lately, from having read Mr. Clarkson’s book about them.’ ‘O come, my good woman,’ she rejoined, ‘take comfort. I am intimate with the captain of the Port Admiral’s ship, at Plymouth. I live at Clapham. Should you hear of your son, let me know.’ In about three weeks, a letter was received from Joseph—his parents informed the minister—he wrote to the captain, and Joseph was soon sent home with a new suit of clothes, money in his pocket, and his carriage paid by coach.”—pp. 2, 3.

Between this period, and that of his attaining the age of eighteen, he seems to have been an assistant at two schools, one a boarding, the other a day school; and thus, as he afterwards states in a letter to Dr. Bell, he became acquainted with all the defects attendant on the old system of tuition in both kinds of schools. At eighteen he commenced teaching on his own account in his father’s house, and the following description of the undertaking, extracted from an old report of the Borough Road School, is from his own pen. It refers to the year 1798.

“The undertaking was begun under the hospitable roof of an affectionate parent: my father gave the school-room rent free, and after fitting up the forms and desks myself, I had the pleasure, before I was eighteen, of having near ninety children under instruction, many of whom I educated free of expense. As the number of scholars continued to increase I soon had occasion to rent larger premises.

“A season of scarcity brought the wants of poor families closely under my notice: at this time a number of very liberal persons enabled me to feed the hungry children. In the course of this happy exertion, I became intimately acquainted with the state of many industrious poor families, whose necessities had prevented the payment of the small price of their children’s tuition, some of whom had accumulated arrears for many weeks. In every such case I remitted the arrears and continued the children’s instruction free of expense.

“The state of the poor, combined with the feelings of my mind, had now blended the pay school with a free school. Two benevolent private friends had been in the habit of paying for five or six poor children at the low price I had fixed as the assize of education or mental bread for my neighborhood. I easily induced these friends to place the money they gave, *as pay*, in the form of a subscription.”—pp. 6, 7.

On the outside of his schoolroom he placed the following printed notice:—“All that will may send their children and have them educated freely; and those that do not wish to have education for nothing, may pay for it if they please.” This

filled his school; but, as might have been expected, left his income scarcely adequate to his own board and comforts.

As the number of his pupils increased, a new schoolroom became necessary. It was provided, chiefly through the benevolent aid of the late Duke of Bedford and Lord Somerville, “who,” says Lancaster, “appeared to be sent by Providence to open wide before me the portals of usefulness for the good of the poor.” “The children,” he adds, “now came in for education like flocks of sheep; and the number so greatly increased, as to place me in that state which is the mother of invention. The old plan of education, in which I had been hitherto conversant, was daily proved inadequate to the purposes of instruction on a large scale. In every respect *I had to explore a new and untrodden path*. My continual endeavors have been happily crowned with success.”

[Here the reviewer gives a long account of the origin of the controversy between Bell and Lancaster, which we omit.]

With renewed pleasure we now resume the narrative of Lancaster’s *progress*, associated as his efforts ever must be with the subsequent spread of knowledge, the growth and enlargement of the popular mind, and the moral and intellectual improvement of the laboring classes of society in these realms. Even his enemies were constrained to allow (no mean praise) that to him—to his “zeal, ingenuity and perseverance,” were to be attributed the awakening of the public mind to the duty of caring for the instruction of the poor, and the exhibition of an agency by which it could be promptly, economically, and efficiently accomplished.

We left him busy in the new room for which he was mainly indebted to the late Duke of Bedford—a thousand children daily gathering for instruction, and a few friends supporting him by their annual subscriptions. Nothing can be more beautiful than the account given of his position and character at this time. He was always domesticated with his pupils. In their play hours he was their companion and their friend. He accompanied them in bands of two, three, and (on one occasion) of five hundred at once, to the environs of London for amusement and instruction.

Nor did he care only for their intellectual necessities. Distress and privation were abroad:—he raised contributions, went to market, and, between the intervals of school, presided at dinner with sixty or eighty of the most needy of his flock. “The character of benefactor he scarce thought about; it was absorbed in that of teacher and friend. On Sunday evenings, he would have large companies of pupils to tea, and after mutually enjoying a very pleasant intercourse, would conclude with reading a portion of the sacred writings in a reverential manner. Some of the pupils would vary the exercise occasionally by reading select pieces of religious poetry, and their teacher would at times add such advice and observations, as the conduct of individuals, or the beauty and importance of the subject required. Is it any wonder that with pupils so trained, to whom so many endearing occasions presented, evidences should abound of affection, docility and improvement? In them he had many ready coöperators, and, however incapable of forming designs, never were agents more prompt and willing to execute.” These were his best and most joyous days.

Happy would it have been for him, though certainly not for mankind, had he never emerged from this scene of humble, quiet usefulness, into the turbulence of a world, which distracted him by its excitement, injured him by its praise, and finally, cast him off for faults of which itself had been the parent.

He was now rapidly becoming an object of public attention. His school-room was visited by "foreign princes, ambassadors, peers, commoners, ladies of distinction, bishops and archbishops;" his publications were passing rapidly through editions, each larger than its predecessor; his school, ably and zealously conducted by youths trained under his own eye, and imbued with his own enthusiastic spirit, was forsaken for lectures in all the principal towns of the kingdom, in every part of which he was received with the most marked and flattering attentions from all classes; even the monarch did not disdain to admit him, uncovered, to his presence, but sustained, encouraged and applauded him. This interview, which took place at Weymouth in 1805, is described by Mr. Corston, and is too characteristic to be omitted.

"On entering the royal presence, the king said: 'Lancaster, I have sent for you to give me an account of your System of Education, which I hear has met with opposition. One master teach five hundred children at the same time! How do you keep them in order, Lancaster?' Lancaster replied, 'Please thy majesty, by the same principle thy majesty's army is kept in order—by the word of command.' His majesty replied, 'Good, good; it does not require an aged general to give the command—one of younger years can do it.' Lancaster observed, that, in his schools, the teaching branch was performed by youths who acted as young monitors. The king assented, and said, 'Good.' Lancaster then described his system; and he informed me that they all paid great attention, and were highly delighted; and as soon as he had finished, his majesty said: 'Lancaster, I highly approve of your system, and it is my wish that every poor child in my dominions should be taught to read the Bible; I will do anything you wish to promote this object.' 'Please thy majesty,' said Lancaster, 'if the system meets thy majesty's approbation, I can go through the country and lecture on the system, and have no doubt, but in a few months, I shall be able to give thy majesty an account where ten thousand poor children are being educated, and some of my youths instructing them.' His majesty immediately replied: 'Lancaster, I will subscribe £100 annually; and,' addressing the queen, 'you shall subscribe £50, Charlotte; and the princesses, £25 each;' and then added, 'Lancaster, you may have the money directly.' Lancaster observed: 'Please thy majesty, that will be setting thy nobles a good example.' The royal party appeared to smile at this observation; but the queen observed to his majesty, 'How cruel it is that enemies should be found who endeavor to hinder his progress in so good a work.' To which the king replied; 'Charlotte, a good man seeks his reward in the world to come.' Joseph then withdrew."

At this time money appeared to him to be flowing in, in a perpetual stream. Unaccustomed to its management, and ignorant of its value, he expended it with thoughtless profusion, if not with sinful extravagance. He was, in fact, at this period in so high a state of excitement as to be totally unfit to manage his pecuniary affairs.

"The day after to-morrow," he writes from the country to a friend, "is my birth-day. I am nine and twenty. I wish *all my children* to have a plumb-pudding and roast beef; do order it for them, and spend a happy hour in the evening with them, as thou didst this time last year, in my absence in Ireland; *furnish them with money*, and when the good Samaritan comes again he will repay thee." And so he went on. Yet, as might be expected, not without many severe trials and struggles. A faithful and valued friend, still living, who never forsook him either in evil report or good report, and to whom he was largely indebted through life for pecuniary aid, has related to us his own singular introduction to him, which took place about this time. Having heard of Lancaster and his system, he says:—"I called at his school to inquire about the training of a teacher, and after some conversation relating to the necessary arrangements for the man's attendance, I slipped a ten-pound note into his hand as an acknowledgment of my obligations. What was my astonishment to see this quiet man, with whom I had a moment before been calmly conversing, at once turn pale, tremble, stand fixed as a statue, and then, flinging himself upon my shoulder, burst into a flood of tears, exclaiming, 'Friend, thou knewest it not, but God hath sent thee to keep me from a gaol, and to preserve my system from ruin!'"

And this was the state in which he lived for years—excited, enthusiastic, the creature of impulse and passion—his zeal "eating him up," his judgment weak and oftentimes perverted. His letters to his friend Corston, without doubt, faithfully reveal the "inner man," and they are always excited, imaginative, and passionate, sometimes enlivened by a tinge of humor oddly contrasting with depression and melancholy. The alternations of hope and fear in his mind are here seen to be rapid and powerful. Yesterday, "bile, fatigue and grief overwhelm" him; to-day, he has "the valley of Achor for a door of hope." At one time, the "iron hand of affliction and sorrow is upon him," and he is "throwing himself at the footstool of his Saviour and his God, pleading his promises, pleading his fulness, pleading his wants, and *there* resolving to succeed or perish." At another time, he is exalted, "telling the high and mighty ones that the decree of Heaven hath gone forth, that the poor youth of these nations shall be educated, and it is out of the power of man to reverse it." One day, he is "peaceful and resigned," feeling that he is "sent into the world to do and to suffer the will of God," and welcoming "sufferings and the cross as the path the Saviour trod." The next, he is shouting "victory, victory, the enemies are amazed and confounded; the stout-hearted are spoiled; they have slept their sleep; none of the men of might have found their hands: the Lord hath cast the horse and his rider into a deep sleep."

To his enthusiastic and imaginative temperament things innumerable present themselves as "signal interferences." He "wonders at Providence" every step he takes. His friends will see "wonders next spring." The invisible power of God goes through him "far more sensibly than the circulation of blood through his veins." He is at Dover, and after attending two public meetings on education, holds a private conference with a select party; serious conversation takes place; "a solemn covering" comes over them—"it

seemed a power almost apostolic. After standing an hour amongst them, he closes with solemn prayer, "going boldly to the throne of grace in the sacred and powerful name of Jesus." He carries the same spirit into the world with him, and applies it, without discrimination, to his pecuniary circumstances. He is pressed for money, but he cannot believe that, "if the Almighty has designed the education of the poor of London, a few poor pitiless creditors can prevent it;" only let the eyes of his friends be opened, and they will see "the mountain full of horses of fire, and of chariots of fire, round about Elijah." He is in "watch and ward" arrested for debt, and in a spunging-house; he has been there three days, and no one has been to see him: but he is "as happy as Joseph was in the king's prison in Egypt." Corston visits him, and stays an hour or two with him. "After my departure," he says:—

"He rang for the sheriff's officer, to take him to the Bench; but obtained leave to call at home on their way thither. When he got home, his wife and child, and all his young monitors, were assembled, overwhelmed with grief because he was going to prison. After being with them a little, he opened the parlor door, and said to the man, 'Friend, when I am at home, I read the scriptures to my family; hast thou any objection to come in?' He replied, 'No, sir,' and went in. After he had read a chapter or two, he went to prayer. The man soon became deeply affected, and joined the common grief. After prayer the man returned into the other room, and Joseph in a few minutes said to him, 'Now, friend, I am ready for thee.' They had not gone many paces from the door, when the man said, 'Sir, have you got no friend to be bound for you for this debt?' Joseph replied, 'No, I have tried them all.' 'Well,' replied the man, 'then I'll be bound for you myself, for you are an honest man, I know.' He surrendered him at the King's Bench and they took his security for the debt. About ten o'clock the next morning, he came jumping into my warehouse, Ludgate Hill, saying, 'Ah, friend William, did I not tell thee that thou was not to assist me this time?'—pp. 35, 36.

This arrest brought matters to a crisis. A friendly docket was struck against him, and his creditors were called together. The result was, that in 1808 his affairs were transferred to trustees—a fixed sum was allowed for his private expenses—a correct account of all receipts and expenditures was for the first time kept; and shortly after an association was formed, originally entitled "the Royal Lancasterian Institution for promoting the Education of the Children of the Poor," and subsequently, for the sake of greater simplicity, comprehension, and brevity—the BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOL SOCIETY.

Lancaster's affairs were indeed transferred to trustees, but the man remained unchanged. He was still the victim of his impulses. The excitement of his mind never subsided. The repression of his extravagance was to him an intolerable interference. One by one he quarrelled with his friends; then separated himself from the institution he had founded; commenced a private boarding school at Tooting; became still more deeply involved; went through the Gazette; and finally, wearied with strife and sorrow, sailed in the year 1818 for the new world.

For the few subsequent notices of his life and L. LIVING AGE. VOL. V. 12

character we are indebted to a manuscript communication from himself, which has been kindly placed in our hands in order to enable us to complete the sketch we have undertaken.

On his arrival in the States he was everywhere welcomed and honored as the friend of learning and of man. His lectures were numerous attended, and, for a time, all appeared to go well with him. But his popularity rapidly decayed. Rumors of debt and of discreditable pecuniary transactions in England, soon followed him; sickness, severe and long continued, wasted his family; and poverty, with her long train of ills, overtook him. Under these circumstances he was advised to try a warmer climate, and an opening having presented itself in Caraccas, he was assisted by his friends to proceed thither. He went with his son-in-law and daughter, (who afterwards settled in Mexico,) and, to use his own words, "was kindly received—promised great things, honored with the performance of little ones," and—after expressing, in no measured terms, his indignation at the breach of all the promises made to him—was glad to leave his family, and escape with his life. This was accomplished by a hasty flight into the interior, from whence he subsequently reached the sea shore, and embarked in a British vessel bound for St. Thomas.

During his stay in Caraccas he had entered a second time into the marriage state, and his account of the performance of the ceremony is curious, as being probably the only instance yet on record, of a Quaker wedding in South America.

The party met in Lancaster's school-room. At the time appointed General Bolivar with his leading officers and a large party of gentry and merchants assembled. "Bolivar's suite," he says, "were extremely puzzled at the large maps, some busying themselves with looking for Caraccas in Asia and in Africa. The ceremony commenced by the whole party being requested to sit in silence. After a time this was broken by a notary, reciting the names and connexions of the parties, and proclaiming that each had promised, in the fear of God, to take the other 'for better or worse, for richer or poorer,' and so on. The witnesses set their hands and seals to the contract—Bolivar signified his approval, and the marriage was regarded by all parties as binding."

After a short stay at Santa Cruz and St. Thomas, where again his lectures were attended by the governor and the gentry of the island, he returned to Philadelphia. Again sickness overtook him, and poverty, and much sorrow. In miserable lodgings, with an apparently dying wife, pinched by want, and pressed hard by difficulties of every kind, he appealed to the benevolent, and in addition to other aid, obtained a vote of 500 dollars from the corporation of New York. This enabled him to take a small house, and to recover strength.

He now determined to return to England, and all but agreed for his passage, when circumstances induced him to return through Canada. On his arrival at Montreal he commenced his lectures, and again for a time floated along the stream of popular favor. His worldly circumstances improved, and he determined to give up the thought of returning to England, and to settle in Canada. After a time, and probably through his own folly, he again sank, and then opened a private school for subsistence. In this school room he held "silent meetings" on "first days," sitting alone, while

his wife and family were gone to church. "Here," he touchingly says, "I sometimes found the chief things of the ancient mountains, and the precious things of the everlasting hills resting indeed on the head of Joseph, and on the crown of the head of him who was 'separated from his brethren,' by distance—by faults—by circumstances—and by the just but iron hand* of discipline. I longed again and again to come more and more under the purifying and baptizing power of the truth which had been the dew of my youth, and the hope of all my life in its best moments, whether of sorrow or of joy."

The last letter received from him was addressed to Mr. Corston, from New York, and dated 21st of 9th month, 1838. He was then in the enjoyment of an annuity which had been raised for him in England, chiefly by the exertions of the friend to whom we have already referred. His mind at this time was evidently as wild as ever, and his energies unbroken. He is still ready to undertake "to teach ten thousand children in different schools, not knowing their letters, all to read fluently in three weeks to three months." The "fire that kindled Elijah's sacrifice," has kindled his, and "all true Israelites" will, in time, see it. And so he runs on.

But his career was rapidly drawing to a close. He had fully resolved on a voyage to England; but about a week before the affecting accident occurred which occasioned his death, he expressed some doubts on the subject, saying, "He knew not the reason, but he could not see his way clear in leaving America."

On the 23d of October, 1838, he was run over in the streets of New York; his ribs were broken, and his head very much lacerated. He was immediately taken to the house of a friend, where he died "without a struggle, in the fifty-first year of his age."

In 1830 the health of Dr. Bell decidedly failed; and in 1831, Sir Benjamin Brodie stated his agreement with Dr. Newell in the opinion, that the nerves of the larynx were in a degree paralytic, as well as the organs of deglutition. His mind was, however, in full vigor, and his vanity as rampant as ever. "His money," says his biographer, "was now a burden to him." After changing his mind again and again as to its disposal, he at length suddenly transferred £120,000 to trustees at St. Andrews for a projected college. He then wrote to Dr. Southey, requesting that he and Mr. Wordsworth would edit his works, and begging their acceptance of £2,000, and all expenses paid, and the expenses of those they might employ. Southey accepts the trust, and incidentally refers to his own declining strength. "I am old enough myself," he says, "to have the end of my journey in view, and to feel what a blessing it will be to escape from the cares of this world, throw off the burden of human infirmities, and be united in the kingdom of heaven with those dear ones who have gone before us."

Dr. Southey very properly urged that as almost all his wealth had come from the church, some of it, at least, ought to return to it; and suggested to him a plan for augmenting poor livings. Dr. Bell at first seemed to acquiesce, but soon after altered his opinion. One twelfth of the amount he had placed in the hands of trustees (£10,000)

* He had been disowned by "the Friends" chiefly on account of his irregularities in money matters.

he subsequently gave to the Royal Naval School, and five other twelfths he transferred to the towns of Edinburgh, Leith, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Inverness. His Scotch estates, producing a yearly rental of about £400, he made over to trustees for the purpose of promoting and encouraging the education of youth in Cupar Fife, subject to a miserable annuity of £100 per annum to his sister; £20 annually to six other persons; and £10 to Thomas Clark. His princely donation to St. Andrews proved most unfortunate; it involved him in disputes with the trustees, terminating only with his death, which took place at Cheltenham on the 27th of January, 1832, in the 79th year of his age. His remains were removed to London on the 9th of February, and deposited in Westminster Abbey on the 14th; the highest dignitaries of the church, and other eminent persons, attending as mourners.

The leading features of Dr. Bell's character have been so well portrayed by Mr. Bamford, that we cannot do better than extract from his "Notes." He is speaking of him as he appeared to the teachers with whom he constantly came in contact:—

"Acting as general inspector of all the schools united with the society, and anxious for the diffusion of his system, he apparently sacrificed every comfort, by continuing to undergo, in traversing from school to school, great bodily exertions and great mental excitements. The gratification which he derived from the display of a particular kind of knowledge, from the reception of praise and respect, the tribute due to his discovery and public reputation, encouraged and fed his restless vanity to such a degree, that his feelings, unless relieved by indulgence, would have made him intensely miserable. He had become so accustomed to bustle and change, and to new faces with new admiration, that he could never be happy for any length of time in one place. His fame, too, was spread, and a monument of renown erected by the establishment of every school. The fervor of travelling, and the excitement of fresh company, were necessary to carry off that exuberance of passion which, if not thus spent, would, I think—even if he were alone and in solitude—have accumulated and overflowed in vehement and fiery fits. Food, too, was continually required to nourish those notions of his self-importance which stationary friends, by too great intimacy, might neglect or refuse to gratify. It is true, that disregarding all personal care, and toil, and expense, wherever his services could be useful, however distant the place or unknown the applicants, no self-considerations restrained his zeal, or came into competition with his eager desire to bring his system into public notice and favor, and to keep up its character and reputation with others. In process of time, however, this craving for admiration from diversity of persons increased into a strong and overpowering feeling. It was not surprising, therefore, that he wrought himself into a belief that, as he was signally appointed by Providence to be the means of bringing to light such an instrument for the education of the body of the people, and the consummation of the blessed Reformation, so it was his duty personally to give his assistance whenever it was desired or likely to advance his great object. Still, perhaps, it had been better for himself and the cause in which he was engaged, either to have confined his instructions to fewer places, or to have communicated them with more grace. Previously to his arrival

in any town he was, from his public character and his disinterested employment, regarded as highly as his own pretensions could desire; but a first or second visit most commonly lessened the respect or checked the ardor of those who had given their time and money towards the establishment of the schools, and who found themselves and their labors frequently depreciated, censured, and offended. Many anxious friends of schools, who had welcomed his coming, in the hopes of being assisted and encouraged by the sanction of the discoverer of the system they were patronizing, became disgusted and disheartened, and have now either given up their interest in schools altogether, or only attend in spite of the reflection that he, who should best know and judge impartially, could find nothing to commend in their exertions. I do not mean to say that he found fault where there was no reason; but his manner of examining schools, and addressing visitors and masters, was in general so opposite to the courteous and complacent behavior by which great men become beloved, that many unkind feelings have been excited against him which he might very easily not only have prevented, but in their place have established unalloyed admiration. Instead of delivering his instructions and making his remarks in a gentlemanly and conciliatory mode, so as to gain upon adult masters by his suavity, his personal behavior was such that he was almost universally dreaded and disliked. His treatment of them in their schools, in the presence of their pupils, was frequently calculated to create any other sentiments than respect and attention. His conduct not only at the time alienated them from him, but it created a dislike which embittered and rendered heartless all their subsequent endeavors. It might be commonly true that there was ground for his observations; but his style of talking to them, and his remarks, with a kind of boundless rage and bluster, were, in their estimation, not only unkind and unnecessary, but vexatious and oppressive. These were evils which, in a great measure, he might have avoided, without exhibiting less earnestness or producing less benefits; besides, clothed as he was with authority, the tyranny was the more galling.

His passion for money was inordinate, and it deservedly brought upon him, especially in his management of Sherburn Hospital, annoyance and obloquy. His views of human nature were affected by this propensity, and were consequently low and mean:—

“He regarded money as the *primum mobile*, and only efficient stimulant in the world. He excited masters by a negative kind of threat. He did not say, ‘Do this, and you shall have so much beyond your regular and fixed salary;’ which at best might be barely sufficient to command the necessaries of life—but, ‘Do this, or you shall be melted, or lose your situation.’ He would have had all the masters under such an arbitrary kind of control, that if the school did not weekly and monthly increase in numbers, and order, and attendance, and improve in progress, the masters should be subject to weekly and monthly fines, and be paid according to the periodical state of the school. ‘I can do more,’ said he to the Archbishop of Canterbury, taking a half-crown out of his pocket, ‘I can do more with this half-crown than you can do with all your fixed salaries.’”

His treatment of Mr. Bamford shows how well he understood the art of managing men for selfish ends, and how unscrupulously he practised it:—

“In his treatment of me,” says that gentleman, “he exercised that mixture of severity and apparent good-will which, however at times unpleasant to my feelings, had so much influence over me, that I adhered to him most exclusively; and as he impressed upon me, looked upon all others who spoke kindly to me, or wished me to seek some relaxation, as insidious enemies. He professed to have no other object in view but my good; and by opening mysteriously to me the power of future patronage with the necessity of implicit reliance, I was encouraged to expect a reward proportionate to any exertions I should make, however laborious or supererogatory. To him, therefore, I devoted myself. He found me docile, tractable, affectionate, and without guile or suspicion. He wished to train me up in that exclusive attachment to him and his pursuits, which rendered me a useful and necessary instrument for his present purposes, and which would prepare me for any future operations. He, therefore, exacted of me the prostration of the intellect, the affections, and the actions. All were to be at his disposal. Private views, and opinions, and friends, were to be discarded; and with a pure admiration and dependence, I yielded myself solely and wholly to his will. Severe and hard to endure was this course of discipline. He soon found that with the more gentle qualities of my nature, there were also united a warmth and impetuosity of temper, with a pride of spirit, which could be with pleasure led by gentleness, but which was fretted and wounded by harshness. But what could the vain ebullitions of youth avail against the cool and practised aims of age! By raising expectations without directly promising—by manifesting a parental care for my welfare, by professing sincere regard, by holding up inducements and future advancement, by candidly and honestly telling me my faults, by an air of the strictest justice, by enforcing unequivocal veracity, and every moral virtue, with a rigid industry, he bent and warped my mind to such a degree, that all my powers, and thoughts, and sentiments, were employed exclusively to please him, and fulfil his directions. I viewed nothing in the world but through the speculum he presented. Of himself he gave me a picture which I loved. He represented himself as delighted with truth, a lover of candor, the patron of merit; and he signalized me out as his little Lake boy, his protégée, nay, as his son, whom he regarded and trained up as his own. This, notwithstanding the many bitter moments of discipline which were used to try me, could not but gain upon such a heart as mine, particularly so inexperienced a one.”

He never appears to have lived happily with his wife, and in June, 1812, a regular deed of separation was drawn up and finally executed. He nowhere exhibits *amability* of character. Few, if any, loved him.

His vanity was prodigious: sometimes it is hateful, sometimes amusing. Mr. Davies, his amanuensis, whom he would keep employed for months together almost night and day, apparently regardless of his health or comfort, having on one occasion written to him an account of the progress he was making in the wearisome task assigned him of compiling from an immense mass of papers a complete edition of all the doctor's works, receives the following consolation:—“Go on. *You must be well aware how instructive, how exceedingly instructive* your present task is to you, and must still further be when I come to criticise and correct all you shall do.” Davies writes that he is at work

from six in the morning till ten at night; to which the doctor replies: "You must work, not as I have done, for that I do not expect, but as you can. *Your labors in no other way can be so profitable to the world, or so improving to yourself.*"

Mr. Bamford's account is equally ludicrous.

"He triumphantly displayed the mighty advantages with which I was favored in being allowed to copy and transcribe, from little scraps of paper and backs of letters, the chaotic effusions of his ardent mind. 'This was real training, far better than being at the university; and nobody knew where it might end, or what you may come to, if you give yourself up to this thing.' He would remark, after he tried my fidelity—'Now you know all my concerns; other people require oaths of secrecy; no man engages a common clerk, without having security for his faithfulness; but here I allow you to see my papers, and trust only to your honor. Though I do not ask you to swear, yet I expect that you will consider yourself as fully bound, as if you were sworn to secrecy.'"

In this respect alone—the attaching of vast importance to supposed discoveries in education—Lancaster resembled him. *He, too, had his "mysteries," known only to the initiated. He, too, was a moral spectacle, and a wonder to himself. If Bell "wielded one of the most stupendous engines" known "since the days of our Saviour and his apostles," Lancaster was not a whit behind in celebrity. He could instruct "a thousand children at the same time out of one book;"—his "youngest pupil could teach arithmetic with the certainty of a mathematician without knowing anything about it himself," and by these "wonderful inventions" the world was to be regenerated. If Bell "attached an overweening importance to trifles, and insisted with vehemence on all his notions being adopted," Lancaster (we were about to say) outdid him—but that was impossible—in this species of extravagance. Yet his boasted methods of punishment were radically bad, and have long since been abandoned as degrading and mischievous; and his system of rewards, including "badges of merit," "orders" of merit, chains, medals, and expensive prizes—scarcely less objectionable, have shared the same fate. Time has already set its seal upon the doings of both these men, and judgment has long since gone forth. But how different is the verdict to that which they so fondly anticipated. On all the *peculiarities* in which they gloried, men already pour contempt. The *monitorial* principle survives; but the trappings with which they encumbered it have long since proved worthless. Their pride is in the dust; their ambition, a vain show. Posterity will remember them rather as party leaders than as inventors or philanthropists, and succeeding generations will honor their zeal, their energy, and their perseverance under difficulties, rather than their wisdom, their genius, or their modesty.*

The *diversities* of character in the two men were many and striking. Lancaster, through his whole course, is the religious enthusiast; Bell, from youth to age, is distinguished by worldly-minded prudence. While the one is burning with desire to teach the blacks to read the Bible; the other is quietly earning a reputation for sobriety and circumspection. When Lancaster is "frequenting the meetings of Friends, and sacrificing worldly prospects to obtain inward peace," Bell is fighting a duel, and preparing to take orders in the church. While the unworldly Quaker is exclaim-

ing, "I don't want a stock of money, I only want a stock of faith;" the "disinterested" churchman is insatiate in his lust after place and preferment. While the one, generous to a fault and benevolent to a weakness, is complaining that his "soul succumbs under the burden when he sees hearts breaking under distress" and he "cannot or dare not help them;" the other, careful, and a little covetous withal, is pinching the "brethren," and bringing upon himself a visitation from the bishop. Both are proud; but with this difference—Lancaster is arrogant, Bell, vain. Both are self-worshippers, "the eye" of each is "ever on himself," but the result is not the same: in the one, self-complacency *destroys love*; in the other, it produces something like insanity. Under its influence, Lancaster, always generous and fervid, becomes habitually wasteful and flighty; Bell, with a natural tendency to be hard and grasping, becomes as habitually selfish and morose—"of the earth, and earthy."

In contemplating Dr. Bell as a beneficed clergyman, the mind is painfully affected in discovering no evidence whatever of spirituality of heart. He is always "high and dry." He has evidently more faith in natural philosophy, than in the gospel as a means of evangelizing India. Principal M'Cormick writes expressing distrust of the "well-meaning but ill-judging patrons of plans for the conversion of Gentoos, and ridicules the idea of attempting to teach Christianity to the natives of Bengal by "preaching its doctrines *slap-dash*;" and faithless Dr. Bell, instead of rebuking his skepticism, replies, that without the power of working miracles "*none can ever throw down the barriers which enclose their sacred shrines, or gain any converts whom a rational divine or pious Christian, who sets any value on a good life, would not blush to own.*"

His theology, too, is more than questionable. He understands by our Saviour's declaration, that we must become "little children" in order to "enter the kingdom of heaven," that, "among children, and from them, and by becoming as one of them, we are to learn those simple doctrines of nature and truth, *innate in them*, or which readily occur to their minds, as yet unbiassed by authority, prejudice, or custom." And he calls this the "school of nature and truth pointed out by the Son of God." We are by no means disposed to make any man an offender for a word, but we cannot help observing, that if Lancaster had expressed himself so incautiously, the friends of Dr. Bell would have eagerly seized upon the passage as conclusive evidence of a socialized mind.

Lancaster had his theological heresies, but they are of a totally different complexion. *His* perversions of scripture are all mystical, and it is curious to observe how they blend with his burning temperament. He is an "Elijah," a "chosen vessel," a David before Goliath—a Joshua before Jericho. Imaginative and excitable, he is *always* on fire; Bell, very rarely, except when defending "his system." The former often manifests heat without light; but the latter, as a Christian, never warms—all is cold as death. Coleridge, in one of his letters to Bell, unconsciously reads his friend a lesson when he observes, "A man who has nothing better than prudence is fit for no world to come;" he might have had poor Lancaster in his eye when he added, "and he who does not possess it in full activity is as unfit for the present world." Both might have profited by his conclusion. "What then shall we say? Have

both prudence and the moral sense, but subordinate the former to the latter; and so possess the flexibility and address of the serpent, to glide through the brakes and jungles of this life, with the wings of a dove to carry us upward to a better."

Lancaster's lack of prudence was happily supplied by a little band of men, now all gone to their reward, who, at great personal sacrifice, nobly came forward in the hour of need, and saved the schools he had established from utter and irremediable ruin. On two or three of these departed worthies we must bestow a passing notice.

William Corston, the simple-minded author of the "Brief Sketch," to which we have been so largely indebted, was once well known as the party who introduced into this country the manufacture of British Leghorn. Having shown that instead of being imported as heretofore from Italy and France, it might be manufactured by our own poor, he opened a warehouse for its sale on Ludgate Hill. The discovery attracted much notice. The "Society of Arts" pronounced the invention a national benefit, and rewarded the inventor with a gold medal. The "Society for bettering the Condition of the Poor" also noticed this valuable branch of manufacture in their reports. After many vicissitudes, some of which obliged him more than once to compound with his creditors, he eventually succeeded in his undertaking, and after a long and laborious life, retired on a small property to his native village of Fincham in Norfolk, where, at a very early period of his career he had established a school for poor children. It is due to this good and honorable man to state, that after emerging from pecuniary difficulties he called his creditors together, and with rare probity paid every debt in full.

William Corston was a Moravian by religious profession, a man of tender spirit and of warm affections. We have often heard him relate with brimming eyes the circumstance which first led him to take so deep an interest in the education of poor children. "I was going," he used to say, "when I was about twenty years of age, through Butt Lane, Deptford, when I heard voices singing, and looking up, saw a board on which was inscribed, 'To the glory of God and the benefit of poor children. This school was erected by Dean Stanhope.' I stood looking and musing upon it, when the voices of the children so affected me that tears flowed down my cheeks, and the prayer immediately arose in my heart, O! that it may please God that I may have it in my power one day to build a school like this for poor children!"* He accomplished his object, and the school still stands, bearing the same inscription—"To the glory of God and the benefit of poor children."

Lancaster never had a more attached friend than this good Samaritan. In all his trials we find him pouring his sorrows into the sympathizing bosom of the man whom he delights to call his "friend," his "fellow-laborer," his "brother," his "best beloved and faithful one"—and he never appeals in vain. In later years, Mr. Corston spent most of his time at Fincham, where he died on the 25th of May, 1843, in the 84th year of his age.

Joseph Fox, to whom Lancaster was introduced in 1807, was a medical man, not less eminent for

his professional skill, than for his extensive and diversified benevolence. He was, like Corston, a man of quick feelings and of sensitive nature. In religious sentiment he was either an independent or a baptist, we are not sure which. Fox, while at Dover, was taken by the late Sir John Jackson, with whom he was residing, to hear Lancaster lecture, and such was the effect produced upon him by the fervid oratory of the speaker, that at the conclusion of the lecture he rose, and with the greatest emotion and solemnity exclaimed, "Were I to hold my peace, after what I have now heard and experienced, the stones might cry out against me." His heart and hand were from this moment truly devoted to the work.

On his return to London, it was agreed that he should meet Lancaster to dinner at Ludgate Hill, and Mr. Corston thus describes the interview.

"After dinner, our first subject was the debt. 'Well, Joseph,' said Mr. Fox, 'what do you owe now? Do you owe a thousand pounds?' He only replied, 'Yes!' After a little time, he asked, 'Do you owe two thousand pounds?' A significant pause ensued. Joseph again replied, 'Yes.' The third time he inquired, with increased earnestness, affectionately tapping him on the shoulder, 'Do you owe three thousand pounds?' Joseph burst into tears. 'You must ask William Corston,' said he. 'He knows better what I owe, than I do myself.' Mr. Fox then rising from his seat, and addressing me solemnly, said, 'Sir, I am come to London to see the devil in his worst shape; tell me what he owes.' 'Why, sir,' I replied, 'it is nearer four thousand than three.' He returned to his chair, and seemed for some time to be absorbed in prayer—not a word passed from either of us. Mr. Fox at length rose, and addressed me, said, 'Sir, I can do it with your assistance.' I replied, 'I know, sir, that God has sent you to help us; and all that I can do is at your command.' He rejoined, 'I can only at present, lay my hand upon two thousand pounds. Will you accept all the bills I draw upon you? and every one shall have twenty shillings in the pound, and interest if they require it.' I replied, 'I will.' We then all instantly rose, and embraced each other like children, shedding tears of affection and joy. 'The cause is saved!' exclaimed Mr. Fox. I replied, 'Yes; and a three-fold cord is not easily broke.' Thus, through the gracious and almighty hand of Him, who prospers his own cause, and makes it to triumph over all its enemies and obstacles; thus was the foundation laid for the maintenance of an institution, which was destined to confer the blessing of Christian education upon millions and millions of mankind.

"We immediately, and with renewed energy, proceeded with the work. Two days after, the bills, forty-four in number, were drawn, accepted, and given to the creditors; and, with gratitude to the Divine goodness, it may be added, that they were all honored as they became due.

"Soon after this, we were joined by several valuable friends, and on March 1, 1808, a committee was formed, consisting of the following persons:—

"(Their names are given in the order in which they engaged in the work.)

THOMAS STURGE,	WILLIAM ALLEN,
WILLIAM CORSTON,	JOHN JACKSON,
JOSEPH FOX,	JOSEPH FOSTER.

* By some unaccountable mistake Mr. Southey has attributed this incident to Lancaster, and made him the straw-plait manufacturer.

"From this time the accounts were properly kept, the trustees holding themselves responsible to the public. Nevertheless, they were further called upon to advance large sums, from time to time; and for nine years, cheerfully sustained the burden of a debt of £8000.

"At length, Mr. Whitbread, who attended the committee, observed that it was a *shame* that a benevolent public should let six gentlemen be so far in advance for so long a time; and proposed that a hundred friends should be sought for, who would undertake to subscribe or collect £100 each for the work. In three years this plan proved successful, and in that time was raised £11,040, by which a new school was built, and the establishment greatly enlarged. And in the year 1817 the trustees were exonerated."—pp. 54—57.

Mr. Fox devoted himself with characteristic energy to the work he had undertaken, and on the formation of the British and Foreign School Society in 1808, he became its secretary; an office which he rendered honorable by his gratuitous but unceasing and unabated labors. He died on the 11th of April, 1816, at the early age of forty years.

The last survivor of this little band was William Allen, whose recent departure in a good old age, has been noticed in most of the leading periodicals of the day. A few words regarding this venerable philanthropist, must complete the hasty and imperfect sketches on which we have, perhaps, too rashly ventured.

William Allen, at the period to which we have been referring, was a chemist, carrying on an extensive and lucrative business in Plough Court, Lombard street, and at the same time delivering a course of lectures at the Royal Institution. Here he had formed friendships with Sir Humphrey Davy and other eminent persons, which ended only with their lives.

In the year 1805 he visited Lancaster's school in the Borough Road for the first time. He was much struck by what he witnessed—became a subscriber to the school, and availed himself of every opportunity for drawing attention to its merits. In 1808 he joined Lancaster's other friends in undertaking the responsibility of his debts, and was for upwards of five and thirty years treasurer to the institution which arose out of his movements.

His life was eminently active and useful. In the year 1818, being then a minister among the society of Friends, he visited Norway, and from thence proceeded through Stockholm and Finland to St. Petersburg. Here, in conjunction with two other friends, he compiled the excellent volume of Scripture selections which, in connection with the entire Scriptures, has ever since been used in the schools of the society. This volume was immediately translated and printed in Russia for the use of the schools in that great empire.

After leaving Petersburg, he proceeded through some of the large towns of Russia to the German colonies on the banks of the Dnieper; and thence to Constantinople, Smyrna, Greece, and the Ionian Islands. After a detention at Zante in consequence of serious and protracted illness, he returned home through Italy, Switzerland, and France. In 1822, he again visited the continent of Europe, and at Vienna and Verona among the ministers of the different courts of Europe then assembled, proclaimed the iniquities of the African slave trade, and pleaded the cause of the oppressed

Greeks, and of the persecuted Waldenses of Piedmont. For the former he obtained some important privileges, and for the latter he secured increased liberty of conscience.

At home he was well known as an ardent and untiring philanthropist;—in character, unspotted—in charity, abundant—in manners, a courtier—in purity of life, a saint. His latter years were chiefly passed at Lindfield, in Sussex, where he had established schools of industry, and here he died on the 30th of December, 1843, in the seventy-third year of his age. His last thoughts were on the love of Christ and on the true unity of a redeemed people; his mind dwelling with lingering affection on the words of Jesus, "that they may be with me where I am." "I in them, and thou in me, that they all may be one in us." In the near approach of dissolution a heavenly serenity settled on his countenance: his hands were raised in the attitude of prayer, and then tranquilly rested on his bosom, as the redeemed spirit was gently released from its earthly tenement.

Should his life ever be written—and it would be an instructive one—the great lesson to be gathered from it would be, the practicability of combining through a long life, the obligations of trade, the pursuits of science, the enjoyments of philanthropy, and the duties of a gospel ministry. We can conceive of nothing better calculated to correct early and ill-directed ambition, to check youthful pride, or to cure unreasonable disgusts, than the observation of so healthful an example, as that of a man whose varied honors were but successive developments of growing character, each appearing in its appropriate season, and each bringing with it its suitable reward.

Of the remaining three early friends of Lancaster, only one was known to the writer of this article—Joseph Foster, an upright and honorable man—generous, hospitable, sincere, incapable of meanness, and indignant at wrong. He too has gone to his rest, the only one who has left his name and place in the society occupied by a son.

Of the *political* founders of the institution few now remain. The Dukes of Kent and Sussex, the Duke of Bedford and Lord Somerville, Mr. Whitbread, Sir Samuel Romilly, Mr. Horner, Sir James Macintosh, and many others who might be named, are all gone. And Rowland Hill, whose cheerful voice used so often to ring through the committee room, as he led in his retiring but noble-hearted friend John Bradley Wilson, who usually accompanied him from his Friday morning service; and Wilberforce, in a somewhat equivocal position, as an annual subscriber, a vice-president, an eloquent advocate, and yet, according to his sons, a disapprover of the society; and humbler names, a sacramental host, who did good service to the cause in their day and generation, have gone too, leaving the principles they espoused, and the society they established, to be defended, sustained, and preserved for succeeding generations by those who cherish their memory, and occupy their places.

Poor Lancaster, who had often occasion to join with the Psalmist and pray—"Deliver my soul, O Lord, from *lying* lips, and a *deceitful* tongue," being charged with Deism, once published his "belief," and if words have any meaning, it is abundantly satisfactory. We quote it as a curious

and almost solitary instance of Quaker theology thrown into the form of a *crede*. "I am," he says, "a firm believer in the divinity of Jesus Christ. I believe that the Holy Scriptures were given by inspiration, and contain in writing the revealed will of God. I believe the doctrine of the fall of man, and the alienation from God consequent on that fall. I believe that there are three that bear record in heaven; the FATHER, the WORD, and the SPIRIT, and that these three are one. I believe in the doctrine of justification by faith in Jesus Christ. I know that salvation can only be obtained by the name of Christ, and by the oblation of himself which he made on the cross. I believe THE APOSTLES' CREED to be a just inference from the Scriptures, at once excellent, simple, and expressive; but it was not given in its present collective form by inspiration, as the writings of the apostles were; and who can blame me for preferring, as an individual, the inspired writings of the apostle, which contain the substance of the creed in almost every page, and often in a few lines, to any inference therefrom by men, however excellent in their kind? Can such inferences rival the beautiful language of St. John, or the majestic yet simple eloquence of St. Paul?" SOCINIAN, DEIST, INFIDEL! May thy sound faith, and loving heart, inspire us with a large charity for thy many faults and grievous wanderings!

From *Ainsworth's Magazine*.

THE LATE MR. LAMAN BLANCHARD.

"I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me." 2 Sam., Chap. i.

It is with feelings of the deepest sadness, which the consciousness of the world's appreciation of his worth can scarcely mitigate, that we find ourselves called upon to speak of one who occupied so honorable and conspicuous a place in periodical literature as the late Mr. Laman Blanchard; but, however reluctant to dwell upon the painful theme, his direct association with our own labors demands that we should devote some portion of our space to his memory.

Were we to give full license to the grief which we share in common with many who valued him, our efforts to record our sense of his loss would prove completely unavailing, and ours would be—

"The voiceless thought which would not speak,
but weep."

But the desire, imperfect as the attempt may be, to do justice to his literary fame, masters all other considerations and compels our attention to the claims of his genius upon the notice of the world, while yet the tears of sorrow for his untimely fate flow freshly from their source; for though, in his lamented death—

"The flash of wit, the bright intelligence,
The beam of song, the blaze of eloquence,
Set with their sun, they still have left behind
The enduring produce of immortal mind;
Fruits of a genial morn and glorious noon—
A deathless part of him who died too soon."

Laman Blanchard's abilities were as various as they were striking. His ever active mind, teeming with fine thoughts and sparkling fancies, needed but a word to guide it in the required direction; the slightest suggestion was at once seized and made palpable in the clearest and most

intelligible language. It was the possession of this faculty that made his services as a political writer so valuable, while the brilliancy and originality of his conceptions developed the poet, the wit, and the moralist. It is not within our province to examine his productions in the former capacity; there remain of his works fortunately more than enough to assist our more legitimate inquiry.

In earlier years Laman Blanchard cherished the hope of being known to fame chiefly as a poet; poetry was his "young affection," and had not the necessities of this "hard work-a-day world" tied him down to its stern realities, he might, even in these prosaic days, have achieved his object. As it was, he never ceased, when opportunity offered, to "strictly meditate the thankless muse," and gave out, from time to time, verses of exquisite tenderness, taste, and feeling, enough for a reputation, though insufficient to satisfy the deep yearnings of the poet's own heart. We have not all the means before us that we could desire to furnish proof of his poetical powers, for, with the exception of one small volume, published several years since, there is not at present any collection of all he so freely scattered. Enough, however, exists in the pages of our own Magazine, to which, from its foundation till his death, he was one of the leading contributors, to justify the assertion that he deserved no mean place amongst those who "build the lofty rhyme," though his name may descend to posterity on other and more assured grounds.

Deeply reverent as are now the countless worshippers of Shakspeare, there breathed not one perhaps, who worshipped the bard with a more ardent and purer feeling than Laman Blanchard, in proof of which let these lines testify, which were written—On the first page of a volume intended for the reception of essays and drawings illustrative of Shakspeare."

"Like one who stands
On the bright verge of some enchanted shore,
Where notes from airy harps, and hidden hands,
Are, from the green grass and the golden sands,
Far echoed, o'er and o'er,
As if the trance'd listener to invite
Into that world of light.

Thus stood I here,
Musing awhile on these unblotted leaves,
Till the blank pages brighten'd, and mine ear
Found music in their rustling, sweet and clear,
And wreathes that fancy weaves
Entwined the volume—fill'd with grateful lays,
And songs of rapturous praise.

No sound I heard,
But echoed o'er and o'er our Shakspeare's name,
One lingering note of love, link'd word to word,
Till every leaf was as a fairy bird,
Whose song is still the same;
Or each was as a flower, with folded cells
For Pucks and Ariels!

And visions grew—
Visions not brief, though bright, which frosted age
Hath fail'd to rob of one diviner hue,
Making them more familiar, yet more new—
These flash'd into the page;
A group of crown'd things—the radiant themes
Of Shakspeare's Avon dreams!

Of crownèd things—
 (Rare crowns of living gems and lasting flowers)
 Some in the human likeness, some with wings—
 Dyed in the beauty of ethereal springs—
 Some shedding piteous showers
 Of natural tears, and some in smiles that fell
 Like sunshine on a dell.

Here Art had caught
 The perfect mould of Hamlet's princely form,—
 The frantic Thane, fiend-cheated, lived, me-
 thought;
 Here Timon howl'd; anon, sublimely wrought,
 Stood Lear amid the storm;
 There Romeo droop'd, or soared—while Jacques,
 here,
 Still watch'd the weeping deer

And then a throng
 Of heavenly natures, clad in earthly vest,
 Like angel-apparitions, pass'd along;
 The rich-lipp'd Rosalind, all light and song,
 And Imogen's white breast;
 Low-voiced Cordelia, with her stifled sighs,
 And Juliet's shrouded eyes.

The page, turn'd o'er,
 Show'd Kate—or Viola—my Lady Tongue—
 The lost Venetian, with her living Moor;
 The Maiden-Wonder on the haunted shore,
 Happy, and fair, and young;
 Till on a poor, love-martyr'd mind I look—
 Ophelia, at the brook.

With sweet Anne Page
 The bright throng ended; for, untouch'd by time,
 Came Falstaff, laughter-laurell'd, young in age,
 With many a ripe and sack-devoted sage!
 And deathless clowns sublime,
 Crowded the leaf, to vanish at a swoop,
 Like Oberon and his troop.

Here sate, entranced,
 Malvolio, leg-trapp'd;—he who served the Jew
 Still with the fiend seem'd running;—then advanced
 Messina's pretty piece of flesh, and danced
 With Bottom and his crew;—
 Mercutio, Benedick, press'd points of wit,
 And Osrick made his hit.

At these, ere long,
 Awoke my laughter, and the spell was past;
 Of the gay multitude, a marvellous throng,
 No trace is here—no tints, no word, no song,
 On these bare leaves are cast—
 The altar has been rear'd, an offering fit—
 The flame is still unlit.

Oh! who now bent
 In humble reverence, hopes one wreath to bind
 Worthy of him, whose genius, strangely blent,
 Could kindle 'wonder and astonishment'
 In Milton's starry mind!
 Who stood alone, but not as one apart,
 And saw man's inmost heart!"

By the readers of this Magazine, such lyrics as
 "The Tour of Love and Time," "Science and
 Good Humor," and that beautiful song on "The
 Old Green Lane," are, doubtless, "freshly re-
 membered;" still less can they have forgotten
 that exquisite monody, "The Eloquent Pastor
 Dead," which contains so much that now, alas!
 is applicable to the writer, that we cannot refuse
 to quote a few of the most touching stanzas:—

"Lament not for the vanish'd! Earth to him
 Is now a fluttering star, far off, and dim,
 And Life a spectre, volatile and grim.

Weep not, ye mourners, for the great one lost!
 Rich sunshine lies beyond this night of frost—
 Our troubles are not worth the tears they cost.

Give forth the song of love, the steadfast vow—
 No tear! for Death and He are parted now,
 And Life sits throned on his conscious brow.

Oh, mourn not! yet remember what has been—
 How buoyantly he trod this troubled scene,
 The pathways of his spirit always green!

He taught the cheerfulness that still is ours,
 The sweetness that still lurks in human powers;—
 If heaven be full of stars, the earth has flowers!

His was the searching thought, the glowing mind;
 The gentle will to others' soon resign'd;
 But more than all, the feeling just and kind.

His pleasures were as melodies from reeds—
 Sweet books, deep music, and unselfish deeds,
 Finding immortal flowers in human weeds.

His thoughts were as a pyramid up-piled,
 On whose far top an angel stood and smiled—
 Yet, in his heart, was he a simple child."

How much of this description was true in Laman
 Blanchard, let those who knew and loved him
 declare. For ourselves, we can answer for the
 application of every line. In his heart, he was,
 in truth, "a simple child."

But whatever his poetical merits, it is as an
 essayist that he will hereafter be known to the
 world; and it was, no doubt, the secret conscious-
 ness of success in this department of literature that
 prompted him, during the last few years of his life,
 to marshal his thoughts principally in that shape.

Month after month did he continue to pour forth
 themes sparkling with wit, profound with wisdom
 and truth; a shrewd observer of human nature,
 but ever noting the follies and frailties of man-
 kind with a lenient eye, he spared while he cor-
 rected, and excited a kindly admiration while he
 censured. Good humor and benevolence, no less
 than integrity of purpose, distinguished all he
 wrote; and though earnest and impassioned in
 the reprehension of vice or meanness, he never
 satirized with bitterness. Of quick discernment,
 and endowed with a nice appreciation of character,
 he exposed the foibles of man and the errors of
 society without the slightest tinge of personal feel-
 ing; and cheerfulness, amid all his trials—and
 they were neither few nor light—so filled his heart
 that it shed its glow over everything he touched.

To this Magazine he contributed many of his
 essays; but the bulk of them, which, we are happy
 to hear, will shortly be published in a collected
 form, were contributed to the "New Monthly
 Magazine." It is from these that we prefer mak-
 ing the extracts that justify our opinion of his
 peculiar abilities, and place him on a level with
 one whom he admired and knew well—the cele-
 brated Elia.

Observe to what conclusions the consideration of
 that hackneyed subterfuge, the phrase of "Faults
 on both sides," led him:

"Yet how are sacred things profaned, and the
 sweetest uses of poetry perverted, to the lowest

and falsest ends! This very phrase, which seems to hold, in the narrowest compass, the moral of all life, and to convey the verdict agreed upon by Truth the plain speaker, and Philosophy the oracle, in relation to all the vain and aggravated contentions of mankind,—this phrase is made a catch-word, a slang saying, a jest, becoming in the very meanest mouths, and fitted for the vilest objects.

"There is no form of words which has worked more mischief in the social world, as far as words alone can work it, than this simple phrase. It is caught up from lip to lip—repeated until sense is lost in mere sound; and the general truth becomes a particular falsehood in thousands of instances. Its real meaning is struck out, and a hollow lie is substituted. Where we should find the white, sweet kernel, the maggot fattens. 'Faults on both sides,' is the language, not of the philosopher, the moralist, the peace-making, pardoning Christian—but of the self-elected juror, the concealed and cowardly slanderer, the heartless and abandoned leveller, who would confound vice and virtue, and merge all distinctions, not merely of guilt, but of guilt and innocence, in a loose, easy, general, comfortable verdict—a safe one universally—'faults on both sides.'

"You are not far from the truth there," is the cry of the sage babblers of society as often as the verdict is delivered—not very, in one sense, but awfully near a lie, dark and silent as assassination, perhaps, in another sense. A reputation is possibly sacrificed in the very utterance of the words—a life's life may be destroyed—a great cause, sacred as virtue, is given up at once—the broadest, simplest points of difference are confused and merged uninquiringly—and honor and shame reduced to the same measure, color, and substance; all by the easy, current verdict, applicable to the most difficult and the most contradictory cases—'there are faults on both sides.'

"The Father of Evil never invented a more dexterous weapon for his agents to work with. The evened-out point is so concealed, while it looks so open and fair. Candor so shines in it, that inquiry is subdued at once. Remonstrance is silenced by a text so impartial. Once utter this decree, and there is no more to be said. 'There are faults on both sides,' generally settles all to everybody's satisfaction.

"The lovers of peace are satisfied, for it cuts short the dispute. The sympathizers with virtue submit, for it spares her the dangerous intoxication of a triumph. The allies of the vicious are comforted, for their client is lifted up in repute to the virtuous level. The slanderers exult, because it gives them a cue for reviling both parties. The timid, selfish people are reconciled, for they are relieved from the risk of taking part one way or the other. The indolent are saved the trouble of investigating. The hypocrites admit that there may possibly be a fault or so more on one side than on the other, but protest vehemently against the practice of balancing hairs and reopening cases that are finally settled. The verdict is given: there is no new trial to be had when once human nature has heard the decree pronounced—'There are faults on both sides.'"

The special application of this view of the subject is beautifully made in the story of "Lyddie Erie," much of which is, unhappily, drawn from nature.

In the same paper we find the following humorous but truthful remarks on "Trial by Jury:"

"Certain it is, that at this instant, in the honest city we reside in, juries are, to say the least, as unpopular as in Botany Bay. We, who have unsullied characters, who abjure every vice that is unlawful, and who live in the practice of every virtue that is agreeable to our constitutions, all under the protection of the jury-box, rail as loudly at juries, as the rascals of whom juries rid us.

"But then, how nicely we discriminate—with what a fine and delicate hand we draw the line between (as we may say) the box and its twelve tenants. How philosophically we distinguish between the jury and the juryism, between the practice and the principle. While we bully the 'honest and intelligent' dozen, as often as we please, how rapturously we, on every occasion, extol the system. The blockheads assembled in the box are only not knaves and perjurers, because they are dense fools, or dreamers past waking; but the box itself is all the while religiously held to be a blessing invaluable."

"An Englishman may just as well poison his grandmother, as rail at trials by jury. No false indictment was ever torn to pieces in the face of the world, under a jury's unerring and beneficent auspices, as that freeborn Briton would be who should dare to whisper in any popular assembly a syllable disparaging to that glorious institution."

"But the jurymen are all forsworn—the whole defenceless twelve. They alone are without shield or protection; for them, no man, however chivalrous his nature, feels called upon to stand up. It is nobody's business to see a jury righted; at best, the verdict in their case would be 'justifiable ill-usage.'"

"They are called 'honest and intelligent' by courtesy, but the words mean no more than 'honorable' before 'member.' If they follow the judge's dictation, they are handsomely pronounced to be 'servile, spiritless, and forsworn;' if they happen to differ with that learned person, and bring in a verdict contrary to his intelligible direction, they are pretty sure to be self-willed, prejudiced, ignorant, and reckless of law and evidence. If they come to a decision instantaneously, the decision, though right, is farcical for want of deliberation; if they have conscientious scruples and cannot agree, we lock them up and starve them into unanimity; thus obtaining a verdict, not by the strength of their understandings and the purity of their consciences, but by physical torture and the exhaustion of their animal powers. In a question of life and death, we force a decree, ay or no, not from the brain, but from the stomach."

"People who always keep their word" afford him a theme for much clever argument and happy illustration:

"The people who always keep their word, if you will take their word for the fact, are to be met with in immense varieties. To portray them is to paint Legion. It is also to unite opposites under one head; for those who always keep their word are not to be known, sometimes, from those who never do."

Here is a well-drawn character, Nick Froth:

"In whatever water you may happen to be, there he is upon the surface floating buoyantly within hail, and anxious to play the friend in any emergency. But just as you are sinking, he lets go your hand, and swims off in search of the life-buoy, promising to return with speed. He enters eagerly into an engagement to get you out of hot water, and when the element has had plenty of time to

cool, there he is at his post, ready to redeem his promise."

A variety of this class :

"Men of their word, with a reservation—conscience all over, when convenience is in the way."

"Very honest people as long as the sun shines and honesty can make hay. In the cold season, with nothing to do, they may be apt to thrust their hands into somebody's pocket—to keep them warm. They make the promise first and then bethink themselves what possibility there is of its fulfilment. They are often as good as their word—but then, their word is good for nothing."

"But although all these people, the majority of the promising crowds who are about one everywhere, regard themselves as persons of their word, and are so to this extent—that they rarely perhaps break a serious promise without some little shabby show of an excuse for doing so; it is to be understood that the very best of them reserve points to themselves on which they may break faith when they like—points on which no expectation of their fidelity is to be reasonably expected."

The following is wittily put :

"It must be plain that even among persons who always keep their word, there are differences of position and circumstance by which we are all moved to cherish preferences and prejudices, affecting our belief in their faithfulness. When a judge promises to hang a man, we are more apt to put faith in him than in a physician when he promises to cure one—yet both, perhaps, in themselves are equally worthy of trust. Of two promises made by the very worthiest of our acquaintances—first, that he will come and dine with us, and, secondly, that he will call and pay the balance, we cannot, with the best of feelings, help relying more on one assertion than the other."

Those who are really sincere in all they promise are thus characterized :—

"Persons who always keep their word recognize in it more and more a sacredness beyond the letter of it, and are the first to feel that they are sometimes bound by a solemn contract, even when they have uttered no syllable in sanction of it. *More promises are made than ever can be spoken: an angel even in our company makes them for us.*"

In the last thought the poet shines out. In his illustrations of the *tedium vite*, he truly says :

"Nothing is liable to such continual and extraordinary variation as time, the present hour differing so from the next that the minutes of one may be as years in the other—nay, as a vast eternity, ever dying and yet endless. Our lamentations over the shortness of life might be spared when we reflect upon the many long days that fall to the lot of every creature in his turn, though there is little perhaps of liveliness in the thought that all those long days are emphatically and necessarily the dull ones of our year, and that this very dullness regulates the degrees of their duration. Nor is it of much avail to seek comfort by counting up the happier days that have intervened, for these are always found to be the shortest in the calendar."

The following, on the same subject, is a touching picture :

"The long, dull, weary day of factory labor—restless, vigilant, and incessant—gathers, nevertheless, with a less grievous weight, hour by hour, upon the overtaxed heart than would the slow and lengthening minutes of the morrow, if on that sunless day the father saw his children spared from

grinding toil, pining with hunger. The day devoted to watchful tending by the bed of pain, when the being we most deeply revere is helpless, prostrate, and in peril, wears out less darkly than the fixed and hopeless monotony of the after day, when such tending is needed no more. Short and merry is the long, sad time, from early morn to noon, from eve unto deep moonlight, passed on the becalmed sea by the impatient, heart-sick mariner, compared with that *one day*—that now long, marvellous lifetime, sweet, and yet most horrible to bear—when the sunrise sees him sole survivor of the wreck, and the sunset leaves him hanging to a wave-washed point, or floating on a spar alone, and in the dark, between sea and sky."

The absurdity of discovering "coincidences," on every occasion is agreeably satirized :

"To talk is not always necessary—to think is enough. 'How unlucky,' says Shiver, 'that I should have thought this morning of that wine bill, run up before I was married, after forgetting it for five years. The man will certainly send the account to-morrow, or perhaps call himself with it to-night.'"

This gentleman has a helpmate, who jumps at conclusions no less heartily than himself :

"One night, just before supper, she sprang across the room, singing as she went. 'Talking of *these things*, it always happens so. Here is my lovely friend, Mrs. Wix.' She then ran to embrace a very pretty little figure. 'These things' which had just been mentioned were game and poultry; and it turned out afterwards that Mrs. Wix was the daughter of a distinguished poulterer. That coincidence had flashed on the vigilant perception of Mrs. S."

Speaking of the institution of a particular society for various purposes, he prettily and quaintly says :

"How it originated is of little consequence. Be sure of this, that its origin was small enough; what good work ever had any other! There is no crevice so narrow that good will not ooze through it, and gather and augment slowly, until it can force its way by degrees, and flow into a broad, full stream. Once set good going, and who can say where it will stop!"

The change that takes place in men is well treated of in "Deceased People whom we meet daily."—[Copied into the *Living Age*, Vol. I., p. 222.]

These are his ideas on the potent disenchantment of the worldly-minded who live for society alone :

"Human nature, at home, then, is a true thing—a veritably honest existence. It is not a semblance of the man, but the man. He has scraped off his hypocrisy with the dirt from his shoes at the street door ere he entered; he has left his mask, comic or tragic, with his hat on the appointed peg, not wanting either by the fireside where he unfolds himself; and he has thrown off the garb of outward manner which he has perhaps all day worn, as effectually as he had relieved himself of his travelling incumbrances. He has now no more power to act a part than he would have in sleep. His face, is his natural face, his manner is his own personal property, and his speech is not a kind of ventriloquism, but describes his real feelings in tones unaffected. The sacredness associated with 'home' is, in plain English, (one of the dead languages) a convenient cloak for playing pranks in, securely and unobserved. When people find it a relief to leave off acting for

a few hours, they fly to the domesticities. At home they are behind the scenes, out of view, and at liberty to be themselves again. As at the twirl of a wand, off goes the finery; the finished gentlemen scowls, grimaces, kicks the cat, and curses the servants, with an exquisite relish of ease and freedom; the tragedy queen tosses off her pot of porter in comfort; the safe, grave man is a giddy vagabond; the dashing spendthrift, a sudden convert to penuriousness; the arbiter of all fashion, a seedy scarecrow; the advocate of temperance asks for a corkscrew; the saint swears he is tired of the devil; and the charming young lady sits down to sulk, and think spiteful things of that Miss Grigs, who was asked to dance eleven times to her nine."

Shakspeare has told us that "homekeeping youths have ever homely wits;" of such a class is Mrs. Fixbury, "the lover of home:"—

"Home, in her idea of it, means certain rooms, with suitable fixtures and furniture. That was all! Observe: she was ardently attached to her home! that is, in other words, she had a wonderful liking for her nice apartments. She had an exquisite sense of all that is most elevated and refined in domestic associations! that is, in other words, she had a tender regard for every inanimate thing belonging to her on which her daily household eye rested."

"Home never meant, in her clear, plain, domestic understanding—no, never meant husband, children, and friends—the cheerful meal, the social fireside, and the silent pillow; it only meant a collection of common-place conveniences and ornaments, sanctified and endeared by hourly use and habit. Now, if the reader, wandering and peeping about in the odd dark corners of the world, have not yet encountered a lady wrapped up in a fond regard for her own fire-irons and buffet, her harpsichord and window curtains, then he has missed what assuredly he would have known had he been born sooner and encountered Mrs. Fixbury."

The article "On considering oneself horse-whipped," is a happy application of imagination to the cure of positive evils.—[Living Age, Vol. III., p. 182.]

Hear how he characterizes that gift, of which all the world are so liberal:

"Advice gratis wears a remarkably unscrupulous aspect. He has a long tongue which hangs half out of his mouth, a long sight which detects the approach of a victim, before he has turned the corner, a long finger to twine round the button of a hapless listener, and a short memory, which causes him to recommend two opposite remedies to the same patient, both wrong ones."

But we might multiply examples without end, indicative of shrewdness of observation, felicity of thought, and justness of expression, as well as adduce illustrations numberless of orders and degrees of men: there are Jonas Fairbrow, the honest, straightforward man; the openhearted Mrs. Aspenall, the cautious Johnny Sint; Robert Amber, "the man who had a reputation for integrity;" John Screw, the hater of the rich; Mrs. Dipple, the female arithmetician—these and a hundred more rise at once to our recollection, a *dramatis persone* large enough to stock the entire realm of comedy. One more extract, and we have done; it is from the last thing he wrote in the "New Monthly Magazine," (December, 1844,) and is full of that wit and genial disposi-

tion which so eminently characterized him. Speaking of Christmas, the last, poor fellow! he was destined to see, he says:

"One of the charms of Christmas is the bounty it brings. It is an old constant distinguishing characteristic of the season to exhibit a soul too broad and embracing to be shut in by the narrow though equitable boundaries of commerce, too lavish to throw its heart's wealth into a scale, and weigh it out in scruples. It is no period for scant measures, or for bare justice; the cup must overflow. Who ever said at Christmas, 'But can't you take half a mince-pie?' The spirit of the time is ungrudging, hospitable, generous. It is not the meal of Enough, but the festival of Excess. At such a season the common law of debtor and creditor is repealed. It is all give and take. The simple rule is—

"That they should give who have the power,
And they should take who can."

Less than happy be his new year, who could carp and cavil at the large, free, bountiful, open-hearted, full-handed, gift-scattering philosophy of Christmas!"

But our limits, rather than our inclination or resources, warn us to pause.

It will be a lasting source of satisfaction to us, if in what we have adduced, we have succeeded in directing the attention of the public to the literary remains of Laman Blanchard. For ourselves, we can only say, with Shenstone—

"Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari,
quam tui meminisse!"

From the Dublin University Magazine.

EARL OF ROSSE'S TELESCOPE—POSSIBLE DISCOVERIES.

THE public has been favored with many descriptions of Lord Rosse's magnificent telescope, and the successful arrangements by which he has been enabled to bring to perfection this splendid triumph of science and art; but it does not appear that any detail, however superficial, or prognostic, however fanciful, has yet touched upon the discoveries it may possibly effect, or the advances in human knowledge which may be expected, or at least desired, from its extraordinary powers. It may not be amiss to endeavor, in some degree, to supply this deficiency; and though the attempt may, in its execution, be stigmatized as fanciful and superficial, still it may act as a stimulus to others; and in the mean while gratify those who, satisfied with popular views, may take an interest in this deeply important subject.

1. In the first place, it may be expected, with certainty, that, in penetrating into still remoter regions of space, it will add considerably to the two thousand five hundred nebulae, numbered by Sir William Herschel in our hemisphere;* and that it will resolve into stars many of those which still remained luminous clouds in the most powerful telescopes of both the Herschels. In this well-informed age, it is well-nigh superfluous to observe that every nebula is, as it were, another universe, equal, or at least similar, to that which we behold in a starry night, when myriads of lu-

* See Sir William Herschel's papers on the Motion of the Sun and Solar System, in the Philosophical Transactions of the years 1793 and 1795.

minaries condense their light in the milky-way, or separately shed their rays upon us as they are nearer to our eyes. Yet all these splendors, so magnificent to us, would appear but a nebula to a spectator in one of those distant clusters of stars. Every nebula, therefore, which Lord Rosse's telescope adds to those already known, brings to light another universe, composed of millions of stars; every star a sun, attended by a system of planets, satellites, and comets, and contributing to the happiness of an infinitude of beings, capable of elevating their thoughts and feelings to the stupendous Creator of such a creation.

II. In the second place, this powerful instrument may afford a clearer insight into the nature of that filmy, luminous substance in the girdle of Andromeda, and other parts of the heavens which no telescopic power has yet sufficed to resolve into stars, and which some astronomers suppose to be the rudiments of future solar systems—universes in the progress of arrangement.* Yet it must be admitted that a more intimate knowledge of this substance, although possible, is still scarcely to be expected.

It may, however, be found that this substance, apparently a mass of nebulous light, may be composed of myriads of small meteoric bodies, at a considerable distance from each other, but condensed more or less to the eye, according to their relative remoteness from the earth; and that one of these nebulosities not only approaches, but actually crosses, the ecliptic, and traverses a portion of the space within the orbit of the earth; that the star-showers, as they are called, and which exhibit sixty or eighty of these star-like meteors in a single hour—four or five hundred in a single night—are occasioned by the passage of the earth through this nebosity thus crossing its orbit; and although these meteors may be comparatively in a state of rest, the rapid motion of our globe passing through the mass would give them the apparent velocity of shooting stars. Such bodies occasionally come in contact with the earth; and several of them, composed of iron, nichel, and other solid substances, have from time to time been found, and exercised the ingenuity of philosophers in devising whether they were ejected from some lunar volcano, have travelled at random through free space, or rolled in regular orbits round the sun, the earth, or the moon. Sir John Herschel, from the phenomena observed by him on the 10th of August, 1839, and the 9th of August, 1840, inferred that a zone or zones of these bodies turn round the sun, and are cut by the earth in its annual revolution.† This inference nearly coincides with the above hypothesis; but he does not touch the question whether this mass of meteoric bodies is or is not a nebosity similar to that in the girdle of Andromeda.

This latter conjecture is, perhaps, more near the truth than any of them. It, however, without being singular in this respect, involves two startling objections—viz. How does it happen that these bodies remain, like the stars, in a permanent state of luminous combustion, in free and empty space!—and why are they not, one and all, absorbed in the attraction of the earth as it traverses their column? If they are ponderous, opaque

bodies, and merely illuminated while traversing our atmosphere, they cannot compose the substance of a permanently luminous nebosity. Can, the meteoric stones which have fallen on the earth at various times—one on the 7th of November, 1492, another on the 27th November, 1627, a third in September, 1753, &c. &c.—and those others which have so frequently been observed during earthquakes and volcanic eruptions*—be one kind of shooting-stars!—and that the multitude of meteoric bodies, seen periodically from the 9th to the 12th of August, and on correlative days, if such shall be decidedly ascertained, are another kind? and will Lord Rosse's telescope possess the power of distinguishing between them!

III. In the third place, and of far more importance, we may hope, because there are rational grounds for hoping, that Lord Rosse will be able to discover the planets revolving round Sirius, Arcturus, Aldebaran, and other stars most near our solar system. Professor Nichol, in his eloquent work on the Architecture of the Heavens, observes that Sir John Herschel has lately requested attention, in the most express way, to the *minute and point-like companions* of such stars as—1. Ursæ, a.² Capricorni, a.² Cancri, γ Hydre, and α Geminorum, &c., as in some cases shining by reflected light; and, still more recently, his impression has been confirmed by what he saw in the southern hemisphere. "If these small silvery points," continues Nichol, "lurking within the rays of their respective suns, should indeed prove to be planets, the telescope will have performed the greatest of its achievements; and if upheld by observation as far as it can stretch, our knowledge of the physical constitution of matter shall ever enable us to state it as a general and necessary law, that all the orbs of space—not merely those which shine above us, but also the myriads whose wonderful clustering is seen in distant firmaments—that each one of this mighty throng is, through the inseparable exigencies of its being, engirt by a scheme of worlds proud as ours, perhaps far prouder, how immeasurable the range, how illimitable the variety of planetary existence!"‡

IV. Professor Nichol here decides that the discovery of the planets revolving round the fixed stars would be the greatest of the achievements of the telescope; yet there is another which may be justly pointed out as still greater, if among the possible achievements of any human instrument. In a word, the discovery of the grand centre of attraction, round which all the other heavenly bodies have been supposed to revolve.

It is to be recollected that Sir Wm. Herschel has ascertained that several of the fixed stars have a proper motion: a fact, he observes, that will admit of no farther doubt, from the continued observations, since it was first suspected, by Dr. Halley, and which demonstrates that Sirius, Arcturus, Aldebaran, &c., &c., are actually in motion, and that, in strictness, there is not one fixed star in the heavens. But, he adds, many other reasons will render this so obvious that there can hardly remain a doubt of the general motion of all the starry systems, and consequently of the solar one among the rest; and he indicates a point in the heavens somewhere near λ Herculis, as that to which this motion is directed.

* Professor Nichol's views of the Architecture of the Heavens. 3d edition, page 137.

† Transactions of the Royal Academy of Sciences and Belles Lettres of Brussels. Vol. VIII, 2d part, page 220.

* *Id. Id.* page 437. See also pages 62 and 434.

† Nichol's work above referred to, pages 69 and 66.

In pursuing this inquiry, he adverts to the *disappearance* of certain stars, and the appearance of others, since the time of Flamsteed, (who completed his catalogue in 1689,) observing that a slow motion in an orbit round some LARGE OPAKE

BODY, when the star which is lost, or diminished in magnitude, might undergo occasional occultations, would account for some of those changes. The following table will show the several circumstances adverted to on this occasion by Herschel :*

Constellations.	Stars lost or changed.	Newly-appearing Stars.
Hercules	{ 80, 81. 4th magnitude. 70 or 71. 5th magnitude	{ A star between 4th and 5th magnitude, following δ .
Cancer	26, 56, 73 or 74. 6th magnitude	{ A considerable star, between β and γ .
Perseus	19. 6th magnitude	{ Star of 5th magnitude, following τ .
Orion	62.	{ Star near ϵ and δ .
Pisces	108. 6th magnitude
Hydra	8
Comæ Berenicis	19, 34. 5th magnitude
Lacerta (Tail's-end)	{ A star between 4th and 5th mag.
Cepheus' Head	{ A star preceding 10.
Gemini	{ A star between 68 and 61.
Equulus	{ A double star of 1st class, prec. 1.
Sextans	{ Two stars following 1 and 7.
Bootes	{ Two considerable stars preceding γ and λ .

In four of these constellations certain stars have disappeared, and others have been recently observed. In three constellations stars have disappeared, but none new have been observed; and in six constellations new stars have been observed, where none have disappeared. These several constellations are dispersed in different parts of our hemisphere, and the area they encompass is immense, particularly at that distance where a star of the sixth magnitude would be eclipsed by an opaque body. Such a body, occupying such an area, could never have been in the contemplation of Herschel as the centre of attraction of the universe. This is not the region in which he would have sought it. An opaque body of such vastness would there cause not only the occultation of all stars of lesser magnitude than the sixth, but of all the distant nebulae intercepted by its disk. No stars would be visible in the greater portion of our heavens but those of the most considerable dimensions. It is, therefore, evident that, if these phenomena be caused by the interference of any opaque body at such distant intervals of space, there must be not a few of those bodies in our hemisphere, and some of them still more near us than stars of the fourth and fifth magnitude. It is barely possible that Lord Rosse's telescope may throw some light on this mysterious subject.

Herschel looks to a very different position, and a very different body, for the grand universal centre of attraction. "There are," he says, "two ways in which a centre of attraction so powerful as the present occasion would require, may be constructed. The most simple of these would be, a SINGLE BODY OF GREAT MAGNITUDE. This may exist, although we should not be able to perceive it by any superiority of lustre; for notwithstanding it might have the usual starry brightness, the decrease of its light, arising from its great distance, would hardly be compensated by the size of its diameter." * * * * "The second way of the construction of a very powerful centre may be the joint attraction of a great number of stars united into one condensed group." * * * * "If," he continues, "a still more powerful, but more diffused exertion of attraction should be required than what may be found in the union of clusters, we have hundreds of thousands of stars, not to say millions, contained in very compressed

parts of the Milky Way. Many of these immense regions may well occasion the sidereal motions we are required to account for; and a similarity in the direction of their motions will want no illustration."

† This latter alternative can scarcely ever be demonstrated by any telescope; because it can only afford *negative* evidence against the existence of a great central orb; and such negative evidence could never be decisive, unless we were acquainted with the actual extent of the universe, which in this remote corner is, we may assume, impossible. The other alternative may be within the scope of Lord Rosse's telescope, if, in penetrating into the profound infinitude of space, it can command a view of the actual centre of creation, and the evidence will be equally positive, although not equally satisfactory, whether the central orb be opaque or luminous. If opaque, it may observe the occultation or re-appearance—not of stars of any defined magnitude, however small, for it must lie far beyond them—but of the far distant nebulae occupying the remotest skirts of the universe. Without some happy concurrence of events, ages of vigilant observation must elapse before some future generation of men could be assured of the existence of such a body thus opaque, and therefore, probably, invisible. It might, however, happen to be visible. Ten thousand universes, consisting of millions of millions of suns revolving around it in their immeasurable orbit, might shed such a lustre on its expansive disk, as to yield us an imperfect and twilight view of this stupendous orb. But if this orb is luminous—if it pours around on every side unceasing streams of light, heat, and electricity, it would not be too extravagant a hope that this all-efficient telescope will bring us into acquaintance with so vast a mass of matter—equal in magnitude, or, at least, equal in gravity, to all the other bodies of the universe, attracting them all, and controlling all their movements. But whether this instrument, the most powerful that has yet been contrived and constructed by the ingenuity of man, will, or will not accomplish all the important tasks we have assigned it, of this we

* See Wm. Herschel's papers above referred to, 73d vol. pp. 397, 398.
 † Nicholson's Philosophical Journal, 15th vol., page 279, &c. &c.

may be assured, that it will lead us much farther than we have yet advanced in the knowledge of the immensity of the creation; and that every step it leads us will still more highly exalt our loftiest conceptions of the Deity. When we fill our minds with such contemplations, and then shrink back upon ourselves, with what contempt do we regard our wretched party feuds, and still more wretched sectarian bickerings. The earth we inhabit appears but an atom of dust in the mighty temple which God has erected for his own glory—and with redoubled glory consecrated to the happiness of beings, unnumbered and innumerable. If we know not the immensity of his works, how little have we learned of the all-wise, the all-good, the omnipotent, eternal, and infinite Creator!

A. C.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE LATE MRS. JAMES GRAY.

SUCH of our readers—and we believe they are very many—who from time to time have with ourselves welcomed Mrs. James Gray's contributions to our pages, will be concerned to hear that she is no longer with us. She died at Sunday's Well, Cork, on the morning of Tuesday, January 28th ult. She had scarcely entered on her thirty-third year, and with every hope of a maturity of powers, to which she was evidently fast attaining—it has been the mysterious will of God to remove her hence. Her death was, like her life, tranquil and happy, and full of peace; it was to a certain extent sudden, but by one, who lived as our friend lived, could hardly have been unexpected.

Mary Anne Browne was born at The Elms, near Maidenhead, Berkshire, on the 24th of September, 1812. The genius for poetry which in after years distinguished her, she exhibited from her cradle; and we have heard her say she could not recollect when she was not clothing her thoughts in verse. Even when of such tender years that her parents thought it too early to have her instructed in writing, she invented a sort of alphabet of her own, of which the letters were grotesque imitations of the characters of print, united with such abbreviations, as necessity compelled her to resort to. This she did for the purpose of noting down her thoughts; which, with many other individuals of similar gifts, she felt a kind of burden until recorded.

One of these early poems we have chanced on, and we shall print it, not so much that it may be contrasted with later productions, as rather for the purpose of showing her quickness in mental development. Cowley wrote verses, we believe, at fifteen; and Pope and Chatterton even earlier. The lines following, composed at thirteen, and bearing their deficiencies on their head and front, may be listened to, even after theirs whom we have instanced. Sorrowful sentences they are to issue from a mere child's lips; and the words in the concluding stanza—

“My sun too early risen, must set
Ere noon,”—

would now seem almost tinged with a prescient spirit. It *did* go down, “while it was yet day,” yet not in clouds, but in majestic brightness:—

“MYSELF—1825.

There was a time—a happy time,
And 't is not many years ago,
When grief I knew not, sin, nor crime,
Had never felt the touch of wo;
I was as other children then,
I ne'er shall be like them again.

I am a child as yet in years,
But not like other children. Strange
That woman's hopes and woman's tears
Should come on me, and work such change
So soon. But gone is childhood's chain,
My heart shall ne'er be young again.

I still enjoy some sportive hours,
But not with such an ardent breast;
I still can weave me fairy flowers,
But not with childhood's playful zest.
There is a something in my brain
That will not let it rest again.

It is for youth to weep at woe,
For age to hoard it in the heart;
But not a tear of mine will flow,
Though I have had of grief my part.
Mine is a hidden secret pain,
Tears I shall never know again.

I cannot look without regret
Upon the April morn of life;
My sun, too early risen, must set
Ere noon, amidst dark clouds and strife;
Who youth's sweet dream would not retain!
Who would not be a child again!”

With Miss Browne, the power of verse was not only an “accomplishment,” as our great Wordsworth terms it; it was an inherent possession. It was born with her, and it lingered with her even through the gloom of a dying chamber. A child of such early promise, it is not surprising her parents, with much pride, sought to second her inclinations; and a selection of these juvenile efforts appeared in 1827, under the title of *Mont Blanc, and other Poems*. Next year was published *Ada*, and in the year after but one, *Repentance*; which were followed, in 1834, by the *Coronal*; and, in 1836, by the *Birthday Gift*.

About this time Mr. Browne's family removed from their secluded residence in Berkshire to the town of Liverpool, for the purpose of giving the only son of the house* a mercantile education, to which he had destined himself. Higher feelings, however, after a little while swayed him; and his hours of recreation were devoted to studying for our own university, where having received his education with considerable credit, he was afterwards ordained for a field of duty in England. The extended literary opportunities which Liverpool afforded, exercised a very beneficial influence on Miss Browne's mind; and the knowledge of foreign literature, and more especially of German, which she now acquired, opened out to her new domains in the world of thought. Her name, which had now spread itself, brought an easy introduction to the Chorley family, to Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, and other *litterateurs*; and by Dr. Mackenzie's advice she was recommended to try her chances in our own magazine. Our number for June, 1839, opened with a *Midsummer An-*

* The Rev. Thomas Briary Browne.

ology, the first flowers of which were twelve Sketches from the Antique, followed by "a Merchant's Musings," and "a Sonnet to the late Adam Clarke"—and all by Miss Browne. In the same year, *Ignatia* was published by Hamilton, Adams, & Co., of London; and in the year 1840 a tiny volume of *Sacred Poetry*, containing many exquisite pieces, was issued by the same publishers.

Nor, while thus engaged in the bright realms of fancy, was Miss Browne forgetful of the real duties of life. Her desires to do good were all of a practical nature. The poor were ever in her regard; but she deemed it insufficient to bestow on them mere feeling or sympathy. Acts were wanting, and she gave them these tangible evidences. Few thought, on reading her poetry at this time, that much of it was penned in the intervals of the distressing duties of a district-visitor; or that the Miss Browne, whom many would have set down as a mere sentimental young lady, was day after day visiting the sick and infirm—strengthening the weak—cheering, with hopes of immortality, the dying.

In 1843, she was married to one in every respect capable of making her happy, a Scotch gentleman—Mr. James Gray—Himself the nephew and constant companion of the Ettrick Shepherd; his father before him had been the dear friend of Scotland's great poet, Burns—rarely have father and son enjoyed such honor! The Rev. James Gray was among the first and ablest vindicators of Burns' memory,* and he is yet gratefully remembered by his countrymen for such service. He was also one of the earliest to acknowledge the claims of his kinsman, Hogg, and to aid him with literary counsel and encouragement. As one of the founders of Blackwood's Magazine, and among its earliest contributors, his name must be also honorably mentioned; and when the project of establishing *Maga* was first bruited, he was among those proposed for the office of editor. Mr. James Gray, the younger, spent much of his early life at Mount Benger—diversified by occasional visits to Edinburgh in Hogg's company, where he found himself at home with Wilson and Lockhart, and the other knights of St. Ambrose. "It was curious," our poor friend one day remarked to us, "that while my scribbling habits brought me in contact with much of the literary genius of England; my husband should have mixed so much, in his youthful years, with the great spirits of Scotland."

On Miss Browne's marriage, she came to reside in one of the picturesque outlets of the city of Cork, Sunday's Well; and here all her later poems were written. Her little home here was a truly happy one, and though comparatively humble, few roofs in the adjoining city had so little repining, and so much of tranquil joy beneath them. Here she collected the materials for her last volume, *Sketches from the Antique, and other Poems*, which our own publishers brought out last year, and which our readers will find reviewed in our number of June last. We shall not now add to the

* "Mr. Gray," says Christopher North, "was the first who, independently of every other argument, proved the impossibility of such charges [drunkenness] by pointing to the almost daily effusions of Burns' clear and unclouded genius. For this, and for his otherwise triumphant vindication of the character of Burns from the worst obloquy it so long lay under, Scotland ought to be grateful to James Gray."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, May, 1823.

more obvious characteristics of her poetry, which we then took occasion to point out. There is an exquisite grace in her verse, and a rich melody flowing in sweetness like the music of the winding brook. There is no dash nor storm in her descriptions; but, on the other hand, neither have we to complain of what is tame and prosaic, and if we are not surprised, we are not at any time left disappointed. She did not essay high themes, in which failure is almost necessarily encountered; but she loved to delineate human griefs and joys, and to paint all those finer feelings which dwell more especially in the female breast. In all these respects she closely resembled Mrs. Hemans; and the good public, not satisfied with this sisterhood in genius, sought to establish a similar family connection, which did not subsist. They were alike in art, but had no other connection, and had never met. If Mrs. Gray did not possess that proud joy in chivalry, which brought to Mrs. Hemans so many heroes from the paladins and troubadours of the middle ages, it was because she had exchanged it for a reverential acquaintance with the old legends of Greece—its romantic history, and poetic religion. Her poems are the old *myths*, finely told us by the pure lips of a woman. The concluding series, given in our number for January, is, perhaps, the best; and with a sad fitness, the last of the *Sketches* was a "Hymn to Mors." How little deemed we, in the review of these poems to which we have referred, when speaking of the progress the volume sufficiently indicated, and pointing to future triumphs for its author, that it was the last book which should appear from her hands, or that with the incoming year, that head should be pillowed in the silent grave!

The eight volumes, the names of which we have given, comprise the whole of Mrs. Gray's writings, which she gathered together; but scattered in various periodicals, and in the annals, is to be found the *materiel*, both in prose and verse, of probably two or three more. As a prose writer she was hardly known; because, until only very recently, in all such contributions, she sought the anonymous. Our own pages, however, contain many graceful specimens of her power in this respect; and we believe we violate no confidence in instancing the "Recollections of a Portrait Painter." They were from Mrs. Gray's pen; and with only the disguise of an assumed profession for the writer, were simple facts—things which had come under her own personal observation.

Of the many members of the *corps* of literature whom it has been our fortune—good or ill—to have mixed with, we knew none who realized to us so entirely the Italian gift of "improvisation." She wrote, she has told us, as though from another's dictation; or as if transcribing from an open volume. Her thoughts, in their overflowing richness, yielded abundant supply, and she was never at a loss for expression. The poem of "Leodine," for example, which contains a hundred and twenty stanzas of four lines each, was the work of a single evening, yet it abounds in felicitous words and thoughts, and is distinguished by the same sweep of melody which characterizes all her compositions. So *facile* was she in versifying, and so almost necessarily were her words linked to numbers, that when not over-wearied by the drudgery of pen-work, she would write her letters home in verse: and we believe the last thing she laid hand to, was the "Christmas Carol,"

addressed to her venerable parents, in which she sent them filial congratulations and prayers for their good during the new year. "How my father's old eyes," she wrote, in enclosing us a copy, "will fill with tears, on seeing that though far away from him on that day, he is ever present to my thoughts!" And those aged eyes now can only rain down their weak torrents, that the daughter of such hopes is so soon laid low—"Gieb diesen," Schiller makes *Don Carlos* say, "Gieb diesen Todten mir heraus!"

Mrs. Gray's published writings we have enumerated; among her unpublished works, and which she herself destroyed, were some tragedies, also translations of many of Theodore Körner's finest lyrics, and of some of the impressive scenes in the *Faust* of Goethe. Twice she destroyed much of her literary labor—at her "two great burnings," as she termed them—lest in any way what she had done but for her private amusement, should be set forth in the glaring light of publicity. Once, a little while since, when her German translations, and studies in the language of the *Eichenland*, perished; and the former case was in earlier life, when the journals and jottings of youth, and the miscellaneous gatherings of "idle hours not idly spent," were all consigned to the flames. She no doubt exercised sound discretion with the latter; but we had wished her German studies had come down to us.

In furnishing our readers with this brief sketch of our gifted friend, we have purposely kept out of view allusion to that "inner life," into which the public may be excused penetrating. It is so difficult, besides, to observe the true limit in speaking of the departed, that we have spared ourselves in doing so. We regard with revolting shudder the "friend," who is not contented till the sacredness of domestic privacy be intruded on, and every half-spoken wish or word be stereotyped for the cold eye of the stranger. Suffice it, then, that Mrs. Gray's daily life was eminently beautiful. Her tastes were simple, pure, and womanly. The love of nature, which she acquired in the scenes of childhood, in riper years grew into a passion; and flowers, and trees, and the wild birds of heaven were companions of whose converse she could never weary. Her faith was true and unshrinking; and her piety was neither imaginary nor austere. She seemed ever happy, not because she had no cares, but because she felt anxiety to be at once useless and sinful. There was in her disposition much to admire, much to sympathize in; little that one could wish to be altered, and still less that one could desire taken away. The child of impulse very often; her impulses, notwithstanding, were controlled by gentleness and truth; while, in all things, her unselfishness was such as to be regarded by her friends as very characteristic.

We have outlined no perfect character, nor was it our desire to do so; for we know nothing could, were it possible, pain the dead more. She knew well the awful distance which divides the creature from the Creator, and she would have shrunk from appropriating, even in idea, what is the attribute of the Infinite alone. The feverish dreams of youth, with all their idle and passionate regrets, had given way to clearer light; and had Mrs. Gray lived, we might have looked for proud suc-

cesses for her. But it has pleased God to allot it otherwise, and we can only weave this tribute of our regret for her early departure:—

"These birds of Paradise but long to flee
Back to their native mansion."

And here is *Epidiccium* more worthy of regard than anything we have ourselves penned; bearing no unfamiliar name, but one sufficient of itself to commend it to our readers' kind attention:—

"TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. JAMES GRAY.

The spring hath woke her woodland choir,
Of bird, and stream, and breeze,
And touched the sweet but viewless lyres,
That sound from quivering reeds and moss-grown
trees;
Deep in the old untrodden woods,
When early sunbeams greet
Their green forsaken solitudes,
Waking the first young leaves and violets sweet.

But who shall wake for yearning love,
The voice whose echoes rise
From memory's haunted depths, above
All other pleasant sounds of earth and skies?
And who shall wake for us the chord,
That caught from classic strings,
The old world's dreamy music poured
In laurel groves, beside the Grecian springs?

How hath the hush of silence come
Upon the lip of song!
Why is there sorrow in the home
Where household love and gladness dwelt so long?
Woe for the grave that closed so soon
On life's unshadowed light,
The glory of a summer's noon
That saw no sunset fading into night!

Thou art not of the common dead,
Lost sleeper! and we mourn
Thee not as they. No dews are shed
From the dark fount of Lethe on thine urn;
But, far along the wastes of time,
Each loving heart and ear
Will catch the song, as from that clime,
Where sounds the harp, hushed, but unbroken,
here.

FRANCES BROWNE."

Stranorlar, February, 1845.

SONNETS OF THE SIDEWALK.

Loke wharf, 't is pleasant on clear bracing days,
When winds are light, and sky all cloudless fair,
Along thy sunny side to breathe the air,
Threading one's way amidst a crowded maze
Of busy men, and idly resting shipping—
Of barrels, bales, and boxes, Russia ducks,
Chain cables, anchors, horses, heavy trucks,
And truckmen truculent. Perhaps now dipping
With wistful heed, and seeming unaware,
A tiny straw in huge molasses cask,
And walking quick away, lest some might ask,
"Halloo, my friend, who said you might go there?"
O how much more doth sweetness sweeter seem
When stol'n—light more light in sudden gleam!
Boston Post.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

In this number we publish what we promised some months ago, a very interesting article upon Baron Swedenborg. About many of his religious opinions, especially upon his claim to direct inspiration, the mass of our readers would differ from the followers of the Baron, and there would be no ready way of bringing such pretensions to any satisfactory test. But the publication which is here reviewed, makes for Swedenborg very extraordinary claims as a discoverer in natural science, which appeal to the knowledge of a very numerous class of persons who have no religious sympathy with him—and it would appear to be easy to ascertain whether they are well founded or not. Some of the wonderful instances of alleged supernatural knowledge will be interesting to all, whether they believe or disbelieve.

We give a little Punch which came by the Great Western, and hope that our next number may be made up from the April magazines expected by the Boston steamer.

Mr. MONCKTON MILNES, M.P., is preparing a life of Keats; for this purpose, all the necessary papers have been placed in his hands by the family. He is also going to bring out, at his own expense, a sumptuous edition of Keats' works. This is a rare, but proper tribute from one poet to another; rare, perhaps, because poets are seldom able to afford such tributes.

It has been stated that a pension on the civil list has been granted to Mr. Thomas Hood, the distinguished comic writer. We understand, however, the fact to be, that a pension of 100*l.* a year has been conferred on Mrs. Hood, the wife of that gentleman, in consideration of his great literary merits, and the infirm state of his health.—*Observer.*

H. B. is engaged on a new and extensive work, not of caricatures. He is to give portraits, in his own peculiar style, of all the celebrated men of science, literature, art, and politics. A letter-press sketch will accompany each portrait.

Miss GERALDINE JEWSEBURY, the author of the new novel called "Zoe," is the sister of the lady of the same name, well known for her poetry, who some few years since married a clergyman, and died of the cholera in India.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have sent:

No. 23 of the ILLUMINATED BIBLE.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.—Select novels, No. 50.

HARPER'S ILLUMINATED SHAKESPEARE, Nos. 47—48.

ISABEL; OR, TRIALS OF THE HEART—for the Young.

MAN AT ARMS. By G. P. R. JAMES. Vol. 7, Select novels.

VERONICA; From the German of Zachokke.

ARTHUR'S LADY'S MAGAZINE for May. We have not been able to look over this work, but can recommend it from the character of the editor.

From Saxton and Kelt, Boston.

KRUITZNER, The German's Tale. By Miss Lee. This is a handsome edition of a popular book.

THE MANAGING WIFE. By Mrs. Ellis.

A PLEA FOR THE SABBATH. By Judge Hall of Delaware. This is addressed to the Lawyers of the United States.

THE PALAIS ROYAL. An Historical Romance. By John H. MANCUR; author of *Henri Quatre*; *Tales of the Revolution*, &c. *W. H. Colyer, New York.* We have not read this Historical Novel, by an American author who appears to emulate the industry and talent of James, but a friend, to whom we gave it, assures us that it is much better than the novels of the day. We wish well to the labors of the author.

SMITH'S WEEKLY VOLUME, Nos. 11—15. These numbers of this weekly reprint contain the conclusion of the Quaker Family, and Literary Ladies of England, by Mrs. Elwood. This is not yet finished, but contains much very attractive matter, about persons to whose characters and memory every reader of English literature attaches great interest.

SILLIMAN'S AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND ARTS, No. 98, contains—Galvanography; Dr. Hare's remarks on a recent speculation by Faraday; Zinc Mines in New Jersey; Dr. Morton on a Fossil Crocodile in New Jersey, and on a second series of Ancient Egyptian Skulls; Catalogue of Connecticut Shells; Meteoric Stars Fossil Footmarks in Pennsylvania; Idea of an Atom; Drift Ice and Currents of the Atlantic;

Meteoric Iron fell in New York ; Various Reports and Journals—and much Miscellaneous science. Messrs. Jordan & Co., Boston.

PROSPECTS OF SLAVE-TRADE SUPPRESSION.

THE *Constitutionnel* reports that the Duc De Broglie has instructions to propose, as a substitute for the anti-slavery right of search, a blockade of the African coast by combined squadrons. As this is precisely our arrangement with the United States, the proposal, and its adoption too, are highly probable. The absurdity of a crusade against slavers will then have reached the climax : three men-of-war maintained to do the work of one ! Let us endeavor to realize the extravagance of the arrangement by supposing it adopted in our domestic police. Let us imagine that, as a concession to young Ireland, Irish pickpockets are only to be arrested by Irish policemen ; and that Scotland claims to be put on the same footing as Ireland. In that case, our police, detective and ordinary, must cruise in threes ; and a preliminary inquiry into the nationality of each delinquent must be instituted, to determine whether the Scotch, the English, or the Irish policemen, is to apprehend him. The delicacy and danger of analogous discussions, where stout and well-armed frigates, manned by hardy and more than half-hostile crews, stand in the place of our imaginary policemen, can be easily imagined.

Yet it is not easy to see what substitute can be found for this clumsy and extravagant plan. The right of capturing and destroying slavers presupposes a right of search ; and this right the United States will only allow to be exercised in the case of their own vessels by their own men-of-war. France, we may be sure, will never rest until the concession be made to her national pride that has been made to the national pride of the United States. The three-policemen system is indeed the only possible one, if we persist in our quixotic project of suppressing the slave-trade by force of arms. The absurdity may not stop here : Spain, Portugal, and Brazil, may insist on having their policemen too.

There is another cross-grained impediment about to be laid in our path. It is a legacy from John Tyler. On his political deathbed, that virtuous and great statesman, passing in review his shortcomings in office, has bethought him of his neglect to struggle against the slave-trade. To make amends, he has at the last moment caused a searching inquiry to be instituted by his agents in Brazil into the way in which it is carried on. The investigation has not added much to our previous knowledge ; but it has enabled John Tyler to devise a plan for the better suppression of the slave-trade and bequeath it to the heir of his honors. Like many other "convertites" of his class, John Tyler is more touched with the sins of others than with his own—he shows more anxiety to correct the backslidings of Great Britain than of the United States ; and, with all the emotion of Mother Cole, the dying sinner hopes "that her Britannic Majesty's government will upon a review of all the circumstances stated in these despatches, adopt more efficient measures for the suppression of the trade, which she has so long attempted to put down, with, as yet, so little success."

The hypocrisy and general falsehood of this cant are rank. But there is a substratum of truth in it. Experience shows that our cruisers cannot

put a stop to the slave-trade. They only force the crimps to take three cargoes for one ; and to give up the two supernumerary cargoes to supply laborers to the British possessions. The French and American cruisers against slave-ships had no good-will to the work from the beginning ; and the idea that Great Britain alone derives any benefit—however trifling and dearly-bought that benefit may be—from this thief-catching on a large scale, will not increase their liking for it.

The system of armed intervention to suppress the slave-trade is rapidly breaking up. It is true, there is little danger that the trade will under any circumstances again be legalized by France or the United States. France has little interest in it ; and her anti-slavery interests, backed by the manufacturers of beet-root sugar are strong enough to prevent its resumption. In the United States there is a paramount interest hostile to its resumption. The non-slaveholding states will not hear of it ; and in the slaveholding states the home breeders of slaves will claim protection against the imported article. The landowners of the southern states will struggle as resolutely for a monopoly in the growth of slaves, as the landowners of England for a monopoly in the growth of wheat. The recent insurrections in Cuba have rendered many of the inhabitants averse to further importations of slaves ; and in Brazil, it is only the sugar-planters on the coast—the debtors and thralls of the speculators in slave-importation—who are much interested in the perpetuation of the slave-trade. Beyond its actual limits, the slave trade is not likely to extend, as within those limits it has been found impossible to narrow it by the means hitherto pursued. Now would be the time to try something rational.—*Spectator*, 22 March.

THE MANIA OF COLLECTING.—In the first impression of Hogarth's "March to Finchley," dedicated to the King of Prussia, one letter in his Majesty's name was accidentally omitted, a copy of which sells for ten times the sum of one that has "Prussia" with two s's ! The late Queen (Charlotte) had one of them at Frogmore.

Thus "The Vinegar Bible," or the folio copy, which, in the headings of the pages, reads "The Parable of the Vinegar," instead of "The Vineyard," is another literary curiosity. The late Duke of Sussex possessed a copy of this, as of every other that is rare and curious from more intrinsic merit. Another example is the early edition of *Littleton's Latin Dictionary*, (noticed before,) p. 31, where the translation of "condog," for "concurro," occurs as the blunder of a literary amanuensis.—*Poynder's Literary Extract*.

CHARITY.—"I fear," said a country curate to his flock, "when I explained to you, in my last charity sermon, that philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have understood me to say 'specie,' which may account for the smallness of the collection. I hope you will prove, by your present contribution, that you no longer labor under the same mistake."—*ib.*

CALLING OUT.—When Sir John Elliott, the physician, was dining with Dr. Armstrong, Sir John was, very early in the repast, called out. Armstrong, on losing the quiet enjoyment of his friend's company, muttered out roughly, "I did not think you would have sent for yourself so soon."—*ib.*

From the Monthly Review.

The Animal Kingdom considered Anatomically, Physically, and Philosophically, by Emanuel Swedenborg, late Member of the House of Nobles in the Royal Diet of Sweden, &c., &c., &c. Translated from the Latin by JAMES JOHN GARTH WILKINSON, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of London. 1 vol. Newberry, and Ballière. London: 1844.

MEN of slender pretensions, and even those taking high rank among the *peritissimi* of the day, have been accustomed to dismiss with a sneer, or condemn with a scowl, all mention of, or reference to, Emanuel Swedenborg. The enthusiast, visionary, monomane—the man who affected to converse with beings of another world—the cabalistic, mystic *qui naviget Anticyram dignus*—in short, “the madman dreamy.” “A person,” say they, “who pretended to enjoy intercourse with invisible beings, who affected to be able to converse with the spirits of the departed, and who indulged in the delusive fancies of a heated if not disordered brain, can surely lay no claim to the title of a man of science, or pretend to be expositor of the all but hidden laws of nature. It is not consonant with the views which we entertain of the sanity of men’s minds, to admit Swedenborg among the penates of our literary mythology. We can have no feeling in common with a man who assumes the possession of such superior gifts, that were he indeed possessed of them, or did we admit his pretensions, we must immediately abandon all, or nearly all, the principles which have hitherto guided us in the contemplation and study of nature, for such a man would be only not a god because he is (or was) a creature.”

This, or something like this, is the opinion either expressed or implied of most persons with whom we have conversed respecting Swedenborg and his works, and it is not derogatory to us to say, that until we perused some of his works—such is the influence of early academic prejudice—that we were just as much inclined to unite in the general censure, as are those to whom we have just now alluded. That Swedenborg was really a learned, scientific, studious, and highly-gifted man few seem to know and fewer stop to inquire. That he was of a highly respectable family, his father being the Bishop of Skara, and his mother, Sarah Behm, the daughter of Albert Behm, assessor of the board of mines, and that he filled some of the most honorable offices in his own country, and retired only to London to devote himself to his theological pursuits, are facts little known even to those whose business is literature, and who live not only metaphorically but literally by the sweat of their brains. Let it therefore be our duty on this occasion to put these facts fully before our readers, and in the light in which we think they ought to be placed, with a view to attract that attention to the work, the title of which is placed at the head of this article, which we think its importance demands, and its merits will secure. And to further this end, we shall give a very brief sketch of the life of Swedenborg, interspersed with occasional anecdotes of demonstration of possession of those supernatural powers, for which his followers give him credit; but upon the truth or untruth of which we shall not at present delay to inquire, whatever our opinion may be, seeing that is a separate subject, of which possibly we may treat at no distant date, when

criticizing some psychological or metaphysical work. In this short sketch we shall avail ourselves principally of a work by the Rev. J. H. Smithson,* and the *Life of Swedenborg*, by Mr. Wilkinson, in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, together with such facts and illustrations as our reading may supply, and our habits of generalization may enable us to bring forward.

The original name of the family was *Svedborg*; but when the subject of our sketch was ennobled in 1719, as is the custom in Sweden, he changed his name, together with his sisters', to Swedenborg. Under his father as a divine, a man of learning, of exemplary piety and prudence, “he could not fail to receive a good education according to the custom of the times, and such as was adapted to form his youth to virtue, to industry, to solid knowledge, and especially to those sciences which were to constitute his chief occupation.”—(*M. Sandel's Eulogium*.) How he past his youth does not appear from M. Sandel, whose eulogy we have taken as a text, but at twenty-eight, he was appointed, without any solicitation on his part, by Charles XII., assessor extraordinary of the board of mines, and this was while he was yet a student of the university. If we reflect that Sweden is a country, the chief riches of which arise from a proper working of her mines, it will redound much to the honor of Swedenborg that he was appointed to so important an office; and the appointment presupposes that the fame of his talents and acquirements must have been widely diffused and generally acknowledged, since it reached the king's ear—a rare occurrence, and seldom happening even to those who live in a country like England, which may emphatically be called a land of news and newspapers, for there is nothing done, said, whispered, *thought* almost, but what finds its way either into the diurnal or hebdomadal journals of the metropolis, to be thence circulated not only among the highest and the lowest in the land, but disseminated over the four quarters of the globe. And the appointment was conferred moreover in a manner that could not but have been grateful to the feelings of Swedenborg, since it was left to his choice whether he would accept the office of professor in the Royal University of Upsal or that of assessor of the mines; and M. Sandel very justly remarks, that it is not upon an effeminate young man, destitute of talents, that an enlightened monarch confers such employments: Swedenborg was already known, both within the kingdom and abroad, for his learning and his great qualities.

In 1710, when 22 years of age, he published a collection of Latin poems,† which displayed great versatility of talent and raised his character for learning among his countrymen. But even at this early period poetry did not engross all his time, as it too frequently does youth at that period of life, for he printed essays, and remarks on questions of mathematics at Stockholm, in the Swedish language, in six parts, the fifth being also published

* Documents concerning the life and character of Emanuel Swedenborg, &c., &c., collected by J. F. I. Tafel, of Tubingen, and edited in English by the Rev. J. H. Smithson. Hayward, Manchester, 1841.

† Entitled “*Ludus Heliconius, sive carmina miscellanea, quæ variis in locis cecinit Em. Svedberg*,” and the preceding year he had published “*Annæi Senecæ et Publîi Syri Mimi, forsan et aliorum, Selectæ Sententiæ cum annotationibus Erasmi, et Græcâ versione Scalgeri, notis illustratæ*.” This work is dedicated to his father.

in Latin, under the title of *Dædalus Hyperboreus*. These were the fruits of his acquirements at the University of Upsal. Subsequently, for four successive years, he visited England, Holland, France, and Germany, acquiring the languages and making himself acquainted with the knowledge of these countries. M. Sandel represents him, at this period of his life, as a young man of strong memory, quick conception, and sound judgment, deeply imbued with the desire of acquiring the most profound truths, in philosophy, in all the branches of mathematics, in natural history, mechanics, anatomy, and even theology. He was also skilled in the Oriental languages, and had, at this early age, acquired the habit of arranging his thoughts in a methodical and orderly form, as numerous notes in several of his note-books amply prove. On his return from his first travels, he occupied himself with mathematics and mechanics—in the latter science he attained such eminence that he attracted the attention and subsequently secured the friendship of Christopher Polhammer, who was afterwards known as Polheim, and the "Archimedes of Sweden." Among a number of extraordinary works projected and carried into effect by these two able men, the famous dyke of Lyckeby, the locks of Trolhatta, and the bason of Carlsrona are still the admiration of travellers; but one that was planned and executed by Swedenborg, attests without any cavil a knowledge of mechanical principles and their application to objects of utility that must surprise every one who reflects upon the nature of the undertaking.

In 1718, he contrived to transport over valleys and mountains, by the help of machines of his own invention, two galleys, five large boats, and a sloop from Stromstadt to Iderfjol, which divides Sweden from Norway towards the south; that is to say, the distance of two miles and a half.* By this operation, the king found himself in a situation to carry on his plans; for, under cover of these galleys and boats, he transported on pontoons his heavy artillery, which it would have been impossible to have conveyed by land, under the very walls of Frederickshall. (M. Sandel.)

Mechanics, however, did not alone occupy his attention; for in 1717 and 1718 he published a continuation of *Dædalus Hyperboreus*—an *Introduction to Algebra*, under the title of "Regel-Konsten;" in 1719, a "Proposal for fixing the value of coin, and determining the measures of Sweden, so as to suppress fractions and facilitate calculations;" in the same year, a treatise "On the Position of the Earth and the Planets;" and another "On the Height of the Tides and the greater flux and reflux of the Sea in former ages; with proofs furnished by various appearances in Sweden;" so that it will readily be acknowledged that a mind which could grasp a theory of planetary position, and the minutæ of pecuniary values at one and the same time, could not have been cast in any ordinary mould. Besides these works, we are told, that he had begun others, while he applied himself with determined perseverance and indomitable industry to a thorough and comprehensive knowledge of mining, as

He was unwilling to exercise the functions of assessor of the royal board of mines, before he had acquired a perfect knowledge of metallurgy. "Thus," continues M. Sandel, "he is by no means to be ranked in the number of those, who, without capacity, solicit places, and have not the

* Equal to 14 English miles.

knowledge requisite for filling them. He had obtained his office without soliciting it. He was already well skilled in certain sciences, which alone would render him very useful in his situation. It was even very easy for him to acquire the knowledge in which, for this office, he might be deficient, since mathematics and physics, which he had hitherto made his principal studies, are the basis of the science of mines. But he could not be satisfied with theory alone without practice; nor was he any better satisfied with the experience which may be acquired in a chemical laboratory, nor with an acquaintance with the mines of Sweden only, and with the buildings, machines, and processes used in working them. He therefore, in 1721, undertook a second journey to foreign countries, to examine their mines and smelting works, particularly those of Saxony and Hartz. But we ought not to say that he went to examine their mines only: for of all that could fix the attention of a traveller, there was nothing that escaped him."

During his sojourn at Brunswick, the reigning duke gave him full power to travel in his dominions, and at his departure, presented him with his medallion in gold and another in silver. It was during this journey that he acquired those stores of knowledge which enabled him to enrich science and advance the arts by the publication of seven original works, the translations to the titles of which we append in a note.* In 1722, he returned to Sweden, and divided his time between his duties at the Royal Board of Mines, and his favorite studies, the fruits of which was his great work, entitled *Opera Philosophica et Mineralia*, which was published at Dresden and Leipsic—and during the printing of which he actually visited the mines of Austria and Hungary—a journey which lasted a year. This elaborate performance is in three volumes folio. The first volume is entitled, *Principia Rerum Naturalium; sive Novorum Tentaminum Phenomena Mundi Elementaris Philosophice Explicandi*; 2nd. *Regnum Subterraneum, sive Minerale de Ferro*; 3rd. *Regnum Subterraneum, sive Minerale de Cupro et Orichalco*.† The merits of these works were immediately acknowledged and admitted by the learned, and the Consistory of the University and the Academy of Sciences at Upsal were the first to do him honor in token of the opinion they entertained of his

* *Prodromus Principiorum, &c.* "A Prodromus (or sketch and specimen) of a Work on the Principles of Natural Things, or New Attempts at explaining the Phenomena of Chemistry and Physics on Geometrical Principles." 2. *Nova Observata, &c.* "New Observations and Discoveries respecting Iron and Fire, especially respecting the Elementary Nature of Fire. With a new mode of constructing Chimneys." 3. *Methodus nova, &c.* "A New Method of finding the Longitude of Places either on Land or at Sea, by Lunar Observations." 4. *Modus Construendi, &c.* "A Plan for constructing Dry Docks for Shipping, in Harbors where there are no Tides." 5. *Nova Constructio, &c.* "A New mode of constructing Dykes to exclude Inundations of the Sea or of Rivers." 6. *Modus Mechanice, &c.* "A Mode of ascertaining by Mechanical Means, the qualities of Vessels of different Constructions." 7. *Miscellanea Observata, &c.* "Miscellaneous Observations on Natural Things, particularly on Minerals, Fire and the Strata of Mountains."

† The entire work is entitled, "Philosophical and Mineralogical Works," and the 1st vol. "The Principles of Natural Things; or New Attempts at a Philosophical Explanation of the Phenomena of the Elementary World." 2nd. "The Subterraneous Kingdom in regard to Iron;" 3rd. "The Subterraneous or Mineral Kingdom in regard to Copper and Brass."

talents and acquirements. The Consistory previously, in 1724, had offered him the professorship of the Pure Mathematics; and the Academy of Sciences had elected him a member in 1729. It cannot, therefore, be supposed that either of these learned bodies had been taken by surprise, or that Swedenborg owed the honors which at this time were heaped upon him to any sudden freak which had seized the learned, or any new fashion in literature which had attacked the people. They were the fruit of a long and intimate acquaintance with the character and works of a man who they foresaw was to be not only an honor to his own country but to his species, and they wisely gave him that suffrage which foreign nations are only now (if we take Mr. Wilkinson's translation as a proof) beginning to award him. Foreigners, however, were not altogether blind to the merits of Swedenborg, for the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg elected him a corresponding member by diploma in 1734, and Christian Wolff,* whose

* Christian Wolff, or Wolfe, or Wolfius was born at Breslau in 1679. After prosecuting his studies at the Universities of Jena, Hamburg, and Leipzig, he acquired so much renown, that at 26 he was appointed professor of Mathematics, and soon after of General Philosophy, in the University of Halle. Having read Leibnitz's *Theodicaea*, (or a "Dissertation on the Goodness of God, the Liberty of Man, and the Origin of Evil," *vid. Ed. Gottschedii cum Annot. et Gall. Elii. Amstelod. 1734, cum vita auctoris a L. de Neufville*; also Clarke—"On the Being and Attributes of a God." Lond. 1717, 8vo.) he was seized with the desire of adding to that primary work, and accordingly, upon Leibnitz's doctrine of monads he erected a new system of Cosmology and Pneumatology reduced and brought down to a mathematical level. This work is the one on the human soul we have named in the text. He added afterwards to his system, "Ethics and Policy," and by this time he began to be considered one of the most learned men of Europe, but the opinions which he entertained on the doctrine of necessity, gave offence to his colleagues, whose learning was not equal to their jealousy, and having delivered an oration in praise of the morality of the Chinese, their jealousy broke forth into a flame, and an accusation of heresy was preferred against him publicly at the University of Halle and thence was transferred to the court at Berlin. He endeavored to defend himself from this accusation by writing a treatise on Fatality, but unsuccessfully; for a royal mandate decreed his banishment from the Prussian dominions. This was in 1723. The landgrave of Hesse Cassel having formerly invited him to fill a professorship in the University of Cassel, he now went there, and was not only kindly received, but was appointed to a professorship by the prince. In the mean while, the question as to the censure of Wolff excited the organ of literary combativeness in all the Universities of Germany, and Wolfians and Anti-Wolfians argued, talked, wrote, scolded, quarrelled, and even fought with all the fury and bitterness of the Constantinopolitan factions—liberty and necessity being the sign and counter-sign; but in process of time, in the course of nine years, the current of public opinion ceased to run against Wolff, the King of Prussia reversing his sentence of exile, and he returned as Vice-Chancellor of the University of Halle, where (such is the mutability of human affairs!) he was received with every demonstration of triumph and respect. From this time forth he employed himself on his Institutes of Philosophy, which he lived to accomplish in every part with the exception of "Policy." He was created a baron by the Elector of Bavaria, and after the death of Ludwig succeeded to the Chancellorship of the University. He died in 1754. Wolff possessed a methodical understanding, says Enfield, which by long exercise in mathematical investigations was particularly fitted for the employment of digesting the several branches of knowledge into regular systems; and his fertile powers of invention enabled him to enrich almost every field of science in which he labored with some valuable additions. The lucid order which appears in all his writings enables his readers to follow his conceptions with ease and certainty, through the longest trains of reasoning. Such then was the man who now sought the acquaintance, and probably

"System of Philosophy," and "Thoughts on God, the World, and the Human Soul," had raised him to the highest rank in literature, sought for and established a friendly correspondence with him, consulting him, as M. Sandel says, on many intricate subjects. The editors also of the "Acta Eruditorum" of Leipzig helped themselves largely to the treasures which were everywhere throughout his works scattered with no sparing hand. They did not, however, appropriate his labors without acknowledgment. M. Sandel also remarks that time had not deprived the "Opera Philosophica et Mineralia" of any of their value since, the authors of the magnificent work, "Description des Arts et des Métiers," then publishing in Paris (1772) had appreciated that part which treats of iron and steel so highly, that they had translated and inserted it entirely in their collection, while the editors of the "Documents" inform us that the work did not fail also to obtain notice in England. In the translation of Cramer's "Elements of the Art of Assaying Metals," by Dr. Cromwell Mortimer, Secretary to the Royal Society, we find the following very eulogistic passage:

"For the sake of such an understand Latin, we must not pass by that magnificent and laborious work of Emanuel Swedenborgius, entitled *Principia Rerum Naturalium, &c.* Dredsdæ et Lipsiæ, 1734, in three tomes, in folio; in the second and third tomes of which he has given the best accounts, not only of the methods and newest improvements in metallic works in all places beyond the seas, but also of those in England and our colonies in America, with draughts of the furnaces and instruments employed. It is to be wished that we had extracts in English. (p. 13, 2nd ed. London, 1764.)"

M. Sandel, who, it must be kept in mind, entertained opinions diametrically opposed to those theological dicta which Swedenborg promulgated in his latter years, wishing to avoid any discussion upon their merits, expresses himself in the following manner:—

"I have hitherto only spoken of one part of the works of Swedenborg; and as those which follow are quite of a different nature, it becomes neces-

sitated to mention the other part, which has profited by the correspondence, of Swedenborg; and we have been thus careful in drawing an outline of his life, to show that that man whose works attracted the attention of such a person must have been of no common mind, and is at least entitled to a fair and legitimate trial on his merits at the bar of the court of English criticism. We are too fond of restricting our praises and approbation to those who row with us in the same boat, and fancying that there are no other ferrymen to truth but those on whom our election has fallen. As we proceed, we shall have other opportunities of proving the estimation in which Swedenborg was held by his brethren on the continent, but in case it should slip our memory, we would ask a question here of those who have studied all of Swedenborg's works, for we confess to the reading but of a portion of them, how far his doctrine of degrees and Series and Concordance of Systems (*vide prol. to Anim. Kingd. n. 14, p. 10. of Wilkinson's trans.*) agrees with that of Leibnitz on the nature and communication of substances and of the union between body and mind, and the preëstablished harmony between the body and soul of man, the prolegomena of which was first published in the *Parisian Journal*, 1695? We think, if a careful and elaborate comparison were established between that portion of Swedenborg's works, especially the tract entitled, "Intercourse between the Soul and Body," and the specimen of Leibnitz, just alluded to, some correspondence of ideas might be detected; and if so, it would go far to put Swedenborg in that position which we think he has not hitherto held in this country, because his works have been sealed volumes even to the learned.

sary that we should yet dwell a little longer on these first. They are so many incontestable proofs of a universal erudition, which attached itself in preference to objects which require deep reflection and profound knowledge. None can reproach him with having wished to shine in borrowed plumes, passing off as his own the labors of others, dressed out in a new form and decorated with some new turns of expression. It must be acknowledged, on the contrary, that without even taking up the ideas of others, he always followed his own, and often makes remarks and applications which are not to be found in any preceding author. Nor was he at all of the same class as the generality of universal geniuses, who, for the most part, are content with merely skimming over the surfaces of things. He applied the whole force of his mind to penetrate into the most hidden things, to connect together the scattered links of the great chain of universal being, and to trace up everything, in an order agreeable to its nature, to the first Great Cause. Neither did he proceed in the manner of certain natural philosophers and mathematicians, who, dazzled by the light which they have been in search of and have found, would, were it possible, eclipse and extinguish, to the eyes of the world, the Only True and Great Light. He, in the course of his meditations on the universe and on creation, continually found new occasions for rising in love and adoration towards the Author of nature."

This beautiful passage coming from one who like ourself admired Swedenborg for his depth of erudition and comprehensiveness of mind, irrespective of those sentiments and feelings with which the members of the church of the New Jerusalem contemplate him, is to be considered as a fair exposition of the opinion which all learned men who have taken the trouble to read and patiently examine his works, entertain of Swedenborg, and in which, after a perusal of some of them, we entirely concur. As M. Sandel has remarked, he constructed a system for himself, the arrangement of which is so solid, and the component parts of which are so skilfully put together, that it never fails to claim the approbation of any man who will take the trouble to make himself master of the principles by which he was guided in the formation of it. According to this system, he explains all that the most certain facts, and the soundest reasoning can offer to our meditations—and in short, as we shall presently show, anticipated the discoveries of many of his successors. If we dare not adopt the whole, says M. Sandel, there are at least many excellent things in it which we may apply to our use. He wished to combine his system with religion, and to this object he more especially devoted his time, his energies, his talents, his fortune, and his life, after the completion of the *Opera Philosophica*. He passed the greater part of his latter years in foreign countries, making no less than eight different voyages for that purpose. The countries that he visited were England, Holland, France, and Italy. His principal object in travelling was the printing and dissemination of his works, and it is impossible not to feel surprise at the amazing fertility of his pen. The bare enumeration of the titles would require more space than we can spare, and consequently we must request those who are desirous of knowing more of his writings to refer to the "Documents," or the article to which we have already alluded in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, and the *Eulogium* of M.

Sandel. We may briefly state, however, that though the subjects of them are different, they are all nevertheless founded on anatomy, physics, philosophy, the Holy Scriptures, and certain visions and revelations which conduct us, according to the manner of treating them, to serious meditations respecting the Supreme Being, the soul, things visible and invisible, and the life hereafter. "We thus," says M. Sandel, "now find soaring above the clouds, the same man whom we have just been following in the mines, in furnaces, and workshops; and we find him everywhere equally diligent, zealous, and fertile in emblematical illustrations." Having filled the office of Assessor to the Mines for thirty-one years, he applied for, and obtained permission to resign his post, at the same time craving that no new rank should be conferred upon him, and only half* his usual salary. This of course was granted him, (1747.) The editors, in a note to the "Documents," state, that in the English version of M. Sandel's *Eulogium* previously published, Swedenborg is made to desire that this favor should be granted to him without *derogation* of rank or title, whereas, the expression is, *sans AMELIORATION de rang ni de titre*. They further add, that it was no doubt customary in Sweden, as in this country, "to reward a faithful public servant, on his retirement, with a pension proportioned to the length and value of his services, and to raise him to a higher degree of rank or title. It is elsewhere stated that such an offer was actually made to Swedenborg on this occasion; it was proposed to raise him from the first rank of nobility to the second; and thus to confer on him the title of Baron; and most probably, this would have been accompanied with an addition to his former income, to enable him to support his new dignity in a suitable manner; but he, as a man for whom neither wealth nor power had any attractions, declined the title altogether, and requested that only one half of his former income—just as much as was sufficient to keep him from want, and to enable him to publish his works on which he was engaged—might be continued to him. ("Documents," p. 18.)

The editors then take the opportunity of denying the general report that Swedenborg became deranged some time before his death. This derangement is said to have occurred *after* he had a fever in London: but as it is positively stated, and we see no reason to question the statement, that Swedenborg *never* had a fever, we cannot any longer subscribe to the general opinion that this illustrious man was in any way ever deranged previous to his death. It must be recollected that the same opinion has gone abroad, that Newton was insane for many years before his demise—but we refer to the subject with pain, and dismiss it with haste. It is somewhat difficult, even at the present day, to determine what is, and what is *not* insanity. Mr. Dyce Sombre was declared insane by the London Inquisition of Lunacy, yet the Paris physicians declare him sane. Neither do the rules which Mr. Taylor† has recently laid down in his *Medical Jurisprudence*, afford us any sure guides in the investigation. Is it not possible to believe that at certain periods entire nations have gone mad, and continued mad for ages? Were the crusades indications of mania? The tulipo-

* Swedenborg, as we shall see presently, says the whole.

† *A Manual of Medical Jurisprudence*. By Alfred Taylor, &c., 1844.

mania! The balance of power in Europe! The sinking fund, or the late cry of the church in danger! Was the reform agitation a symptom only, or a real attack! We must not question too closely the actions even of ourselves at all times and on all occasions, otherwise who would escape the imputation of insanity! However, we are not prepared to argue the question at present, for it would lead us into investigations and inquiries, and entangle us in intricacies and sophistries, from which, possibly, no after-wit could extricate us.

On the subject of the fever with which Swedenborg is said to have been attacked, M. Sandel seems to give it the most unqualified denial. "*He always enjoyed the most excellent health, having scarcely ever experienced the slightest indisposition;*" and the editors remark in a note to the "Documents :"—(p. 23.)

"How inconsistent is this with the story which has been invented, and propagated in this country, that he was once attacked with a most violent fever, attended with delirium, from the effects of which he never recovered! In Sweden, where his personal history must have been best known, nothing, it seems, of the kind was ever heard of."

So far, therefore, as human testimony is valid, and human evidence entitled to credit, we must conclude, that Swedenborg was never attacked by fever, and, consequently, that he never was, and never could have been at any period of his life, afflicted with lunacy. All that M. Sandel says of his illness, is,—

"During his last residence in London, on the 21th December, last year, (1771,) he had an attack of apoplexy: and nature demanding her rights, he died on 29th March in the present year, (1772,) in the eighty-fifth year of his age; satisfied with his sojourn on earth, and delighted with the prospect of his heavenly metamorphosis."

With the following extract from the *Eulogium* we must close this very brief notice of the biography of this really great man, whose merits seem now, for the first time, likely to be generally recognized in England.

"Suffice it then to say, that his merit and excellent qualities shine with brilliancy, even where we are endeavoring to discover in him the weakness inseparable from human nature. I do not come here to defend errors or unintelligible principles: but I will venture to assert—and I reckon, gentlemen, on meeting your approbation in the assertion—that where others would have discovered a deficiency of intelligence and a confusion of ideas, Swedenborg has discovered an astonishing assemblage of knowledge, which he has arranged according to his system, in such order, that the elements themselves would have striven in vain to turn him out of his course. If his desire of knowledge went too far, it at least evinces in him an ardent desire to obtain information himself, and to convey it to others: for you never find in him any mark of pride or conceit, of rashness or of intention to deceive. If, nevertheless, he is not to be numbered among the doctors of the church, he at least holds an honorable rank among sublime moralists, and deserves to be instanced as a pattern of virtue and of respect for his Creator."

In truth, from all we have read of this truly great man, he was indeed a pattern of truth, chastity, honor, virtue, and learning. He was cheerful in society, and sought and obtained the com-

panionship of all persons who were either eminent for talent or distinguished for knowledge. As a public functionary, he was upright and just, and while he discharged the duties of his station with great exactness, he neglected nothing but his own advancement.

Having concluded all we have to offer, or rather all that we can make room for, on the life of Swedenborg,* we shall, before we enter upon an ex-

* The following extract from a letter of Swedenborg to his friend the Rev. Mr. Thomas Hartley, M.A., Rector of Winwick in Northamptonshire, who, having read some of his works, sought and obtained his friendship, will throw some additional light on his character. It was written in reply to one Mr. Hartley had addressed to him, requesting that he would leave in his hands some account of himself, his family, and connexions. It is dated London, 1769. "I was born at Stockholm in the year 1689 (8) Jan. 29th. My father's name was Jesper Swedberg, who was bishop of West-Gothland, and a man of celebrity in his time. He was also elected a member of the (English) Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, for he had been appointed by King Charles XII., as bishop over the Swedish Churches in Pennsylvania and London. In the year 1710 I began my travels; first going to England, then to Holland, France, and Germany; whence I returned in 1714. In the year 1716, and afterwards, I had many conversations with Charles XII., King of Sweden, who was pleased to bestow on me a large share of his favor, and in that year appointed me Assessor of the Metallic College; in which I continued till the year 1747, when I resigned it; but still retain the salary annexed to it, as an appointment for life. My sole view in this resignation was, that I might be more at liberty to devote myself to that new function to which the Lord hath called me. On my resigning my office, a higher degree of rank was offered me: but this I utterly declined, lest it should be the occasion of inspiring me with pride. In 1719 I was ennobled by Queen Ulrica Eleonora, and named *Swedenborg*; from which time I have taken my seat with the nobles of the equestrian order in the Triennial Assemblages of the States of the Realm. I am a fellow, by invitation, of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Stockholm; but I have never sought admission into any other literary society, as I belong to an Angelic Society, wherein things relating to heaven and the soul are the only subjects of discourse and entertainment; whereas the things which occupy the attention of our literary societies are such as relate to the world and the body. In the year 1734, I published, at Leipsic, the *Regnum Minerale*, in three vols. folio; and in 1738, I took a journey into Italy, and stayed a year at Venice and Rome. With respect to my family connexions, I had four sisters. One of them was married to Eric Benzelius, afterwards promoted to the Archbishoprick of Upsal: and thus I became related to the two succeeding Archbishops of that see, both named Benzelius, and younger brothers of the former. My second sister was married to Lars Benzelstierna, who was promoted to a provincial government. But all these are dead; however, two bishops who are related to me are still living; one of them, named Filenus, is Bishop of East-Gothland, and now officiates as President of the Ecclesiastical Order in the Diet at Stockholm, in the room of the Archbishop, who is infirm; he married my sister's daughter; the other named Benzelstierna, is Bishop of Westermania and Dalecarlia; he is the son of my second sister. Not to mention others of my relations who enjoy stations of dignity. I live, besides, on terms of familiarity and friendship with all the bishops of my country, [the Italics are ours] who are ten in number; as also with the sixteen senators, and the rest of the nobility; for they know I am in fellowship with angels. The king and queen also, and the three princes their sons, show me much favor. I was once invited by the king and queen to dine at their table—an honor which is in general granted only to the nobility of the highest rank; and, likewise, since, with the hereditary prince. They all wished for my return home; so far am I from being in danger of persecution in my own country, as you seem to apprehend, and so kindly wish to provide against; and should anything of the kind befall me elsewhere it cannot hurt me. But I regard all I have mentioned as matters of respectively little moment; for, what far exceeds them, I have been called to a holy office by the Lord himself, who most graciously mani-

amination of his "Animal Kingdom," condense what his followers propound, as the theological doctrines advocated by him, premising that what Evans had said in his History of all Religions, of his peculiar tenets, is not admitted to be correct by those who have studied, and consequently are best able to expound, his theological system; and so far as we can understand, from a perusal of portions of the "Arcana Celestia," the "New Jerusalem," and "Heaven and Hell," we think they are right. However, it must be admitted that the language and the peculiar phraseology in which most, if not all Swedenborg's arguments and reasonings are clothed, present almost insurmountable barriers to the irregular assaults of the mere passive inquirer. Some passages require to be read five, six, and even seven times, and every member of the sentence dissected, criticised, examined, reëxamined, microscoped, and recorded as we proceed, ere we can understand his meaning; but when we have gone through this initial study and almost eleusinian sacrifice and application, we are indeed repaid for all our labor and pains. And here, though perhaps the remark might be delayed until we come to speak of Mr. Wilkinson's translation, we cannot refrain from recording an opinion that it would have tended much more to the popularizing of the works of Swedenborg, had the translator avoided the error into which we believe Swedenborg to have inadvertently fallen, of conveying his ideas to us in such mystic hieroglyphic as to require the aid of a key or dictionary to elucidate. It is true Mr. Wilkinson (p. xiv. of the Preface) promises "a Glossary of those terms in parts II. and III.," but in the mean time part I. is left to fight its way as best it can with a public always impatient of labor, and ever emulous of ease. Mr. Wilkinson should have remembered the old adage—while the grass grows, the steed starves—*inter cæsa et porrecta*.

M. Sandel, who seems to have barely looked into Swedenborg's theological works, and betrays little fondness for them, if he does not evince a decided feeling against them, says,—

"He explains in them, according to the laws of the system he had adopted, both things visible and invisible; from the former he draws conclusions respecting the latter: he represents to himself, in conformity with the world in which we live, another and entirely spiritual world, in which, as in this, he admits of degrees of perfection, and increase without end in the faculties of the inhabitants, a similarity and agreement of tastes and occupations, of conveniences and inconveniences, of pleasures and of pains. Strongly impressed with these ideas, he endeavored, in examining the fested himself to me, his servant, in the year 1743; when he opened my sight to the view of the spiritual world, and granted me the privileges of conversing with spirits and angels, which I enjoy to this day. From that time I began to print and publish various *arcana* that have been seen by me, or revealed to me; as respecting heaven and hell, the state of man after death, the true worship of God, the spiritual sense of the word; with many other most important matters conducive to salvation and true wisdom. The only reason of my latter journeys to foreign countries, has been the desire of being useful, by making known the *arcana* entrusted to me. As to the world's wealth, I have what is sufficient, and more I neither seek nor wish for. [This remark is an answer to an offer by Mr. Hartley, to supply him with money, should he have occasion for it.—Ed. "Documents."] Your letter has drawn the mention of these things from me, with a view, as you suggest, that any ill-grounded prejudices may be removed, &c., &c. Eman. Swedenborg."

Holy Scriptures, to combine them with his philosophical principles. Nevertheless, in describing spiritual things, he has not been able to avoid the ideas inseparable from material existence."

The following is the statement of the editors of the "Documents," and we presume they, as having studied the theological system of Swedenborg deeply, cautiously, and thoroughly, are more to be relied upon than M. Sandel; who says, indeed, his opinion is formed "from a slight inspection;" which party however is right, we will not take upon ourself to determine, though we incline to the editors of the "Documents." They state that Swedenborg did not publish what he had written respecting the spiritual world, as *things concluded* from what is visible, or the natural world, respecting what is invisible, or the spiritual world, but he published them as "*matters of fact from what he heard and saw in the Spiritual World.*" His assertion, say they, was, that the Lord had mercifully opened the *sight of his Spirit*, so that he could in a state of perfect wakefulness, associate with spirits and angels, and thus from experience he became acquainted with the spiritual and its relation to the natural world, and also with the state of men after death. Every man, he states, has in his material body a spiritual body, for "there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body," the organs of which are the only ground of all sensation "since the material body in itself has no sensation, but is only the instrument by which the spirit, that is the man himself, has communication with the material world."

In the spiritual world, the spiritual body sees, hears, feels, and enjoys the use of all the corporeal senses, but in a more exalted degree than in the material body. These senses (so we take the spiritual organs to mean) can be so refined, (or "opened," as say the editors,) when it pleases the Almighty, that men, even without passing through the gates of death, may be made to communicate with spirits and angels, or beings who have already (as it appears to us) experienced the ordeal of the material life, and see the things of the spiritual world, which are not *material*, but *substantial*.

"Thus, [says Tafel,] the spiritual sight of the prophets and apostles was opened when they saw in vision the things which they describe, as Zechariah, Ezekiel, Daniel, &c., and especially John in the Apocalypse. All the objects they saw were not material, but spiritual, for there are *spiritual substances* as well as *material*. But spiritual objects are not like material objects subject to mechanical and chemical laws, nor to the conditions of time and space, but they are subject to pure spiritual laws, and precisely correspond to the states of the spiritual inhabitants, and thus represent the state of their affections and thoughts of their real life, whether good or evil. What, therefore, Swedenborg describes as *facts* concerning the spiritual world and the states of departed spirits, must not be considered, according to M. Sandel's supposition, as conclusions drawn from visible or material things respecting invisible or spiritual things, but as *realities* perceived in spiritual light by his spiritual senses and communicated to the world to promote the wisdom, happiness, and salvation of mankind." (pp. 28, 29.)

It will be seen here that M. Tafel assumes as *facts* those things which are at any rate to the inquirer only *statements*. It is true that in the concluding sentence, he adds, that "the things

which Swedenborg describes as *facts and realities*, and which he heard and saw in the spiritual world, will be seen, proved, and attested by the celebrated German philosopher, Kant, and others equally worthy of credit, as we proceed further on." But now comes the test—will the testimony of Kant, or even of those "equally worthy of credit," be considered valid evidence and proof of the truth, by those who are to judge and give verdict on the case of the doctrines of Swedenborg? We think not. And here it would be advisable, did space and time permit, to offer some remarks upon the doctrines of Kant, and his writings, since the subtlety of his metaphysical reasonings once made so much noise in Germany: but this would be carrying us quite beyond the bounds of a mensal publication, and depositing us on the confines of that world, to which Jacob Böhmen, and Plotinus, and Porphyry, Luther, Epimenides, Pythagoras, Beaumont, and Prebendary Dennis, according to their own statements, were admitted. Neither have we the hardihood, as mere strollers on the shore of the ocean of knowledge, now and then picking up a pebble, to deny *in toto* those arguments which the admirers of Swedenborg have brought forward to validate the evidence which they tender in support of his claims to transcendental exaltation. Our sole object is *truth and truth only*, and a search for which once instituted, we hold, should be persevered in with the most rigid firmness, and the most uncompromising impartiality.

It is difficult to refuse to receive the extraordinary history of the case, where Swedenborg is represented as conversing with the deceased brother of the queen, (of which more by and by,) or that of the lost receipt, yet they were miracles* worked, as it appears to us, without a commensurate necessity. Johnson, in his "Life of Roscommon," has made the same remark on the relation of a fact by Aubrey, of the vision of his father to Lord Roscommon at the moment of his death. In the case of Lord Lyttleton, which of course is familiar with our readers, there is, however, some cause, some reason; and the same may be alleged of the appearance of Lord Tyrone,† for an inversion of an acknowledged, or perhaps manifestation of a hidden law of nature. But in the case of Swedenborg, there does not appear upon the face of the narrative, at first sight, that necessity, or object, or motive; hence those who are endued with a strong spirit of incredulity will check themselves *in lumine* and dismiss the inquiry. To this proceeding we cannot assent. In the present state of our knowledge we can see no necessity or discover any use for the eruption of the volcano, the rage of the storm, or the horrors of the earthquake, yet there are not those among men who are accustomed to ponder upon the mighty laws and forces of nature, who will come forward and deny their dreadful frequency. It is not, then, from the inutility of a thing that we are to question its existence, or the rarity of an event that we are to deny its occurrence; and, consequently, when a circumstance is related to us by creditable persons as having happened—as a shower of fish for example—we are not acting in the true spirit either of Christianity or philosophy, if we proceed without investigation to deny the relation. Strange as it

may read to those who may not have given that attention to psychology and psychological inquiry which the importance of the subject demands, there are not wanting those, even at the present day, who have seen, or at any rate believe they have seen, visions and revelations, though of a different nature, not inferior to those which Swedenborg—a man of probity and learning—positively assures us he saw in the spiritual world.

We have the honor to be acquainted with a noble lord—an ornament to the senate of which he is a member—who is considered apt in debate, comprehensive in argument, correct in his conclusions as to matters of general moment, and (*we know him to be*) deeply learned, not in the conventional knowledge of classical verbalists, but in the more erudite and recondite sciences of botany, geology, mathematics, and æconomics, who has confessed to the appearance of an apparition, whose errand was only in part fulfilled, and whose advent was scarcely necessary to the end in view. We have again and again conversed with his lordship upon the subject, and he always entertains the same opinion, that the end for which it manifested itself, was scarcely adequate to the means, yet assures us such was the case. In the "Credibility of Swedenborg"* there are some arguments, especially in the first and third part, which are astounding, and require to be read with a rigid determination not to allow catechetical inquiry to assume the province of demonstrative infallibility.

But see to what a length the admission of the reasoning and arguments of the writer would necessarily lead us! Admitted, that Swedenborg was favored with those peculiar revelations, which, collated and enfolded, have been fused into a system of theology, would it not open the door to Kötter, Simon Majus, Labadie, Kuhlman, Lewis, and Caspar Lavater, Increase Mather, William Law, Wanley, Böhmen, *et cum multis aliis*, who would then be entitled to be considered as the founders of new systems of religion, all concurrent it may be in morality and virtue, but deeply divergent in the modes, manners, forms, and ceremonies of outward worship, and in those nice metaphysical and psychological distinctions which make up the sum of the code of any established religion? This is a question which may well be asked, and we think may be replied to very easily. They might have all seen the visions they relate, but it does not follow that they were one and all commissioned to renovate principles, or controvert tenets previously established. If it be conceded that the prophets of old, and the apostles, Peter, Paul, John and others, were favored with visions, who were but ordinary men, chosen for a special purpose, it will be difficult to refuse to admit the claims of those, who, with the exception of these supernatural relations, (which many persons, however, take for indications of mania,) were considered by all who knew them as wise, prudent, upright, just, honorable, learned, and virtuous men. Nor do we see what harm an admission of their relations as realities can do. In all the visions and revelations which have been put forth by persons claiming to be illuminated with a divine grace or light, it is remarkable that not one pretends to be commissioned to do evil. This, alone, is a strong argument in favor of their

* An Essay on the Credibility of Swedenborg, &c., 12mo. London, 1835.

* We use the word "miracle" in the common acceptation.

† *Vide* Accredited Ghost Stories, by J. M. Jarvis, Esq., London, 1823.

pretensions, and should always be kept in mind, when examining critically, relations of preternatural occurrences.*

* Is it not possible that there may be an explanation found in the superior cerebral development of one man over another, and that the organs of the brain may be so refined, strengthened and aculeated, that they may perceive many things which are invisible to others? Does that individual now living at the Mauritius, who perceives ships several hundred miles at sea, not possess a very peculiar property in his organs of vision? This man would have been treated as an impostor if he had not physical proof always at hand to tender in support of his possession of his singular quality. He is pensioned by the British government, and every morning he reports to the government house what number of vessels there are in the offing and when they may be expected, and it is remarkable that he has been never known to report falsely. When the first steamer went to the East, he saw her, it is stated, three hundred miles off, but as may be supposed, was not a little surprised to perceive that she moved nearly without sails, and had four masts, one of which appeared to be on fire, as it was smoking! On reporting the appearance of this strange vessel, it was immediately concluded that he had lost his extraordinary power of vision, and that he had invented the tale to excite curiosity. The event, however, only served to confirm the fact of his wonderful faculty. It was still more remarkable, as no intimation whatever had reached the island that a steamer would start for India. Reasoning therefore on this principle, that one man may have his cerebral organization more perfect than another, may we not concede to a human being the possession of a faculty of which we ourselves have no cognizance? Or may not some principle in an individual, when meeting with another opposed to or agreeing with it, develop a third which shall be a visible entity as the former two were invisible entities? In the absence of definite terms we shall illustrate our meaning thus—Lime-water, when recently made, and kept from contact with atmospheric air, is clear, limpid, and diaphanous—or at least nearly so—while carbonic acid gas is altogether invisible. But if we bring them in contact, immediately we have a change in the appearance of the liquor, which becomes cloudy and subsequently turbid. This may be a clumsy mode of explaining our meaning, but we really cannot help it, as on psychological questions language is unsettled, and the qualities of subjects have not been defined. It is remarkable that persons who have never heard of psychological argument, or indeed of anything approaching to the doctrine of an immaterial substance coexistent with the body, have affirmed the same facts as Swedenborg. The writer of this article remembers a negro girl who was distinguished for nothing but this property, faculty, or exaltation of the cerebral organs, who in the middle of the day, and at other times also, he believes, would cry, "Look at them! See how they run! There they are! the spirits!"—Nor did these visions, so far as we could learn, ever interfere directly or indirectly with her work; nor was she ill, nor was she treated as one laboring under disease. She grew up and had children, and we believe no longer saw these bodies. In no instance did she claim any merit or even (from all we could learn) think but that every one was endowed with the same faculty. Now this relation may, or may not be true—it is nevertheless a singular circumstance that an unlettered black should describe the appearance of spiritual substances very much in the style and language of an European. The phenomena may be explained by admitting the hypothesis of Ferriar and Hilbert, or the reasoning of Nicolai, to say nothing of the recent arguments of Lawrence, of the cerebral materialism of Drs. Elliotson and Engledue. *But who is prepared to admit them? Certainly not the writer of this article.* For though we entertain the highest respect for these authors, especially Drs. Elliotson and Engledue, we cannot subscribe to their doctrines. We believe them to be based on gratuitous assumptions, and supposititious facts. On any view of the question, however, it is obscured by doubt, entangled by confusion, obstructed by difficulty, and bounded by the finite powers of the corporeal organs. Liebig has even trenchoned upon materialism, but finding himself likely to be more bewildered in that faith than in the doctrine of psychology, slips out of the dilemma by confessing that "the chemist can never make a single leaf." It is remarkable that while doctors admit

It is some two-and-twenty years since a clergyman of the Church of England—a man of piety, probity, and learning—Prebendary Dennis, published a curious work, detailing very minutely the singular vision which occurred to him, an account of which we think will not be unacceptable to the reader. We may premise that the book* is written in a very vivid, terse, fervid style; is replete with many noble and original thoughts, though expressed in rather tumid language; and is dedicated (ironically) to Mr. Lawrence, "Surgeon and Apostle of Materialism." The Prebendary is an unflinching advocate of the Church of England, and Puritans, Dissenters, and Catholics, are treated (at least metaphorically) with very little less ceremony than was Marsyas by Apollo. He cannot be accused of having any leaning towards that portion of the Catholic religion which inculcates the belief in the occasional illumination by the Divine Spirit of certain chosen persons for especial purposes. Yet, he testifies to the truth of such tenets in his own person. We give the relation in the prebendary's own language, who speaks in the third person.

"Travelling to Pixton, the seat of Earl Carnarvon, a distance of twenty-five miles, to visit an intimate friend, tutor to Lord Porchester, Mr. S. Nosworthy, clerk, now rector of Brushford, he

what to the unassisted mind is more difficult of belief than that of a spiritual substance coexistent with the body, they deny, if not in direct terms at any rate inferentially, the existence of spirit. We may except Müller however from the charge, whose opinion would not only seem to overturn all chemical views of *life*, but would even establish an essential principle, or essence, or force, which theologians would have no hesitation in declaring was THE SOUL. This is what he says: "In mineral substances the elements are always combined in a binary manner. They are never observed to combine three or four together, so as to form a compound in which each element is equally united with all the others. This however is universally the case in organic bodies. Oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen, the same elements which by binary combination formed inorganic substances, unite together each with all the others, and form the peculiar proximate principles of organic beings. These compounds are termed ternary, or quaternary, according to the number of elements composing them. Although they may be by analysis reduced to their ultimate elements, they cannot be regenerated by any chemical process. Another essential distinction pointed out by Berzelius is, that in organic products, the combining proportions of their elements do not observe a simple arithmetical ratio." (*Müller's Physiology*, pp. 3-4, 1833.) Now this "vital force," or "vitality," or "vital principle," or whatever else it may be called by chemists and physiologists, we have no hesitation in saying is the *Soul* or *Spirit*, which, overcoming chemical as well as organic laws, develops by the aid of the material organs those phenomena which we call "human life," and which manifest more or less of divine origin, in proportion to the purity of the elementary bodies or proximate principles of matter, through which, by a law of organization, the soul or spirit is compelled to act. Upon this subject few men have written better or more to the purpose than Dr. Martyn Paine of New York. (See an *Examination of a Review, contained in the British and Foreign Medical Review, &c.* By Martyn Paine, M. D., New York, 1841.) It is to be regretted that the pamphlet referred to is not republished in England, as besides the exposure of the plagiarism of the reviewer, Dr. Paine shows that his reasoning tends directly to the worst species of materialism. We must apologize for this note, which has extended to an almost inconvenient length, but we were desirous that no misapprehension of our meaning should occur, and consequently have, at risk of prolixity, labored to prevent it.

* SUBVERSION OF MATERIALISM, by Credible Attestation of Supernatural Occurrences, &c. &c. By J. Dennis, B.C.L., Prebendary of the Royal Collegiate Church of Exeter Castle. 12mo. 1826. Bath and London.

(the author) had the prospect of a tedious journey, through reluctance to distress by speed his horse, materially injured in the foot. With a mind free from care:—no human being commanding more self-possession, in dismissal of painful reflection on experience of injurious or insulting treatment, through firm persuasion, that all things work together for good to them who love God;—with a mind tranquil, and panting for a partial revival of those attic days, so often spent in literary discussion with a most accomplished scholar and confidential associate, who sought mental enjoyment for the livelong hours of itinerant solitude. Precluded from daily solace of visiting the courts of the Lord's house, succedaneum was supplied in the duty enjoined on the clergy, both by ancient and modern laws, secret solemnization of liturgical rites, in default of public worship. Without articulation, he raised his heart to heaven, mentally and cordially offering up the following prayer: 'Lord, let me feel myself in thy more immediate presence; assist, I pray thee, and accept of my services; let thy Holy Spirit keep my infirmities, disposing my heart to seriousness, attention, and devotion, to the honor of thy holy name, and the benefit of my soul; through Jesus Christ our Lord.' He strictly adhered to the mode of attaining acceptable prayers, recommended by that pious man of active occupation, Mr. James Bonnel, Accountant General of Ireland at the Revolution. Any passing object having incidentally diverted attention, he returned to the point of incipient wandering. Thus every word silently repeated, was ultimately accompanied with correspondent thought and desire. Be it known to every class of sectarian will-worshippers, that a precomposed form of prayer, thus used, came up for a memorial before God, as was incontrovertibly demonstrated by the signal event. Toward conclusion of the morning service, with heart and mind intensely raised towards heaven, he distinctly descried, bursting from the eastern quarter of the atmosphere, a sudden blaze of light of transcendent brilliancy, infinitely surpassing the meridian radiance of the sun, being of the brightest possible degree of whiteness, transmitted in progress, neither in straight lines, as solar light, nor in angular zigzag direction, as lightning, but in curvilinear undulating direction, somewhat approaching the incurvated line described by a dove, descending from an exalted point of altitude. In lapse of about a minute, this most brilliant blaze so completely enveloped his person, that, having his eyes open, he could not see the animal on which he rode, while continually feeling his progressive motion unimpeded, from commencement to termination of the vision. Thus surrounded by a transcendent light, he distinctly saw a still more brilliant irradiation also transmitted in undulating direction from the east, and resting in the atmosphere in a perpendicular direction over his head. At this acme of the supernatural phenomenon, he distinctly heard pronounced by an audible articulate voice in that part of the heavens, directly above the spot where he was proceeding, the following words: 'The discipline of the church will be restored through you, &c.' The irradiation of superior brilliancy receding to the East, that of comparatively inferior splendor continued to envelope him, without intermission. The superior irradiation returning, he then with equal distinctness heard the following words: 'Miss

Shore will marry you.* Again reading and returning as before, he heard the following words: 'you will recover your health, by observing the fasts of the church.' Then the light of prime splendor receding, the light of secondary brightness subsequently receded. Immediately subsided the corporeal sensation of exquisite freedom from atmospheric pressure, with genial refreshment, defying description, from substitution of celestial ether. Independently of the mental solace of divine communication; antecedently, intermediately, and subsequently, pending envelopment in the supernatural cloud, he enjoyed sensible foretaste of heaven upon earth. * * * Toward its conclusion, he met in an open carriage a retired, well-known barrister, driving with his wife, whom he accosted as usual, not venturing to excite habitual propensity to coarse jocularity, by remotest allusion to the recent occurrence." (pp. 55—58.

This was not the only vision seen by the prebendary, but we cannot make room for them, and must leave this signal account of a still more signal intervention of Providence, or, according to the doctrine of the cerebral philosophy, this exalted aberration of the intellectual organs, in the hands of the reader, and proceed to relate the cases of Swedenborg's alleged conversation with the dead—a narrative that must be read even by the most infidel of reasoners with something akin to awe, however that feeling may be subsequently submerged in the alarm of pride, or laughed off in the confidence of philosophy. Here we have recourse to Mr. Noble's *Appeal*,† and we abridge the account which he gives of "The Queen of Sweden's Testimony, concerning Swedenborg's Intercourse with the Spiritual World." Mr. Noble gives the account in the queen's own words, as recorded "by an author who cannot be suspected of any partiality in favor of Swedenborg; I mean M. Dieudonné Thiebault, a French savant of the school of Voltaire, and professor of the *Belles Lettres* in the Royal Academy of Berlin." Thiebault is known in England by a work on Frederick the Great,‡ and consequently, a perusal of that volume will enable the reader to judge how far Mr. Noble is justified in referring him to the school, *that was*, of Voltaire. Thiebault, it must be premised, represents the queen, Louisa Ulrica, as being like her brother, a professed *esprit fort* even to the avowal of atheism; consequently it cannot be supposed that she could feel any desire to exalt the theology of Swedenborg in public estimation, though her innate nobility would not permit her to deny the truth of the extraordinary fact to which she was a party. We now quote Thiebault's own words, not being solicitous of the responsibility of a statement which, however founded on fact, is still of that nature, that no one should willingly put forth his own authority in support of it, when he can easily bring forward the original author.

"I know not on what occasion it was, that conversing one day with the queen on the subject of the celebrated visionary Swedenborg we (the members of the academy) expressed a desire, particu-

* This young lady subsequently became his wife.

† *Appeal on behalf of the Doctrines of the New Jerusalem Church.* By S. Noble.

‡ *Original Anecdotes of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia.* London. 1805. The work was originally written in French.

larly M. Merian and myself, to know what opinion was entertained of him in Sweden. I, on my part, related what had been told me respecting him by Chamberlain d'Hamon, who was still alive, and who had been ambassador from Prussia both to Holland and France. It was that his brother-in-law (the Count de Marteville, Ambassador from Holland to Stockholm,) having died suddenly, a shopkeeper demanded of his widow the payment of a bill for some articles of drapery which she remembered had been paid in her husband's lifetime: that the widow not being able to find the shopkeeper's receipt, had been advised to consult with Swedenborg, who she was told could converse with the dead whenever he pleased; that she accordingly adopted his advice, though she did so less from credulity than curiosity; and at the end of a few days Swedenborg informed her, that her deceased husband had taken the shopkeeper's receipt for the money on such a day and such an hour, as he was reading such an article in *Bayle's Dictionary*, in his cabinet; and that his attention being called immediately afterwards in some other concern, he put the receipt into the book to mark the place at which he left off; where in fact it was found at the page described. The queen replied, that though she was but little disposed to believe in such seeming miracles, she nevertheless had been willing to put the power of M. Swedenborg, with whom she was acquainted, to the proof: that she was previously acquainted with the anecdote I had related, and it was one of those that had most excited her astonishment, though she had never taken the pains to ascertain the truth of it; but that M. Swedenborg having come one evening to her court, she had taken him aside and begged him to inform himself of her deceased brother, the Prince Royal of Prussia, what he had said to her at the moment of her taking leave of him for the court of Stockholm. She added, that what she had said was of a nature to render it impossible that the prince could have repeated it to any one, nor had it ever escaped her own lips: that some days after Swedenborg returned when she was seated at cards, and requested she would grant him a private audience; to which she replied he might communicate what he had to say before the company; but Swedenborg assured her he could not disclose his errand in the presence of witnesses; that in consequence of this intimation the queen became agitated, gave her cards to another lady, and requested M. de Schwerin (who also was present when she related the story to us) to accompany her—that they accordingly went together into another apartment, where she posted M. Schwerin at the door and advanced towards the farthest extremity of it with Swedenborg; who said to her, 'You took, madam, your leave of the Prince of Prussia your late august brother, at Charlottenburg, on such a day and at such an hour in the afternoon; as you were passing afterwards through the long gallery in the castle of Charlottenburg, you met him again; he then took you by the hand and led you to such a window, where you could not be overheard, and then said to you these words:—The queen did not repeat the words, but she protested to us they were the very same her brother had pronounced, and that she retained the most perfect recollection of them. She added that she nearly fainted at the shock she experienced: and she called on M. de Schwerin to answer for the truth of what she had said, who in his laconic style contented himself with saying,

'All you have said, madam, is perfectly true, at least as far as I am concerned.' I ought to add, that though the queen laid great stress on the truth of her recital, she professed herself at the same time incredulous to Swedenborg's supposed conferences with the dead. 'A thousand events,' said she, 'appear inexplicable and supernatural to us who know only the immediate consequences of them; and men of quick parts, who are never so well pleased as when they exhibit something wonderful, take an advantage of this to gain an extraordinary reputation. M. Swedenborg was a man of learning and of some talent in this way; but I cannot imagine by what means he obtained the knowledge of what had been communicated to no one. However, I have no faith in his having had a conference with my brother.'"

This is Thiebault's account; and in any manner that the means of obtaining this information by Swedenborg of what had been known but to *two* persons, and one of them dead, may be explained, it cannot affect the *fact*; consequently the admirers of Swedenborg are as much entitled to insist that the faculty said to have been possessed by him was the true medium by which he acquired his knowledge, as their opponents have to invent or suppose another channel, which they have not however ventured to name. We have no hesitation, therefore, in saying, startling as we admit the affirmation to be, that the Swedenborgians have the better of the argument. There is, indeed, one other supposition, which is, that Swedenborg was a clairvoyant, or that he lived in a highly exalted or mesmerized sphere, (we can find no other word to explain what we mean,) which in some respects modifies the argument, or rather shifts it from that of a psychological to a physiological discussion. But all men are not agreed as to the existence of such a property of matter or spirit as mesmerism—yet they are acquainted with attraction, cohesion, gravitation, magnetism, and the influence of the invisible rays of light (or caloric) upon material bodies—and consequently this new explication will not be generally admitted. In the absence, then, of all other testimony or explanation of the means by which the information was obtained, we must be content with what Swedenborg himself asserts, because his mode of life, his pursuits, and his moral character entitle him to belief. This reasoning may not be considered conclusive by many, but that we cannot help. We are not of the church of the New Jerusalem, neither do we embrace its peculiar tenets; nor do we say of ourself that the knowledge of what the brother said to the sister at parting, was obtained through the instrumentality of the dead, but we say that in the absence of all other explanations (and none others are shown to exist) we must receive Swedenborg's, as on the most rigid scrutiny we can discover no motive for deception.

The story is also related by Baron de Grimm,* who afterwards concludes thus:—"The fact is confirmed by authorities so respectable, that it is impossible to deny it: *but the question is how to believe it!*" This surely is at least writing oneself down "an ass." What else short of immediate Divine interposition can we have to substantiate a fact, besides "authorities so respectable, that it is impossible to deny their affirmation;" and yet, when we have heard this—all, be it remembered,

* *Vide* Memoirs Hist. Lit. et Anecdotiques, tirés de la Correspondance adressée au duc de Saxe Gotha, par le Baron de Grimm. Tom. ii., p. 56, ed. London, 1813.

that human nature can produce in support of the assertion, we turn round and positively verify the remark, "and they would not believe, though one rose from the dead!" With such persons it is impossible to argue. They must either deny the proposition, and prove the *vetus testimonium* corrupt, or they must admit the statement. In this position we shall leave them.

Of other extraordinary relations of Swedenborg we have nothing to say. They are of a similar nature and are as well attested. We, therefore, hasten to consider the work now before us, namely, "The Animal Kingdom,"*—first, however, drawing attention to the many singular anticipations of the discoveries of modern philosophers.

Of the discoveries which Swedenborg made in chemistry, astronomy, and anatomy, it is impossible to speak in language too panegyric. According to the Marquis de Thomé †, who addressed some remarks to the commissioners appointed to inquire into the merits of *animal magnetism* by the king of France, Swedenborg was the first who offered a theory on the magnet. The words of the Marquis are :—

"In the report of the commissioners appointed by the king for the examination of animal magnetism, these gentlemen have affirmed that there does not exist any theory of the magnet. This assertion has occasioned many remonstrances; and I shall here make one, and, as I think, the most just of any, in favor of an illustrious man of learning, some years since deceased. Three folio volumes were printed at Dresden and Leipsic in 1734, under the following title: *Emanuelis Swedenborgii Opera Philosophica et Mineralia*. The first of these volumes is entirely devoted to a sublime theory of the formation of the world, founded on that of the magnetic element; the existence, form, and mechanism of which are demonstrated by the author from experience, geometry, and the most solid reasoning founded on these two bases."

The two other volumes, as not bearing upon the subject in question, the marquis dismisses, but not until he has made the following remark :— "that in the whole of the work, there is such an

* As it is possible to conceive some of our readers may be desirous of examining into the testimonies respecting the visions and revelations of Swedenborg, and of comparing them with those which have been adduced in support of others, we subjoin a list of those works which we have consulted either directly or indirectly as bearing on the question—some especially in reference to Swedenborg, others only as tending to elucidate the inquiry: *Tygh's Life of William Law*, 8vo; *Mather's Remarkable Providences*, also his *Life* by his Son, and the latter's *History of New England and Wonders of the Invisible World*; *Jennings' Life of Cotton Mather*; *Kotter's Lux in Tenebris*, Amsterdam, 1657; *Hubbert's Theory of Apparitions*; *Ferriar's History towards a Theory of Apparitions*; *Lavater De Spectris*; *Kuhlman's Prodomus quinquevni Mirabilis*; *Connor's Evangelium Medici*; *Jung Stilling's Theory of Pneumatology*, by Jackson; *Accredited Ghost-Stories*, by Jarvis; *Signs Before Death*, by Horace Welby; *Wesley's Journal*; *Colton's Account of the Sampford Ghost*; *Aubrey's Miscellanies*; *Beaumont's Treatise on Apparitions*; *Glanville's Sadducismus Triumphatus*; *Wanley's Wonders*; *Ellys' Remarks on Hume's Essay on Miracles*; *Newman's Essay on the Miracles of the Middle Ages*; *The Psychological Magazine*; *Intellectual Repository* (*passim*); *The Zoiist*; &c., &c., &c.

† On an assertion of the Commissioners appointed by the King of France, for the examination of animal magnetism, by the Marquis of Thomé, dated Paris, Aug. 4th, 1786. This letter will be found in *Tafel's Documents concerning Swedenborg*, and in *The Intellectual Repository* for 1815, p. 191.

abundance of new truths, and of physical, mathematical, astronomical, mechanical, chemical, and mineralogical knowledge, as would be more than sufficient to establish the reputation of several different writers." He further says, that the most celebrated men have not disdained to draw materials from it, to assist them in their labors; and that, "some have had the weakness to dress themselves in the feathers of the peacock, without acknowledging where they obtained them." He informs us, that after reading the paragraph in the first volume, p. 387, entitled *De Chao Universali Solis et Planetarum deque separationem ejus in Planetos et Satellites*; and that at page 438, *De Progressione Telluris a sole ad Orbitam*, it will be seen, how much Buffon was mistaken (was not the error voluntary!) in saying in his Discourse on the Formation of the Planets, that nothing had ever been written on the subject. The Marquis farther informs us, that a cursory perusal of this first volume will be sufficient to repress any astonishment we might be inclined to express at the experiments of M. Lavoisier—Swedenborg having previously shown; that earth and water are not to be regarded as elements, nor elements as simple substances. The numerous and curious experiments of Camus are then alluded to in the following language :—

"I would forbear to add that M. Camus, who has performed such surprising things with the magnet before our eyes, admits that he has derived from this author almost all the knowledge that he has exhibited on this subject, and, in short, without having studied him, our acquaintance with magnetism must be very imperfect—if the commissioners appointed by his majesty to examine animal magnetism, had not affirmed, that there as yet exists no theory of the magnet."*

It would appear, indeed, from the Marquis' showing, that the first volume alone of this great work of Swedenborg is one of the most complete and profound ever published. Swedenborg did not deal in generalities. He argued on geometrical principles, remarking (as de Thomé informs us) at p. 184 of his first vol.—"Unless our principles be geometrically and mechanically connected with experience, they are mere hallucinations and idle dreams." De Thomé, a little after, says, that the theory of Swedenborg incontestably proves the existence of the magnetic element; that it establishes, that the particles of this element being spherical, the tendency of their motion, in consequence of this form, is either spiral or vertical, or circular; that as each of these motions require a centre, whenever the particles meet with a body, which by the regularity of the pores, and the configuration and position of its parts, is adapted to their motion, they avail themselves of it and form around it a magnetic vortex; that, consequently, every body that has such pores and such a configuration and position of its parts may become the centre of such a vortex; that if this body possesses an activity of its own, if its parts are flexible, and if its motion is similar to that of the particles, it will be so much the more disposed to admit them, &c., &c. Whence, says Thomé, it

* It will be gathered from this what was or is the real value of the report of the commissioners appointed by the king to inquire into the facts connected with animal magnetism. Jussieu's reclamation ought to be reprinted, if it be merely to show how opposed physicians have generally been to all advancements in the science of medicine.

follows, that magnetical substances are such merely by virtue of the element whose existence Swedenborg has demonstrated, and thus that the magnetism of bodies depends, not on their substance, but on their form; a truth which is hinted at by the learned Alstedius in his excellent Encyclopædia, printed at Lyons, in 1649; to which, drawing a comparison between electricity and magnetism, he says, *Motiones electricæ a materia, magneticæ vero a forma pendent.**

We must now take leave of the marquis, to whom we have been much indebted for this resumé of Swedenborg's theory of magnetism, and refer to some other discoveries, which were undoubtedly Swedenborg's. And, first, of the *Foramen* of Monro. The first person who publicly claimed the discovery of this passage or communication between the right and left, or two lateral ventricles of the cerebrum, was Dr. Monro, the second of Edinburgh. For a long time many anatomists denied its existence, and a story is told, we think of one of the Bells, who, when demonstrating the cerebrum to his pupils, used to push the blow-pipe through the parietes of the ventricles, and exclaim, "This is the foramen of Monro!" However, it was at last conceded that there was a foramen, but that it was known before Monro's time! yet we do not remember to whom the honor of the discovery was generally attributed, but certainly not to Swedenborg. This great man, however, was not always to be denied the credit which was due to him, for a writer in the *Intellectual Repository* for 1824, page 170, took up the cudgels, and proved Swedenborg's title to the discovery, though up to this date we do not remember any treatise on the brain, in which the author even alludes to Swedenborg. Monro's first intimation in public of his discovery, was on the 13th of December, 1764, when he read a paper to the *Phil. Soc.* of Edinburgh on the subject; but in his work, entitled "*Observations on the Structure and Functions of the Nervous System,*" he says, that he demonstrated the *foramen* to his pupils as early as the year 1753. Monro allows that a communication was known to exist between these two ventricles and the third, long prior to his time; but he shows that it was never demonstrated or delineated in the manner he had done, nor in any way that could

* Mr. Faraday, in the first Friday Evening Lecture of this season at the Royal Institution, touched very closely upon the opinion of Alstedius. See the Lecture referred to. The magnetic theory of Swedenborg receives additional assistance, if not confirmation, in father Boscovich's Theory of Matter—if that learned Jesuit had not seen Swedenborg's *Opera Philosophica et Mineralia*, which was published in 1731. It is likely he had, for his *Theoria Philosophia Naturalis reducula ad unicam legem virtum in Natura existentium*, was not published till 24 years after, namely in 1758. How far Swedenborg might have been indebted to Alstedius we will not pretend to determine, as we have not the means of comparing the Encyclopædia and the *Opera Philosophica* together, but it is more than probable that he was acquainted with the contents of an encyclopædia that was at that period and even subsequently a work of great authority. With regard to the theory of Boscovich, which is so strongly opposed to Dalton's, it was, that matter consists of mere mathematical points endowed with attraction and repulsion without extension, so that it resolves matter into mere force or powers of attraction and repulsion. This strongly reminds one of the general *note* of reasoning in all Swedenborg's works, at least those that we have consulted. However, if not a complete resemblance, a very great similarity will be traced between the two modes of putting the theory. Biot, Ampère, Humboldt, Poisson, Barlow, and others have only followed up what Swedenborg pointed out. See Somerville's *Connexion of the Physical Sciences*, 1835.

convey any precise idea concerning it—"much less was implied the existence of the foramen." The channel of communication, which was admitted by the anatomists, seemed to be referred to the posterior, or back part of the lateral ventricles; whilst the foramen Monro described, is situated at the anterior or front part of the ventricle. Now, says the writer in the *Repository*, in the "*Regnum Animale of Swedenborg,*" p. 207, the following striking observation occurs:—"Foramina communicantia in cerebro vocantur anus et vulva præter meatum seu emissarium lymphæ, quibus, ventriculi laterales inter se, et cum tertio, communicant,"—which may be thus translated: "The communicating foramina in the cerebrum are called anus and vulva, beside the passage or emissary canal of the lymph; by these the lateral ventricles communicate with each other, and with the third ventricle." This work was printed in 1744, or nine years prior to the earliest notice by Dr. Monro, of the foramen in question! The notion of the brain also, the first description of which is attributed to John Daniel Schlichting, by Blumenbach in his *Inst. Physiol.* 1787, section 201, was first noticed by Swedenborg. Blumenbach refers to Schlichting's *Commecc. Litter.*, Nov., 1744, p. 409. But the discovery seems due to Swedenborg, as he fully described it in the "*Economia Regni Animalis,*" 1740, Nos. 349 and 458, which was published before Schlichting wrote. This was noticed in the "*Monthly Magazine*" for May, 1841, pp. 448, 460. The discovery amounted to this, that when the lungs shrink or empty themselves in expiration, the brain rises; but when they swell or expand themselves in inspiration, the brain sinks. The writer in the "*Monthly Magazine*" says—

"Another discovery of Dr. Wilson,* concerning the vacuum which takes place when the blood is expelled from the contracted cavities, into which vacuum, according to the common laws of derivation, the neighboring blood must rush, being prevented, by means of the valves, from regurgitating—is due to Swedenborg."

In the "*Economia Regni Animalis,*" Swedenborg also gives a mechanical and geometrical analysis of the globules of the blood, from which he derives all the tissues of the body—

"Here [says the same author] he also commences to treat of motions of the human body; a subject of which indeed he may be considered the discoverer. He demonstrates that the brain has a respiratory motion, a rising and falling synchronous with the inspirations and expirations of the lungs, by means of which falling the nervous fluid (*fluidum Spirituosum*) is propelled all over the system, while the expansion of the brain draws the same fluid from the blood (of which it is the life) through the capillaries of the carotids, into the cortical substance (*corcula cerebri*) and so back into the nervous circulation. *Set the brain in motion* (says Swedenborg significantly) *and you will see the use of all its parts.* This motion generates the motions of the lungs, which react upon those of the brain and serve as a subsidiary and external attractive cause of the circulation of the nervous fluid, of which the motions of the brain serve as the internal cause. Nor is respiration confined to the lungs, but by their means as well as by the brain, is introduced into all the viscera; the whole

* *An Inquiry into the Moving Powers employed in the Circulation of the Blood.* See also Dr. Young's Croonian Lecture in the *Phil. Trans.* for 1809.

being in a state of alternate swell and subsidence; which constitutes their life and activity, and excites them perpetually into the performance of their functions. Thus, with Swedenborg, definite structure has definite function; and definite function is nothing more than definite motion; *Qualis determinatio substantiarum, talis accidentium et motuum, qui substantias, sicut stratos ponticulos percurrunt.* Every fibre has its own fluxion."

The same writer subsequently claims for him the "whole doctrine" of the atomic theory with much show of truth, and next alludes to the composition of water, which Swedenborg laid down geometrically, stating the chemical equivalents of its components to be of the values of 8 and 1, always calling water, which is the formula of the present day, 9. These are very striking proofs of the wonderful genius and expansive mind of Swedenborg. But if it was said of Goldsmith, by Johnson in his epitaph, that he left no subject of human learning untouched, and never touched any subject that he did not adorn, how much more applicable is the sentiment to the illustrious Swede! We have seen that in philosophy, mineralogy, magnetism, anatomy, physiology, algebra, ethics, theology, and geometry, he excelled all other authors of his age, we have now to view him in the light of an astronomer.

"Herschel discovered first in the year 1781, a seventh planet; but Swedenborg, so early as 1745, in his work on the *Worship and Love of God*, § 11, speaks of seven primary planets; he even mentions seven planets in his *Principia Rerum Naturalium*, published in 1734."

We have at length, we think, placed such acts of Swedenborg's wonderful powers of mind before the reader that we can hardly suppose that he now entertains the same opinion of that great man as when he commenced the perusal of this article. He can surely no longer subscribe to the foolish and wicked story of his madness—invented by one *Methusius*, a Lutheran minister, who afterwards went mad himself (see "*Documents*," p. 145, *et ante et postea*) or credit the report of his being a visionary. Visionaries do not deal in geometry, and algebra, and mathematics, nor do they make great discoveries in the brain. Proceed we now therefore to Mr. Wilkinson's translation.

This volume consists of monographs by Swedenborg, upon the tongue, the lips, mouth, palate, and salivary glands; the pharynx, œsophagus, and their glands; the stomach and its orifices; the intestines; the mesentery and the lacteals; the thoracic duct and the lymphatics; the glands generally; the liver and the gall bladder; the pancreas; the spleen; the omentum; the succenturiate kidneys; the kidneys and the ureters; the urinary bladder; the peritonæum; and as the author commenced with a prologue, so he ends with an epilogue. It will be readily acknowledged that the 16 chapters, with prologue and epilogue, embrace a very wide field, over which it is not possible for a reviewer to ride his hobby rough-shod. He must go "cannily" along, and not a little "craning" may be pardonable, for he is not dealing with the work of an ordinary mind. The translator justly says—

"The principles of Swedenborg are more true now to the rational enquirer, than they could possibly be to the men of Swedenborg's own day:—wherever he adopted false facts; they furnished a worse basis for his system than the more solid materials of modern discovery. An example of

this occurs in the chapter on the kidneys, where the principle stated to govern the urinary series is confirmed by the recent observations of Mr. Bowman, better than by the hypothetical structure assigned to the parts previously, in the absence of experimental evidence." (Preface, pp. viii., ix.)

The plan of the work will be best told in the language of Swedenborg himself. He says (p. 10:)—

"I intend to examine, physically and philosophically, the whole anatomy of the Body; of all its Viscera, Abdominal and Thoracic; of the Genital Members of both sexes; and of the Organs of the five Senses. Likewise,

"The Anatomy of all parts of the Cerebrum, Cerebellum, Medulla Oblongata, and Medulla Spinalis.

"Afterwards the cortical substance of the two brains; and their medullary fibre; and the causes of the forces and motion of the whole organism. Diseases, moreover; those of the head particularly, or which proceed by defluxion from the Cerebrum.

"I propose afterwards to give an introduction to Rational Psychology, consisting of certain new doctrines, through the assistance of which we may be conducted, from the material organism of the body, to a knowledge of the soul, which is immaterial. These are the Doctrine of Forms; the Doctrine of Order and Degrees: also the Doctrine of Series and Society; the Doctrine of Influx; the Doctrine of Correspondence and Representation: lastly the Doctrine of Modification."

"From these doctrines I come to the Rational Psychology itself; which will comprise the subjects of action; of external and internal sense; of imagination and memory; also, of the affections of the animus. Of the intellect, that is of thought and of the will; and of the affections of the rational mind; also, of instinct.

"Lastly, of the Soul; and of its state in the Body, its intercourse, affection, and immortality; and of its state when the body dies. The work to conclude with a Concordance of Systems."

Such is the outline of the work, which the author intended to publish, but the whole has not been printed, some parts still remaining in manuscript.

It is impossible not to feel as we proceed in a criticism of "The Animal Kingdom" of Swedenborg, that justice can scarcely be hoped to be awarded it in the small space which can be allotted for that purpose in "The Monthly Review," but nevertheless we shall endeavor so to place some of the more prominent facts before the reader as to give him at least a general view of the contents of the whole volume.

The plan is this: Swedenborg collects together all that every author of celebrity in anatomy or physiology up to his age had said upon the structure or uses of the particular organ he is about to discuss, and then in the "Analysis" expresses his own opinions, drawing such conclusions and making such remarks, many of which are perfectly new to us, as tend to illustrate the particular doctrine which he is desirous of inculcating, namely the truth of revelation. And here before we proceed with our analysis, we shall go back to the prologue and quote some apposite, profound, and philosophical remarks:—

"The province of reason or intellect consists exclusively in considering and inquiring what is reasonable, profitable, and becoming in society, or

in the civil and moral world; and what is proper to be done in the kingdoms below it, the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral. Let the intellect be contented with its lot, and not aspire to higher things, which, inasmuch as they are sanctuaries and matters of revelation, exist to faith only. Furthermore, faith is banished as soon as ever the intellectual power endeavors to open the doors to its mysteries; for the intellect most commonly abolishes all faith in divine things; and what is received by the intellect, is not received by faith, that is to say, not by such a faith as elevates us above ourselves. And those who are inspired by a divine faith, completely despise the assistance of confirmatory arguments; perhaps they will laugh at this very book of mine—for where there is faith, what need is there of demonstration; as where there is sight, what need is there to talk of light?"

"22. I grant this; nor would I persuade any one who comprehends these high truths by faith, to attempt to comprehend them by his intellect; let him abstain from my books. Who so believes revelation implicitly, without consulting the intellect, is the happiest of mortals, the nearest to heaven, and at once a native of both worlds. But these pages of mine are written, with a view to those only, who never believe anything but what they can receive with the intellect; consequently, who boldly invalidate, and are fain to deny the existence of all super-eminent things, sublimer than themselves, as the soul itself, and what follows therefrom—its life, immortality, heaven, &c. &c. (p. 14.)"

To carry out this principle, he quotes the opinion of the following authors at full length: Heister's *Comp. Anat.* n. 285; Winslow's *Exposition Anat. de la struct. du Corps Humain; Traité de la Teste*, n. 504—538; Malpighi's *Exercitatio Epistolica de Lingua*. Swammerdam's *Biblia Naturæ*, p. 109; Boerhaave's *Institutiones Mediceæ*, n. 62—and refers to the following authors; Eustachius, *Tabul. Anat.*, Tab. xvii., fig. 2, 5, 8, 11, 18, 19, 20 (Edit. Colon. 1716;) Cowper, *Myotomia Reformata*; Morgagni, *Advers. Anat.*, i., tab. i. ii., &c.; Heisters' *Comp. Anat.*, tab. vii., fig. 34, 35; Malpighi, in Mangetus, *Theatr. Anatom.*, tab. cix., fig. 15, 16, 17, 18, 19; Bidloo in Mangetus, *T. A.*, tab. cix., fig. 8, 9, 13, 11, 12, 13, 14, 20.

From this specimen an idea may be formed of the nature of the preliminary study which must have been undertaken and persevered in ere he could indite his "Analysis," a specimen of which we shall now give.

"The primary, proper, and natural office of the tongue, consists in sucking, sipping, eating, and drinking; or, to speak more plainly, in receiving food for the nutrition of the body and the blood, in working this food about and forming it into a ball, and rolling the ball into the œsophagus and swallowing it. The tongue, considered in general, performs this office; it likewise performs the same office in all its parts; for it pretastes the first fruits, the extracts, the spirits, and the purer essences of the food; that is, it takes them up by little mouths, it nimbly works them about upon little tongues, it drinks them by imperceptible pores, and delivers them immediately to the blood. Thus the lesser parts perform not only the same office on a small scale as the entire tongue, but also the same offices as the tongue performs in conjunction with its associates and contiguous organs—the lips, the cheeks, the fauces, and the palate; and the least parts, as the tongue performs

in conjunction with its contiguous organs—the pharynx, the œsophagus, the stomach, &c. for the least in every series comprehends an idea of its universe." (p. 35, 36, 37.)

The second office he assigns to the tongue is that of "feeling and perceiving what is about to be received, with a view to becoming acquainted with its qualities: that is, in tasting." (p. 37.) The third office, "not, however, proper to it," is that of speech.

"By the office and gift of speaking, the tongue feeds the higher principles, the very mind itself; by the office of eating, it feeds the lower principles, or the body. Thus it may be said to afford food to both the soul and the body; wherefore it guards the meeting of the two ways which lead to the two regions of the body—to the viscera of the abdomen, through the pharynx and the œsophagus, and to the viscera of the chest through the larynx and the trachea; as well as the cross-way which leads to the cerebrum, the hall and palace of the mind. For this reason it is, that the human tongue has a less acute sense of taste than the tongues of the lower animals; for as in proportion as we approach the soul, in the same proportion we recede from the body." (pp. 38—39.)

In support of his statement, that the tongue consists of an infinity of "little tongues," he refers to Bidloo,* in whose plates are represented little tongues on the surface of the tongue. These are so many oval, pointed, or bicipital bodies. Also in Verheysen's, and Malpighi's plates, sinular representations are perceived. These little bodies are even visible in the tongue of the snail. "The tongue of the house-snail," says Swammerdam, "is covered on each side with many small parts, like the bronchiæ of fish, or like a comb with a double row of teeth," &c. Hence, Swedenborg infers, that there are as it were denticles or little teeth, which seize the nutritious particles, and carry them to the little cavities subjacent. Thence, he says, the same arrangement obtains in all the other members and organs; as in the eyes, where the globular parts in the vitreous humor are so many little eyes—a fact which is best seen in the eyes of the bee and fly. In the lungs—the least vesicles are so many little lungs. In the cerebrum, the cortical substances are so many primitive cerebellula. In the heart, the lacunæ, with their little columns, are so many ventricles of little hearts. This will at once unfold the system on which Swedenborg so learnedly insisted.

The reason he assigns for saying that the office of speaking is not proper, or is not exclusively vested in the tongue, is that it only disposes the muscles designed for manducation, at pleasure, in a new way; for several of the bird tribe, as daws, crows, &c., may be made to speak, although speech is not a proper faculty of their tongues. He acknowledges, however, that the motions are determined by a previous will, as they require to be learned by the young. He is further strengthened in his opinion by history, which relates that many persons have been able to speak without tongues, and that Winslow quotes from Riolan's *Anthropographia*, the case of a child, five years

* Bidloo was physician to William III. Cowper stole some of his plates for his "Anatomy of Human Bodies," but not without remonstrance. Bidloo was born at Amsterdam in 1649. His great work is the "Anatomia Corporis Humani," fol. 1685. This is the publication from which Cowper purloined the plates. At the death of King William he returned to Holland, and died there in 1713.

old, who, although it had lost its tongue from the small pox, spoke almost as distinctly as before. In this case, however, the uvula was intact. In the Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Sciences, there is a report by Jussieu of the case of a girl born without a tongue; yet she could speak. In this instance a small tubercle occupied the place of the tongue. We may add, that there are other cases on record attestive of this opinion of Swedenborg.

After minutely describing the nerves and muscles of the tongue, he proceeds to tell us, in his own way, to the end, "that the ear may be instantly conscious of the manner in which sounds are first articulated, from the very earliest efforts of the infantile tongue, a small branch of the fifth pair, in a manner recurrent from the tongue, enters the membrane and cavity of the tympanum, and unites with the portio dura of the acoustic nerve, as it traverses the Eustachian tube; whereby the ear prestalling a passage through the fauces, is enabled to know what is going on in the larynx and the tongue: and the voice, in its first conception, is rendered in unison with the voice, as it issues from the mouth, and is received by the external ear and the membrana tympania."

In describing the lips, mouth, and palate, he gives us this very correct and very scientific account of the manner in which the palate acts when we are about to drink:—

"When the tongue is about to drink, the palate particularly assists and conspires. The lips first draw in the fluid by their aperture; the tongue takes it up on its apex and edges, pours it in on its dorsum, and rolls it gently into the gorge of the palate; it then raises and wreathes up its base from the root, close under the folds of the palate: the palate also unfolds, and lets down the shaggy velum from above; and in this way the two secure the passage against the return of the fluid; which thus, destitute alike of gravity and levity, glides along the smooth surface of the œsophagus into the stomach. Two singular powers of the tongue and the palate unite in the act of drinking. *Firstly*, of arresting the fluid at any part of the cavity of the throat, and of pushing it onwards from point to point, either by sips or in streams; this power is owing to the tortility of the tongue, and to the flexibility of the membrana and velum palati. *Secondly*, of exercising a kind of suction or attraction, at will, on any particular isolated spaces. The tongue and the palate imbibe these powers with the mother's milk, and momentarily exercise them so easily, that we ourselves are not aware of their very existence. The consequence is, that liquids, and even solids, descend from the commencement of the mouth (I do not say from the lips) into the gullet, as easily as if they were absolutely destitute of gravity and levity; and as if, in every position, the lips were upwards with respect to them, and the gullet downwards; for every point of the tongue, and every point of the mouth, acts thither by the two powers already mentioned; thus every point of the fluid is actuated thither by a kind of centripetency. Hence, draughts of liquids ascend as easily as they descend; which we see exemplified in jugglers, who will drain their bowls while standing on their heads; and in long-necked birds, as the goose, the swan, the crane, &c., and in quadrupeds which lap, eat, and drink, with their heads hanging down: more plainly still in those insects which suck their food through extensile, flexible, and

retractile suckers, and carry it thereby into their gullets and stomachs. Indeed, this mechanism of the throat seems designed to prevent liquid from acting at all of its own gravity; as is clear from the fact, that when water is poured into the mouth of a person lying on his back, it instantly regurgitates from the pharynx; evidently in order that no intrusion may take place, and thus nothing may be carried in without the tongue previously feeling, and willing it." (N. 69, pp. 79, 80.)

On the *stomach*, Swedenborg has expended much labor, and the "Analysis" is one of the most important in the volume. Besides, the multiplicity of authors quoted at length, is not the least valuable portion of the chapter, for the student may take his choice of Heister, Winslow, Ruysch, Leeuwenhoek, Swammerdam, Glisson, Hartman, Schurig, &c., as each of these authors are quoted verbatim—a plan that is extremely convenient, and evinces a mind conscious of its own powers, considerate towards others, and anxious for the truth. He quotes from Schurig, some curious passages to the effect of irregular position of the stomach, of large, small, thin, double, perforated, and ruptured stomachs; of food remaining in the stomach for a long time, also grapes, pills, pieces of sausage, pickled ginger, suet, lettuce, thorns, oats, plum-stones, rose leaves, hydatids, stones, lice, a three-pronged fork, and various other things.

Indeed, the extracts from Schurig are of a most interesting and engrossing nature, and the "Analysis" no less so. But there is scarcely anything that has not at different times been swallowed, as the following list will show; viz., crab's claws, pebbles, Persian apples, packing needles, common needles, diamonds, rings, nails, money, a pipe, a child's rattle, a golden cross, a surgical speculum, the links of a chain, a pair of scissors, a clasp, the point of a knife, the stalk of an iron pot, and an iron whetstone! Schurig speaks also of knife-eaters (one, it will be recollected, some years since exhibited himself in London) of Prague, at Basle, Halle, London, and Hamburg; also, glass-eaters, stone-eaters, poison-eaters, "and those who could eat anything whatever!"* He also mentions a Maltese drunkard, who, after drinking twenty or thirty glasses of water, would vomit them up again for the amusement of the by-standers, and either spirt the glasses full one after another, or else eject the entire volume of the fluid to a distance of twenty feet, or more! Of instances of diseased appetites, as pica and malacia, or *mal d'estomac* (*dirt-eating* of the Africans) it is not necessary to say much. That which seems most worthy of notice, is where he tells us pica has been noticed in the cat and dog; and in man in form of depraved appetite for water, milk, whey, and vinegar; of longing for peculiar odors and smells; for sucking the wind out of bellows! for throwing eggs into each other's faces; for receiving slaps!! and for thieving!!!—*Chylogogia Historico-Medica*, 4to. *Dresde*, 1735. (p. 92—96.)

But we must, however reluctant, bring this review to an end—though as may well be conceived, we have not done, nor *could* we hope to do, anything like justice (as we have before said) to a work of such immeasurable value as this is, in the short compass of one article. However, we have said enough, we trust, to induce the reader to study it himself. We make room for this description of the stomach, which is, without exception,

* *Vide* Schurig. *Chylog.*, pp. 367, 398, 436, and 445.

the best we ever read, and we believe, the most intelligible ever written.

"The stomach, like a large bladder, or tubulated retort, receives in its bosom, through what is called the cardiac orifice, every kind of saliva and available food;—commixes, circulates, squeezes, strains, bruises, triturates, macerates, seethes, extracts, in a word *digests it*; then carries it onwards, drives it through certain foramina and evaporates and sublimes it along certain ducts, its appointed passages:—summons and sharpens the menstrua, and increases its forces, according to the measure, degree, and success of the operation; and again repeats the processes; that is to say, reduces, fittens, corrects and seethes the materials which have been once digested; and all the time, transmits the rectified portions through foramina into tubular passages; but sends off what it has not thoroughly laid open (*reclusit.*) through the pylorus into the intestines." (N. 94, p. 122.)

We have thus far exhibited Swedenborg's anatomical knowledge. We shall now extract an outline of his "Doctrine of Forms," to which it is possible to believe some late writers have had recourse, without acknowledgment; but we cannot now enter upon that question.

"I intend to explain the nature of the spiral form (he is speaking of the spiral vessels in the stomach) in an especial doctrine of forms. Meanwhile, for the better understanding of the subjects mentioned in this chapter, I will here state, that forms ascend from the lowest to the highest, in order and by degrees, as do also the essences and substances of all things. The lowest form is the *angular*; which is also called the terrestrial, and the merely corporeal form, inasmuch as it is peculiar to bodies having angles and rectilinear planes; the measurement of which is the primary object of the present geometry. The second and next higher form is the *circular* or *spherical* form; which may also be called the *perpetual angular*, since the circumference of the circle involves neither angle nor rectilinear plane, because it is a perpetual angle and perpetual plane: this form is at once the parent and the measure of angular forms, for it is the means of showing the properties of angles and figures, as trigonometry teaches. The form above this is the *spiral*, which is the parent and the measure of circular forms, as the circular form is the parent and the measure of angular forms. Its very radii or diameters are not rectilinear, nor do they converge to a fixed centre, like those of the circle, but they are variously circular, and have a spherical surface for a centre; wherefore the spiral is also called the *perpetual circular*. Our science of geometry rises almost to this form, but dare not enter it, or peruse its spirals; for at the first glance it strikes us as inextricable, and seems to sport with our ideas. This form never exists or subsists without poles, an axis, foci, a greatest circle, and lesser circles which are its diameters; and as it again assumes a perpetuity which is wanting in the circular form, namely, in respect to diameters and centres, therefore it emulates and breathes a natural spontaneity in its motion: as also appears from the stomach and its segments after death, for when its nerves are only touched it rolls and wreathes as in the living subject, and flows spontaneously into its gyres, as though it were still hungering, and longing to grind the food: there being nothing that can prove an obstacle; inasmuch as there are no angles, and consequently no hindrances to

motion. There are other still higher forms, as the *perpetual-spiral*, properly the *vertical*: the *perpetual-vertical*, properly the *celestial*: and a highest, the *perpetual celestial*, which is *SPIRITUAL*, and has within it nothing but what is everlasting and infinite." (f) p. 128.

From this it will be perceived that the doctrine of forms in orders and degrees, requires some study to understand, more to apprehend, and a great deal to comprehend all its bearing and parts, as applied to man in his present condition. But at the same time, we cannot refuse our concurrence in the mode or manner in which the argument is put, for if the proposition be admitted, the series of deductions that follow cannot be denied. In conclusion, we record our opinion, positively, and not relatively: wholly, and without reservation, that if the mode of reasoning and explanation adopted by Swedenborg be once understood, the anatomist and physiologist will acquire more information, and obtain a more comprehensive view of the human body, and its relation to a higher sphere, than from any single book ever published; nay, we may add than from all the books which have been written (especially in modern times) on physiology, or as it has been lately named, transcendental anatomy.

Swedenborg reasons not on any hypothesis, not on any theory, not on any favorite doctrine of a fashionable school, but on the solid principles of geometry, based on the immutable rock of truth: and he must and will be considered at no distant period the Zoroaster of Europe, and the Prometheus of a new era of reason, however at present the clouds of prejudice may intervene, or the storms of passion obscure the coruscations of his intellect.

The American Review: A Whig Journal of Politics, Literature, Art, and Science. No. 1. January 1845. Wiley and Putnam, London and New York.

This periodical is intended to be the organ of the whig party in the United States, which has recently incurred so unexpected a reverse in the defeat of their candidate for the presidency, Mr. Clay. It is printed in double columns, like Blackwood, and, though termed a review, partakes much more of the character of a magazine. The subjects treated of in this number are various and interesting, most of them being tinged, more or less, with the party views of the writers. The characteristic feature is an aversion to democracy, or rather to the democratic party, for there is a great profession of respect for republican principles, democracy being, according to the reviewers, good or bad, accordingly as it exalts or depresses their own party. Most of the articles are so tinged with partizanship as to detract much from their value to English readers, who cannot enter into squabbles which appear to them very like the corporation contests of a provincial town. But when the writers depart from this narrow field, and wander in the broad highway of literature, they exhibit a sound taste and an impartiality of judgment which might worthily be imitated by some of our own critics. This is exemplified in the article on Miss Barrett's Poems, with which we were much pleased. The original poetry is respectable common-place, and contrasts strikingly with the bold flights of the British poetess.—*Critic.*

From Punch.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

MR. CAUDLE HAS LENT AN ACQUAINTANCE THE FAMILY UMBRELLA. MRS. CAUDLE LECTURES THEREON.

"Ah! That's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about him that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He does n't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than take our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And as I'm alive, if it isn't Saint Swithin's day! Do you hear it against the windows! Nonsense; you don't impose upon me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you do hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. He return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever *did* return an umbrella! There—do you hear it! Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always six weeks. And no umbrella!

"I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They shan't go through such weather, I'm determined. No: they shall stop at home and never learn anything—the blessed creatures!—sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father! People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

"But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow—you knew that; and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate me to go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in buckets—full, I'll go all the more. No: and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of your's! A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteenpence at least—sixteenpence!—two-and-eightpence, for there's back again! Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em! I can't pay for 'em; and I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do; throwing away your property, and beggaring your children—buying umbrellas!

"Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it! But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow: I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way—and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman—it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I daresay I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I should n't wonder if I caught my death; yes: and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!

"Nice clothes, I shall get too, trapesing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoiled quite. Need n't I wear 'em then! Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear 'em.

No, sir, I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows! it is n't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once—better, I should say. But when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady. Oh! that rain—if it is n't enough to break in the windows.

"Ugh! I do look forward with dread for to-morrow! How I am to go to mother's I'm sure I can't tell. But if I die, I'll do it. No, sir; I won't borrow an umbrella. No; and you shan't buy one. (*With great emphasis*.) Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it in the street. I'll have my own umbrella, or none at all.

"Ha! and it was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one for me. Paying for new nozzles, for other people to laugh at you. Oh, it's all very well for you—you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife, and your own dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas!

"Men, indeed!—Call themselves lords of the creation!—pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

"I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want—then you may go to your club, and do as you like—and then, nicely my poor dear children will be used—but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me! I know you will. Else you'd never have lent the umbrella!

"You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and, of course, you can't go. No, indeed, you *don't* go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it: people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas!

"And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella! Oh, don't tell me that I said I *would* go—that's nothing to do with it; nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we were to have, we shan't have at all—because we've no umbrella.

"The children, too! Dear things! They'll be sopping wet; for they shan't stop at home—they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave 'm, I'm sure. But they *shall* go to school. Don't tell me I said they should n't: you are so aggravating, Caudle; you'd spoil the temper of an angel. They *shall* go to school; mark that. And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault—I did n't lend the umbrella."

"Here," says Caudle in his MS., "I fell asleep; and dreamt that the sky was turned into green calico, with whalebone ribs; that, in fact, the whole world revolved under a tremendous umbrella!"

MR. CAUDLE HAS VENTURED A REMONSTRANCE ON HIS DAY'S DINNER: COLD MUTTON, AND NO PUDDING. MRS. CAUDLE DEFENDS THE COLD SHOULDER.

HUMPH! I'm sure! Well! I wonder what it will be next! There's nothing proper now—nothing at all. Better get somebody else to keep the house I think. I can't do it now, it seems; I'm

only in the way here : I 'd better take the children, and go.

"What am I grumbling about now? It's very well for you to ask that! I'm sure I'd better be out of the world than—there now, Mr. Caudle; there you are again! I *shall* speak, sir. It is n't often I open my mouth, heaven knows! But you like to hear nobody talk but yourself. You ought to have married a negro slave, and not any respectable woman.

"You're to go about the house looking like thunder all the day, and I'm not to say a word. Where do you think pudding's to come from every day! You show a nice example to your children, you do; complaining, and turning your nose up at a sweet piece of cold mutton, because there's no pudding! You go a nice way to make 'em extravagant—teach 'em nice lessons to begin the world with. Do you know what puddings cost; or do you think they fly in at the window!

"You hate cold mutton. The more shame for you, Mr. Caudle. I'm sure you've the stomach of a lord, you have, No, sir; I did n't choose to hash the mutton. It's very easy for you to say hash it; but I know what a joint loses in hashing: it's a day's dinner the less, if it's a bit. Yes, I dare say; other people may have puddings with cold mutton. No doubt of it; and other people become bankrupts. But if ever you get into the Gazette, it shant be *my* fault—no; I'll do my duty as a wife to you, Mr. Caudle: you shall never have it to say that it was *my* housekeeping that brought you to beggary. No; you may sulk at the cold meat—ha! I hope you'll never live to want such a piece of cold mutton as we had to-day! And you may threaten to go to a tavern to dine; but with our present means, not a crumb of pudding do you get from me. You shall have nothing but the cold joint—nothing as I'm a Christian sinner.

"Yes; there you are, throwing those fowls in my face again! I know you once brought home a pair of fowls; I know it: and warn't you mean enough to want to stop 'em out of my week's money! Oh, the selfishness—the shabbiness of men! They can go out and throw away pounds upon pounds with a pack of people who laugh at 'em afterwards; but if it's anything wanting for their own homes, their poor wives may hunt for it. I wonder you don't blush to name those fowls again! I would n't be so little for the world, Mr. Caudle!

"What are you going to do? Going to get up! Don't make yourself ridiculous, Mr. Caudle; I can't say a word to you like any other wife, but you must threaten to get up. Do be ashamed of yourself.

"Puddings, indeed! Do you think I'm made of puddings! Did n't you have some boiled rice three weeks ago! Besides, is this the time of the year for puddings! It's all very well if I had money enough allowed me like any other wife to keep the house with; then, indeed, I might have preserves like any other woman; now, it's impossible; and it's cruel—yes, Mr. Caudle, cruel—of you to expect it.

"Apples arn't so dear, arn't they! I know what apples are, Mr. Caudle, without your telling me. But I suppose you want something more than apples for dumplings! I suppose sugar costs something, does n't it! And that's how it is. That's how one expense brings on another, and that's how people go to ruin.

"Pancakes! What the use of your lying muttering there about pancakes? Don't you always have 'em once a-year—every Shrove Tuesday! And what would any moderate, decent man want more!"

"Pancakes, indeed! Pray, Mr. Caudle—no, it's no use your saying fine words to me to let you go to sleep; I shan't!—pray do you know the price of eggs just now! There's not an egg you can trust to under seven and eight a shilling; well, you've only just to reckon up how many eggs—don't lie swearing there at the eggs, in that manner, Mr. Caudle; unless you expect the bed to open under you. You call yourself a respectable tradesman, I suppose! Ha! I only wish people knew you as well as I do! Swearing at eggs, indeed! But I'm tired of this usage, Mr. Caudle; quite tired of it; and I don't care how soon it's ended!

"I'm sure I do nothing but work and labor, and think how to make the most of everything; and this is how I'm rewarded. I should like to see anybody whose joints go further than mine. But if I was to throw away your money into the street, or lay it out in fine feathers on myself, I should be better thought of. The woman who studies her husband and her family is always made a drudge of. It's your fine fal-lal wives who've the best time of it.

"What's the use of your lying groaning there in that manner! That won't make me hold my tongue, I can tell you. You think to have it all your own way—but you won't, Mr. Caudle! You can insult my dinner; look like a demon, I may say, at a wholesome piece of cold mutton—ha! the thousands of far better creatures than you are who'd been thankful for that mutton!—and I'm never to speak! But you're mistaken—I will! Your usage of me, Mr. Caudle, is infamous—unworthy of a man. I only wish people knew you for what you are! but they shall some day.

"Puddings! And now I suppose I shall hear of nothing but puddings! Yes, and I know what it would end in. First, you'd have a pudding every day; oh, I know your extravagance—then you'd go for fish—then I should n't wonder if you'd have soup; turtle, no doubt: then you'd go for a dessert; and—oh! I see it all as plain as the quilt before me—but no! not while I live! What your second wife may do, I don't know; perhaps *she*'ll be a fine lady; but you shan't be ruined by me, Mr. Caudle; that I'm determined. Puddings, indeed! Pu-dding-s! Pudd—"

"Exhausted nature," says Caudle, "could hold out no longer. Here my wife went to sleep."

BALLAD BY THE REV. HENRY ALFORD, M. A.

Rise, sons of merry England, from mountain and from plain;—
Let each light up his spirit, let none unmoved remain;
The morning is before you, and glorious is the sun;
Rise up and do your blessed work before the day be done.

'Come help us, come and help us,'—from the valley and the hill,
To the ear of God in heaven are the cries ascending still:
The soul that wanteth knowledge, the flesh that wanteth food;—
Arise, ye sons of England, go about doing good.

Your hundreds and your thousands at usage and
in purse,
Behold a safe investment which shall bless and
never curse!

O who would spend for house or land, if he
might but from above
Draw down the sweet and holy dew of happiness
and love?

Pour out upon the needy ones the soft and healing
balm;

The storm hath not arisen yet—ye yet may keep
the calm:

Already mounts the darkness—the warning wind
is loud;

But ye may seek your father's God, and pray
away the cloud.

Go, through our ancient churches, and on the holy
floor

Kneel humbly in your penitence among the kneeling
poor;

Cry out at morn and even, and amid the busy day,
"Spare, spare, O Lord, thy people!—O cast us
not away!"

Hush down the sounds of quarrel, let party names
alone,—

Let brother join with brother, and England claim
her own.

In battle with the Mammon-host join peasant, clerk
and lord;

Sweet charity your banner-flag, and GOD FOR ALL
your word.

Parker's Magazine.

The Individuality of the Individual. A Lecture,
by WILLIAM MACCALL, author of "The Doc-
trine of Individuality," "The Agents of Civiliza-
tion," &c. London, Chapman, Newgate-
street.

RARELY, perhaps never, have we seen so small
a book containing such comprehensive thoughts.
Mr. Maccall does not think in leading strings,
neither does he borrow the mannerisms of com-
position; in truth he is the embodiment of his own
idea, and hence the individuality of his writings.
He would teach man self-reliance; that he has a
distinctive character. In this Young England will
readily concur. We remember what an American
writer has finely said on the subject: "An insti-
tution is the lengthened shadow of one man; as
the Reformation of Luther; Quakerism of Fox;
Methodism of Wesley; Abolition of Clarkson."

This lecture will teach, not so much what is
unlearned, as that which, having been learned, is
partially forgotten. It is no wonder that the indi-
vidual is overlooked in the large congregations of
men. In politics, as in all present movements,
party is the only power acknowledged; but the
individual is not less active, not less effective.
Genius is always individual, as that of Michael
Angelo, Shakspeare, and Scott. There was not a
national individuality, but, apart from country, the
individuality of *mind*. Lesser spirits possess it in
a corresponding degree. We believe that what is
called the eccentricity of a man is but the un-
trained working of his individuality. Mr. Maccall
would educate the individuality that it may yield
its full fruits for the benefit of the race. He
denounces the plan of educating all children alike.
He says:—

"The imaginative child, if educated according
to his distinctive nature, would help to correct the
exaggeration and to soften the angularity of the
logical child, and to throw around the sensitive
child ideal visions—which would hinder him from
dwelling with anguish on every exhibition of dis-
tress; and the sensitive child, if educated accord-
ing to his distinctive nature, would teach the imag-
inative child not to dwell in imagination as a mere
selfish luxury, but to shed its colors as a benignity
on the rugged realities of others, to whom the
reality is too real, and would teach the logical
child how vain is logic without feeling, and that
doubt was only given by God in order to conduct
to faith; and the logical child, if educated accord-
ing to his distinctive nature, would teach the imag-
inative child that all fancy is but the brilliant
shadow of truth; and would teach the sensitive
child that the sensibility that is not healthy, not in
harmony with the other powers, is useless to the
world, in proportion as it is a torture to itself."

We have said enough of this little pamphlet to
recommend it, which we do, not so much for its
novelty, as for its truth; not so much that it is
conceived with the elegance of a poet, as that it is
expressed with the honesty of a man.—*Critic.*

LAMENT OF D'ISRAELI

I REALLY can't imagine why,
With my confessed ability—
From the ungrateful Tories, I
Get nothing—but civility.

The "independent" dodge I've tried,
I've also tried servility;—
It's all the same—they *won't* provide—
I only get—civility.

I've flattered Peel; he smiles back thanks
With Belial's own tranquility;
But still he keeps me in "the ranks,"
And pays me—with civility.

I've worried him, I've sneered at him,
I've threatened bold hostility—
But no—he still preserves his im-
perturbable civility.

If not the birth, at least I've now
The *manners* of nobility;
But yet Sir Robert scorns to bow
With more than mere civility.

Well, I've been pretty mild as yet,
But now I'll try scurrility;
It's very hard if *that* don't get
Me more than mere civility.—*Punch.*

BELIEF AND DOUBT.—When anything strikes
the mind as a truth, however distasteful it may be,
or opposed to our former feelings, we have no
option—the instant we see it as true, we are con-
strained to embrace it; we cannot say we will or
will not—it is a necessity, and we must. The
first distinctly recognized doubt is of the same
kind; we may struggle against it as we will, but
there it is, a wedge inserted into the very fabric
of our faith, which splits to the foundation, and
falls off from us, leaving us naked and trembling
among its ruins.—*Zoe.*

From the Polytechnic Review.

ON NOVEL APPLIANCES OF WAR, PROPOSED OR EXECUTED, SO FAR AS RELATES TO PROJECTILES.

HAVING attended to most of the circumstances which limit the range of projectiles, we purpose now to state, as shortly as is consistent with truth and justice to the subject, the means which have been proposed to increase this range; we will also mention the results of these suggestions, so far as they have been carried into practice, and will discuss the probability of the existence of methods said to be kept secret, and the chance of the discovery of others.

We have already alluded to the common supposition that chemical science may present the artilleryman with some substance that is, in common parlance, "stronger" than gunpowder, and that by this means a vast increase of range may be effected. We have shown the futility of this opinion; we have proved that chemists disclaim any such knowledge: we have demonstrated that if they should claim to be the depositaries of such a secret, the mathematician and practical artilleryman would treat the statement with unbelief, and justly too, because it is in opposition to incontrovertible laws. As well might a chemist say that he could annihilate the attraction of gravitation, as that he could elaborate such a peculiar composition or gunpowder.

It may be said that chemistry is a field whose treasures are but little known; that although such explosive compounds as chemists generally are aware of may be inferior in propulsive force to gunpowder, this mere fact is not sufficient in itself to warrant a supposition that some peculiar composition of exceeding potency may not be discovered and held in secrecy by one favored individual; still *our* objection applies not the less. There is a point beyond which no increase of primary force can increase the range of a projectile, and this point is far within the limits which circumscribe the force of gunpowder.

We are justified in asserting, then, that far advanced as are all sciences connected with military engineering, in the present day, very little increase of the range of common ordnance (we mean cannons and engines of that class) will be effected; and that this little will be accomplished, not through any new composition of gunpowder, but as a consequence of improvement in the mechanical construction of missiles, and their projecting ordnance.

The longest range and greatest velocity ever accomplished by any ordnance, ancient or modern, up to the period of 1840, and we believe to the present time, is 5,720 yards, or just three miles and a quarter. The whole time of flight was only thirty seconds and a quarter, which is estimated at 2,100 feet, in the first second of time. The piece of ordnance used on this occasion was a fifty-six-pounder cannon, cast on the principles of Mr. Monk, who suggested the propriety of removing a considerable proportion of useless metal from the gun before the trunions, and adding it to the breech, where alone increased strength is desirable. This arrangement permits the use of a larger projecting charge of gunpowder, without risking the calamity of bursting. The quantity of powder employed in the experiment alluded to was ten pounds, and *the ball weighed sixty-two*

pounds and a-half, a circumstance which requires some explanation, seeing that we have stated the gun to be a fifty-eight pounder. The explanation is this: the momentum of a projectile is the product of its mass and its velocity; by increasing that mass, therefore, or, in other words, by adding to its weight without adding to its size, we acquire a proportionate increase of momentum, and a consequent increase of range. The shot on the present occasion was an iron shell filled with lead; hence its weight of sixty-two pounds and a half.

Nearly the same range was accomplished by the French during the Peninsular war, who threw shells into Cadiz, rather more than a distance of three miles; they, however, used enormous mortars, one of which is at present in St. James' Park, and employed the largest charges of gunpowder ever known in modern times; the missiles projected, moreover, were shells *nearly* filled with lead, the remaining space containing gunpowder ignitable by a fuse as in the common shell.

The fact that leaden balls accomplish a longer range than iron ones, seems to have been discovered, at least *once* by chance, the discoverers being totally ignorant of the principles on which the circumstance was founded. It is related that during the war an American ship having expended all her cannon-balls, and being unable to procure others of a similar kind, had some prepared of lead; when on employing them in a subsequent action, her captain and crew were surprised at their long range and efficacy. Sir Howard Douglas is so satisfied of their advantages on peculiar occasions, that he recommends their introduction in the navy.

Amongst the suggestions which naturally present themselves for increasing the range of a shot, a very obvious one seems to be the diminution of its windage, or the space which exists between it and the inside of the gun. Thus is reduced to a minimum the loss experienced by the escape of the gunpowder around the sides of the ball. That short kind of ordnance, the carronade, is made to embrace this amongst other principles, and the result of practice fully warrants, in this case, the justice of the theory. To long guns, however, the rule does not apply—a fact which may seem strange at first, but which can be easily explained. With very great velocities and long guns there is a large column of air to be displaced before the ball leaves the gun, and which is condensed with great rapidity by the force of the ball, to which it offers immense resistance if it fit the gun closely. If, however, the size of the ball be reduced, the air has more space to rush round it, and the ball more easily escapes.

Believing as we do that no considerable increase of range, from guns of the sizes at present in use, will ever be acquired, the question still remains unanswered whether such increased range may not be achieved by other means. For the sake of precision, we will assume this increased range to be six miles, and will ask whether such can be accomplished by any method, or combination of methods? We do not regard it as totally impossible;—we see no primary law of nature against it, although we recognize difficulties so grave, and so numerous, as to check even the wild excursions of our fancy; and we are not theoretical enough to forget that even the mere possibility of this range granted, its military application is quite another thing;—involving considerations of facility, expense, and amount of scientific acquirement;

besides a thousand and one others, all separate from the original question. As to the *possibility* of such a range, stripped of all accessory and contingent difficulties, our opinion is in the affirmative, although we are aware that the investigation of others, more practically conversant with these matters than ourselves, does not lead them to a similar conclusion. If a cannon-ball, when its flight was nearly expended, could meet with some aerial gun to urge it forward again—if, in other words, its flight could be made to depend on two or more consecutive impulses, instead of one primary shock, its range would be evidently increased. Now, in reality, these desiderata are to a great extent accomplished by the rocket, which carries its own propelling agent with it. The question, whether a cannon-ball, of the largest present size, can be shot six miles, involves a primary law of nature—a law which must be suspended before the question can be answered in the affirmative, and which consequently is an impossibility. The question, whether a rocket can accomplish this distance, involves no such suspension of a natural law, and no such impossibility. The rocket presents us with certain theoretical conditions necessary for the end in view; it remains to ascertain whether they can be sufficiently elaborated.

But in thus ideally suggesting a probable range of six miles, we need not assume the necessity of any increase of range either of gun or rocket. We will suppose a missile to be formed of a combination of one ball and two or more rockets; this missile first to be projected from a gun, during which a fuse is to be ignited, and to burn during its trajectory course, in such a manner as to ignite the first rocket. This rocket is now to free itself from the ball, which falls; the rocket proceeding in its course, and eventually igniting the other rocket; this last accomplishes the termination of the distance.

All this may be assumed as possible, although involving thousands of difficulties to which we do not require to have our attention drawn. We know the irregular flight of rockets—we know the difficulty which their sticks would occasion when thus shot from ordnance—in short, we are not visionary nor sanguine on the subject, and could fill half a dozen pages with difficulties and objections to the scheme—yet we see no reason why it *must* be regarded as impossible. Our ideas as to the precision of flight of such a missile would be very moderate. For our own part, if we rejoiced in a size a thousand times greater than our present dimensions—if we out-rivalled in stature the Cyclopes of old—we would willingly, for the tenth part of three hundred thousand pounds, expose our vast bulk in any aspect the operator might most desire, for the long space of three months, and at four miles distance, as a target for such a weapon. We would stipulate, however, that we should be distinctly and accurately aimed at; conceiving, like a certain spaniel who always posted himself exactly opposite the muzzle of his master's gun, that the charge was more likely to take any other direction than the one desired.

The attention of the public was a short time ago on the *qui vive* about long ranges, being directed to this subject in consequence of the circumstances disclosed by Mr. Warner, who probably had in view the very plan of accomplishing a six-mile range that we have already mentioned, inasmuch as he asserted that a two-pounder gun made on a

peculiar construction would be sufficient to accomplish it. Now, we well know, that, *ceteris paribus*, the longest range will be accomplished by the largest gun, and that a two-pounder cannon is smaller than any in our service; without intending any disrespect to any one, then, we may safely assert that to project a ball six miles from a two-pounder by the mere primary force of gunpowder is a physical impossibility; and that if such range be accomplished, and a two-pounder cannon be instrumental in accomplishing it, this can only be effected by some such plan as we have described. We have another reason for presuming Mr. Warner to have intended this to be the plan—he disclaims most pointedly ever having asserted that he could project by means of a two-pounder a *cannon-ball* six miles; but he avoids stating that the two-pounder is not to be instrumental in projecting a missile of name unknown to that distance, and he requires a two-pounder peculiarly constructed.

We here leave this part of the subject, and proceed to the consideration of some other improvements which have either been introduced or are proposed to be introduced to the war-like art. The mere projection of missiles by the force of gunpowder was a great discovery; the application of the same substance to the bursting of shells was an ingenious and useful extension of it, adding to the mere projectile force of the ball the devastation and the consequent terror of fire, together with the primary explosive power and disintegrating influence of gunpowder. When first shells were thrown from mortars, pyrotechnical science was not sufficiently advanced to render the period of their bursting at all certain; neither were the principles or practice of their firing well known. They were ill-constructed, ill-managed, and moreover a prejudice existed that the fuse must be lighted before the charge was fired, which added considerably to the danger as well as the trouble of mortar practice.

These defects are now, to a great extent, overcome; shells are cast of equal weight, and their fuses correspond so well amongst themselves as regards time of burning, that the distance of projection being known, the time of bursting can be calculated with wonderful accuracy. When, however, it is considered that a small fraction of a second is on some occasions a matter of considerable importance, and that such an amount of accuracy is hardly possible to be expected from the use of the fuse, it will be evident that any simple and at the same time safe and effective plan of procuring the explosion altogether independently of the fuse, would be a desideratum. The various substances known to chemists as capable of exploding by percussion, favors the idea of a substitute. Could not a shell be filled with gunpowder, as is usually done, and furnished in some manner with an appendage, such as the copper percussion cap for instance, which might explode when the shell struck the object, and thus ignite the contained charge? Instead of a shell furnished with a percussive appendage, could not the percussive-material form part of the shell? These are amongst the most obvious questions which present themselves, and at a first blush they seem easily answerable in the affirmative; but a little consideration will develop many difficulties. There is no difficulty experienced in making a shell explode on percussion, but it is exceedingly difficult to make it explode when wanted. The primary impulse of the charge of the gun is in itself a strong

percussive agent, and hence percussive shells as frequently explode immediately on leaving the gun as on striking their object. This is a very great disadvantage, although certainly not insuperable; a far greater one is the difficulty and danger of keeping such shells and conveying them from place to place, not under peculiar scientific charge, but subject to all the shakings, blows, and other contingencies of military and naval transport. This remark certainly does not apply to those shells which are furnished with a percussive appendage, but they are open to other grave objections. In a shell of this kind some provision must be made to insure the striking of that part of the shell which is furnished with the percussive appendage—a matter in itself of no small difficulty as regards cannon, and which as yet has only been accomplished by departing from the spherical and assuming the pyriform shape in the construction of the shell, under which circumstances the large end will point forward, and consequently strike the object first. Now, the united testimony of practical men is against the employment of non-spherical missiles, so far as relates to every variety of gun, and at long ranges, as being so exceedingly irregular in their flight that their use becomes most uncertain, and defies all calculation. At short distances, however, and especially for sea-service, bar shots are, under particular circumstances, recommended. A small gun may thus be made to project great weight of metal, and thus to acquire a great increase of destructive power.

The remark only applies to cannon, and plain small arms: so far as relates to rifles, the difficulty has been entirely overcome—or more correctly speaking, never existed. An elongated or cylindrical body, properly fitted to the rifle and shot from it, maintains during flight that end forward which first emerged from the barrel, the reason of which is attributable to the rotatory motion it acquires. If then a hollow cylinder of lead, fitted to a rifled barrel, be filled with gunpowder and furnished with a copper percussion cap, or some equivalent contrivance, it will act very efficiently as a percussion shell. Captain Norton has availed himself of the principle, and in allusion to the contrivance, Mr. Wilkinson of Pall Mall, in his work on engines of war, p. 115, states—"I never found one (*i. e.* of these shells) fail to strike on the foremost end, and explode at all distances from 50 to 300 yards. In one experiment I fired at two thicknesses of inch and half elm lined with sheet iron, and containing between them a stratum of four inches of water, the shell passed through the whole at sixty yards' distance, and exploded a box of gunpowder on the other side." It will be seen then, that so far as relates to rifled small arms, there is no difficulty—but rifled cannon do not exist, every attempt to use such ordnance effectively having proved a failure.

Mr. Pasley, many years since, proposed a very safe and ingenious plan for making a percussion shell, the explosion of which was dependent on the fact, that air suddenly compressed liberates heat sufficient to inflame gunpowder. His shells were pyriform, for reasons already mentioned, and a cylindrical cavity terminating at the large extremity of the shell, was partly filled with gunpowder, and closed with a tightly-fitting iron bar, which projected considerably beyond the surface of the shell, but which a sudden blow could force down after the manner of a piston, and thus ignite the powder. These shells were tried at Wool-

wich and condemned chiefly on account of their departure from the spherical form; although it would not be difficult to point out other disadvantages. For instance, the quantity of gunpowder such a shell could hold, would be very insignificant, and the bar would be very liable to get fixed from rust, &c.

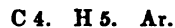
We have hitherto supposed that the shell is to be filled with gunpowder, and that a percussive explosive substance, is to be merely an agent for igniting this gunpowder. Gunpowder, in fact, provided we have the time of its explosion under control, will do all that is desired; and if it did not, no assistance nor increase of power would be derivable from any of the chemical explosive agents; whilst the danger to all parties having anything to do with such shells would be immense. Were it our object to speculate on the possible number, and arrangement of chemical substances with which a theoretical percussion shell might be filled, our task would be longer, than interesting or profitable—suffice it to say, that no class of persons expect so little actual advantage from such combinations, in a practical point of view, as chemists, and it would seem that their opinion might claim for itself some amount of respect.

From the remarks we have already made, it will be obvious that we consider the two greatest difficulties, which stand in the way of the percussion shells as fired from guns, mortars, &c., to be, 1. The danger of explosion from the primary shock of the ignited charge; 2. The difficulty of causing any given side of the shell to impinge on an object, except the spherical form be abandoned. A slight consideration will be sufficient to show that neither objection applies to shells which are projected by the force of a rocket—consequently, if those missiles can ever be made to take a more direct course, so as to be more effectually amenable to calculations, the limit to their application will be greatly extended—nay, even in their present state we imagine the percussion shell would, in the event of another war, be for some services, appended to them.

We ought not to dismiss the subject of shells without mentioning a contrivance of most terrible efficacy, which has been suggested. We cannot do better than quote the original statement, *Mechanics' Magazine*, August 18, 1844, which in allusion to Professor Bunsen, thus proceeds:—"He has shown that this liquid of Cadet, consists chiefly of the oxide of an organic radical, or compound base, which has a constitution precisely similar to common alcohol, but in which the oxygen is replaced by the metal arsenic. Thus the chemical formula of alcohol is



and that of the new radical which has been called *cacodyl* in reference to its abominable smell, is



"Now this body possesses the most extreme, and rapid spontaneous inflammability, the moment it is exposed to the air which oxidises it, and forms the oxide of *cacodyl* of which principally Cadet's liquor consists. If, therefore, a fragile vessel of this fluid, say a glass globe, be thrown into the port hole of a ship the moment it breaks against the deck, or any hard object, the spilled fluid is in a blaze, and capable of setting on fire anything combustible in contact with it. But this is not all. The result of this combustion is the evolution of clouds of white arsenic, so that the atmosphere

around becomes instantly a deadly poison! Thus if inflamed between decks the atmosphere would at once be rendered fatal; for it is well known to toxicologists that a most minute dose of arsenic taken in this form into the lungs, is almost certain to produce death more or less speedily. Further, the substance is insoluble in water, and heavier than it; so that water will not extinguish it when on fire. The oxide produced by its combustion, moreover, is a violent poison. It would be difficult to conceive a collection of more formidable properties in one body, or of any more fitting it for an agent of destruction in warfare!" The writer suggests that it might have been the Greek fire, in which supposition we differ from him; although we see no other objections to its employment in warfare except the difficulty and danger of preparing and stowing the material, added to a certain chivalric feeling which cavils at particular modes of death, although permitting others. For our part, we would hail with satisfaction any discovery that could make warfare more terrible, conscientiously believing that the application of such wholesale methods of slaughter would be the surest means of establishing universal peace. We have not the affectation of admiring war—we wish it could cease—but if it must be cultivated as a science, we presume, it, like other sciences, has its theoretical point of absolute perfection—which would seem to consist in the total slaughter of two belligerent hosts. Once render warfare perfect to this extent and men would not fight;—slaughter we take it is the main object of all battles—this granted, it can matter very little whether men are cut in two by chain-shots—perforated by musket-balls—blown to atoms by bomb-shells—or poisoned by arsenical fumes!

ON METHODS OF SUBMARINE ATTACK.

From the very infancy of naval warfare, it has always been an object much sought after, to inflict an injury on an adverse ship under the line of immersion in water. To secure this end the ancient galleys of Greece and Rome were armed with sharp subaqueous beaks, which being driven by the aid of the rowers against an advanced vessel, inflicted the most dangerous fractures and perforations. The genius of naval modern warfare did not admit of the employment of such methods of attack, and it has consequently been long relinquished:—lately, however, Mr. Nasmyth, the inventor of the steam-hammer, has submitted to the consideration of the Admiralty the plan of an iron steamer, bomb-proof, which, (he says,) "will effectually destroy any ship or squadron. She is propelled by the Archimedean screw, and when going at the rate of six knots an hour she will run stern on to a ship, and leave a hole in her many feet wide beneath the surface. It is in fact the power of two ships coming into collision with each other at the rate of ten knots an hour, placed by mechanical means in the hands of not more than three men."^{*}

Still more ingenious was the contrivance of the

^{*} The fate of the sword-fish, which after perforating a ship's side, finds it impossible to withdraw its weapon, and only escapes by its sacrifice, might have furnished a useful hint to Mr. Nasmyth. Granting that he could thus approach a ship and perforate it, he would find himself literally, and absolutely in a fix. But we take it his machine would be sadly hammered about by cannon balls, and sadly interfered with by the ship's boats, long before the somewhat amusing catastrophe could occur.

American, Fulton, who actually devised a boat capable of diving and progressing under water. In the *Annual Register* for 1802, is an account of this diving-boat taken from the relation of Citizen St. Aubin, a man of letters at Paris, and a member of the tribunate, which confirms the inventor's statement of the success of his experiment—"I have," says M. St. Aubin, "just been to inspect the plan and section of a nautilus or diving-boat, invented by Mr. Fulton, similar to that with which he lately made his curious and interesting experiment at Havre and Brest. The diving-boat in the construction of which he is now employed, will be capacious enough to contain eight men and provision enough for twenty days; and will be of sufficient strength and power to enable him to plunge 100 feet under water if necessary. He has constructed a reservoir for air, which will enable eight men to remain under water for eight hours. When the boat is above water it has two sails, and looks just like a common boat. When she is to dive the mast and sails are struck. In making this experiment at Havre, Mr. Fulton not only remained a whole hour under water with three of his companions, but kept his boat parallel to the horizon at any given depth. He proved that the compass points as correctly under water as on the surface; and that while under water, the boat made way at the rate of half a league an hour, by means constructed for that purpose." Vol. XLIV.

However visionary may seem the idea of applying such a subaqueous boat to the uses of actual warfare, Earl Stanhope, (no incompetent authority,) entertained an opinion of the feasibility of the plan; and in the year 1863 he stated in the house of lords, that he had given a plan to the admiralty, a contrivance for protecting ships against such an assailant. It is said that our government purchased the neutrality of Mr. Fulton, fearing lest he should impart his secret to the French, and that in consequence of this bribe he returned to America, and the invention was not further divulged.

The question of the possibility of subaqueous attack by means of a projectile weapon, acquired extraordinary interest during the summer and autumn of last year, (1844,) in consequence of the secret of an invisible shell, claimed by Mr. Warner, and the effects of which were illustrated by him on the John of Gaunt, off Brighton.

Far be it from us to disparage the merits of any inventor, or even by implication to underrate the value of discoveries to which he lays claim; much less would we join that section of a noisy and thoughtless populace, who, without proper means of forming a correct judgment, disbelieve everything they cannot understand. We are amongst those who believe in the possibility of destroying a ship at a far greater range than 300 yards, by the agency of a subaqueous projectile: this is our opinion, which like any other mere opinion, is not infallible, although deduced from many experiments. Such being our views, we regret that Mr. Warner pursued a course of operations which could not but excite suspicion, and which would have enabled him to employ one of several *trickeries* had he so desired. We do not mean for an instant to imply that the experiment was not a *bona fide* one, and that no projectile was used; we have already recorded our opinion that the use of a projectile under the circumstances was possible—nay, that such was not difficult; all we mean to say is this: that the use of such projectile

was not demonstrated, and can merely be received as a matter of faith. Mr. Warner should neither have had the John of Gaunt in tow, nor should he have approached her previously to the explosion. The mere presence of a tow-line would have afforded several means of explosion: it might be made to spring a lock, and thus explode a magazine of powder; still easier might it have been the medium of concealing two voltaic wires, which would have furnished the means of instantaneously igniting a magazine, no matter how far distant. The explosion again might have been occasioned as described by Sir G. Cockburn in the house of commons on Wednesday, July 31.—“He would state *exactly how the experiment had taken place.* He had an officer in a boat close to the two vessels, and the officer distinctly saw the one blow up. A rope with two buoys attached was thrown across her cutwater, the vessel then going at the rate of about three knots an hour; these two buoys, by the impetus of the vessel, were forced under water, and the tension of the rope attached to them either struck a hammer or excited by other means the igniting power, and then the vessel blew up.” The officer who had reported to him said, “he considered that the explosion was the effect of two barrels of gunpowder.” M. Jobert of Brussels, suggests that a congreve rocket headed with fulminating mercury was the missile employed—fired on a level with the water’s surface. M. Jobert could not have tried the experiment—a rocket under these circumstances sinks almost immediately on touching the water—besides its flight must have been visible. It is our opinion, however, as the result of some experiments, that a purely subaqueous missile can be constructed—safe in its use and easy of application: more than this it would be premature at present to state.

CONCLUSION.

The task originally proposed to ourselves, draws near to its conclusion. During many periods of its progress, our regret has been that several interesting documents bearing on the subject, must be so summarily dismissed. The mere change of form and power which arms of all kinds have undergone, is in itself a matter of great interest;—when taken in connexion with the states of society which called them into being, the interest is greatly enhanced. Clubs and wooden spears are emblems of savage life—of men scarce a step removed from the prowling denizens of the forest. Bows and slings are symbols of a higher grade—of men whose minds have begun to expand and grasp the first principles of mechanical science. Great was the advance made in the art of war, when the arbalest was discovered; greater that which prompted the construction of the vast artillery of old—the aries, the balista, and gigantic catapult! Now wealthy cities rise before our view—with walls and lofty towers—war is no longer carried on with the petty rancor of individuals, but as the agent of facilitating some great, perhaps laudable policy. Greatest of all was that advance consequent on the application of gunpowder:—no longer do we trace the mere progress of the art of war—no longer are we the mere narrators of the flights of missiles and the terror of their effects—we become insensibly carried away in the torrent of a great political revolution! The discovery of printing, the mariner’s compass, and of gunpowder, are referable to nearly the same date—agents of equally revolutionary power it would be impossible to suggest; and it is difficult,

at this epoch, to say whether the first or last has been most instrumental in altering the constitution of society. Amongst other consequences resulting from the use of gunpowder, we may especially enumerate two. The claim of might is more likely for the future to reside with those who have the better claim of right—with the best educated, and consequently most enlightened states. Brute force now avails but little in modern warfare, science being all in all. The discovery of gunpowder, again, has greatly tended to the decline of feudal sway. So far as relates to the chances of danger, there can be no longer a privileged class of warriors, whom swords may smite and arrows strike in vain. No doughty knights smothered in buff coats and iron plates, figuring during peace in harmless fray; begetting a spurious sentimentality in the bosoms of our daughters and our wives, yet incapable in actual fight of being injured, and often, from their unwieldy arms, of injuring others. The time for such vagaries, thanks to the villanous saltpetre and its black offspring, gunpowder, are gone. None who now go into battle can claim immunity from danger and death; some whizzing ball, some blazing shell, or erring rocket—all very indifferent respecters of personal dignity—may come and lay a general in the dust, no less than the humblest drummer!*

We really beg pardon of the ladies for thus slightly alluding to their friends, the knights of old, with whom they have associated such ideas of romance. But on the first introduction of fire-arms they certainly *did* quake and complain much more than men so brave by reputation, and so petted by fair ladies, should have done. They guarded themselves too by such unwieldy mail from the annoying bullets, and must have looked so grotesque—so ungainly, whilst their poor steeds shuffled forward to the charge, groaning and snorting under the unconscionable weight of their riders, that we are sure, had our lady-friends seen them, their feelings would be more allied to mirth than chivalrous love. Then, what a most unromantic death was it to be cracked to death with a sledge hammer, like a huge lobster! But we do not wish the ladies to feel any other interest in warlike pursuits save the very proper one of regret at the existence of such an evil. We object to that exhibition of mock valor, and that mawkish, silly sentiment which the system of tournaments long kept up; therefore we trace, with peculiar satisfaction, its downfall to the introduction of fire-arms. Such are our feelings on the subject, though the ladies may call us a Goth!

Before we finally lay down our pen, we may observe, that of late it has seemed necessary by many individuals to treat all arguments concerning mysterious projectiles with much acrimony of spirit. It would even seem as though the whole subject were inflammatory—only to be approached in a passion. We have endeavored to be civil and just; if, however, we have on any occasion seemed too energetic, or too personal, we beg the reader to attribute the defect to an error in our temperament,—not to a studied design.

* The equipment of knights and their men-at-arms was totally unadapted to the genius of warfare, after the employment of small fire-arms had become general. Each man-at-arms ought to have *five horses*, one on which he rode to the charge, and hence called a charger; the others to carry his trappings, and to bear him on the march. Some attempt was made in Germany to diminish this unwieldy retinue by allowing each man-at-arms only one horse, but a wagon to every twenty men. See the *Arte of Warre of Machiavelli*, translated by Peter Whiteborne.

From the Edinburgh Tales.

GOVERNOR FOX.

BY RICHARD TAYLOR, ESQ.

THERE is one corner of a newspaper which never escapes me—no, not in the broadest, closest double-sheet, put forth after a long debate about pensions and sinecures. During a money panic, I may chance to look first at the price of stocks—and, pending a Westminster election, glance at the latest state of the poll; but sooner or later I am sure to return and pore over the obituary. Some of my friends say this is a symptom of age creeping on, something like an old lady buying a new "Practice of Piety," in a print a size larger than is required by her present spectacles. I only know that the obituary is to me a column which at all times teems with grave, yet not unpleasant histories. There I see my old acquaintances, slight or intimate, and long lost sight of, for the last time. We meet once again to part in peace, and forever. No man indulges harsh or unkindly feelings in perusing the obituary. This column, with which the newspaper moralizes its motley pages, is to myself as productive of musing contemplation, as a saunter, backwards and forwards, beneath the elms of some antique and rural church-yard, in a June evening—when the rooks above have settled for the night, when the curfew has ceased to toll, and the fantastic, flickering shadows cast by the sunken tombstones, are fast vanishing from the grass.

I could not exactly recollect whether it was to my young friend Walpole, with whom I sat, that I owed my original acquaintance with Captain Stephen Fox, or if I first saw him as the client of my brother James: but I well remember the circumstances which taught me to revise my hasty and unfavorable opinion of the tough old governor. Had I known him only in his capacity of client, his death, in the obituary of a provincial paper, would scarcely have drawn from me the half-suppressed *acheu!* with which I met the likeliest piece of intelligence in the world—that a strong-willed, hale man, of nearly fourscore, full of vitality, and resolute upon living on for another ten years, had nevertheless been compelled suddenly to submit to the common lot, all his plans unexecuted. One thing remarkable was the list of legacies appended to the notice. These were out of all keeping with the character of the bequeather;—but this might be the effect of a fit of death-bed remorse.

My young friend, who, from various circumstances, felt even more interest in the event than myself, had thrust the newspaper into my hand, pointing to the notice—saying, in a slightly tremulous voice—"See here! Poor old fellow! He was, with all his queernesses, a sound-hearted man, and the friend of me and mine, when a friend was of more value to us than now."

I now perfectly recollected where I had first seen the old Governor. It was at a funeral, where the gentleman with whom I now sat, then a boy of six years, attended as chief mourner. I collected the grayish tint of the sky, and the color and smell of the Thames, on that day, when nature appeared in her pensive, half-mourning weeds, as I hurried on from London to Rochester in the stage-coach.

"This is quite a duty to your mind, Richard," my brother had said. He wished to make me his

deputy. "I have some touch of a flying gout to-day, and am, besides, to tell the truth, so plaguily busy at this opening of the term. The undertaker will, of course, do everything in the best manner; but the Walpoles are not persons to be neglected—and I shall like to be able to write to Northamptonshire, that, though indisposition prevented me from attending the funeral, *my brother* had seen every proper attention paid to the remains of Lieutenant Walpole, which became his birth and family."

"His *remains!*—could nothing have been done for the animated body? Is he the same poor young man I saw lately at your chambers?"

"The same, poor fellow! He was severely wounded in the affair of Alkmaer, and brought into Chatham. There is a poor widow, too, who posted down to meet him, and one or two children. It is a melancholy story—but Anne will tell you all about it. I have no time—only my instructions from Sir Hugh Walpole's steward, are, that the funeral be conducted in the most respectable manner; and that the death be properly, but simply announced in the *St. James' Chronicle*. Will you attend to that too?"

"And the young widow, and the two or three children?"

"O! I have no orders about them, I am sorry to say. Walpole's was some foolish love-match, I believe."

There was no time to lose. I put myself into my half-worn suit of solemn black, and, declining the proffered chaise, which I then conceived a robbery of the widow, reached Rochester by a common stage-coach. The whole scene, though past for twenty-three years, instantly revived to my memory, with its principal actors, Governor Fox and the little weeping boy whom he led in his hand, with the bit of rusty crape tied over the sleeve of his blue jacket. That boy was now transformed into the gentleman opposite to whom I sat.

On this particular day, as Walpole vowed he did not know what to do with himself, I had consented to dine with him *tête-à-tête*, to survey his new house which he had just entered. He was at the high-top-gallant of his joy, in the way of making a rapid fortune; and within a few days of marrying my third, and it is said favorite niece, Charlotte, for whom he had, in the ladies' phrase, *proposed* three years before; and who, if not absolutely denied his hopes, had been *prudently* withheld. I had been a kind of half-confidant of their attachment—my latent romance a qualifier in their behalf of excessive parental prudence.

"I shall begin to believe what you old folks say of the brevity of life," said Walpole. "Looking backward, 'down the vista of time elapsed,' to that funeral service in Rochester cathedral, the distance appears so mere a span—yet it is full two-and-twenty years since—older than Charlotte."

One way or other we were disposed to become very social and communicative on this particular afternoon. The verge of the new life upon which he stood, was to Walpole a point of 'vantage, from which he could look back with complacency on the rough, up-hill track he had traversed in storm and calm, in sunshine and shadow; with many changes of fortune, but ever, I believe, with a hopeful and unflinching spirit. Prominent before him, in every early stage, stood the image of the old governor, whose oddities and humors were but so many incrustations to which the pre-

dilections of friends might grow and cling the faster.

"Poor old fellow! I hoped next week to have given him the pleasure of seeing Charlotte."—There was too much *Charlotte* in our talk certainly for good taste; but in a bridegroom an uncle might forgive it, especially when the bride was his favorite niece.—"I thought he would have weathered out a few more winters! for, except the load of nearly eighty years, and a touch of deafness, which made him only more pleasant by making him more testy than before, there was not a symptom of vital decay about him. Here is a letter of his not yet five days old, written with his usual brevity; but every character as sturdy, firm, and right-angled, as his best official despatches forty years back.—Many of them, I warrant me, lying in the Colonial Office still unopened. Well, I owe him a libation, any way. Here's to the memory of Stephen Fox! in the liquor he loved best—sound old port."

"I should not have imagined port an African governor's favorite drink."

"He had lived long enough in England for it to have become so.—You know, I presume, that Governor Fox rose from the ranks. The Ishmaelite took great pride in the circumstance that Stephen Fox owed no favor to any patron."

"I know that, and much more good of him."

"For example, that it was not his fault that I, your nephew-elect, am not a Northamptonshire squire, lord of three manors. Even his kindness I owe to her to whom my friends may trace whatever is bearable about me—to my poor mother."

Walpole was in the fair way, in his mixed mood of a gentle sorrow tempering full-blown joy, to an overflow of heart. It is so rare in these highly civilized times for one man to let another have a peep into his breast, that were the confidence fairly given, though by a shoe-black to a prince, such is sympathetic human nature, that I believe it would be prized.

"Did you ever know that I had been an author in my time, Mr. Richard?" he went on.

"It is rare to meet with a man under thirty who is not—but I was not aware of your initiation."

"I am one of you however. Re-wrote three formidable pamphlets or memorials to the Colonial Secretary, setting forth ten thousand abuses connected with that African sovereignty; and, before I was sixteen, *grinded*, and partly *top-dressed*, the Autobiography and the Opinions of Men and Things, at home and abroad, of Stephen Fox, Esq., Captain of Marines, and Governor of that abandoned fort, which he conceived of more importance to Great Britain than all her Eastern and Australian colonies taken together. To the abandonment of that pitiful pin-fold, kept for British soldiers to rot in, and the abolition of the slave trade, he imputed the enormous increase of the national debt, the power of Napoleon, and all the disasters of this country.—My dressing spoiled his story, I have no doubt. All self-taught persons, as the best educated men are often called, tell their own tale best; but though he affected to despise Greek and Latin, he had the good stupid old English veneration for scholarship:—as if his own pithy mother-English had not been twenty times better than my raw, pedantic, dog-Latin style."

I confess I relished more such racy morsels of his own story, as I had from time to time heard

the governor relate, *visa voce*, than the elaborate narrative polished by young Walpole, which it had cost its hero many years of his later life to add to and revise, when he had become so deaf and cross, as the Chatham Ladies said, that no soul in Rochester, Chatham, Brompton, or Stroud, or the regions thereabout, however devoted to the four aces and the odd trick, would sit down to a rubber with him.

When I first saw Governor Fox he must have been near sixty. He had returned to England but six months before, and had plunged himself into twice as many lawsuits about nothing. He seemed, at the period of his return, taken altogether, (though there was a touch of the sea about him,) the hardest, most angular, and bristly specimen of the old unmodified domineering soldier of the German wars, that I had ever coped with; and I confess a latent prepossession against the whole class—so different from the enlightened and liberalized modern soldier, whose profession has thrown him into the exact line of the "march of mind" and the conflict of opinion; while civilians either remain wrapped up in their original prejudices, or get rid of them much more slowly.

There was nothing very remarkable in the early history of the governor. It was his pride to tell that he was the son of a miller, on one of those Northamptonshire manors which belonged to the Walpole family, and that he had been on the world, his own master and provider, from eleven years of age. His manner of abandoning his home was quite characteristic.

"The old fellow," he would say, "had seven of us, sir, you observe; and when the poor woman was carried off by fever, he could not easily do without a housekeeper—the curate told him so on the day of the funeral. But that was no reason for bringing home, in three months, a snivelling jade from Peterborough, good for nothing but bearing sickly brats and drinking tea, instead of a hearty, motherly countrywoman, who could have known the gage of his boys' stomachs, and kept their shirts clean."

It was in this respectful manner that the governor spoke to Mrs. Walpole and myself, of father, mother, and step-dame; and his small, gray-green eyes would twinkle with roguish malice, when he told us, that after being half-starved, and often beaten by his mother-in-law, his father was one day persuaded by her to flog him, for breaking some favorite china tea-cup, and that for this he took the glorious revenge of smashing every article of crockery she had brought to the farm-house, before taking flight from the paternal roof forever. He had fled across the country, and got to the Suffolk coast. From thence, in a ship to London, and thence again to the uttermost parts of the earth. He was, at least, no more heard of in Northamptonshire for above thirty years of hardship and adventure. In the course of that time, he had been first ship-boy, and then private, corporal, sergeant, lieutenant, and captain of marines; but it so happened that he had never visited England. His stations were the West Indies or the African coast; and, for a long time, he had been doing duty in New South Wales. The governor's early years had not flown on wings of down. I am, indeed, afraid that a ship-boy in a British merchantman is often one of the veriest slaves on earth. "Nothing good about it, sir," the governor would say, "but the peas soup, and allowance of salt junk, when stores were full.—I knew something about my book while at home

in Northamptonshire, and could have answered, 'Who gave you that name?' 'My godfathers and godmothers,' and such like; but all religion was forgotten at sea. It was not till I was corporal, a tall fellow of twenty-one, that I took seriously to my learning. I saw by the Scots, that there was no getting on without it."

The governor had never taken doggedly to any one thing in his life, without making something of it, either by fair means or violent, were it but repairing the pathway, or watering the road to Chatham. He owed his first commission to a sudden mortality among the troops, which carried off the seven officers of the party, and left Sergeant Fox in chief command of the fort, of which he, twenty years afterwards, became the governor. It was bravely and skilfully defended by the sergeant and the few remaining marines fit for duty, when suddenly attacked by the insurgent natives, who had learned the sickly state of the garrison. The commander-in-chief was so much pleased with the courage, promptitude, and judgment, displayed by the sergeant, and by the clearness and brevity of his dispatches, that he was at once commissioned.

"It was all my *luck*, sir," he would say, "that Abercromby happened to be chief in command then. Had it been—now, why I might have rotted out in the service as Sergeant Fox. Yet Abercromby was a Scotsman, and—a countryman of my own.—I am not partial to the Scots, sir. Too many of them have lately got into the marine service—far too many of the hungry rascallions come here to eat up Englishmen's bread and beef; but, as poor Ned Walpole would say, that young chap's father, 'the Scots are like water-melons, nineteen you may throw to the pigs, but the twentieth is a fellow to make your mouth water.'—Sir Ralph was one of the twentieths, sir."

This is a faint specimen of the talk of my old friend the governor. The Scottish nation were not singular in his bad graces. He was, indeed, qualified to gain the full love of Dr. Johnson, as a most energetic and thorough hater. While abroad, he had hated Jews, Frenchmen, Scots, and Irish, but, above all, the Americans—the Yankees. He was also rather jealous of the naval service: but the military was the object of his peculiar disgust. Indeed, half his dispatches and memorials went to prove the entire uselessness of troops of the line and cavalry: seamen alone—the wooden walls! with well-appointed marine corps, being all that was needed for the defence of Old England and her colonies.—The general name, Great Britain, was one the governor never would recognize.

After his return to England his hatreds remained undiminished in force, and increased in number; but their objects gradually changed, exactly as did the external relations of the governor. In a few years, people said, he was no longer the same man; but he was the very same individual in a new position. By the time I enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance, among the numerous objects of his spleen were the Colonial Secretary, with every individual connected with the colonial department; the anti-slavery party, and especially their leaders, with the ladies, he called the she-saints. On these ladies he poured unmitigated wrath.

Governor Fox had also many minor and individual objects of detestation, such as the Baptist

druggist, who opposed him at vestry-meetings, the numerous brood of Northamptonshire Foxes, let loose upon him as soon as he returned home with a fortune. As no one could tell the amount of that fortune, every one was at liberty to guess, and to fix upon the scale best fitted to his own ideas of the wealth and magnificence, corresponding to the dignity of Governor Fox. It seemed to cost him more trouble to defend his pocket from the real and imaginary attacks made on it by "this greedy pack," as he styled his numerous relations, than his fort and government from the natives, of whom he spoke with much greater respect and affection. This government he had abandoned in a hot fit of ill-humor, because, during the short administration of his namesake Fox, at the beginning of the century, he had been privately admonished concerning his arbitrary, if not oppressive, dismissal of a Wesleyan missionary from his station, whom he threatened to tar and feather if he ventured to approach the colony again. And the governor would have been a man of his word.

Home he came, after an absence of fifty years, in a hissing-hot fit of tropical rage. "Those Whig fellows," he said, "were all Bonaparte and Wilberforce men. They would destroy all subordination and good government, and play the devil with Old England. They had done so already.—What a pretty place they had made of Northamptonshire! everything turned topsy-turvy there; and one Peel, a spinning-jenny fellow, in possession of some of the finest manors in Staffordshire and his own native county."

But I have not yet got to this chapter. Nothing at this time could irritate the governor more than being supposed a humble cousin of the Holland family, save being questioned on his probable descent from George Fox, the founder of the Quakers. "I'm a whelp of a better litter," he would say;—angry perhaps—such is human nature—that he was not able to reply in the affirmative.

Yet with such ideas in 1806, I lived to see the governor, under the combined influence of shrewd common sense, a strong, unperverted, however unenlightened, love of justice, and a splenetic temper, fearfully aggravated by his long residence abroad and the habit of absolute command, become a staunch Reformer, in all save the name. It might have helped to sharpen his scent for abuses that he no longer profited by them in any shape. It became his boast, "that Stephen Fox, though a man of fifteen stone, did not add one ounce to the *dead-weight*." He had sold his commission, and, for a wonder, drew no retired salary from his abolished government. He was, therefore, free to grumble and complain of everything, as fast as one grievance was found out after another, from his excised cigar to his taxed pipe of Madeira. It was amusing to me to watch the stages the governor made on the high-road to the grumbling state, often nick-named Radicalism, sometimes slowly, sometimes by a great kangaroo leap; as in the affair of his property-tax, an impost then so arbitrarily levied.

The OLD ENGLAND to which Governor Fox had returned, did not in the least resemble the Old England of his imagination; the England which, prosaic as he was thought to be, had haunted him under the torrid skies of Africa, with visions of cool green lanes, open breezy downs, and driving his mother's cows at dewy dawn to the village common.

This desired land to which he came back, was not even the Old England of recollection. The governor's first experiment was made, in Northamptonshire, in the scene of his childhood; and it proved a complete failure. Ten years afterwards he related the adventures of his journey to me, with fire and fury in his eyes:—

"I pitched my tent in the *New Royal Oak*, sir—for the *Oak* itself was down every stone of it—and the buxom landlady, who often, when I carried her eggs from the mill, went to give me a good hunch of home-baked bread—*home-baked*, you observe, well buttered with lard—had gone the way we must all follow, sir;—for some time I took my Christian name of Stephen—Mr. Stephen, a gentleman from foreign parts, looking about him. I wished to reconnoitre the Fox earths, you observe, without putting 'em all on the scent after 'the grand governor, their cousin, and his Indiey fortin.'" The governor had a spice of English humor about him, though his rage or hot choleric often dried it up.

"Old England has been on the quick march since you went abroad, I guess, sir," quoth my puppy landlord—"you must see great changes and *improvements* in the village, Mr. Stephen!"

"Quick march to Old Nick, man—with the Whigs, drumming her on.—The fellow did not mean to tell me, Mr. Richard, that the poor cottagers who grazed their cows on the common are a fig the better for yonder new cake-houses, filled with the bull-frog farmers, and their ladies, forsooth! and the small Esquire puppies, with their belts, clumps, and circular sweeps.—A great change, quoth he! To be sure I did see that:—English laborers wearing cotton-rags, meaner than the convicts' slop-clothes at Botany Bay—and their dames slopping at treacled bohea. A great change, truly! An empty rectory, sir, and a full Methodist chapel—cottagers' dwellings fallen to ruin, and a big workhouse erected. Not a spot of ground on which the poor man dare set his foot; and their common divided among thieves;—a good slice to the Lord of the Manor, but a better, I'm told, to his steward.—A great change, forsooth! Rents doubled and tripled:—yet every other estate eaten up with Jew mortgages, and wheat at 4*l.* 10*s.* a-quarter!"

In short, the governor had been displeased wherever he went, and with everything he heard and saw; but especially with his rapacious kindred, to the tenth degree, whom he styled "worse than the blood-sucking vampires of Surinam." From some marine predilections and old friendships, he had originally fixed his head-quarters at Rochester, to be near Chatham; and thither he returned from Northamptonshire, quarrelling with every soul he encountered at home or a-field: with turnpike-gate keepers, guards and drivers, overcharging landlords, and a new, unknown species of greedy animal, called *Boots*. On the road his testy temper and mahogany complexion obtained him credit for being an American on his travels; a mistake enough of itself to have provoked the governor to do murder. "A true-born Englishman could not, in these days, be known for one in Old England!"

At home Governor Fox appealed against every tax-gatherer, and from all manner of impostures and surcharges. He had one lawsuit about the right to a pump in the stable-yard; and another about the party-wall which divided his bit of garden from the premises of the Baptist druggist.

His tailor cheated him in buckram and broadcloth, and he first swore at him, like his namesake, frugal King Stephen, and then kicked him out. The tailor very properly "took the law of him." His housekeeper was saucy when he gave orders, or looked into matters unbecoming the munificence and dignity of a governor whom *she* served, and he would have dearly liked to kick her too. His laundress was unpunctual, because she washed for the gentlemen of the *line*, who were often in a hurry to embark; and in free Old England, of which he had so long boasted, it was neither thought seemly to flog a scullion-wench, nor yet the frequent custom to kick even a tailor.

The governor had been too long habituated to a summary redress of domestic grievances, not to make repeated attempts at introducing tropical discipline into his Rochester household, for its more speedy and effectual reform. This produced endless actions for assault and battery, and prosecutions for the recovery of wages and board. Now it was the cook gave warning, and went off on the third day, just before dinner; now the chambermaid "would have his honor to know *she* was not to be *served* like his black niggers!"

On one occasion he was left alone in the house with Black Sam, a negro-lad he had brought home. Sam had grown up with him from a very young boy; so to him he made, on the whole, a kind master, notwithstanding a little occasional African discipline. He had taken considerable pains with Sam's early education. It was the governor himself had taught him to polish boots to perfection, groom a horse, keep his teeth and nails clean, and repeat the creed.

The three days in which the governor and Sam were alone in the house, were, on the whole, the most tranquil he had yet known in England. He contemplated living in future merely with Sam, and a groom lad who slept out, and letting "no saucy jade, with her teapot, and her hair-papers, ever again enter his door," or female of any kind; unless some of his nautical friends, who made trading trips to the Coast, would bring him over a handy negro-wench, about eighteen; whom he mentally proposed to marry to Sam, and thus raise a breed of *niggers* for the home supply. The only obstacle to this scheme, was his frequent purpose of turning his back upon Old England, its taxes and fogs, its paupers and pampered servants, altogether, and returning to Africa; which he probably would have done in a fit of spleen, save that his funds were now locked up—in one or other of the many "profitable investments," that had, by this time, been recommended and urged upon him—and could not easily be realized.

I do not think the governor could have been avaricious while he enjoyed power; but in Old England, like every other man, he soon found that next to power—great power—and superior to rank, is *money*. If he had previously ever liked money, it was negatively, not positively. At the beginning of the French war, and in the end of the American war, he had made considerable prize-money. He took no pains to increase it. But as he never spent,—and, at his Coast Fort, was neither troubled with needy cousins, blood-sucking tax-gatherers, tailors who cabbaged broadcloth, nor smart housekeepers who liked their masters to have things handsome about them, his fortune had imperceptibly accumulated. Still he never spent. The housekeeper and cook had been forced on him by the Chatham ladies, who liked to patronize as

old rich governor, and to assist in his household appointments, because he "was such an acquisition to the neighborhood!"

The governor, of all human things, abhorred and despised a spendthrift, next to a dirty woman, a drunken marine, a negro in a state of perspiration, or a lady carrying about a subscription-paper for a religious charity. A man who outran his means was a knave, and dishonored; and there was no more to be said of him. No indulgence, no sympathy, for the poor subaltern who got into difficulties. "The puppy, sir, knew his means," said he to me, in reference to a poor lieutenant, with a sickly wife and three or four children, who was known at this time to be in great distress in an adjoining lodging.—"A man sir, may live *handsomely* upon a shilling a day; *comfortably* upon sixpence. I have done with less."

This was always conclusive. "The man who is a slave to his belly or his back—or to the vanity of some silly hussy he may have married, must drink as he brews. I don't know how it is with those who buy and sell; but I know this, that I never wish to see any man my debtor, for from that moment I am tempted to hate and despise him. I cannot feel for him like a Christian—he seems meaner than a *nigger*."

With these ideas, the governor, ever since his return, had been looking about him for what moneyed capitalists call a profitable investment. With all his natural shrewdness, a great deal of simplicity and no small portion of credulity were mingled in his character, which laid him open to the designing. From the many "profitable investments" he had made, several fortunes were to be realized. One large fortune he was making, by shares in a brewery of Scottish ale, made at Rochester, for the London market; another was to arise from shares of a commercial speculation to South America; and a third, more singular still, by shares of the Drury-Lane Theatre! Each concern was of large promise; but, in the mean while, another lawsuit was on the *tapis*.

On the fourth day of the joint housekeeping of Black Sam and his master, the governor, before walking to Chatham Barracks, his ordinary morning promenade, gave his orders for the day: dinner punctual at five, a sole, a curried chicken, and turnatas. He was not absolutely sure whether Colonel Bamboo of the marines would mess with him that day or not: but, at all events, a couple of chops in addition would do the thing well enough in a bachelor way, with a bottle of his East India Madeira. This last was a lure rarely resisted by the retired *militaires*, with whom he daily conferred on the bad conduct of the war, and the important aid the marines lent to the regulars, who deprived the amphibious heroes of their laurels.

Colonel Bamboo, having no other engagement, accepted the invitation, as it was indeed a hundred to one that he would unless he had had a better. I happened to be that day in Rochester on business connected with Mrs. Walpole's endless Chancery suit; and the governor had reasons of his own for being civil to his solicitor's brother; and, besides, "abhorred fellows devouring widows' substance like Methodist parsons," especially that of the "Widow Walpole," or "Ned's widow," for whom he had conceived a high respect. In brief, to spare her couple of mutton-chops, as he considerably supposed, he introduced me to his friend, Bamboo, and frankly vouchsafed me a

share of the *currie* and the *sole*. We walked towards the snug box, for it was no more, occupied by the governor, who meanwhile studied Robins' advertisements, and sometimes had visions of an estate and a mansion in Northamptonshire, as soon as the Scottish ale and old Drury had laid their golden eggs.

No Black Sam appeared to the master-knock of the governor, who became apprehensive that his trusty major-domo might have been taken suddenly ill. Failure in punctuality was quite out of reckoning with the governor.

"We never have any accidents," was his reply to Bamboo's suggestion. "I never allow accidents. Something must have bedevilled Sam."

Governor Fox was essentially a humane man,—if my readers can reconcile humanity with the exercise of moderate flogging. I do not mean to say he was a man of quick sensibility, or of any delicacy or refinement of feeling; but he could sympathize with cold, hunger, filth, the ague, and the dry colic—for these ills he had experienced himself—ay, and do more for the relief of the sufferers under them than persons of far finer feelings.

Neither cold, hunger, nor ague, could be suspected here; so it must be the other case. And, by the help of Bamboo, the governor scaled the wall with surprising agility, to make a breach by the back-kitchen. While he was thus engaged, in fingering about the latch I chanced to find it open, and accordingly advanced with Bamboo from the front so as to encounter the party that approached by the rear. What was the governor's rage to find the sooty object of his recent solicitude, his frizzly hair greased and powdered, and his person decked out in his holiday frilled shirt and scarlet waistcoat—not dead drunk—an African seldom is so—but intoxicated to the pitch of madness, strutting about the kitchen, his arms extended, and his eyes rolling, spouting

"Slaves cannot breathe in Hengland!"

The scene was irresistibly ludicrous.

"You confounded black rascal, what have you been after! Are you drunk, you villain!"

"Yes! me drunk, Massa Gubernor! Glorious drunk!" cried Sam. "Me no black rascal; me free nigger!—free as Massa Gubernor, or Massa Colonel Bamby—"

"Slaves cannot breathe in Hengland!"

I feared the governor would have choked; he became black in the face. "You cursed impudent negro dog, who has been putting this rebellious stuff into your woolly head! You shall find, you villain, that slaves can both breathe and howl in England. Where is my whip?"

"In de lobby, massa," cried the blubbling, terrified black, from the mere spaniel-like instinct of obedience. "Oh, Massa, Massa Gubernor, no flog, no flog your—*slave!*"

The scene became painfully mixed with the ludicrous and the pitiable. I had as great an antipathy to the phrase *your slave* as Matthew Lewis himself—as great a horror of the scourge as any man—as dejected a spirit to find the heroic resolution inspired by the new-born sense of freedom so easily cowed in poor Sam. It was scarcely to be expected that the governor would spare the rod upon this occasion; but his rage ran too high to allow his punishment to be very effective. The

length of the driving whip, with which he administered discipline, made it recoil, and coil at every fresh stroke round his own person; while Sam skipped, and leaped, and screamed about, with little or no corporal damage, however his new-born notions of personal liberty might be outraged, until the governor was fairly blown by the unusual exertion. Colonel Bamboo held it as a point of honor not to interfere with a gentleman's right "to wallop his own nigger," even though Sam had not richly deserved a flogging by neglect of the sole, the currie, the lime punch, and other et ceteras.

The result was, that the governor dragged and partly kicked Sam into his usual lair, turned the key upon him, refreshed himself and his friends, after his fatigues, with a rummer of Madeira and water, and, like an old campaigner, making all safe in garrison, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and took his way with us to dine at the barracks' mess, where we were sure of a welcome, and for which there was still time.

It was but three or four days later that I saw the governor arrive at my brother's chambers, in a towering passion, vowing, with a deep imprecation, that if he spent his last shilling of ready money, and sold out his Drury-Lane shares, he would have justice on the canting, snivelling, hypocritical Methodist scoundrels, who had first put such rebellious notions into the head of his *slave*, then broken into his house, and now wanted to deprive him of his *property*.

Sam, after we left the house, instead of sleeping off his liquor as his master had intended, had been overheard bellowing in his half-drunken state by the neighbors, who, in their zeal of humanity had broken into the house and freed the captive.

The case was warmly taken up by certain persons more distinguished for zeal than discrimination, and particularly by the vestry opponents of the governor. Black Sam, therefore, enjoyed the felicity of being, for a few days, the talk of many tea-tables, and the guest or lion of a few. He was represented as the son of an African prince, inveigled, when a child, by the governor, into the fort, and made a slave, while his parents were massacred. Though Sam was rather an honest fellow, and at bottom warmly attached to "Massa Governor," he had not heart all at once to strip himself of those imputed honors of birth, or to deny that he had been cruelly kidnapped from his royal parents.

My brother's endeavors to prevent a fresh suit, upon account of Black Sam, were quite thrown away. The governor swore he would have the *ascal* back, were it but to make pie-meat of the ungrateful, rebellious *nigger*, if there was any justice or law left in England. If Mr. James Taylor would not take up the case, why then another would. There was, thank God, no scarcity of attorneys in London. The fact was undeniable.

The case gave rise to several amusing scenes, particularly when Black Sam and the governor met face to face at parties in court. So strong was the habit of slavery in the subdued soul of the poor, trembling African, that he could scarcely be primed to meet the terrible governor at all, but never once to confront him manfully; while it required the utmost vigilance of his counsel, and his friends, and a hundred warnings about the dignity and sanctity of the temples of justice in England, to impress upon the governor the necessity

of restraining himself from inflicting punishment on the black hide of "that ungrateful scoundrel Sam," in open court. The array of "*she-saints*," who appeared as spectators, exasperated him still more. He tried to affront them to their faces, by asking aloud of Bamboo, who stood by him, "What all those ugly hussies wanted in a court!—had they no work at home—or had they taken a longing for black flesh, like the unnatural woman in Shakspeare's play, which he had seen acted at Kingston!"

The unkindest cut made by the champions of freedom, in the person of Black Sam, was compelling Colonel Bamboo to bear witness to the flogging. Every military gentleman who heard of the circumstance, declared it a d—d unhand-some proceeding, to compel a gentleman to so flagrant a violation of honor and hospitality. Bamboo managed with great delicacy and tact, and gave the governor a flaming character for humanity, which, in the instance of Black Sam, I rather believed he deserved. Governor Fox was, he said, remarkable for humanity to all his negroes—he had been known to administer their medicine himself, and to attend the hospital, in the meanest offices, when the soldiers were too sickly to do duty.

The governor got rather well off, in short, though he considered himself the worst used gentleman that ever had claimed justice in an English court. For "was not Sam his born slave! and was not the nigger declared as free and good a man as any white Christian!"

This unrighteous decision, with a swingeing sum of costs, made him a more determined hater than ever of all Baptists, Methodists, Quakers, and *she-saints*—the last class, in particular, were, from this date, his mortal antipathy. But Old England, herself, sunk still farther in his esteem. She was become a land fit only for *tax-gatherers*, pensioners, and canting Methodists. He would go back to the West Indies! A few retired veterans, and families of military, or West India connexion, warmly joined the faction of the governor, and the neighborhood was kept in hot water between the slavery and anti-slavery, the evangelical and the church party, who, to say truth, had, on some points, very little Christian charity to divide between them.

It afforded a great triumph to the governor, about three months after Sam had been rescued from his tyrannical grasp, and declared a free man, to find the poor fellow in rags, begging on the streets of London. He had just been dismissed from an hospital. The poor creature would have been most thankful to be restored, on any terms, to his old quarters; and as those of the governor, though they implied complete slavery, said nothing about half rations or flogging, he was delighted to return *home*, as he called the governor's dwelling.

On a Saturday night, therefore, the governor, who liked this kind of duty, saw Sam duly scrubbed, and well-soused with divers buckets of water, administered by the groom, at the same pump about which the lawsuit was proceeding, and his rags burned in the yard; to free him, the governor said, "of the vermin he had gathered among the saints." Next morning, piqued into making Sam as good a Christian as they could do for their hearts, he strictly examined him, himself, on the creed, and enjoyed the triumph of telling a military chaplain, that, "With all the canting of the

Evangelical fellows, Sam, in the three months he had been among them, had been so much neglected in his religious principles, that he committed more blunders in repeating his creed, than when he was only ten years old; though he pretended the old ladies had taught him to pray off book."

Sam submitted to be paraded before the windows of some of his late emancipators, with a legend about his neck, bearing that he, Sam, a black man of the Sow-sow nation, was the born slave of Governor Stephen Fox!

For some weeks Sam's master and he went on tolerably well together, until it was discovered that Sam, who was socially inclined, sometimes, when the governor dined at Chatham, stole out to a prayer meeting. This was crime enough of itself; but a waggish ensign informed the governor that his own servant, who was also an attendant, told that Sam publicly prayed every night, "That Goramighty would hear the poor nigger's prayers, and have mercy on the sinful soul of poor, ould, wicked Massa Gubbana; and not send him to the bad place."

If not held back by main force, the governor would certainly have gone forthwith, and dispersed the alleged conventicle by the use of his cane. As it was, he vowed he would break every bone in the black knave's carcass! Pray for him, indeed! Him, a white Christian! Was there not bishops and rectors enough, well paid, too, in England, to pray for churchmen; but Methodists, and niggers, and she-saints must have the impudence to pray for them! He would have the church look to that.

Poor Sam, under view of the whip—often threatened, but seldom applied—on his knees, promised that he never again would have the audacity to pray for his white master.

Under this religious persecution he was tempted from without to leave his master a second time; but Sam still remembered how hungry and cold he had been, and he said, "Black Sam stay and pray for poor wicked Massa Gubbana: him best understanda, Sam's consituation. Bery good Massa when not in a huff—"

The governor, whatever his pious neighbors might think of it, piqued himself on being a most exemplary church Christian. Unlike Black Sam, he could repeat the creed without blundering one word. In his fort he had made a point of reading the service every Sunday morning—and, on Monday morning, of flogging as many of the negroes as did not attend chapel. Zealously had he defended the outworks of the church from the attacks of Methodists, as he had proved by his angry abdication. He would have sworn to the thirty-nine articles, and with a perfectly safe conscience, as often as any statute required or custom dictated. For why!—"every body, save Methodists and Presbyterians, did so." It is probable that the governor, who was, in every point, a man of action, did not enjoy the ministrations of a regular clergyman so well as his own service; for, until the era of Black Sam, he had not regularly attended church. Now he went—marching his marshalled household to church, every morning, Sam walking before, carrying his master's crimson and gold large prayer book; which was to the governor exactly what his breviary is to a good Catholic—a thing of mysterious sanctity; something resembling a bishop in full canonicals—a tangible and comely body of faith. The Bible held

but a secondary place in the governor's esteem. It was a good book, to be read on holyday evenings, by those who had time, but suspiciously revered by the Scotch, the Methodists, and Quakers.

Now, solemnly seated, at the head of his pew, the *Amen* certainly did not stick in his throat. His strenuous responses, and loud joining in the psalm, overpowered the choir and startled the congregation. He now partook of the communion regularly at Christmas, Easter, and other solemn tides; because such was the *duty* of a churchman, and because he read in the newspapers that the king and the royal family did so, with the Dukes of York and Clarence. A doubt of his fitness had never once clouded his mind. This was a mysterious rite, in which all good churchmen, rich and poor, were entitled to participate—and none else: and no "missionary puppies had a right to dispense the holy sacrament, nor negroes to partake of it. He had never permitted such a profanation in his government."

The religious opinions of Governor Fox might not have been the most enlightened, but they were the natural growth of his education, and of the system working around him. He was, like most other human beings, very much the creature of external influences; and he had been, for the greater part of his life, placed in circumstances which shut out light by nearly every approach. In England, light streamed in through many cranies. I have said that the governor, save on the question of slavery, the black niggers, and the church, latterly became a sort of tory-radical; and it may be regarded as a sign of the times, that, towards the close of his life, he had been so far corrupted by Cobbett's writings as to begin to question why a bishop should have so much higher *pay* than an admiral of the red; and a rector, than a colonel of marines! He never got further than this; though the direct operation of *tithe* upon himself would, I have no doubt, in one season, have made the governor a thorough church-reformer. He had already, by the unaided light of conscience, discovered that *no work no pay*, was the true principle to which society should adhere, with all its servants. At church-rate he grumbled excessively; and for this hardship his remedy was, that the Methodists, his general term for all dissenters, should be made to contribute double, to relieve churchmen of such burdens.

I am afraid that my old friend will scarce appear either a very amiable or even consistent character. He was, however, quite consistent with himself. Besides, I have hitherto been exhibiting his asperities and angular points, in that unhappy interval of ten years, when, having just lost absolute power, he had not yet learned to live on terms of equality and forbearance with his fellow-men; and when every passing day, from his own overbearing conduct, litigiousness, and credulity, was roughly dispelling his life-long dreams of the state of society in happy Old England. His faults were more those of ignorance and temper than of heart. As his understanding expanded, his judgment became more correct and his character improved. Though his prejudices were violent, they were few. He had no respect for names or persons, no partisan feelings, save in the nigger, and the church cases; and in him these were at least honest. Present any truth to him; and if he was able to perceive, he at once embraced it. General or abstract truth was not in his way.—His,

from original constitution and training, was a mind of facts and details; yet without any large views or well-defined principles, he often arrived at fair, practical conclusions. His moral pole-star was duty, though he had no very enlarged idea of the principle. His duty to his horse, to Black Sam, and his country, stood pretty much on the same level; though he might have a clearer idea of the former than of the latter kind of duty.

I have dwelt too long on these generalities. The first time I beheld Governor Fox, with knowledge—so, I mean, as to note and remember him as a man of some mark—was, as I have said, at the funeral of Lieutenant Walpole, leading "poor Ned's boy," as his phrase was. This was to see him to advantage. He was hotly and most characteristically alive to the indignity offered, as he thought, to the memory of "poor Ned," by the Walpole family sending an undertaker and their agent's brother, to see the last duties performed. Though he had quarrelled with all his kindred himself, he entertained that true old English respect for the *remains* of relations by blood, that, had the degree of consanguinity exacted the attention, he would at once have travelled a hundred miles to fulfil the duty of attending their funerals—putting himself, as the *Gazette* says, "into decent mourning." "Poor Ned" was only a brother officer—scarcely even that, for he had the misfortune to belong to the regulars—and the governor appeared at the funeral in his ordinary dress, with the customary knot of crape on his arm. He might at this time have been about sixty-two years of age; but he had not lost one hair's-breadth of his original stature of five feet ten inches, nor a single tooth. The strongest impression given by the first view of his person and physiognomy was that of decision. His firm structure, and compact fibre, the movement of his limbs, his erect, and somewhat stiff mien, the firmness of his walk, his compressed lips, and loud tone of voice, all bespoke promptitude, and hardy, confident decision—a man never given to question or doubt, much less to speculate. Yet no one could have dreamed that his was the decision of a high and vigorous intellect. It was the pushing, strenuous force, the sinewy and muscular determination, of a bold animal, or of a strong-willed man, whose maxim is, "Where there is a will, there is a way."

The eye was the most striking feature in the rained face of the old governor. In a cold day, when I have seen him buttoned and wrapped above the nose, and the eye alone visible, it was a luminary to be marked. That strong grayish-green, clear, frosty eye, quick but not penetrating, was of itself enough to show the man of prompt decision. It was certainly not in the least an eye like that of Mars, "to threaten or command;" yet it could sometimes twinkle and scintillate in a way which plainly demonstrated that the person who looked at you was not a character which it might be altogether prudent to trifle with. I have seen something very like it, though far more cunning, and as it were better instructed, under the shaggy brows of a Bow Street officer, near the head of the department. It would have been a perfectly appropriate feature in the countenance of a pilot, a smuggler, a whaler; then it might have been more ferocious or uneasy in expression; now, when it lightened, it was only an angry, not a ferocious eye—the eye of a man who could flourish a whip, but who abhorred a stiletto.

His natural love of order, a military education, and long residence in a burning climate, had made my old friend scrupulous and even finical about personal cleanliness, and in all his arrangements of the toilet. "*Cleanliness*," he said, "his mother had taught him, was next to *godliness*;" and the physical virtues was certainly much better understood by the governor than the spiritual grace. The one dwelt in forms and usages, the other was shown in the thorough, daily, and hourly purification of the spotlessly kept outward man. His *costume* denoted the *substance* and respectability of the wearer. It was an invariable ample blue coat, of the finest cloth, with red facings, and under garments of the same material, which in summer were exchanged for white linen or nankin. The black stock had its own set—the hat, like that of every man of individual character, its own fit. His boots, very thick in the soles, seemed a part of his original structure. I never saw him out of them but twice, and then he rolled like a sailor come on shore after being five years afloat, and scarcely looked his own man. The governor's taste was fixed before the date of embroidered military surtouts and Hessians, which he despised, together with most of the "*regular puppies*" who wore them. All his habits were as fixed as his dress. His favorite dish was roast pork, with bean-pudding; his general drink, rum and water. But though plain in his own taste, he was not stinted in hospitality, unless he saw his guests troublesome or gourmands. Such characters he despised even more than he did a *wigger* or a Yankee. His favorite game was backgammon, though he played a cool, steady game at whist—showing no indulgence to lax players; insisting upon every advantage to which he was fairly entitled, and no more; and sticking punctiliously to the *game*, the whole *game*, and nothing but the *game*. His poet was Dibdin, but on holidays, Sternhold and Hopkins; his favorite author was De Foe, whose stories he could never fully persuade himself were fictions, though he knew this was generally said. He had at once found out "that fellow Gulliver," which I presented to him: "He was all bam!" The governor had "sailed the world round, and seen no such little people; and, what was more, there was *nothing* of them in Mr. Guthrie's Grammar of Geography"—his staple scientific work. If any one would have taken the trouble, as I sometimes did, to tell him of the adventures of Cook and La Perouse, while he smoked his pipe, he would have listened with great interest and delight, and have made very pertinent remarks; but he relished oral much better than written narrative. "The puppies," he said, "put their stuff together, o' purpose, in such a way, that no plain man could spell 'em out." And yet he had made young Walpole transform his own log-book in this fashion.

The governor's favorite print was *Cobbett's Register*, a taste common, I have noticed, among old military men. Cobbett once offended him, by refusing to print his communications; and he dropt the *Register* for two weeks, but on the third gave in. One number served him exactly a week.

Though always rather averse to the society of females, whom he divided into the two grand classes of *white ladies*, and *black wenches*—the wives of the marines, when abroad, belonging to the former class—the governor was compelled to associate with women sometimes, or give up Chatham parties altogether. On trial, he confessed,

he rather liked some of the "baggages," particularly those who had "seen service;" and after he had fixed his household, he conceived himself bound in honor to receive the ladies on the occasion of his grand annual dinner; at which periodical festival every point of graciousness and gallantry was shown forth, in the exercise of his duty as a hospitable landlord. All his curious shells and stuffed birds were turned out. The highest-priced tea, the most costly sweetmeats, and the richest cake London could afford, were brought down by himself, to entertain his fair guests, who, he presumed, were all addicted to such dainties. I have seen his temporal arteries start, and his eyes redden, with the force with which, for their entertainment, he poured forth,

Thursday, in the morning, the nineteenth day of May,

Forever be recorded the glorious sixty-two,
Brave Russell did espy before the dawn of day, &c.

At such high tides, Black Sam, officiating in his gala costume, of white-muslin trousers and turban, with beads, a scarlet waistcoat, and sky-blue jacket, grinned, with an open-mouthed hospitality, upon the fair guests, and in admiration of his master's wit and humor, that to me gave no small additional relish to the entertainment. Rolling with suppressed laughter at his master's jokes and annual song, he would burst forth with "Berry funny, Massa—Massa Gubba-sa!" and then, as if afraid of having gone beyond the point of respect before strangers, he would throw down his distended eyelids, "Bery grand, Massa, too." Poor fellow, how happy was he then! "Was my occasional sickly feeling of pity for his childish mirth, not, after all, misplaced? No one feels compassion in witnessing the exuberant glee and bounding joy of children, and of young frolicsome animals of every kind. Why regret that Nature's sable family, with the simplest elements of pleasure around them, and its unbroken spring in their hearts, should forget how humiliated they are, and how wretched, reason says, they ought to feel.

The governor held no maxims of conduct upon which he did not act; and this made me rather wonder why, with his utilitarian notions, he disguised Sam in this fantastic costume at his galas. But besides some particles of latent vanity, or fondness of barbaric pomp, brought from his government and his days of African splendor, he alleged that monkeys, popinjays, and niggers, were meant by Nature to wear yellow, green, and scarlet; and the latter to dance, sing, chatter, and play the bassoon and negro-drum, and cultivate sugar canes for white Christians.

A supplementary, or fragmentary feast, always followed the governor's annual banquet, which was, in various ways, more interesting than the grander display. It was a true Old English exhibition of beef, beer, and bread, to his various clients in the neighborhood,—disabled marines, and their dames. Though his house was not often open either to the needy or to the suffering, "who had seen better days," there was a class of persons to whom Governor Fox was nobly liberal—old, infirm paupers, and maimed or blind persons, evidently disqualified to earn their own bread, especially if they had been in service, wounded, and without pensions. They had only to come to him with clean skins, at a reasonable hour, and

say they belonged to the church, to be sure of aid any day, so far as a substantial meal and a few coppers. His locality often swarmed with miserable women, followers of the troops, or soldiers' wives, with a fry of half-starved, puny children, to whom his casual bounty was uniformly extended; though, on such occasions, he never failed, for the benefit of society, to deliver the whole sum and substance of the doctrines of Malthus, in a few sweeping and pithy sentences, generally put in the interrogative form, and pronounced with angry emphasis and energy; no matter how public the preaching-place, or who were the auditors. Walking, riding, or driving, the governor, before distributing his bounty, at the rate of about a penny a-head on the attendant military brood, never failed to halt and rebuke the mother in a few pithy words of Malthusian doctrine. The governor was, however, in this, quite innocent of plagiarism—even the name of the great modern philosopher had never reached his ears, till some years afterwards, when he became a Reformer, and began to study every old soldier's favorite print, *Cobbett's Register*.

This was not until his fortunes had undergone a mortifying change. The fate of the South American speculation may be surmised. He lost every shilling of his "investment." The Scottish Ale Company turned out even worse; but the Drury-Lane shares was the worst concern of all. We were now at the most ticklish time of the war—near its tremendous close. The funds were tumbling down every day; and in one of the few anxious days that preceded the battle of Waterloo, I saw the governor arrive very early from Rochester, on foot! in a plight that I shall not easily forget. He came directly to my lodging. He had been on the road from midnight.

"On foot!"

"Ay, and why not?—Is it for beggars to ride a-horseback, sir? Don't you see how those d—d stocks are tumbling down. Let Master Pitt look up now, I bid him, to his act of 1797—his paper rags. Not but that I could weather it for myself, if the trifle Widow Walpole intrusted to my management, were once secured in hard gold. Thank God, I can handle a pickaxe, a spade, or a skull on the Thames yet;—but a widow, and a gentlewoman, cheated, or bubbled in trusting to Stephen Fox!—all she had scraped up for seven years, to give Ned his schooling, without being beholden to these Northamptonshire dons, her husband's relations, who have neither conscience nor bowels.—It is enough to drive a man mad."

"You have not invested Mrs. Walpole's slender funds, I trust?"

"No!" roared the governor, "save in those blasted English Funds:—down one fourth, Friday, down one sixteenth, Saturday, down one eighth, yesterday. The vitals are eaten out of Old England by subsidies, loan-contractors, and Jew-jobbers. I have walked up to London, sir, with this hazel-stick in my hand, and a couple of clean shirts, and my prayer-book, in this bundle, to begin the world again. Can your landlady let me have any dog-hole of a garret at 2s. 6d. a-week, or 'so? I can't promise more at first. I have written to Bamboo to take the lease of my box, which he always longed for, and Sam off my hands. An idle man has better chance of a job about London, where there are so many coal-lighters, and so forth, than down yonder."

"Governor Fox, you amaze me!"

"Amazed, to see an old man, a fool, and a beggar! ha! ha! ha!—from having been a credulous idiot!"

There was something terrific in his laugh; but Governor Fox was too firm-spirited long to give way to this wild mood.

"Have I any claim to Chelsea, or Greenwich, think ye?—My pipe is what I shall miss the most—no luxuries now. I hope the Lord will call me home, however, before old age and frailty drive Stephen Fox on his parish, with all his cousins grinning at the governor. In the mean time, can your landlady let me have a garret? I must have my billet settled for the night, before I look about me. I can make my own bed, buy and cook my own victuals, wash my own shirt, and keep my place clean myself. You can answer to her, I suppose, that I am a man of sober, regular habits, who attend church, and pay my way as I go.—I can surely make my bread, were it but selling mackerel—what the deuce should I let down my heart for?"

Ludicrous as this was, I could not, durst not laugh.

"My dear governor, though you have had losses and crosses in these evil times, you are certainly exaggerating the tricks of fortune. Depressed as the funds are, you must have, even though selling out to-day, which none but a madman would do, a very comfortable reversion."

"Not a doit!—not a stiver, I believe, will be left; but no matter, I will have, what with the lease, the furniture, my three swords, and gold epaulettes, enough to clear with poor Mrs. Walpole. There's a woman of honor and resolution, sir! saving from her widow's pension; while I have been squandering like an extravagant puppy. It was her duty to be frugal, and she has been so; but how few of the baggages, if at her age, could have been equally resolute:—they must have this gown; and it would not be *decent* to go without that cap—not that they ever care about it—for themselves—not at all!—Then who the devil does? let them answer that."

I let the governor divert himself by rambling in this new course, and indulged my private fancies as to the origin of the unusual warmth of his rooted esteem for the widow, who, last night, when he had apprized her of her danger, had behaved, he said, "like a hero, and an angel."

"The general run of womankind would say, 'Oh! the rich relations will surely some time seek after, and educate the boy. I must have this new bonnet, and t'other gim-crack.' Mrs. Walpole has trusted to no such contingency. *Contingency!* do you mark, sir. And what, pray, makes the difference between a man or a woman of sense, and born-idiots, but this same trusting to contingencies:—that the one holds the whip-hand of fortune, as she has done, and that the other lets the jade drive him, like me.—But having secured my billet for the night, I must be off to my broker. I have written to him by every post:—always *down, down, down*. Last night he rather advises selling. If I have one five guineas, ay, or five shillings, of reversion, after paying my just and lawful debts, by Jove, I'll hoard! I'll lock 'em in my old sea-chest, which I bought when a boy at Halifax, for a dollar and a half. It can now hold all my worldly goods—I must send it up cheap by the wagon.—But I must be off: the broker, that puppy Pantague, urges selling out to-day. Next mail will bring us down, perhaps, a whole per cent—

perhaps ten, or blow us out of the water altogether—who can tell? who can tell? If I had taken Cobbett's advice and warnings now, and laid up a few guineas!—Where is there a cockney scribbler among them, with their *Times* and their *Chronicles*, ever showed how fast this country is going to the devil, so satisfactorily and clearly as the old sergeant!"

"Cold comfort that, governor; but I do insist and entreat, that, before giving Mr. Pantague your final orders, you wait the next mail. London is on the tiptoe of expectation—good news must come—worse than our fears have painted cannot arrive. We shall have a rise this morning!"

My persuasions had no effect, which I regretted, as I believed he had received bad, I was unwilling to think sinister, advice from his broker. It was a crisis of fearful excitement, panic, and delusion. Every hour might relieve us from suspense; but then it might be to deepen our loss or sufferings; and I was a fundholder, too. I assured the governor, in the mean time, that not Nurse Wilks' garret, but the best chamber in her house, and that was my own, was much at his service; but, in the mean while, I hoped he could return home in a chaise to-day yet, and sleep on his own bed.

I accompanied the governor to his destination, though he assured me there was no danger of leaving him alone.

"Your turtle-feeding alderman may go after their lost plums, to feed the great fishes. I will neither drown like a blind puppy, nor hang myself like a nigger in the sulks. I can work, sir."

There was already an unusual buzz in the streets. I held the governor fast by the arm, to detain him a few more minutes from his broker.

"If I were a rich man, governor, or one whose credit was good, I would, at this moment, underwrite your whole present funded property, as you originally placed it, for five shillings."

"More than it's worth, egad! but let me go, man—don't you see Pantague signaling me from his window; there's the carriage coming to convey him to 'Change. *They'll ride it out, by Jove!* over our necks, whatever becomes of old men, widows, and orphans."

I held him the faster; men, boys, women, were now all hurrying to and fro, or collecting in groups, with eager speech and animated looks, on every side; carriages and horsemen hurried along, some east, some west. News certainly had arrived; express came hot after express; but no bulletin had yet been sent from Downing street to the City. A dreadful defeat, it was whispered about, had been sustained by the Allies—the ruin was total—of Europe, and of Governor Fox. The morning papers were all doubt and mystery.

"Let me off, man—if I don't sell out to-day, I may hang myself at night, for I never can face Rochester. *They'll be at twenty-five to-morrow.* We shall have French assignats for old English guineas, by Jupiter!"

We had something like a struggle when he offered to break off. "Remember—I protest:—I warn you, for Mrs. Walpole's, for Edward's sake: you are going to throw away her little means, which to-day it is in your power so much to improve—to ruin absolutely, or deeply injure yourself: you are the dupe of jobbers—you will curse yourself to-morrow and forever, if you sell to-day. Did I not plead with you *against* the Scottish Ale Company—the Drury-Lane Shares—the South

American speculation.—Hark!" It was the roll of a distant gun:—another, and another. The governor was a little deaf even then, on one side of the head; but when the rejoicing boom rolled majestically up the river from the Tower guns, there was no longer doubt. The exulting shouts of the gathering multitude—the outburst of all the bells in London, told the same tale:—a splendid, a decisive victory! The newsmen blew their horns. "Three per cent. better already! Hey, governor!" was my rising cry to the now stunned capitalist—stunned but for five seconds. We went along and heard the first confused tidings of the Field of Waterloo. Eighteen or eight-and-twenty thousand human beings had there bitten the dust—what an image is that homely one of mortal agony!—and London was in a frenzy of joy, and the funds up, I cannot tell how much, in one hour. What histories were that day in men's faces!

The governor bore the sudden tide of fortune with entire equanimity. He had been quite ready to take a spade or an oar, and was now equally ready to hire a chaise to go home, to be wiser in future. He thanked me for my counsel, and owned that for once he had done well not to act upon his own judgment—"For why!—he had some knowledge of war, especially with niggers and maroons, and had studied gunnery and fortification; but how could any honest man out of London, though a good marine officer, be up to half the tricks of those stock-jobbing fellows, who ought to have their ears cropped, and be transported, every mother's son of them, as knaves and cozeners!

"Now, mark me, Mr. Richard Taylor; let me only get back my own of them—I scorn a sixpence of their dirty Jew money—and if a guinea is to be bought for twenty-five shillings in England, and a strong-box to lodge it in, by Jove, you shall see if Stephen Fox is to be humbugged a second time by that great humbug, which will burst and go off some morning like the shell of an over-charged bomb. I have a plan in my head—but never mind—I shall tell you as we go down to Rochester. The only obstacle is Ned—and the young puppy loves me, and has been bred about my own hand—a tractable, sharp rascal, and all as one as my own already."

The reader will please to remember that it was with this same "Ned" I sat talking over all these old matters, now suggested by reading the death of the old governor in the newspaper. In spite of his sincere regret, when we got the length of the governor's sudden brightening of fortune priming him for matrimony, Mr. Walpole burst into a loud and violent fit of laughter, as the whole scene of the governor's unpropitious wooing rose to his memory—of the governor, who always took time by the forelock, arriving at his mother's cottage in full regimentals, sword, and epaulettes, and heralded by Black Sam, on the evening of the same day he had walked to London to *sell out* and seek for honest labor—his bold, resolute look, as a bachelor of sixty, who had now first screwed his courage to the sticking place, and resolved he would not fail—and the embarrassment of poor Mrs. Walpole, who was innocent of all design of charming her kind old acquaintance, the friendly governor, within many degrees of matrimony, and who was now considerably alarmed by her conquest. Yet she had certainly assured him, on the previous evening, "that however low the funds fell, and precious as was her little hoard to her son, she

should ever rest fully satisfied that his intentions had been most kind and disinterested. What, after all, was their loss to that of the many anxious, and soon probably to be, the bereaved and sorrowing mothers and wives of England!" When Walpole thought of all this, he laughed outrageously.

How she contrived to reject, without mortally offending her admirer, I cannot tell—neither could Master Ned, Black Sam, nor Hannah the housemaid, who had taken their station in one listening group, without the parlor door, to overhear the governor's declaration in form. "A parson," the governor used to say, "could not have put it into prettier language."

"It was exceedingly impertinent in me, I own," said Walpole; "for I was then a shrewd boy, and the negro and the girl little better than idiots; but somehow, though my own mother was concerned, the temptation was irresistible. The comical face of Sam alone—who was grinning from ear to ear, rubbing his hands, half-dancing through the kitchen, and singing extemporaneously, in negro fashion,

Pretty Missy Walpole,
Marry ould Massa Gubanna,
Him be a crusty ould fellow,
And Massa Neddy's pappa,

—was it not enough to plead for me, a fun-loving lad of fourteen? Poor old fellow! but among all these odd legacies of his—very odd for him, certainly—£200 to the Ladies Tract Society; £500 for the Wesleyan Missions;—(how the saints have got about him at last!)—£150 to the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals, &c., &c.—who, I wonder, is to be the happy legateé of Sam Dixon, a black man of the Sow-Sow nation? If Charlotte would not be dreadfully shocked by his hideous ugliness, which soon wears off, I would be so happy to receive poor Sam under my own roof; and you know how handy and trustworthy a fellow he is—how much worth his board and wages to any family;—suppose the idea were to come from you?"

I liked the notion of conspiring against my niece with her future husband, in her own house—which she had as yet only seen about half-a-dozen times, under my escort, and strictly *incognita*—and took it up at once.

"If Sam does not whine to death, like a faithful spaniel, on his master's grave, I give you joy of so excellent a domestic; though hardly yet can I believe this printed *will* authentic,—£1500 for the conversion of the Jews!—Perfectly preposterous! or else our old friend has gone delirious on his death-bed."

The rapid drawing up of a carriage—a thundering peal at the house-door, and the loud, hale, clear tones of the old governor burst on our admiring ears! We were down stairs in a moment. Walpole could not have given his bride a warmer—he might a gentler—welcome. He absolutely hugged the old governor, who hugged "Ned" in turn.

"So you saw the puppies had killed me off, and made my will, too,—and be crushed to their impudence! £150 to the Ladies' Tract Society!—Did ye note that!—Mr. Richard, my service to ye; here's a hand for ye, too. It's all an election rouse, man."

This was a frequent lingual slip of the governor's, among others;—he meant *ruse*; and the

substantial meaning is so much the same, that the mistake is scarcely worth noticing.

"An electioneering *rouse*, sir, put out by some of the editor puppies on the Bamboo interest."

"My dear governor—you a candidate for parliament—seriously!—And opposed to Colonel Bamboo?"

"Why, ay. Is it so wonderful now, that a man, a bachelor, without chick or child, should throw away a few thousands to be something of a patriot! Don't you see, Wellington is driving the nation to the dogs, four-in-hand! They'll let up the Papists in Ireland to cut all Protestant throats; they'll let loose the niggers; they won't take off the malt-tax; they won't give us gold for the paper-rags;—they make the loaf double price, as I'm told, to the poor man. I'll have down the loaf; all the commons restored, and the bypaths opened; poor men shall brew their own beer, and make their own soap, without taxes and gaugers. The fat parsons get too much, I begin to think. Oh! you shall see how I will lay about me, and pull up pensioners and all, once I get into the House; and I'm told it won't cost much above £3000 altogether. Those newspaper coxcombs at Rochester, who never have room to take up my ideas when I write them, will be glad to print my speeches."

Walpole and myself were struck dumb at first. A sharking attorney, the agent of a more sharking Jew boroughmonger, who looked round and sold to the highest bidder, had been practising on our single-minded unsuspecting friend, who was supposed much richer than he really was. He made no secret of the affair. He was to be supported against Bamboo, who wished to come in on what he called the liberal interest; though so far as his medley of political notions could be comprehended, the governor was out of sight the more liberal of the two. We knew the nature of our pig too well to try at once to unship him, by pulling him backwards.

"The gallant member for Chewsburgh on his legs," cried Walpole. "*Hear! hear!*"

The governor chuckled involuntarily.

"The colonial office fellows will deign me a reply to my memorials, then, perhaps," he said.

"Rather inaudible in the gallery—*Loud laughter*—cries of *Question! Question!* through all parts of the house," continued Walpole.

"The parliament puppies can be cursed impertinent, I know; but that don't frighten me; let me alone to manage 'em. I won't be brow-beat. Have I not drilled marines, and harangued the native chiefs before now? It must be your business, Mr. Richard, to get me fairly reported. Those reporter whelps, I'm told, play the deuce with a new member where they take a spite."

"I have no doubt, governor, but that you will be a prodigious favorite with all the reporters. An honest man with a new face has a great chance with them—were it only for the novelty. How I shall long to read your maiden speech!"

The governor laughed again with irrepressible glee.

The Jews were to have his money any way. If not for their conversion, then for his own victimizing.

"The newspapers," continued he, "with their usual impudence, will, no doubt, be saying, Ned there makes my speeches for me. I'll have them know that Stephen Fox, as an independent member of parliament, will take his lesson of no man."

"Jealous of me, governor?" said Walpole.

"No, Ned;—but you must not come near me for three months or so after I'm in. The fellows about Brookes', and the United Service puppies, will swear Ned Walpole has primed the old governor. So I'll make no fine Latin speeches, d'ye mark!—but just take my post somewhere against a pillar, like Joseph Hume, and give it 'em *hot and hot* every night of the week; and, egad, if I don't pepper 'em! Now, Ned, if you need a frank or so for your *mother*, you know where that worthy lady has a friend."

Mr. Walpole and I exchanged looks. How was this moonstruck madness to be stayed!

All the address of Mr. Walpole and myself could not break off the negotiation proceeding under such "favorable auspices," between the agent of the Jew boroughmonger and our friend Governor Fox. He would be in parliament. He had set his heart upon it. He would reform many abuses, and remove numerous grievances; make a great figure, do a prodigious quantity of good to the poor, the church and the marine service; and, above all, defeat Colonel Bamboo, whose cool effrontery, as he conceived it, in opposing him, after eating his curries and drinking his Madeira for so many years, provoked him to the highest degree. It was a breach of every law of hospitality and good-fellowship—almost a personal affront. An electioneering attorney could not have desired a more hopeful subject. The governor was wound up to the pitch of carrying on the war with spirit, and spending half his fortune in the contest; and I don't know how it is, but this fever of election excitement is wonderfully catching. We who had begun by strenuous opposition, first covert, and then avowed—seeing better might not be—at last lent ourselves heartily to the "Fox interest." Even in their honeymoon—the last week of it, however—Walpole was penning electioneering squibs, and Charlotte making up Fox favors of navy blue and red; while I worked hard in the governor's committee, principally, I confess, as a check upon the lavish expenditure incurred in every quarter. I was resolved that, in the first place, he should pay as cheaply as possible for his whistle, and next, that he should have skill to play it, so far as that art might be speedily imparted by his friends. With the requisite physical energy, lungs and wind, he was largely endowed.

Though, as a rational reformer, I am bound to hope that, in the enlightened progress of society, canvassing, and, much more, *braving* an English elector, will soon be accounted as profligate and scandalous as it would at present be to canvass or bribe a British judge, I must confess, that there is something wonderfully exhilarating to "corrupt human nature" in the bustle of a canvass, when anything like the show of freedom of choice remained among the great body of the voters. Now, our borough, though as corrupt as any one subsequently placed in the purgatory of schedule B., was not quite sunk into the torpor of those which afterwards found a place in schedule A. With Chewsburgh it was universal gangrene, but not yet absolute putrefaction of the whole parts.

We carried through our man with *great eclat*, though protests were taken by the other candidate against so many of our votes, that, if one third of the exceptions held good, it was clear the governor must be unseated. Of this consequence he had no adequate notion. He was told he was the sitting member for Chewsburgh! He was in

extravagant spirits, and the hurry and bustle of the affair left him no leisure to think of the bill of costs:—

“Then comes the reckoning when the feast is o’er.”

But we were still at the banquet.

After our candidate had foundered in several set speeches penned for him by the attorney and by Walpole, when fairly driven to his own natural eloquence, quickened by passion, his addresses made such an impression upon the John Bulls of all complexions, collected in front of his rostrum, (the balcony, over the porch of the inn,) that had the market people been voters, we would certainly have carried the governor by acclamation, in the teeth of the professedly liberal candidate. The hearty cheering of the crowd produced a wonderful effect on the spirits of the orator. I have never yet seen a man more elated for the moment by that intoxicating incense, that true laughing gas,—

“The fickle reek of popular breath.”

It is true, strong and sound as his brains were, he was late in life of first inhaling it.

“And if I speak here in open day to the satisfaction of 500 honest chaw-bacons and smock-frocks, and 150 men in broadcloth, why mayn’t I to the 100 honest independent members in St. Stephen’s Chapel, with the 300 humbugs, and the rest of the jackanapes, the surtout and mustachio sprigs of quality fellows to boot of ’em! Let me alone. I have hit the nail on the head at last.”

“I was always certain Governor Fox would make a most useful and distinguished member of the house of commons,” said the attorney. “And unless he had possessed extraordinary mental and moral qualifications, I never —”

My most frequent and peaceful mode of rebuke is to interrupt the speaker:—“I have not the least doubt,” I observed, “but that the governor will be sufficiently distinguished, were it but for that rare quality of straight-forward, blunt sincerity.”

There was but one drawback to the *eclat* of our election: though Bamboo was hissed to our hearts’ content, the few favorable symptoms of a riot, which broke out at the close of the poll, soon died away, and the tremendous crash which made the eyes of our new-made legislator twinkle and brighten, as he hastened to the window, proved, on investigation, to be nothing more than a lawful, though rough hammering down of the polling-booth. The smashing of the windows of Bamboo’s inn, on the opposite side of the market-place—the committee-room of the *Yellows*—would, I believe, have done the governor more good than his own apotheosis of chairing, which, however, he enjoyed immensely. Though not fond of expense, I am sure he would have willingly paid the broken glass, and plastered the broken heads out of his own pocket, to have had his true old English revenge on his rival complete. He affected none of the hand-shaking, complimentary magnanimity of these silken times. He owned, or rather he proclaimed, that he hated Bamboo like the devil, and wished him to lose above all things. Though bound by the duties and decorums of an infant law-maker, I fancied a tone of reproach in his remark to Mr. Walpole, when all was over, “that Englishmen had lost half their spirit at elections.”

And now all was undeniably over, and the new member had written franks for everybody around him. Beginning, as a mark of high distinction, with Mrs. Walpole, dowager, he left not off till mine host of the Red Dragon, and even *Boots* himself, was supplied with one frank for his mother, and another, I dare say, for his sweetheart. The governor’s bounty in franking was boundless.

The bill of the Red Dragon was still to pay, and the new member had never left any house of public reception with his bill unsettled, in his life. Red Dragon preferred settling with the agent, according to the ancient and approved custom of all elections in Chewsburgh—whether contested or not. It was, indeed, with some reason that the landlord persisted in refusing to tender his bill, pleading want of time, where there were so many *trifling* items to enter; as I have little doubt that our new law-maker, on its presentation, would have furnished him with a few more—such as “To one broken head,” or “To a kicking down my own stairs,” had it been tendered on the spot. I cannot tell to how much the Jew agent’s percentage on the whole amount might come: but I recollect that one item of the bill, of many folio sheets in length, was £764, 11s. 3d. for chaise-hire for bringing in the out-voters. Brandy and water furnished to the committee-room alone, independently of soups, sandwiches, lunches, wine, wax-tapers, &c., &c., &c., came to above £240 during our one week’s labor. At that awful reckoning, the settling of which took place some months afterwards, I still recollect the sneaking look and whining tone of the country attorney, while he addressed the rampant governor in these words,—“But the *duty*, my dear sir—you don’t consider the heavy duty on brandies, governor, with the expense of the victuallers’ license, sir, and the house-tax, and window-tax, which, on the Red Dragon, amount to a heavier annual sum than the corresponding taxes on the noblest mansions in the county—to double of that, indeed.”

“You are telling me a cursed lie,” cried the furious governor, “when you tell me that that paltry inn—but it’s a good enough inn—but that that paltry fellow pays half, or fiftieth as much house-tax as is paid for B—Castle.”

The man appealed to me; and I believed this part of his statement, at least, extremely probable, though I was prepared to deny that these premises warranted the sweeping conclusions of Red Dragon’s bill. When the attorney had been summarily dismissed, with a peremptory assurance that, until the bill was cut down two thirds, not a sixpence would be forthcoming, the governor reverted to the subject.

“£240 for brandy and water, and refreshments!—how much is the water a quart in the Red Dragon? Heard you ever, Mr. Richard, of such an extortioning rascal! Why, every man of the six of ye might have been kept royally drunk, from morn to night, for a month, upon £40 worth of real Nantes. ‘But the *duty*, my dear sir,’” he continued, with an air of mimic-king the attorney. “And what the deuce is the *duty*!”

“What would reduce the brandy charged in your bill to at least one fourth of its price—the *duty* is, at present, about 22s. 6d. a gallon.

“The deuce it is! I knew it was damnable upon Schiedam, or old Jamaica rum either. The doctors ordered brandy for old Stokes of the artil-

lery, and Geneva toddy for Lieutenant Denovan of the Invalids; but they, poor fellows, can't afford it—that 's hard now. Though old Jamaica rum be, out of sight, a sounder, better liquor than either, the brandy and Schiedam were to them in the nature of medicine. I understand I am paying more than treble price here for Leeward Island rum which I did abroad for Jamaica—the primest. That is harder still; and the Yankees getting it as cheap as ditch-water. Why the devil, can you tell me, have we Englishmen not our own rums, and sugars, and teas, as cheap as the Dutch and the Yankees?"

"It will be your duty, as a member of parliament, to inquire into that."

"And that it will; and, what is more, I'll do it. I know, though, it is quite right not to let good British gold go to our natural enemies, the dancing, capering Monsheers, or to the greedy Dutchmen, with their big breeches:—I suppose it is for that they tax Geneva and brandy so cruelly; but old Jamaica rum, made in our own colonies, by our own niggers, for the benefit of our own planters—"

"That makes a difference to be sure; but not so much, either, to men like poor dyspeptic Stokes or Denovan—liking better pure brandy and Schiedam-punch, or requiring them for cure or comfort, and too poor to purchase solace or healing, in consequence of the high rate of our taxation."

"But you see it is to keep our gold out of the pockets of the French and the Dutch, who fit out fleets and armies against us, and fight us with our own cash."

"Or pour it into the pockets of those not much nearer and dearer to us than the Gauls and Batavians. Is it not folly, think you, governor, for a man to punish himself in the first place that he may annoy his neighbor in the second, admitting that such annoyance were justifiable at all, or that we had power to inflict it? The man must have a large stomach for revenge who does so. Would you not think him a fool?"

"One must do a great deal for the good of one's native country, Mr. Richard."

"Granted. If the real good of Old England requires that, though preferring or requiring foreign spirits, we should, nevertheless, poison ourselves with villainous English gin, I am too good a patriot to object. If for the national good, set the ten thousand casks afloat,—let them—"

"Forever dribble out their base contents, Touched by the Midas finger of the state, Bleed gold for ministers to sport away. Drink and be *poisoned*; 't is your country bids. Gloriously drunk, obey the important call: Her cause demands the assistance of your throats,—Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more."

The governor had scarcely patience to hear me out. "This is some of the piperly stuff of your snivelling poets, or Temperance Society fellows."

"No such thing—at any rate the words are used by me only as a plea for better tipple. I avow I see no means of putting an end to gin-drinking, half so effectual, as allowing people to have *cheaply*, good rum, Hollands, and brandy, with food, shelter, and clothing. These are my engines for putting an end to intemperance.—But this abominable bill!" I took up that of the Red Dragon, which, if laid on end, would have extended over all its mazy passages.

"What withheld me yet, Mr. Richard, from

kicking that rascally attorney down stairs, when he dared say to my face, that his Grace the Duke of —, pays less house-tax for B—— Castle, than that cheating fellow, his employer, lately the butler of a small squire, for his paltry inn?"

"First, my dear governor, because kicking—save duns—is not a parliamentary privilege; and lastly, because, I dare say, you suspect that the statement may be quite true."

"What, sir! the Duke of — pay no more house-tax than a paltry-tavern-keeper, in a country town! It would be a manifest affront put upon the old nobility of England to let them pay no more."

"Ay, governor; yet that noble duke, and also he of Leeds, and Newcastle, and Devonshire, and Marlborough, and Northumberland, and Grafton, and Buckingham, and the whole ducal bead-roll, pay at the same rate. It is marvellous with what good grace their Graces submit very gracefully to the affront of paying a very small share, or *none*, of the national reckoning."

"Now, arn't you joking with me, Mr. Richard?"

"Never was more serious in my life. This is a fact so notorious, that even a new member of parliament might know it. How much house-duty do you pay at Rochester?"

"Why, about £12. I appealed, to be sure, but the rascals showed me an act of parliament for it; and I appealed, also, against £2, 19s. or something that way, which they charged Mrs. Walpole for her small cottage,—the lubberly fellows! plundering widow women, living barely on their small pensions; but that was for her windows, too,—and indeed the rickety brick and plaster tenement, which, I could have pushed over with a good drive of my shoulder, was not worth more than that sum of rent."

I inquired what several other of his friends and neighbors paid, and was satisfactorily answered. They were all charged the full amount exigible on their rent,—and that rent highly, if not exorbitantly rated. My brother's house-tax, for a house in London, rated at £300 a-year, was above forty guineas.

"Well, my brother pays this. His house is, to be sure, dear-rented from its locality;—now what pays Euston Hall, one seat of the Duke of Grafton?"

"What! the show-place—the place we see in the pictures?"

"The same."

"Why, a good round number of hundreds, I'll be sworn."

"What pays Blenheim, the Marlborough family's place—you have seen Blenheim!—or what Nottingham Castle, the pride of the Newcastle?"

"A swingeing sum, I guess—if Mr. James Taylor pays above forty guineas for his house in town, and myself £12 for my box at Rochester."

"Why, £14 for Euston Hall, and ditto for the Duke of Newcastle's stronghold."

"By the Lord Harry, you don't say it! Well, there is work ready cut out for me.—If I don't affront them, from Laud's End to Berwick-upon-Tweed, and make 'em tattle their coins, call me a crop-ear. Why the deuce don't the dukes and lords pay fair down, like other honest householders?"

"Affront them? poh, poh. That is not so easily done."

"You may say that, any way, of those who have their lady mothers and dowager grandmothers

passioners; though their husbands, perhaps, never saw more service than a review day at Hounslow,—or in camp on the Sussex coast played at soldiers. Why, they are meaner beggars than a hobnail's gammer in the work-house, for she would not be there if her son had wherewithal to keep her out."

"With this additional circumstance of aggravation, that the honest chaw-bacon is so cruelly taxed in his basket and his store, for the benefit of the grandee parties, that he is rendered totally unable to support his own mother."

"Now you are at that bread-tax again. It is all puzzle-work that to me, though I see no business an industrious free-born Englishman has to pay more for his loaf than a Frenchman or a Hollander."

"Or to be tied up from buying where he can find bread, or what is the same thing, bread-corn, best and cheapest?"

"By Jove, not—certainly not! Why should he?"

"Why, because landlords must be able to clear their mortgage interest, and maintain their splendor; and don't know else how to set about it."

"Why the deuce do people let 'em!—They shan't pay out of my pocket, though."

"Nor out of the pockets of your constituents, if you can help it?"

"My constituents! You know that is all humbug; but why should bread and meat be dearer than it was when I was a boy? That's the question. One of the first things I remember was my father speaking about the Hanoverian rats, and Walpole, who brought in the excise and the tax on beer; I'll have off all that;—but what, now, in my place, Mr. Richard, would be the first thing you would broach in the house? A bill to burn all these spinning-jennies, which spin the Peels and Arkwrights into fine estates, while Englishmen are working for them upon potatoes and water-gruel!—The threshing-machines, too, which take the work out of the poor laborers' teeth, and send them to the work-house?"

I shook my head.

"I'll be hanged now, sir, if I know what you would be at. Well, if we may n't burn 'em, what say you to taking the owners bound, that no Englishman shall be thrown out of bread on this account. When you knock up any office, you always pension off the fellow that held it, and call that only justice, since you take away his employment; and what is more, I will hear nothing of the machines, unless they come bound to afford the men working them, fire, food, and clothing, as Englishmen should. You are shaking your wise pate again;—do I ask what is unreasonable?"

"Only impracticable, I fear."

"My next bill shall be to make everybody go to church, which you must own will be a vast saving in point of economy, besides promoting piety and good discipline—no straggling after Methodists, and Ranters, and Anabaptist fellows,—no good in paying twice over; first to the parson, which they must do any way, and then to the chapel, for their whims. There will be a good swingeing saving at once."

"There are two ways of accomplishing this:—pay him only whose services you require."

"What, sir?"

"I say that I agree with you:—once paying the parson is quite enough; but let it be him you pay, by whom you wish to be served. There are

two ways, you see, of accomplishing your excellent, economical object. If every man pay only for the religious ministry he approves, there will be no double-payment, and consequently no hardship."

"You are at that puzzle-work again. Don't you see, man, that the landlords and farmers are bound to pay the parsons to preach in church to the poor people; so why need they tax and starve themselves to keep up Methodist chapels?"

With all this, and though the governor's repugnance to the "snivelling, canting Methodist fellows" never was fully conquered, he was more easily brought to see that tithes, and every kind of church revenues, were national property, than if born heir to the adwoson of a good benefice or two. Still he was sadly perplexed—for as yet he had little more knowledge of any public principle, or political question, than ninety of the hundred of the young, or even the middle-aged gentlemen, at that time chosen members of the honorable house.

Though I failed in most other points, probably from attempting too much at once, I succeeded completely in demonstrating to my pupil the propriety and necessity of a free trade in the first necessaries of life. It was a proof of the integrity of his mind, and the singleness of his heart, that he believed the landed proprietors of Great Britain only required to have the same facts clearly set before them, to cease from grinding their fellow-subjects by a monopoly for which posterity must think with contempt of the men of the nineteenth century, who endured it so long, after fully perceiving its iniquity. The governor came to know them better; but unfortunately he never found an opportunity of entering the lists for the laborer, against, as he said, those who thrust their greedy fingers into his dish; and who, for every slice of his loaf that went to feed his children, subtracted a half one, or what was equal its value, for their own benefit. The governor had only spoken once in the house—though he voted staunchly *against* Catholic emancipation, and for the abolition of the duty on Baltic timber—when an election committee, after all fitting deliberation, the examination of a host of witnesses, and numerous reports, declared his election void! Bamboo was the sitting member,—and the bill of the Red Dragon was yet unsettled!

The poor governor! I give myself praise for the long-suffering with which I bore his transports of rage at first, and his sallies of temper long afterwards. A bilious attack ended in a violent fever, which acted as a counter-irritant in mitigation of the worst symptoms. To save the patient from a fatal relapse, Mr. Walpole, during his recovery, parried the attacks of Red Dragon, and, afterwards, by threatening Jew, agent and landlord with exposure, effected a considerable deduction from the bill of election expenses.

The final settlement left our old friend minus £5700, a considerable quantity of black bile, and all the fragments of his honest prejudices for merry Old England. This affair brought the infirmities of old age with rapid strides upon the governor. At the commencement of the canvass, though verging on fourscore, Governor Fox looked more like a hale man of sixty-five; but a painful change was now perceptible. He never fully recovered his flesh, or former toughness. Toughness, rather than mere strength, had been alike his physical and spiritual quality; and though,

respectability or not, it may very probably be brought about. Half Chatham believes it a settled thing."

"And laughs accordingly.—No, no, mother. I can't give my consent. Let him make Miss Kate his heir, if he chooses, to what reasonable or unreasonable extent seems to him good; but he shan't marry her, I promise you, if I can help it."

The governor dined with us on that day, as he always did when Mr. Walpole visited his mother.

In the morning we had met him, the walking military escort of the pony phaeton in which Miss Chadleigh slowly drove the fat, arm-chair Lady Louisa. The exceeding graciousness of the younger lady to Walpole, who had never been a favorite, was a suspicious circumstance. She even manoeuvred that we should both be invited to the card party at the lodge on the same evening, which we however declined.

I have said the governor dined with us. Immediately after Mrs. Walpole left the dining-room, we began our concerted plan of operation. It is told, that a maiden lady of fourscore, on being asked at what age a woman ceases to think of marriage, candidly told the interrogator, he must apply to an older woman than herself. The age at which an old man's vanity, in affairs regarding the sex, becomes extinct, is equally dubious. The governor, when rallied on his conquest, and the prevalent rumors in the Chatham circles, seemed highly gratified and flattered, though he became at last angry to perceive that we could seriously believe he entertained the remotest idea that he intended to marry any one, and least of all Miss Chadleigh, however willing she might be in the humility of two score, to accept of his fortune and his hand.

"No, no," was his final answer. "Kate and I know each other too well. One house would never hold us."

The prospect of Governor Fox getting into parliament, had quickened Miss Chadleigh's operations. During the canvass, Lady Louisa died suddenly of apoplexy, leaving her funded property to her "beloved nephew," the major-general, and her *wardrobe* to her "dear companion and domestic friend, Miss Catherine Chadleigh." I shall not attempt to paint the rage of the proud, disappointed, and betrayed woman; for the old lady whose humors she had so long borne, and whose household she had superintended, an unpaid servant, had often, in the lulls following a squall, assured her that her interests were not overlooked.

The letter addressed by the agent of the principal legatee and sole executor, the once Honorable George, to his aunt's companion, his own early true-love, contained as polite a turning-out-of-doors as could well be couched in ten lines of English. It was delivered to Miss Chadleigh, by the same traitorous or faithful servant, who, so many years before, had disconcerted her scheme of elopement. Then he had been the valet of a cornet, now he was the butler and confidential man of a general, who, in virtue of his family interest, had several good posts. Mr. Tomkins proceeded, in right of his master, to remove the seals affixed by the Rochester attorney to the old lady's repositories, and to make inventories preliminary to the sale of every article the lodge contained;—even the old lady's pet cockatoo and tortoise-shell cat were booked.

Miss Chadleigh, by a message sent up to her chamber, was requested to remove her goods and chattels: the *wardrobe*—namely, the trumpery finery, faded satins, moth-eaten furs, and court lappets of previous generations—as soon as suited her convenience; as the lodge was already let to a friend of the Major General's and the sale was to take place immediately. Miss Chadleigh gave instant orders for the removal of her properties; but it was not clear to the legal interpreters of the will of the Lady Louisa, that the fair legatee was entitled to the walnut-tree drawers, the japan cabinets, and carved chests, containing the aforesaid wardrobe; and she was too high-spirited and too indignant to enter into debate on the point with the despised valet in brief authority. Her resolution was instantly taken; and in one half hour after she had despatched a note to Rochester by the discharged gardener, Governor Fox drove up to the gate in a chaise, to conduct her, as she had earnestly requested him, to their "friend" Mrs. Walpole's, where he understood she was invited and expected.

Miss Chadleigh was at this moment in the act of assisting a hot, perspiring servant girl, who, armful on armful, flung from a chamber window into the front court the miscellaneous contents of drawers, trunks, and wardrobes, the finery of the Lady Louisa. Miss Chadleigh's own corded trunks and piles of handboxes were already arranged in the hall.

"Are you going to open a Rag Fair with the old lady's trumpery?" inquired the governor, as he eyed, with a feeling of amusement, the tag-rag legacy of all hues and textures, fluttering upon the gravel.

"I am about to perform an *auto da fe*, governor—an act of faith, and one of purification and penance. Rake these rags closer together, Molly. Nay, use your mop, pile them higher. I claim for myself, Governor Fox, the honor of applying the torch."

The discharged servants stood by grinning; the governor was lost in perplexed amazement, while Miss Chadleigh, towering in the majesty of tragic indignation, swept by him in her gorgeous panoply of fresh black crape, bombazee, and broad heme, and fired the pile. She stood sternly looking on, till silk, satin, tissue and brocade, muslin, lawn, and lace, fell together into ashes. And so perished the Lady Louisa's legacy:—and the legatee, majestically taking the arm of the governor, led him, rather than was led by him, to the carriage.

What an evening of talk that was in Rochester, Brompton, Chatham, and even Stroud!—Maidstone heard of the cremation. The rumor by the next morning reached Canterbury, was carried by coach to Dover, and thence across the Channel, before it found its sure way into the newspapers, under the title, of *The Toady's Legacy—Curious Affair in the Fashionable World*.

"What a fury, what a vixen!" cried one party. "Such a high spirit! so noble a mind!" exclaimed another. Every one spoke in superlatives of the daring deed of Miss Chadleigh, whose instant marriage with Governor Fox was now universally affirmed, and fondly hoped, at all events, by the Chatham milliner, mercer, and perfumer, in whose books the lady stood several figures deep.

Had the governor, it was remarked, not gone in person, and carried her directly from the lodge to his friend Mrs. Walpole's cottage—where no doubt she was to remain till the ceremony took

say true vocation at this time to a Scottish matrimony. It was not wholly for nothing that the honorable George had cost his noble father £2000 at Eton. There, undoubtedly, is superiority in well-cultivated masculine intellect. At nineteen, the Etonian fairly outwitted a practised coquette of twenty-five—at least all the Chatham ladies whispered as much; and it was certain that, on the third day, the lingering runaway lovers allowed themselves to be overtaken near Nottingham, on their desultory progress northwards.

At this time, no mercy was shown to Miss Chadleigh; though from ten to fifteen years afterwards, the ladies declared, almost unanimously, that Major General Tynwald *ought* to have married Catherine Chadleigh, instead of his cousin. Until that marriage took place, Miss Chadleigh—no longer the young and beautiful, but still the *wonderfully* handsome Miss Chadleigh, whose charms had been celebrated and toasted wherever British keels plough the sea, or the Union Jack flies, and British swords hew their way to victory—had not wholly despaired, or had not formed any decided plan. If any matrimonial overtures had been cogitated, in the mean while, by transient admirers, one class of charitable female friends were ever ready to suggest, that, after her disappointment with Captain, Major, and latterly, General Tynwald, Miss Chadleigh, they were sure, would never marry; and another set, more frank and more sagacious, repeated the old sentence of condemnation on the treacherous juvenile lover, who *ought* to have married. The opinions at mess were still more decided.

Time, which had ripened Miss Chadleigh into a most beautiful and lovely girl, next into a *remarkably* handsome woman of thirty, and then into a still *wonderfully* handsome woman of thirty-eight, had made Lady Louisa an aged and widowed card-playing dowager, approaching seventy, and patched up a truce between her and her early favorite, after many years of hatred and estrangement. They were necessary to each other; and Mrs. Chadleigh could well spare from her humble home, her ambitious, chagrined, and now fearfully-tempered daughter, who vented upon her poor mother the misanthropic hatred and wrath, inspired by recent disappointments, deserved and wholly self-incurred, but not the less bitter and rankling to a proud and imperious mind thwarted in all its hopes and affections. Between this lady and governor Fox there had been almost open feud in the early period of their acquaintance; and, indeed, my frank friend had said everywhere, from the first, that Chadleigh should marry off his handsome girls as fast as possible, for they would assuredly go to the dogs else; especially Miss Kate, who, at the game of ambitious matrimony, would find young ladies were as apt to be tricked as young lords.

Though the lady had cheated him, or something like it, at cards, by her dexterous and rapid play, and ridiculed him almost to his face, for the amusement of Lady Louisa, the governor did not exult long nor immoderately in the downfall of the ambitious project of Miss Chadleigh. A part of the wrath of his naturally candid mind was even directed against the stripling lover, of whose heartlessness and juvenile depravity of mind he spoke in terms that produced a rupture of some years' duration with the Lady Louisa. However, in the rapid succession of Chatham inhabitants, the "old familiar faces" drew together again.

The Dowager Lady Louisa, and Miss Chadleigh, at last, self-invited, honored the governor's annual high banquet by their presence; and he was occasionally seen at the card-tables of the Lodge, losing a few crowns, he knew not well how, but with tolerably good grace. But the first hearty reciprocation of regard arose out of the affair of Black Sam. Both ladies were violently of the governor's faction, and both proclaimed it; and the satire and mimicry which Miss Chadleigh indulged against their mutual enemies, the *she-saints*, captivated his whole heart. Her witticisms were reported by him at the mess as faithfully as they had ever been in her most brilliant days by her young military adorers. When the governor met Miss Chadleigh shopping, he now gave her his arm home to the lodge gate, and sometimes thought himself bound in politeness to stay dinner or even to return to tea, if Lady Louisa vouchsafed graciously to invite him. At charity-balls and fancy-fairs, he became their approved squire. When rallied by the other veterans on the apparent flirtation, the governor—such is the latent vanity of man's heart—would chuckle aloud, and take as a personal compliment such sayings, as, "What would Kate Chadleigh have taken twenty years back to have been seen on the promenade *beaued* by old Governor Fox!" His turn was come then; the proud beauty, now no longer young, though still so *wonderfully* handsome, and in such brilliant preservation, had come down a peg—had descended to his level—would be glad, perhaps, to accept of him—no saying! The governor repressed the soft idea; but when any of his dowager friends hinted that it was believed a fixed thing, he only laughed the louder.

Mrs. Walpole, the most charitable, the mildest and kindest of womankind, at last thought it necessary to hint danger. It was upon a visit which Edward and I made her on a Saturday, a few weeks before we heard the false report of the governor's death, that she first spoke.

"The death of Lady Louisa will leave Miss Chadleigh, with her habits, a very helpless woman," said she, considerably; "unless, indeed, there be any serious intention of matrimony entertained by our old friend."

"No fear, mother," cried Walpole. "I know what you mean now—that Miss Chadleigh is likely to entrap the old governor; but no fear of him. He would as soon think of marrying Tippoo's mother, if there be in existence such a lady. He will die as he has lived, your single-minded, unwedded adorer:—"

'No maid will owe her scathe to him,—
He never loved but you.'

"Don't be so absurd, Edward, unless you wish to affront me. I do not blame his attentions, if the genuine motive of them be clear, to Miss Chadleigh. From her, one would believe, that he certainly entertains a serious design of proposing for her, were Lady Louisa, whom she ostentatiously affects that she never will leave—removed."

"A trick to neutralize you, mother. I do believe she imagines you will have the governor yet."

Mrs. Walpole was now really offended. "I will hold no more discourse on this subject with you, Edward. I only wished the governor's friends to comprehend, that whether such a marriage were likely to conduce to his happiness and

ate tone.—Sold your plunder to some of those sutlers, or Jew fellows—for they an't Christians—on the commissariat?"

"Ay, indeed—and them riding past me in their coaches, while I am tramping a-foot, your honor. There was a Lieutenant Chadleigh, of ours, sir—he was pay-master at the same time—by the same token I washed for his lady, and Miss ——"

"Kate?"

"The same. You knowed her then! By my faix! she was a rare one among the boys—that is, the young jintlemen of our army—and the beauty of the world at the same time. Well, her father the lieutenant got a bit of what for all the world looked like red glass—I have seen as good sold at a Donnybrook booth for a tinpenny, either as brooch or ore-rings—which he parted with to the wife of one of the sutlers, Molly Pantague by name, (whose son is now a topping man in this big town,) for ten rupees—for these were our Indiy money—a pair of shoes, and a pound of tay, and which she afterwards sould to a Jew jeweller here in London—for what thinks your honor now!—But sure there is ould Lady Wilkes stirring her stumps at long last.—Open the dure, ma'am! Mr. Richard is wanted in mighty haste, ma'am."

My old nurse if she heard the speakers below at all, had not that confidence in Peg's steadiness, and general propriety and respectability of conduct, which warranted leaving a comfortable bed upon her midnight summons. I was now dressing myself, and peeping through the blind: Peg became impatient.

"Diaoul!—saw you ever such churlish baistes as them Lon'oners to a jintleman and a stranger." And now, setting down her basket, she thundered what is called the devil's tattoo upon the door, with both her closed fists.

"To shout, *murder! murder!* now, would help us no more than calling the watch on top of Knoc Phadrig; while they lie in a sound skin themselves, you may be kilt dead on their dure-stone, and the cockney jintlewomen would not turn over to the 'tother side of them, for fare of ruffling their nice night-cap borders. If it were not that the house is part Mr. Richard's, who is a good hearted, simple, poor soul, and a jintleman every inch of him besides, his little myself would think now to smash the ould woman in a dozen of her peene—handsome, with them rotten Chiney oranges."

The implied threat, notwithstanding the saving clause, redoubled my diligence in dressing myself. With Peg I knew it was at this hour but a word and a blow. I was about the last button when Peg, with a vociferous triumphant laugh, exclaimed to her growling companion, who had at last assailed the door himself—"Stop your honor! I have it now." And she screamed, "Fire! fire! fire!" The plan was effectual. On the instant, that old familiar London cry came home to every man's bosom: windows flew up, doors opened, and nightcaps of both sexes peered out into the alley, while the watchmen gathered in. Peg was in an ecstasy of laughter at the commotion she had created. She introduced the governor to my landlady as a jintleman who shurely had some good news for Mr. Richard; and went her way, declaring the trifling piece of service was no more than she would perform by day or night for any cratur ever beat a drum for his majesty, much more for his honor, Mr. Richard's friend, who she hoped brought good news.

I was now in the hall. What could that news be! Had any harm befallen Walpole!—Was it some dreadful accident, to be broken to my niece through me?

"What has brought me at such hours to London?" was the governor's reply to my rapid inquiries. "You may ask that, egad; and also what made me alarm a decent family at these hours! But I crave your pardon, ma'am; my business with your lodger would brook no delay.—I suppose we shan't get at the lubberly lawyers for a couple of hours yet, though!"

"Lawyers!"

"Ay, just so, sir. Action of damages!—breach of promise of marriage! Damages laid at £7,000, and full costs prayed!"

"And you, defendant! and the fair plaintiff, pray!"

"Who, but that—Kate Chadleigh!" roared the governor, in a voice which shook our dwelling from cellar to garret.

It was with difficulty I refrained from laughing aloud. I was certain it was all a hoax.

"Here is what comes of elderly gentlemen flirting for years, at no allowanee, with semi-aged young ladies!"

"Don't provoke me, man:—I have sometimes more than a mind to marry the jade—keep her on bread and water—and baste her ribs every day she rises. Don't the law of England permit a man to thrash his wife?"

"To correct his wife in reason, I believe, is allowable; for so have said some of our most learned judges."

"Judge Buller, for one, a true born Englishman and sound constitutional lawyer, laid down at a western assize, I'm told, that a man might baste his wife with a switch the thickness of one's thumb."

"And the ladies of Exeter, at the next circuit, sent, respectfully soliciting the exact measurement of Judge Buller's thumb, that they might have neither more nor less of the rod matrimonial than they were by law entitled to."

"By Jove, mine should be a miller's thumb if I married Kate Chadleigh. I cannot quite bring my mind up to it—though the devil is continually putting it into my head, as the best way of having my revenge on the bold jade."

"You must resist the devil, governor, and he will flee. I question if even Judge Buller himself would approve of a man marrying for the mere purpose of being allowed to beat his wife, under sanction of the common law; for I don't suppose there is any statute to found upon. But sit down, and tell me the rights of this mad affair."

While the governor swallowed the cup of hot coffee, hastily prepared, and smoked a sedative pipe, I perused his correspondence with the attorney of Miss Chadleigh. It was on his part sufficiently energetic and laconic. I had no doubt that the whole was an infamous conspiracy to extort money, instigated by the attorney, who was the nephew of the late Lady Louisa's mercer, the principal creditor of Miss Chadleigh. Compassion for the unfortunate, the miscalculating, and, I must confess, the unprincipled beauty of past days, was with me as powerful a feeling, as anxiety to spare my old friend the ridicule which the exposures of a trial must inevitably produce.

Though there was, in reality, not a particle of sound evidence to sustain the case of the lady, it is astonishing how much plausible oral testimony

was raked together from the gossiping chronicles of Chatham. Break down it must, if it ever came into a court; but it was certainly dexterously piled up. At every new disclosure, the perfidy and treachery of the faithless octogenarian lover became more evident and more atrocious. The long course of "true love" assiduously persevered in during the latter years of Lady Louisa, was ready to be distinctly sworn to by several chambermaids, and by lady visitors innumerable; as well as her ladyship's confident expectation that "her dear domestic companion" was to be provided for at her death in an honorable marriage, which made other provision for her quite superfluous. True, there was the *auto da fe*; but this deed did not invalidate the stronger testimony borne to the governor's intentions. Had he not exulted in her spirit displayed in that action? Had he not placed her under the protection of Mrs. Walpole?

The governor's general defence was "*Denied wholly*." "The bold baggage had forced herself into the widow Walpole's cottage, the better to deceive the world, and conceal her plot to extort money:—never could she believe that he, Stephen Fox, knowing all of her which he knew, could ever dream of marrying such a hussy."

Affirmed, that even by the evidence of his man, Samuel Dixon, a negro, it could be shown that, for many months, Miss Chadleigh had, while the health of her betrothed required her tender care, almost lived in his house—and on every Sunday occupied his pew in church. The governor was at last almost distracted. He was like a man accused of witchcraft, or some impossible crime, who, seeing evidence accumulating so powerfully against him, begins at last to suspect himself of being the guilty creature which he is accused of being. But his spirit rose and cleared.

I must do the lawyers, on both sides, the justice to say that they had no doubts whatever. Miss Chadleigh's counsel saw the case even more clearly than Mr. Frankland, who was retained for the governor, as the former was in closer contact with the other parties, and saw more of their tactics. It may be presumed that the affair afforded a great deal of conversation and amusement. Walpole believed that it never could come to trial—the case, he said, had not a leg to stand upon; but Miss Chadleigh's lawyer on the other hand, placed great faith in an *English Jury*. A rich old defendant—a handsome woman, destitute and in distress—he must be a poor orator, indeed, who could not make some few thousands out of such a case. He advised compromise—paying a handsome sum down at once—the defendant could well afford it. I was also almost inclined to some trimming course. The governor, vexed as he was, possessed a better spirit. His strength lay in his obstinacy. "Suffer the vixen to browbeat me, and diddle me!—No, by Jupiter!—if my last sixpence go for it."

The important day arrived. The case was tried in London. The court was crowded to suffocation. Plaintiff and defendant both appeared personally, attended by their respective attorneys and private friends. Miss Chadleigh, well roughed, looked resplendent through her veil. Her still fine person was, to her counsel, like the dead body of Cæsar, in the Capitol, to Mark Antony. With pride and confidence he referred "the intelligent gentlemen of the jury—fathers and brothers—to

this accomplished, this lovely woman—the orphan child of one who had fought and bled in the battles of his country—wounded in woman's dearest and most tender affections—there where she had garnered up her—heart, by the caprice, the fickleness, the unaccountable, the unprovoked and cruel desertion of the sexagenarian, gallant and wealthy defendant."

If there were any truth in the Highland and Hibernian *Evil Eye*; or the *Jettatura* of the continent, this eloquent gentleman had assuredly not escaped unscathed from this exhibition. Anon the governor would dart a fiery glance at him in his mid career of professional falsehood; then wipe his brows, half rise, and suddenly plunge down in his seat, as I plucked him backwards, muttering, "D—d lies—by Jupiter Ammon! and a string of them! Let me contradict the fellow, Mr. Richard, or I shall burst!"

I was not much more at ease myself. True, Frankland had still to speak; but the "intelligent gentlemen of the jury" began so seriously to incline to the harangue of the orator—a popular favorite at the time—that I became strangely apprehensive. The day looked ill for us. I wished to my heart that we had some older, more cunning, and "used hand" than Frankland, who could pay back our opponent in his own false coin. To heighten the effect—and I can also believe that she was not wholly unmoved—Miss Chadleigh's suppressed hysterical sobs were followed by a fainting fit—which, however, did not take from her all sense and feeling; as I perceived that, when she was about to be removed, at a very critical minute, she saw and heard as acutely as she had ever done in her life. She raised herself at once, on seeing the governor's old enemy, the Baptist druggist, and a most respectable lady of Rochester, one of the governor's enemies, the she-saints, enter the court, and the former deliver a small silk-bag, such as ladies usually carry about, to my brother James, the anxious agent in this case. Governor Fox leant back on the bench, and whispered to me—

"We are dished now, by Jupiter, Mr. Richard! The crop-ear and the quean will swear I am the devil, and wear horns—if it can serve Kate Chadleigh, and make against that rampant sinner, Stephen Fox."

"Don't believe that, governor. If that lady's friends went into a court to protect your negro servant from what they believed your cruelty and oppression, they will as readily step forward to defend you from this abominable conspiracy. I cannot tell what brings them here to-day; but it must be for the sake of truth."

Frankland, to whom my brother made some hasty communication, immediately whispered the orator on the opposite side, who reluctantly paused in the full flight of his tropes, and received letters or papers from the mysterious embroidered bag.

Our eloquent opponent, whom the governor had already given to all the devils, for a brazen-faced, lying rascal—examined them with a rapid, keen, professional eye. I watched his face with intense anxiety; for I knew that—though quite likely to feel great professional pride in making much of a very bad case—he would not lend himself to a client so foolish or simple as to let his knavery be easily found out. No matter for his own opinion, or his own conviction. While the world—the "intelligent gentlemen of the jury," could be

gulled, the case was good and defensible. To look at the *morale* of any case was entirely out of the question. He looked to his brief, his fee, and his fame in the profession.

While he hastily examined the documents, Miss Chadleigh's attorney interfered; but the barrister, despite the breach of professional etiquette, waved him off. He examined the signatures of two different letters, and the post-marks, once and again; returned the papers to Frankland; and throwing his brief, or his notes, with some violence upon the table, bowed to the bench, and said aloud and emphatically, that he abandoned this case.

He flung away, the fluttering of his gown fanning the now really fainting plaintiff, and familiarly nodded to the governor as he passed, saying, in a loud whisper, "I congratulate you, Governor Fox. Had I this morning known of this case what I know now, I would never have opened my lips in it."

"Small thanks to you, sir," returned the governor, with a stiff bow. "You don't like to be found out, I see." But Frankland was addressing the bench—and I begged silence.

In brief, the jury were discharged. The attorney of the enemy, who was himself deeply implicated, attempted to bustle and bluster aside to my brother; but at the sight of his own letters, he changed color, and darted a look of fury at the wretched plaintiff, whom, in defiance of the governor's anger, I conducted out of court, and placed in a coach at the nearest stand. Neither of us spoke one word; but my fair companion trembled exceedingly. She attempted no vindication, no palliation of her conduct; nor shall I, farther than to state, that it afterwards appeared she had entered upon the prosecution with reluctance, and under the threatened horrors of a jail. This much was disclosed by the correspondence in the bag, so opportunely picked up by one of the girls of a poor widow, patronized by Mrs. —, and carried to that lady.

The carriage and horses of this lady, who proved the deliverer of the governor at his need, waited near the court. I found him making warmly grateful and polite speeches, to which she listened with placid dignity and a benevolent smile. Sometimes I could fancy that a slight fugitive ray of humor played about her lips. Una had subdued the lion.

To the lady, at parting, the governor made the lowest bow he had attempted since he attended the levee of George the Third, in 1805; and, with the Baptist druggist he shook hands with cordial frankness, hoping that, as old neighbors, they might yet be better acquainted: had he known what a d——d good fellow he was, they should have settled their old affair about the pump, over a bottle of Maderia, without those rascally attorneys. But here his conscience suggested the

horrible word which he had just employed in presence of a she-saint—of that most excellent lady. I enjoyed his perplexity not a little: and so, perhaps, did she, though she looked quite unconscious.

"You must pardon me, madam. We military men of the old school are not always quite so proper in our language as we ought to be:—but if the heart be right——"

"That is much—that is all in all," returned the lady, with her habitual benevolent and cheerful smile. Her carriage drove off for Rochester.

"And that jade, Kate Chadleigh, mimicked, ridiculed, and taught me to despise that good woman, Mr. Richard."

"And you have lived to learn that there may be worse women in the world than the she-saints," I rejoined.

"Little did I merit such kindness at her hands—though I can't abide women going about to meetings, tracts, and societies, and all that stuff:—bold hussies—and so quiet and shy all the while."

"Nor yet their coming *boldly* into a court of law, and exposing, without hope or fear, a conspiracy against the purse and character of an old bachelor, who had suffered himself to be bamboozled——"

"Hang it, man! say no more about it;—catch any gipsy taking me in again. You are grinning now at the protection of four-score;—but a man is never too old to learn wisdom."

Whether it be increase of wisdom, better society, or the sedative effects of an old age passed without pain, fear, or anxiety, I cannot say; but the improvement, the kindly ripening, and mellowing of the governor's temper, has become the subject of remark and congratulation to all his friends, and particularly to the Walpoles and myself. Sometimes a whole week will elapse, during which he and his man Sam will duly read the Prayer Book, and over the blinds watch the transit of the Dover coaches—now the governor's chief occupation—without his once launching his crutch after the long heels of the offending black.

He has lately been prevailed upon by Mrs. Walpole, and his now esteemed friend, his former "she-saint," to reinstate Mrs. and Miss Chadleigh in his will, exactly as they stood before the trial; and, of his own impulse, he went the length of presenting the latter, who was known to be in extreme want, with twenty guineas, at last Christmas—which largesse was to remain a dead secret between himself and the bearer, Sam. With him it ever will do so.—Perhaps I have said too much about my old friend:—but, in spite of his superfluous use of expletives, and frequent reference to his satanic majesty, there are many worse men talked of in the world, and figuring in books than GOVERNOR FOX.

LINES.

Now listless o'er life's sullen tide
My bark of life floats idly on;
Youth's incense-laden breeze has died,
And passion's fitful gusts are flown.

While sadly round her aimless course
Now lowering brood the mental skies,
The past but murmurs of remorse,
And dim the ocean-future lies.

And must this be! My soul, arouse!
See through the passing clouds of ill
How Fame's proud pharos brightly glows
And gilds thy drooping pennant still.

Stretch to thine oar, yon beam thy guide—
Spread to ambition's freshening gale;
Friendship and love are at thy side,
While glory's breathings swell thy sail.

Metropolitan.

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THOMAS CAMPBELL'S "ADVERTISEMENT."

A CORRESPONDENT points out that the writer of "Mornings with Thomas Campbell," published in the Journal a few weeks ago, (No. 58,) has somewhat misunderstood the poet's account of his fancy for the beautiful child whom he met in St. James' Park. What the author of the "Pleasures of Hope" sent to the newspapers was the following jeu d'esprit:—

LINES ON HIS NEW CHILD-SWEETHEART,
BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

I hold it a religious duty,
To love and worship children's beauty;
They've least the taint of earthly clod—
They're freshest from the hand of God.
With heavenly looks, they make us sure
The heaven that made them must be pure:
We love them not in earthly fashion,
But with a beatific passion.

I chanced to, yesterday, behold
A maiden child of beauty's mould;
'T was near—more sacred was the scene—
The palace of our patriot queen:
The little charmer, to my view,
Was sculpture brought to life anew.
Her eyes had a poetic glow,
Her pouting mouth was Cupid's bow;
And through her frock I could descry
Her neck and shoulders' symmetry;
'T was obvious, from her walk and gait,
Her limbs were beautifully straight.
I stopped the enchantress, and was told,
Though tall, she was but four years old.
Her guide so grave an aspect bore,
I could not ask a question more;
But followed her. The little one
Threw backward ever and anon
Her lovely neck, as if to say,
"I know you love me, *Mister Grey*;"

For by its instinct childhood's eye
Is shrewd in physiognomy;
They well distinguish fawning art
From sterling fondness of the heart.
And so she flirted, like a true
Good woman, till we bade adieu!
'T was then I with regret grew wild—
O! beauteous, interesting child!
Why asked I not thy home and name?
My courage failed me—more's the shame.

But where abides this jewel rare?
O! ye that own her, tell me where!
For sad it makes my heart and sore,
To think I ne'er may meet her more.

Our correspondent adds, that the lines were answered in a poetical address by a member of the young lady's family, who fully appreciated the honor he had done them.—*Chambers' Journal*.

THE WEDDING RING.

EMBLEM of happiness, not bought nor sold,
Accept this modest ring of virgin gold.
Love in the small but perfect circle trace,
And duty in its soft though strict embrace.
Plain, precious, pure, as best becomes the wife;
Yet firm to bear the frequent rubs of life.
Connubial love disdains a fragile toy,
Which rust can tarnish, or a touch destroy;
Nor much admires what courts the gen'ral gaze,
The dazzling diamond's meretricious blaze,
That hides with glare the anguish of a heart
By nature hard, though polish'd bright by art.
More to thy taste the ornament that shows
Domestic bliss, and, without glaring, glows.
Whose gentle pressure serves to keep the mind
To all correct, to one discreetly kind.
Of simple elegance th' unconscious charm,
The only amulet to keep from harm;
To guard at once and consecrate the shrine,
Take this dear pledge—it makes and keeps thee
mine.

From Punch.

DOG ANNEXATION.

J. POLK was put to the bar charged with robbing the Mexican minister of a favorite dog, named Texas: the circumstances of the case Don Bernardo Murphy stated to be these:—Some months since, John Polk sold his Excellency the dog, (a very large animal, spotted black and white, that used to run under carriage;) subsequently a fellow named Houston, a countryman of Polk's, who had been in his Excellency's service, absconded with the dog, and he had that day seen it at Greenwich Fair, whither he had gone in company with Chevalier Bunsen. The animal was tied to a van, belonging to the prisoner, and from which he was haranguing and psalm-singing to the company at the fair.

POLICEMAN, X. 21, said—Please your worship, there has been more picking of pockets round that ere psalm-singing wan than in any part of the fair.

MR. ABERDEEN—Silence, Policeman. What has that to do with the complaint?

The Mexican Minister continued, in a very agitated manner, "I instantly recognized my dog, and gave the scoundrel yonder in charge of a policeman."

"Scoundrel!" the prisoner cried, (a very sanctimonious looking fellow, who held the dog in his arms,)—"Am I in a Christian land, to hear myself called by such names? Are we men? Are we brethren? Have we blessings and privileges, or have we not? I come of a country the most enlightened, the most religious, the most freest, honestest, punctuallest, on this airth, I do!"

MR. ABERDEEN, (with a profound bow,)—You are an American, I suppose?

POLK—I thank a gracious mussy, I am! I can appeal to everything that is holy, and, laying my hand on my heart, declare I am an honest man. I scorn the accusation that I stole the complainant's dog. The dog is my dog—mine by the laws of heaven, airth, right, nature, and possession.

DON BERNARDO MURPHY, very much agitated, here cried out—How yours? I can swear to the animal. I bought him of you.

POLK—You did. It's as true as I'm a free-born man.

DON BERNARDO—A man who was an old servant of yours comes into my service and steals the dog.

POLK—A blessedder truth you never told.

DON BERNARDO—And I find the animal now in your possession.

POLK (cuddling the dog)—Yes, my old dog—yes, my old Texas; it did like to come back to its old master, it did!

DON BERNARDO (in a fury)—I ask your worship, is n't this too monstrous?

MR. ABERDEEN—Your Excellency will permit me to observe that we have not yet heard Mr. Polk's defence. In a British court, justice must be shown and no favor.

POLK—I scorn a defence. The dog returned to me by a lor of natur—it's wicked to fly against a lor of natur. If I sold the dog, and by the irresistible attraction of cohesion, and the eternal order of things, he comes back to me—am I to blame?—It's monstrous, heinous, reglar blasphemy to say so.

Mr. Aberdeen appeared deeply struck by the latter observation.

POLK (continued)—I did n't steal the animal—Steal! Is a man of my character to be called a thief? I annexed him—that's all. Besides, what

jurisdiction has this here court? what authority has any court on airth in a question purely American? My bargain with Don Bernardo Murphy took place out of this country—the dog came back to me thousands of miles herefrom.

MR. ABERDEEN—In that case I really must dismiss the complaint. Allow me to state my opinion, Mr. Polk, that the dog is yours; I have no business to inquire into the question of annexation as you call it, or of robbery as his Excellency here (very rudely, I must think,) entitles your bargain. I entreat rather that gentlemen so respectable should live together in harmony; and—and I wish you both a very good morning.

Mr. Polk then left the office, whistling to his dog, and making signs of contempt at Don Bernardo Murphy, who slunk away in a cab. He had not been gone an hour when Policeman X. 21, came into the office and said, "Please your worship, the Yankee annexed your Worship's Canadiaa walking-stick in the passage."

MR. ABERDEEN (sternly)—Mind your own business, fellow, Mr. Polk is perfectly welcome to the stick.

Presently another member of the force, O'Regan by name, entered and swore the incorrigible Polk had stolen his beaver hat.

MR. ABERDEEN (good humoredly)—Well, well, I dare say the hat was n't worth twopence halfpenny: and it's better to lose it than to squabble about it at law.

O'Regan left the court grumbling, and said it was n't so in Temple's time.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

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ZOE. By Miss G. E. Jewsbury. We have not read this, but are informed that it is in a far different spirit from that which guided the pen of her sister.

CHARLES TYRRELL. By G. P. R. James.

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The work is handsomely printed, and we are glad to see that the type is of a good size. We shall read every word of it, and recommend it especially to young people. A knowledge, even although superficial, of the principles of Natural Philosophy, is a foundation which is built upon through all after life.—It is a very profitable investment.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE LEFT-HAND GLOVE; OR, CIRCUMSTANTIAL TESTIMONY.

On the summit of a hill near Muhlbach, a small town of Rhenish Prussia, there is a chapel dedicated to St. Joseph. Being a place of pilgrimage, this chapel is on festival days visited by many of the inhabitants of the surrounding country; but on other days of the year it seldom happens that the sound of a human footstep disturbs the sacred solitude.

Very early on the morning of the 19th of July, 1818, a peasant proceeding to work, was wending his way along a narrow path at the foot of the hill. His dog was running before him. Suddenly the animal stopped short, and in another moment darted off rapidly in the direction of the chapel. The dog soon returned to his master, howling pitiously, and betraying unequivocal signs of terror. The peasant quickened his pace, and turned directly into the path leading up to the chapel. On coming within sight of the portal of the little edifice, he was horror-struck to behold, stretched on the steps, the lifeless body of a young man.

The terrified peasant hurried to the neighboring village with tidings of what he had seen. The news spread with the swiftness of lightning, and in a very short space of time the magistrate of the district, accompanied by the village doctor and schoolmaster, and followed by a crowd of country people, were ascending the hill in the direction of the chapel.

The body was found precisely on the spot and in the position described by the peasant. It was the corpse of a very handsome young man; part of the clothing, viz., the coat and waistcoat had been taken off, and beneath the shirt there was found a piece of cloth of a bright red color, apparently the fragment of a shawl. This piece of cloth was laid in several folds over the region of the heart. It was fastened by a band of fine lawn or cambric, which was rolled round the body, and the whole was firmly fixed by a mass of congealed blood.

On the careful removal of these bandages, there was discovered a deep wound, which had divided the carotid artery. The deceased wore light colored pantaloons, boots with spurs, and on one of the fingers there was a massive gold signet-ring. The ground round the spot where the body lay exhibited no trace of any struggle; but prints of footsteps, partially obliterated, were perceptible. These marks were traced to a neighboring wood, and in the direction of an eminence which towered above the trees, and whose summit was crowned by the ruins of the old castle of Ottenberg—a place which the neighboring country people believed to be haunted.

Whilst the doctor and others were engaged in examining the body, some of the rustic crowd mustered courage to trace the foot-prints, which apparently led to the ruined castle—their superstitious fears being doubtless lulled by the conviction that ghosts are not prone to wander in the bright sunshine of a July morning. One of the party was soon seen running back to the chapel in breathless haste, announcing that the scene of the crime was discovered. The magistrate proceeded to the ruins of the castle, and what he saw left no room to doubt that the murder had actually been committed there. The floor of the spacious aréa (once the banqueting hall of the castle) was stained with blood. The walls, the table, and the

seats, also presented similar stains. On the table were the remains of a repast which had evidently been partaken of at no very distant date, for there were fragments of bread and fruit, and a broken bottle in which some wine still remained.

On further examination, deep prints of footsteps were perceived leading from the ruins of Ottenberg to the high road of Beking, in a direction quite opposite to that of the chapel. A little further on in the same track, was found a piece of red cloth; and on comparison it was ascertained to belong to the same shawl, a fragment of which had been used to stanch the wound of the victim. At the foot of a tree lay a lady's glove, nearly new, but stained with blood. Nothing more was discovered, and in the evening the body was interred in the village churchyard, after being throughout the day exposed to the public gaze. On the following day, an innkeeper presented himself to the magistrate of the district. He had recognized in the murdered man a traveller who slept in this house on the night of the 15th of July, and who left early on the following morning. He knew neither the name nor the condition of the stranger; nor had he heard from whence he came, or whither he was going. The innkeeper observed that he had a gold watch and chain, a red morocco pocket-book, and a green silk purse; moreover, that he wore two rings, one of which he had recognized on the dead body.

An active inquiry was set on foot; but no circumstance of importance was brought to light, until about six weeks afterwards. The police then ascertained that a gentleman named Von Bergfeldt, who had been residing for some time at Coblenz, had suddenly disappeared. He came from Frankfort, and to all appearance possessed plenty of money. He had made several excursions to various parts of the adjacent country, and his journeys had extended as far as the mountains of the Vosges. An old soldier, who had been his servant, and the proprietor of a house which he had hired, came to Muhlbach; both had a perfect recollection of the watch and the two rings remarked by the innkeeper; the servant positively affirmed that the boots found on the dead body belonged to his master.

Several months elapsed, and public interest, which had been powerfully excited by this mysterious event, was gradually subsiding, when a gentleman of rank, travelling to the waters of Podewil, happened to pass through Muhlbach. Hearing of the murder, he was struck by the name of the victim—Bergfeldt being the name of one of the most ancient and noble families in Silesia. He knew their armorial bearings, and he expressed a wish to see the signet-ring which had been found on the body. The engraved coat-of-arms was identical with that of the Silesian Bergfeldts: viz., quarterly sable and azure, on a Chief Or, a serpent between two bees.

The *ober-procurator* of Muhlbach lost no time in addressing a letter to the authorities of Breslau.

An answer was speedily returned enclosing a letter signed Ferdinand von Bergfeldt, the writer of which described himself as being the second son of the old Baron Franz von Bergfeldt. He stated that his elder brother, had about two years previously, left home to make a tour in various parts of Europe, and that the family had received no intelligence of him for a very considerable time.

“Every circumstance,” pursued the writer of

the letter, "leads to the supposition, that the victim of the recent murder is no other than my unfortunate brother. Our family has the greatest interest in elucidating this mystery, inasmuch as our patrimonial estates are entailed on heirs male. My brother was married, but had separated from his wife, by whom he had a daughter, who died in infancy. I shall set out forthwith for Muhlbach."

Ferdinand von Bergfeldt arrived at Muhlbach in December, he examined the effects of the deceased, and the documents relative to the examination of witnesses. It appeared evident, beyond doubt, that his brother had perished by the hand of a murderer; but, nevertheless, it was requisite he should be provided with an attested certificate of his death, before he could take possession of the inheritance which would devolve on him as next heir, at the decease of his then very aged father.

He engaged the assistance of the advocate Schelnitz, a lawyer of justly reputed intelligence and activity; and with him he proceeded to Coblenz. The mystery of the case, the important interests involved in it, and the rank of the family, all contributed to stimulate the zeal of Schelnitz, and he speedily brought to light certain facts which promised to lead to the detection of the criminal.

Ferdinand and the lawyer visited the house which had been occupied by Edward von Bergfeldt at Coblenz. Seals had been affixed to all the drawers, trunks, &c., and, on a careful examination of the effects, there was found in the pocket of a coat a note written in French. The address had been torn off, but the note was as follows:—

"I grant the interview on condition of its being the last. Your threats can never intimidate me. I defend myself with the arms of virtue and honor. This is my last communication. Secret correspondence must not continue.

"July 13th."

As soon as Ferdinand von Bergfeldt perused this note, he felt convinced that he was on the right track for the discovery of the murderer.

"It has been conjectured," observed he, "that robbery was the motive for taking my brother's life—no such thing! I feel assured that the fatal blow was struck by a female hand—the same hand to which the glove belongs, and the same hand which traced this note. Every one of our family are aware that my brother did not behave well to his wife; and that his conduct caused them to separate shortly after their marriage."

The active inquiry now set on foot brought to the knowledge of the magistrates various circumstances worthy of attention.

A country girl deposed that, whilst she was engaged in cutting wood in the neighborhood of the castle of Ottenberg, on the morning of the 16th of July, she had seen a gentleman in a hunting-dress walking with a lady. She described the lady to have worn a straw bonnet, a bright-colored dress, and to have carried a parasol.

The keeper of the baths of Podewil, near Muhlbach, furnished testimony somewhat more important. He stated that, about noon on the 16th of July, a lady elegantly attired, but pale and evidently suffering from fatigue, came to the door of

the bathing establishment, and wanted some person to tie a bandage round her right hand, which she said she had accidentally cut. The wife of the bath-keeper washed and bandaged the wound. The cut was long, but not very deep, and appeared to have been inflicted with a knife. The lady requested to have a clean white handkerchief, which was furnished to her; she left a ducat in payment, and went away hurriedly. An old man, dressed like a wood-cutter, had been observed waiting for her at some distance, and, the lady having joined him, they went away together. From the evidence of a person living near the baths, it appeared that, being at work behind a hedge, he had heard a short colloquy between the lady and her guide. The former was weeping and appeared greatly distressed. The old man said to her, "In the name of Heaven, madam, be calm! Tears cannot recall the dead to life: from me you have nothing to fear—I will be silent—silent as the grave!"

These witnesses described the lady to have had a light-colored parasol, a straw bonnet trimmed with flowers, and a green silk dress.

Ferdinand von Bergfeldt now entertained no doubt that the investigation would speedily lead to a satisfactory result. In a letter, which he addressed to the magistrate of Muhlbach, he said, "We shall soon unravel the truth. We have the glove, and it will not be long ere we have the hand. It is a right-hand glove, and, on turning it inside out, I have made a discovery which has heretofore escaped observation. In the inside is written a name, part of which is obliterated, the letters *Henr—F—ke*, being all that are legible." But was this the name of the wearer or the maker? With the view of solving this question, the glove was transmitted to an experienced agent, who had orders to spare no exertions for the elucidation of the fact.

At this juncture an unexpected circumstance intervened. A festival day was at hand, and in preparation for it the chapel of St. Joseph was swept and cleaned. The box destined for receiving donations for the poor was opened; within it was found a green-silk purse, containing a considerable sum in gold and silver, together with a slip of paper, on which were written the following words: "Give the dead man Christian burial, and Heaven will reward you!" It will be recollected that the inn-keeper had seen a green-silk purse in the hands of the stranger who had slept a night in his house. He was shown the purse found in the poor-box, and he identified it as the same.

Meanwhile, Ferdinand von Bergfeldt received letters from Silesia, acquainting him with his father's sudden death. He hurried home without delay. He was aware that in the event of his brother Edward's death being proved, it would be necessary that he should go immediately to Berlin to obtain the requisite authority for entering into possession of his inheritance. In this matter he counted on the support of his sister-in-law; as the widow would be entitled to an annuity much more considerable than the sum she had received as alimony since her separation from her husband.

Ferdinand von Bergfeldt was not on friendly terms with the family of his brother's wife. Some overtures for effecting reconciliation between the husband and wife had been obstinately opposed by the father of the lady, General Count Hildenrath. This circumstance had, in no slight degree, wounded the pride of the Bergfeldts.

On the 28th of June, 1819, Ferdinand arrived in Berlin, and he lost no time in visiting General Hildenrath, by whom he was not received in a very cordial manner. Edward's widow, Charlotte von Bergfeldt, was from home. Whilst Ferdinand was relating to the general all that he had learned respecting his brother's death, a carriage stopped at the door, and in a few moments Charlotte entered the drawing-room. At sight of Ferdinand, who advanced to meet her with respectful interest, she turned deadly pale, staggered, and seemed on the point of falling, but as if by a sudden effort recovering her self-possession, she courtesied and withdrew. Ferdinand was vexed at this behavior, which he regarded as an unequivocal sign of animosity, and after a little further conversation with the general he took his leave.

He subsequently saw Charlotte several times, and though she did not seek to avoid him, yet she behaved with coolness and reserve. Though she had just ground of complaint against her husband, yet she rendered the due tribute of regret for his sudden and unfortunate death. About the end of August, Ferdinand received a letter from Schelnitz, which was in substance as follows:

"I have some particulars to communicate, which appear to me to be of the utmost importance, and to which I beg your earnest attention. In the first place I have to inform you, that we have found the *left-hand glove*. The name Heinrich Finacke is legibly written in the inside. It is supposed to be the name of the manufacturer, and we have taken measures for ascertaining this fact. The glove was discovered in the following manner: In the course of his investigations, the police agent, who had possession of the right-hand glove, showed it to a milliner of Muhlbach named Mademoiselle Enkel. A lady named Raumer, who was a customer of the milliner, happened to see the glove, and examined it attentively. This lady knew that I was engaged in investigating the affair of the murder at Ottenberg. Three days afterwards, Mademoiselle Raumer called on me and presented me to the *left-hand glove*. This lady is an intimate friend of the family of the Protestant Pastor Gaeben. She related to me that, one day whilst she was visiting the daughters of that clergyman, a discussion arose on some point of dress, and one of the young ladies having opened a drawer to search for something, accidentally drew out a glove, which fell at the feet of Madame Raumer. On picking it up, she perceived something written in the inside, and she mechanically read the name *Heinrich Finacke*.

"Where did you get this glove, my dear Caroline?" inquired Madame Raumer.

"From the *femme de chambre* of a lady who was here last summer from Berlin," was the reply.

"I lost no time," added Schelnitz, "in writing to the Pastor Gaeben, and he called on me this morning accompanied by his daughter Caroline. They were very uneasy lest the discovery of the glove, a circumstance in itself so trivial, should place them in an unpleasant position. I tried to dispel their apprehensions, and begged the young lady would tell me candidly how the glove came into her possession.

"She informed me that a young widow lady, Madame Weltheim, a resident of Berlin, had some time ago been on a visit to Baron Schonwald, at his castle, near Muhlbach. Caroline, who was a good musician, frequently went to the castle to sing, and accompany the lady on the pianoforte.

When Madame Weltheim was about to leave the castle, Caroline assisted the *femme de chambre* to pack up. In a small box, filled with ribbons, flowers, and other trifles, the glove was found. Being an odd one, the lady's maid threw it on the ground as useless. Caroline, admiring the small size and elegant form of the glove, picked it up and said she would keep it as a memorial of Madame Weltheim. I am fully convinced," pursued Schelnitz, "that all the young lady has stated is strictly true."

"You remember the letter written in French which was found among your brother's effects. Its signature was the letter C. Now I am informed that Madame Weltheim's *femme de chambre* was a French girl, and that her name was Cecile. You will, no doubt, be struck with this coincidence. Cecile is described as tall and slender; Caroline Gaeben is, on the contrary, of short stature. All that I can learn of Madame Weltheim is, that she is a lady of good family, and moves in the best society of Berlin."

It is strange, thought Ferdinand, when he had finished reading the letter, that Schelnitz should attach so much importance to coincidences which seem to me the mere result of chance. He went out to call on Count Hildenrath, with the intention of communicating to him what he had learned. The count was from home, but the countess, who had just arrived from the country, received him with great kindness. She was full of curiosity respecting the murder, and pressed Ferdinand to inform her of all the particulars.

"Your brother was buried near the spot where his body was found, I believe," said the lady.

"Yes, madam, his ashes repose in the little village churchyard, not far from Muhlbach."

"Muhlbach!" exclaimed the countess. "Oh! what would have been poor Charlotte's feelings had she known that. She was not far from Muhlbach at the time."

"How, madam! Was my sister-in-law near Muhlbach?"

"She was passing some time at the castle of Baron Schonwald, which is only a few leagues from Muhlbach. Don't you know Baron Schonwald? He is a very pleasant man, only so exceedingly fond of hunting. And the baroness—she is quite an oddity! In her youth she was one of the maids of honor to the electress! There was no King of Saxony in those days. But everything is changed now; and as I was observing a day or two ago to my friend Madame Schlichtegroll, I don't know what we have gained by all these changes!"

In this way the loquacious old lady gossiped for some time, unheeded by Ferdinand, who was absorbed in profound reflection.

"How!" thought he to himself; "Charlotte so near the scene of the crime, and we not know it! She and her father have been silent on a fact of which they ought to have apprized me the very first moment I was in their company!"

He took leave of the countess, and returned in a very pensive mood to his hotel. He once more read the letter of Schelnitz, and pondered on every line of it. Another initial C. had now come to light. Was it the one they were in quest of? Could the accusatory glove belong to Charlotte! Had she assumed the character of a widow with the false name of Madame Weltheim! These and a thousand other perplexing thoughts and suspicions haunted the mind of Ferdinand throughout the night.

Next morning he again repaired to the hotel of Count Hildenrath. He found the countess and her daughter together in the drawing-room. The conversation naturally turned on the legal inquiries which were going on for the verification of his brother's death. Charlotte at first betrayed no sign of embarrassment or uneasiness.

"I believe, madam," said Ferdinand, "you are acquainted with the family of Baron Schonwald, who reside near Muhlbach?"

"I have some slight acquaintance with them," replied Madame von Bergfeldt.

"Do you happen to know the daughter of the Pastor Gaeben, who lives in the neighborhood of the castle?"

"He has several daughters."

"I mean the second daughter; Caroline, I think, is her name."

"Yes, I know her. She is a charming girl, and a great favorite of mine."

"I have just learned that she is implicated, in a very serious way, in the horrible affair which we are investigating. The police has discovered—"

"What! What has been discovered?" exclaimed Charlotte, her eyes staring wildly, and her cheeks turning pale. "Can it be possible! Poor Caroline! She is innocent—quite innocent! I will go immediately to Muhlbach—I must save her!"

She sank on the sofa, apparently in a state of unconsciousness. The countess rang the bell violently, and, the servants having come to her assistance, Ferdinand hurriedly rushed down stairs, and left the house.

"The mystery is revealed," thought he. "Charlotte undertakes to prove the innocence of Caroline! This is equivalent to admitting that she knows the author of the crime! Discovery is now at hand. I need not stay longer in Berlin."

He was about to order post-horses for the purpose of departing, but in the course of the afternoon, a note was delivered to him. It was from Charlotte, who wished to have a private conversation with him.

Madame von Bergfeldt received her brother-in-law with the most perfect composure, though she had not entirely recovered from the emotion which had so suddenly overcome her in the morning. She was very desirous to know what was the charge against Caroline Gaeben, and what discovery had implicated her.

Ferdinand evaded these questions by observing that the letter he had received from Schelnitz was very vaguely expressed; and that, though he stated that serious suspicions hung over the pastor's daughter, he had not stated the circumstances on which they were grounded. Charlotte informed him that it was her intention immediately to set out for Muhlbach, where she could produce testimony to prove the innocence of her young friend. Her mother was to accompany her; the count, who was suffering from severe illness, being unable to undertake so long a journey. This plan entirely coincided with Ferdinand's wishes. Resorting to a pardonable dissimulation, he pretended that it was his purpose to return home to Silesia immediately. That same night, however, he left Berlin, and took the road to Muhlbach, with the view of reaching that place before the arrival of his sister-in-law.

On reaching his destination, the first thing he did was to call on Schelnitz, to whom he communicated all that had transpired at Berlin.

"I have a few additional particulars to relate to you," observed the lawyer; "I have collected them from a domestic who recently quitted the service of Baron Schonwald. The 16th of July was a Saturday; it was a festival day, and the Schonwald family went to Muhlbach. Madame Weltheim did not go with them, but she went thither in company with a lady (Madame Rosen) and her two daughters. The party reached Muhlbach in the morning, and about eleven o'clock in the forenoon Madame Weltheim left her friends, and did not rejoin them again till evening. Now," observed Schelnitz, "it would be very important to ascertain where she went and how she was employed during this interval of absence. The Schonwalds and the Rosens might possibly furnish information on that point; I therefore advise you to see them. Madame Rosen wishes to dispose of her estate. You may present yourself as a purchaser. By that means you will be sure of a favorable reception. Draw the ladies into conversation, and try to learn from them all that took place on the 16th of July."

Ferdinand followed this advice. He learned from Madame Rosen that, whilst the ladies were breakfasting at Muhlbach, a country girl brought a letter for Madame Weltheim. She stated it to be from a very old friend, a Madame Treskoff, who resided in Muhlbach, and who wished particularly to see her. Madame Weltheim hastily put on her bonnet, and departed, followed by the girl. It was night, and candles were lighted, when she returned. She seemed agitated, and the redness of her eyes denoted that she had been weeping. The ladies anxiously inquired the cause of her trouble, and she replied that her feelings had been deeply moved by finding her friend, Madame Treskoff, in great distress.

Continuing his interrogatories, Ferdinand was further informed, that though Madame Weltheim frequently wore a green silk dress, yet it was not positively remembered whether she wore it on the 16th of July.

"She was much agitated on her return," observed one of the ladies, "and she had *only one glove on*. (These words made Ferdinand almost leap from his chair.) This struck me as very remarkable, as she was always most precise in the details of her dress. I remarked to her that she had only one glove, to which she replied, 'Ah! I was not aware of it. I suppose I must have dropped it at my friend's!'"

Ferdinand had thus learned more than he expected. Taking a hurried leave of Madame Rosen and her daughters, he went immediately to Schelnitz. The latter was of opinion that nothing now remained to be done but to denounce Charlotte von Bergfeldt as the murderess of her husband. He inquired in Muhlbach and its neighborhood whether a lady named Treskoff had lived there in the month of July. Her name was unknown to any one.

"There can be no doubt," said Schelnitz, "that Charlotte von Bergfeldt struck the fatal blow. It is useless to endeavor to sound the motives for a crime which Providence has miraculously disclosed by an unparalleled chain of concurring circumstances. She may have been prompted by jealousy—by hatred of a husband whose conduct it would appear was not free from blame—or by cupidity; for, on the death of Edward von Bergfeldt, his widow, by the terms of the marriage settlement, is to possess a considerable portion of the

revenues derived from the estates. But, whatever may have been the motive for the crime, Charlotte von Bergfeldt is certainly guilty."

The minutes of the evidence for the prosecution were drawn up in due legal form, and laid before the *ober-procurator* of Coblenz. Meanwhile, Madame von Bergfeldt, accompanied by her mother, arrived there. Full of anxiety to know what proceedings had been taken against Caroline Gaeben, she called on Schelnitz, whose name and address she had learned from Ferdinand. Schelnitz referred her for information to the *ober-procurator*, to whom he immediately conducted her.

"Madam," said the magistrate, addressing her, "your brother-in-law has charged Caroline Gaeben with being implicated in the murder of your husband. He assures me that he can produce satisfactory proofs of her guilt; but he has not stated to me what those proofs are. I understand that you have come here for the purpose of removing the suspicions which hang over that young lady."

"I have, sir; but I cannot conceive how suspicious can possibly attach to Mademoiselle Gaeben. She did not know my husband. She never even saw him!"

"How can you be certain of that, Madam? You cannot know whom your husband may have seen during your separation from him. How long is it since you yourself saw him?"

Charlotte felt that she was approaching dangerous ground.

"The will of my parents," said she, "prohibited all communication between me and the Baron von Bergfeldt after our separation; I do not consider it necessary to enter upon any further explanation on that painful subject."

Resolved, if possible, to elicit something decided, the magistrate, fixing his eyes sternly on her, inquired whether she had not visited Muhlbach on the 16th of July in the preceding year.

"Yes, sir," she replied, "I think I was there on that day."

"How did you employ your time during the morning?"

Charlotte was silent, and a livid paleness overspread her countenance.

"Madame Rosen and her daughters," pursued the magistrate, "have declared that you parted from them at an early hour, and that you did not rejoin them until evening."

"I cannot understand," said Charlotte, in a faltering tone of voice, "why those ladies have been examined; nor can I guess to what all these inquiries tend."

"Permit me to observe, madam, that you have not answered the question I just now put to you, and that an answer is necessary for your justification!"

"For my justification! Then it appears I am accused! I now understand the meaning of this captious interrogatory. I will not condescend to enter upon explanation. That would be beneath me. I will remain silent. Henceforth my lips are sealed on this subject. No power on earth shall draw a word from me. Now, sir, do whatever your duty may dictate! You know my determination."

The magistrate found himself obliged to sign an order for the imprisonment of Madame von Bergfeldt. Next day she was confronted with the keeper of the baths at Podewil and his wife. Both unhesitatingly recognized her to be the lady who, on the 16th of July, had presented herself at the

door of their establishment. Her right hand was examined, and across the palm there was a mark which might have been caused by a cut; but the scar was so slight as to render this circumstance a matter of doubt.

An order was forwarded to Berlin for putting under seal all the papers and effects belonging to Madame von Bergfeldt. They were previously examined in the presence of a magistrate. Among the papers nothing of importance was found, but in a jewel casket there was discovered a gold watch, which the accused lady had presented to her husband on his marriage, and a ring which Edward had been in the habit of wearing. How did these objects come into Charlotte's possession? Had her husband returned them to her at the time of their separation? These questions could be answered only by conjecture.

All this mass of evidence having been submitted to the consideration of the judges, the officers of police were directed to seek out three persons whose testimony appeared to be important. These were the old woodcutter, who accompanied the lady when she called at the baths of Podewil, Cecile, the French *femme de chambre*, and the country girl who had conveyed the letter to Madame Bergfeldt (under the name of Madame Welthiem) at Muhlbach. The woodcutter was nowhere to be found. As to Cecile, she had quitted her mistress' service on her return to Berlin, and was now married. In countenance and figure she was totally different from her mistress. No suspicion attached to her, and she could furnish no information calculated to throw light on the subject of inquiry. The girl who brought the letter to Madame von Bergfeldt was traced out, and she stated that, in 1818, she was in the service of a Madame Wunderlich at Muhlbach. She recollected that some time in the month of July a gentleman called on her mistress, who then desired her to take a letter to a lady, whose name she had forgotten. After reading the letter, the lady went with her to Madame Wunderlich's. The girl described the gentleman to have been tall and thin, with dark moustaches. He wore a green hunting-coat, light-colored pantaloons, and boots with spurs. This description corresponded with the appearance and dress of Edward von Bergfeldt.

These examinations being terminated, the case was deemed to be sufficiently established to warrant an order for the trial of the accused before the criminal court of Coblenz.

On the day fixed for the trial, an immense crowd thronged every avenue leading to the court. Madame von Bergfeldt was conducted into the presence of the judges. She was dressed in deep mourning, looked very pale, and, though evidently deeply affected, she was still struggling to repress her emotion.

The witnesses, forty-three in number, were examined. Their testimony confirmed all the particulars already narrated, and though no new facts were disclosed, yet the interest excited by the trial continued to increase. At the close of the examinations the advocate for the accused entered upon her defence. He delivered a long and eloquent address, in the course of which he ingeniously set forth every argument that could turn to the advantage of the prisoner. He dwelt earnestly on the fact of there being no positive proof that the body found on the steps of St. Joseph's Chapel was the body of Edward von Bergfeldt. Referring to the annals of criminal jurisprudence,

he adduced the cases of several persons who had on circumstantial evidence been condemned and executed for murder, and whose presumed victims were subsequently discovered to be living. He concluded by expressing regret that the accused had determined to remain silent under the charge brought against her, and to withhold all explanation respecting the events of the fatal day; but, unaccountable as that determination was, he observed, that it ought not to be regarded as an evidence of guilt.

The advocate had just closed his address, when a messenger hastily entered the court, and presented a billet to the president, which the latter read aloud. It contained the following words:—

"I entreat to be heard immediately. I can prove the innocence of the accused!"

"Let the person be brought into court," said the president.

The utmost curiosity and agitation now prevailed, and several voices were heard to exclaim, "Doubtless it is Edward von Bergfeldt!"

The unexpected witness presently appeared. He was a man of tall stature and of military bearing. As soon as Charlotte beheld him she uttered a piercing shriek. Having, not without some difficulty, made his way through the crowd, the stranger at length stood before the judges.

"My name," said he, "is George von Rothkirch, and I am an officer in the 3d Dragoons. That lady, whose innocence I am enabled to prove, is bound by an oath which compels her to remain silent. I beg permission to address a few words to her, and afterwards I will satisfactorily explain the mysterious event which occupies the attention of this assembly."

The president consulted the court, and the stranger was permitted to speak to the prisoner.

"Madam," said he, "death has broken the bond by which you believed yourself to be bound. Your father is no more. He died invoking blessings on you, and in ignorance of the dreadful position in which you are placed. Permit me now to reveal the truth."

Charlotte replied by a look of gratitude and a flood of tears, and George von Rothkirch, spoke as follows:

"Being in garrison at Coblenz in 1818, I met Edward von Bergfeldt, with whom I had formerly been acquainted. He then appeared ill and low-spirited, weary of life, and dissatisfied with himself. He spoke to me unreservedly of the differences between himself and his wife, acknowledged that he had not behaved well, but wished for reconciliation. I visited the family of Baron Schonwald, at whose house I met a lady, who was introduced to me as Madame Weltheim. I was charmed with her beauty and intelligence, and frequently spoke of her to Edward. He wished to see the lady whom I so highly extolled; but I could not prevail on him to accompany me to Baron Schonwald's. At length I had an opportunity of pointing out Madame Weltheim to him on a public promenade.

"My dear Rothkirch," he exclaimed, "she is my wife!"

"He insisted on my conveying to her a proposal for reconciliation. Madame von Bergfeldt at first refused to listen to it, alleging that her parents would never forgive her if she saw or corresponded with her husband; at length, however, I succeeded in shaking her determination, and she consented to grant him an interview.

"It was arranged that, on a certain day, when she was to go to Muhlbach with some friends, an imaginary person, to whom we gave the name of Madame Treskoff, should send a message requesting to see her. She was then to join me at the residence of a lady in Muhlbach, and I was to conduct her to the castle of Ottenberg, where her husband had promised to be in waiting for her.

"On meeting her husband, Madame Bergfeldt was evidently agitated by painful emotions, which she vainly struggled to repress. Edward, on his part, was exceedingly gay and animated; he had brought with him a wood-cutter, who carried a hamper, furnished with a *déjeûner*. The husband broached the subject of reconciliation, which the wife endeavored to evade on the ground of the objections of her parents. The dialogue became warm, and reproaches were mutually interchanged. Edward complained of the heat, which was indeed excessive, and he frequently had recourse to the wine, of which he drank very freely. I observed that he was becoming greatly excited, and he even went so far as to utter threats of vengeance, if his wife did not accede to his offers of reconciliation. Madame von Bergfeldt wished to depart, but he seized her by the arm and detained her.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "would you doom me again to the miserable life I have suffered for some years past; sooner will I end my days—" and seizing a knife from off the table, he made a motion as if intending to stab himself.

"Edward," said I, "why terrify your wife by acting this farce?"

"Farce!" resumed he, in a tone of furious anger, "do you suppose I fear death?"

"By a movement more rapid than thought, he plunged the knife into his heart. He fell at my feet deluged in blood, and Charlotte fainted.

"The wood-cutter, who had been sitting at some distance off, now ran to us. Edward was a lifeless corpse. With some difficulty we recovered Madame von Bergfeldt, who, in this terrible crisis, evinced great energy and feeling. It was long before we could prevail on her to abandon the lifeless remains of her husband, for whom she was most anxious to secure a fitting burial. The wood-cutter suggested the idea of placing the body on the steps of the chapel, where, he said, it was sure to be speedily discovered. We removed some of the clothing, being desirous of creating the suspicion of murder rather than of suicide. Charlotte wished to have her husband's watch and ring which he wore; he had a second ring, but we found we could not remove it without mutilating the finger. We bandaged the wound, in order to stop the effusion of blood, and then withdrew. Madame von Bergfeldt cut her hand slightly in her endeavor to snatch the knife from Edward; she was dreadfully agitated by the horrible scene, and reproached herself for having caused the catastrophe by violating her father's injunctions.

"But," said she, "he shall never know what has happened—it would break his heart. Whatever may be the result—even though I should die on the scaffold—so long as my father lives, I will bury the knowledge of this sad event in inviolable silence!"

"She made me and the woodcutter take a solemn oath never to divulge what we had witnessed.

"Shortly after this event, my regiment was removed from Coblenz to a distant garrison. I

heard nothing of Madame von Bergfeldt, and I dared not write to her. A short time ago, I retired from the army, with the intention of proceeding to the United States, where my brother has long resided. Passing through the Rhenish Provinces, on my way to the port at which I proposed to embark, I heard of this trial: the whole truth instantly flashed across my mind, and I at once understood the chain of mysterious circumstances which had fixed suspicion on Charlotte von Bergfeldt. I hastened to Baron Schonwald, who related to me all he knew of the case, and showed me a letter which he had received only a day or two ago, announcing the death of Count Hildenrath. There was not a moment to be lost, and I hurried hither. Death has released me from my oath, and will, I trust, induce Madame von Bergfeldt to break the silence she imposed on herself."

He gave the name and dwelling-place of the woodcutter, who, being found, confirmed the accuracy of his statement. The court then immediately pronounced the acquittal of Charlotte von Bergfeldt.

A gentleman who happened to be present at the extraordinary trial above described, was, in the month of August, 1820, a temporary resident at the Hôtel d'Angleterre at Havre. One day, as he was passing down the staircase of the hotel, he met a lady whom he immediately recognized to be Charlotte von Bergfeldt.

"Who is that lady?" inquired he of one of the waiters, whom he saw in the hall.

"She is a German lady," was the answer; "her name is Madame von Rothkirch; she and her husband arrived here the day before yesterday, and they are to sail to-morrow for New York on board the Quincy Adams."

From the Examiner.

History of the Consulate and the Empire of France under Napoleon. By M. A. THIERS, late Prime Minister of France. Translated by D. FORBES CAMPBELL, Esq., with the sanction and approval of the Author. Vols. 1 and 2. Colburn.

THE extraordinary and unexampled interest which this book has excited in France, is not likely to have more than a faint reflection in England. The fifteen years of Napoleon's absolute rule, his foreign triumphs, his domestic magnificence, are still to Frenchmen the most glorious France can boast of. But we hope there are few Englishmen who think them other than a most disastrous experiment, which too long overshadowed the liberties and happiness of the world.

Whether the time has come to write the history of those years; whether it is yet possible to write it, without fear or favor; whether existing relations to still living and active interests, do not absolutely require that some errors should be extenuated, some faults glossed over, and some crimes palliated: are questions that will not be felt less strongly after Monsieur Thiers' opening volumes are read. Of his great and singular ability, they are a new and convincing proof. His high administrative talents; his wonderful clearness and facility of detail; and that quality of calm, cold, eloquent good sense which makes his oratory in the Chamber of Deputies as unassuming as it is powerful; are prominently impressed on this first and second volumes of the history. But even here, though we get no further than April

1801, we observe painful inconsistencies incident to the subject. The old editor of the *National* seems not a little put to it, among the disputes of the First Consul and his colleagues, to show how a Constitution dictated for glory and convenience, differs from one imposed for direction and control.

But perhaps it is ungrateful to object on that point; for, out of the confusion, M. Thiers rushes in self-relief to this eulogium on our English representative monarchy.

"Representative monarchy, it must be confessed, has, with less trouble and effort, by trusting more to human nature, procured, for two centuries past, an animated but not subversive liberty, for one of the first nations of the world. Simple and natural in its means, the British constitution admits of royalty, aristocracy, and democracy; then, after admitting them, it suffers them to act freely, imposing upon them no other condition but to govern by common consent. It does not limit the king to this or that act; it does not draw him forth by election, to plunge him back afterwards; it does not debar the peers from active functions; it does not deprive the elective assembly of speech; it does not grant universal suffrage, to render it null afterwards by rendering it indirect; it allows royalty and aristocracy to spring from their natural source, hereditary succession; it admits of a king, of hereditary peers, but, on the other hand, it leaves the nation to choose directly, according to its tastes or its passions of the day, an assembly which, empowered to grant or to refuse to royalty the means of governing, thus obliges it to take for directing chiefs of the government those men who have contrived to gain the public confidence. All that Sieyès, the legislator, was in search of, was here accomplished almost infallibly. Royalty, aristocracy, act no more than he wished; they merely moderate too rapid an impulsion: the elective chamber, full of the passions of the country, but checked by two other powers, chooses, in fact, the real leaders of the state, raises them to the government, upholds them in it, or overthrows them, if they have ceased to correspond with its sentiments. Here is a simple, a true constitution, because it is the production of nature and of time, and not, like that of M. Sieyès, the scientific but artificial work of a mind disgusted with monarchy by the reign of the last Bourbons, and filled with dread of a republic by ten years of storms."

As for the "novelty of the ideas," and the "skill of the contrivances" in the constitution finally devised by Bonaparte, it was hardly a matter of novelty or contrivance to cover with a veil so thin, a government essentially despotic and military, a government of undisguised force. M. Thiers cannot disguise from himself that such was the aim and achievement of Napoleon after the fall of the Directory; yet he discusses the Constitution of the 15th of December with every imaginable gravity.

It is a leading purpose of the history, and doubtless with good reason, to elevate the military glory of France. Yet the historian and man of genius cannot help reminding his readers, more than once, that there are more durable things, and more difficult of attainment, than military glory. He describes the oration pronounced before Napoleon on the occasion of Washington's death, and observes how poor it was, notwithstanding the greatness of the people engaged in it, compared with "those funeral scenes at which Louis XIV. was wont to be present."

"What, then, was wanting to render this solemnity truly grand? There was wanting what the greatest of men himself could not infuse into it; there was wanting, in the first place, religion; not that which men affect and strain to possess, but that which is sincere and spontaneous, and without which the dead are always but coldly celebrated; there was wanting the genius of Bossuet, for there are species of greatness which never reappear in nations, and if the Turennes and the Condés have successors, the Bossuets have none; lastly, there was wanting a certain sincerity, for this homage to a hero renowned above all for his disinterestedness was too visibly affected."

Too visibly affected indeed! The ceremony of this Washington oration preceded, by only ten days, Napoleon's lodgment at the Tuileries.

The principal military incidents in the first volume are Massena's distress in Genoa, and the blockade of that ill-fated city (admirably described, but with enormous, though of course very natural *French* sympathies); and the campaign of Marengo. Nothing could have been told more picturesquely than the passage of the Alps. Here the ease and charm of the narrative are very great. But surely the lucky chance of the battle of Marengo is a little overdone. Heliopolis and Hohenlinden are the campaigns of the second volume; and, the first especially, are treated with consummate skill, and, for matters known so well, marvellous freshness. But before we offer any further remark, let us show the variety, sagacity, and power of treatment which M. Thiers exhibits, by a few selected examples.

His anecdotes are brief, striking, and always well told: though we think he rejects Bourrienne's authority too often (had he overlooked, in reference to the battle of Marengo, the Secretary's famous battle of the pins!) Here is a narrow escape of Bonaparte from the famous Chouan chief.

NAPOLÉON AND GEORGES CADOUAL.

"When he was conducted to the Tuileries, the aide-de-camp ordered to introduce him conceived such apprehensions from his look, that he deemed it unsafe to shut the door of the first consul's cabinet, and went every now and then to steal a glance at what was passing. The interview was long. In vain General Bonaparte addressed the words 'native country and glory' to the ears of Georges; in vain he held out even the bait of ambition to the heart of that fierce champion of the civil war; he had no success, and he felt convinced himself that he had failed when he looked at the face of his visitor. Georges, on leaving him, set out for England with M. Hyde de Neuville. Several times, when giving his fellow-traveller an account of this interview, he exclaimed showing his vigorous arms, 'What a blunder I committed in not strangling that fellow!'"

Here a specimen of the military portraits:

KLEBER AND DESAIX.

"Kléber was the handsomest man in the army. His lofty stature, his noble countenance, expressing all the pride of his soul, his valor at once intrepid and cool, his quick and solid intelligence, rendered him a most formidable commander on the field of battle. His mind was brilliant, original, but uncultivated. He read incessantly and exclusively Plutarch and Quintus Curtius; there he sought the food of great souls, the history of the heroes of antiquity. He was capricious, indocile, and a grumbler. It was said of him, that he

liked not either to command or to obey; and this was true. He obeyed under General Bonaparte, but not without murmuring; he sometimes commanded, but in the name of another, under General Jourdan, for example; assuming the command by a sort of inspiration amidst the battle, exercising it like a superior captain, and, after the victory, resuming his character of lieutenant, which he preferred to any other. Kléber was licentious in his manners and language, but upright, disinterested, as men were in those days, for the conquest of the world had not yet corrupted their dispositions.

"Desaix was the reverse in almost every respect. Simple, bashful, nay, somewhat awkward, his face hid by a profusion of hair, he had not the look of a soldier. But, heroic in action, kind to the soldiers, modest with his comrades, generous to the vanquished, he was adored by the army and by the people conquered by our arms. His solid and eminently cultivated mind, his intelligence in war, his application to his duties, and his disinterestedness, made him an accomplished model of all the military virtues; and, while Kléber, indocile, refractory, could not endure any superior authority, Desaix was obedient, as though he had not known how to command."

And in what follows, of his portraits of statesmen, or men so called.

TALLEYRAND AND FOUCHÉ.

"M. de Talleyrand descended from a family of the noblest lineage, destined by his birth for the army, doomed to the priesthood by an accident, which deprived him of the use of one foot, having no liking for this imposed profession, successively bishop, courtier, revolutionist, and emigrant, then afterwards minister for foreign affairs under the Directory, M. de Talleyrand had retained something of all these different states; there was to be found in him a touch of the bishop, of the man of quality, and of the revolutionist. Having no firmly fixed opinion, but only a natural moderation which was opposed to every species of exaggeration; capable of entering at once into the feelings of those whom he wished to please, either from liking or from interest; speaking a unique language peculiar to that society which had Voltaire for instructor; full of smart, poignant repartees, which rendered him as formidable as he was attractive; by turns caressing or disdainful, demonstrative or impenetrable; careless, dignified, lame without loss of gracefulness,—in short, one of the most extraordinary personages, and such a one as a revolution alone can produce,—he was the most seducing of negotiators, but at the same time incapable of directing, as head, the affairs of a great state; for every leader should possess a resolute will, settled views, and application, and he had none of these. His will was confined to pleasing, his views consisted in the opinions of the moment, his application was next to nothing. In a word, he was an accomplished ambassador, but not a directing minister; be it understood, however, that this expression is to be taken in its most elevated acceptance. For the rest, he held no other post under the consular government. The first consul, who allowed no person the right to give an opinion on the affairs of war and of diplomacy, merely employed him to negotiate with the foreign ministers, on basis previously prescribed, and this M. de Talleyrand did with an art that will never be surpassed. He possessed, however, a moral merit,

that of being fond of peace under a master who was fond of war, and of showing that he was so. Endowed with exquisite taste, uniting with it unerring tact, and even a useful indolence, he was able to render real services, by simply opposing to the first consul's exuberance of language, pen, and action, his sobriety, his perfect moderation, and his very propensity to do nothing. But he made little impression on that imperious master, from whom he extorted no respect either by genius or by conviction. Thus he had no more empire than M. Fouché, nay, even less, though quite as much employed, and more agreeable. Then again, M. de Talleyrand said just the contrary to what M. Fouché said. Attached to the ancient régime, minus the persons and the ridiculous prejudices of other times, he recommended the reestablishment of the monarchy as soon as possible, or an equivalent for it, by availing of the glory of the first consul in lieu of blood-royal, adding that, if we wished to have a speedy and a durable peace with Europe, we ought to make haste to resemble other states. And, while his colleague, Fouché, in the name of the revolution advised that we should not go too fast, M. de Talleyrand, in the name of Europe, advised that we should not go so slow. The first consul prized the plain good sense of M. Fouché, relished the graces of M. de Talleyrand, but absolutely believed neither the one nor the other on any subject."

Our last extract is a picture very happily framed.

NAPOLEON CROSSING THE ALPS.

"Artists have delineated him crossing the Alpine heights mounted on a fiery steed. The plain truth is, that he ascended the St. Bernard in that gray surtout which he usually wore, upon a mule, led by a guide belonging to the country, evincing, even in the difficult passes, the abstraction of a mind occupied elsewhere, conversing with the officers scattered on the road, and then, at intervals, questioning the guide who attended him, making him relate the particulars of his life, his pleasures, his pains, like an idle traveller, who has nothing better to do. This guide, who was quite young, gave him a simple recital of the details of his obscure existence, and especially the vexation he felt, because, for want of a little money, he could not marry one of the girls of his valley. The first consul, sometimes listening, sometimes questioning the passengers with whom the mountain was covered, arrived at the Hospice, where the worthy monks gave him a warm reception. No sooner had he alighted from his mule, than he wrote a note which he handed to his guide, desiring him to be sure and deliver it to the quarter-master of the army, who had been left on the other side of the St. Bernard. In the evening, the young man, on returning to St. Pierre, learned with surprise what powerful traveller it was whom he had guided in the morning, and that General Bonaparte had ordered that a house and a piece of ground should be given to him immediately, and that he should be supplied, in short, with the means requisite for marrying and for realizing all the dreams of his modest ambition. This mountaineer died not long since, in his own country, the owner of land given to him by the ruler of the world. This singular act of beneficence, at a moment when his mind was engaged by such mighty interests, is worthy of attention. If there were nothing in it but a mere conqueror's caprice, dispensing at random good or evil, alter-

nately overthrowing empires or rearing a cottage, it may be useful to record such caprices, if only to tempt the masters of the earth to imitation; but such an act reveals something more. The human soul, in those moments when it is filled with ardent desires, is disposed to kindness; it does good by way of meriting that which it is soliciting of Providence."

M. Thiers is careful to avoid, as far as may be, the bandying of national reproaches. He wisely thinks that in matters of national blame, institutions should have the largest share; and so winds his way with the least possible offence, and with the wary eye of a practised statesman, through the intricacies, incapacities, errors, and oversights of cabinets. We like, in this respect, the tone of his history.

But should none, save his own countrymen, in matters of individual glory, have liberal largess of his praise? He strains his sight at Marengo, why should he narrow it at Copenhagen? He characterizes Mr. Pitt as "obstinate but not enlightened;" in another place, as with more passion than understanding; in a third, as "an able and powerful leader but with little enlightened views" (the translator is not careful here) "as a statesman;" in a fourth, as destroyed by Napoleon's successes; and, finally, as "*The greatest statesman England ever had!*" In other words, England never had a statesman of enlightened views. We observe in the same page with the latter notable assertion, a very large *If* and a very doubtful inference. "If he succeeded," says M. Thiers, in an argument as to Bonaparte's relations with England, "if he succeeded in crossing the English channel with an invading army, *England was lost.*"

There is a happy and pleasantly written notice in the second volume, of the Royalists during the Consulate, their childish plots, their foolish gossip, and Josephine's silly encouragement to both. But we must part with M. Thiers for the present.

What his tone is likely to be in his later and most important volumes, we can hardly anticipate from these. But let us hope he will have time to remember, in the midst of the imperial glories, that chiefly his hero fell because of his propensity to forget, till it was too late, that such things as a people existed. He forgot it in the country he governed, and he forgot it in the countries he invaded. The great events of Napoleon's career will have found a worthy historian, if this moral is not wholly lost sight of by a mind so admirably qualified to give to it its proper weight and range.

There is one principle, theory, or dogma, implied rather than distinctly adopted by M. Thiers, against which we would most earnestly warn him in the progress of those future volumes. He seems to think that Napoleon carried out, upon the whole, the intention and purpose of the French Revolution; and that this, suspended but a time by the return of the elder Bourbons, has been resumed by the revolution of '30. Surely there is a confusion of ideas here. The very basis of the revolution of '30 was the reverse of an aggressive policy: it was the right of an independent nation (a right we hold to be indisputable) to change its government, when, how, and as often as it pleases. Mr. Pitt denied that right in 1800, but the Duke of Wellington bowed to it in 1830. Omit the aggressive policy of Napoleon—who, having based his power on victory, could only by victory sustain it—and we will grant that the later revolution was indeed but the supplement of the first. The great

soldier, on receiving the dignity of first consul, made it his duty, as doubtless it was, to repress within bounds the spirit of revolution, still "extravagant and erring;" and to endeavor to consolidate and establish. But he made grievous error in the process. The whole principle of his government was forced and unnatural, or the reimposed yoke of the Bourbons would never have been borne. Society, cramped and crippled by his despotisms, submitted to the relief of even that miserable change; and when, in 1830, it broke loose again, the principle it asserted was not Napoleon's tyranny, but the resistance to every form of tyranny established by the first revolution. It was the great doctrine that no government can be secure which does not provide for giving effect to the general sense of the community it governs: a principle which still waits its complete development in France. For we sincerely believe that if such provisions for representative liberty were made effective there, we should hear no more of the glories of this most mean, false, and futile "aggressive policy." The electoral representation of France is a representation by means of Paris newspapers, as it stands at present. And so it will remain till enlightened French statesmen cease to copy Napoleon's grand mistake, and leave the people out of all their calculations.

Mr. Campbell's translation is very good, but with occasional slips here and there: and is published at a very moderate price, on the plan of the cheap and spirited series of books called the *Foreign Library*.

From the Spectator.

TRENCH'S TRAVELS IN FRANCE AND SPAIN.

THE Reverend Francis Trench, with his wife, his man, and a light open pony-carriage, started for an autumnal tour in the south of France; but circumstances extended it to Spain in point of region, and nearly a year in point of time. As regards mere novelty of country, there is not much in Mr. Trench's early route—Dieppe, Rouen, Paris, the valleys of the Loire, the Garonne, and the Adour, with the Pyrenean watering-places, and the Spanish frontier-towns. The latter part, leading through Auvergne, has more of freshness; for it has been rarely visited by the traveller, and not at all frequented by the tourist. The character of the book, however, is not dependent upon high-roads, but partly arises from the author, and partly from his ponies.

Mr. Trench himself is an Anglican clergyman, we should think with Evangelical views; and his tour was made subordinate to Christian objects. When he arrived at any place where any English were residing, he immediately issued cards for divine service on the Sunday, in his apartments; and this invitation was invariably responded to, and not unfrequently by French Protestants. An object of nearly equal interest was to search out the Reformed churches, and to attend their service: by both which means he was introduced into more society and of a much better class than common travellers. The state of the Romish religion in France was another object: this led him to frequent the Catholic churches, with a view to examine their practice and the views they inculcated, (which he found heathenish beyond his expectations,) and occasionally brought him into courteous controversy with some of their

divines. This pursuit gives novelty of subject and earnestness of character to great part of the work: nor is Mr. Trench devoid of qualifications to travel with advantage. He has seen the Alps, Italy, Vesuvius, and Etna; so that he brings knowledge of other countries to bear upon the Pyrenees and the landscapes of France and Spain. He has also the readiness and willingness to converse with strangers, that generally distinguishes the practitioners of the liberal professions—at least the general body, for barristers, like captains, and dons in the church, stand more upon their dignity, such as it is. Hence he profited from casual encounters with the people, especially as his tracts were often a mode of introduction, either in community or question.

But the pet ponies must not be defrauded of their due merit; for a good deal of the freshness of the book must be attributed to them. They enabled Mr. and Mrs. Trench to do without the diligence, to quit the high-road for the by-ways, to visit places inaccessible to the usual run of travellers, and even to reach towns where neither the books of the hostel nor the memory of man recorded the appearance of an Englishman. The necessity of looking after the stable of the little creatures, and the excitement their appearance produced, also give a feature to the book, from the sensation they produced among that easily excited people.

THE PONIES IN FRANCE.

A stall is an equine luxury almost unknown at French inns: at least I have not yet seen one. This renders great care under any circumstances needful for those who take their own horses about the country. Still more did my little ponies require protection against the monstrous animals often met with at the inn-stables, from whom one kick would have been utter destruction. In vain did landlords, landladies, ostlers, and lookers-on innumerable, say to me, "Soyez tranquille, Monsieur," or "Pas de danger, Monsieur," when I thought a position in any way precarious; and I must say that almost invariably efforts were good humoredly made to meet my wishes and remove all apprehensions. In saying this, I do not speak of this watchfulness as involving any trouble which proved disagreeable to me. On the contrary, I often found that my visits to the stable brought me into amusing and instructive communication with travellers or natives of each separate locality; and besides this, as I have said before, few Englishmen will look upon their horse, especially on a long journey, otherwise than as a friend. I must say also that the ostlers were very gentle towards the ponies; and indeed they were so small and harmless, notwithstanding their unwearied spirit and endurance, that they were quite treated as pets by all who came near them. Not only did gentlemen pay them visits, but mammas came and put their children on their backs: one lady who was an invalid had the little gray absolutely led into her room; and another handsome and sprightly young landlady was so charmed with them on our arrival at her door, that she called out, patting them, and summoning the household to see them, "les amours!—les amours!"

On one occasion Mr. Trench followed a few hours in the rear of Franconi's celebrated troop; and the little chaise with the little ponies connected in public opinion the Anglican divine with

the equestrians ahead, and induced the belief along the road that he was "le directeur de la compagnie." On arriving at Périgueux, he was addressed "Francconi n'est ce pas;" whilst in Spain he had to exhibit his equipage.

THE PONIES AT PAMPELUNA.

My pony-carriage also made, if not an equal, at all events a most unexpected sensation. It was visited by several parties, including ladies and gentlemen, who heard of its being in the inn-yard; and I had four or five special requests addressed to me, that I would drive it out in the town and let the inhabitants see it. Accordingly, one evening I gratified their desire; and, as it passed, people called one another out of their houses, and hurried to the side of the public walks, forming successive lines, to see my unpretending little equipage. Here, as in many other places, I have had some interesting conversation, which commenced by remarks or inquiries relative to the carriage or ponies. In the *salon* of the hotel, a party of four gentlemen referred to me a little discussion which they had had as to the price of such a vehicle. I told them that I had given fifty pounds for it; which they seemed to think, as many others—for the inquiry was a very common one—a very moderate price."

The great merit of "the ponies," however, was in carrying their owner into the country, enabling him to choose his own manner and time of seeing things, and allowing him leisure to examine a prospect or a district, to stop in a town as long as its features or its vicinity offered any attraction, or there was any social or spiritual call in the place: and we think with Mr. Trench, that it was lucky he disregarded the solemn warnings of his friends touching the troubles his "turn-out" would bring upon him.

Besides the advantage of a distinct pursuit, with the means of penetrating into the country and examining it at leisure, the *Diary of Travels in France and Spain* exhibits judgment in the treatment of subjects, and an attractive style. The more common themes—as Paris, the spas, and so forth—are passed over, except so far as they furnish something peculiar to the writer's pursuits; and he runs nothing down in description, unless perhaps occasionally his religious topics. His diction is terse, and has that rapid, pointed, and easy manner, which is not so much scholarly as gentlemanly—smacking of public schools and university training. Of the matter of his miscellaneous passages the following quotations may be taken as fair specimens.

WAGES OF LABOR IN THE SOUTH.

Stopping for a quarter of an hour to-day at a small way-side inn, an intelligent and obliging hostess gave me freely such communication as I sought regarding the condition of the people in the neighborhood. She said, that when laborers were hired, it was always the custom to feed them; and that, in addition, from twelve to fifteen sous were given. She sometimes employed them herself; when they had for breakfast bread or chestnuts; for dinner, soup and such things as omelette, meat, rye-cakes; for supper, the same as at dinner. Generally also wine; but this year it is so extremely dear, that, she said, this was out of the question. Lowering her voice, she made an admission, such as that which the teetallers often enforce, that when wine was given,

the appetite was not so strong; and in a shrewd, confidential manner, she explained that on this principle it was quite as well for her to give some wine.

FRENCH CULTIVATION: COGNAC: ANGOULEME.

Occasionally we passed large tracts presenting the richest and most cultivated appearance. They were not enclosed, but occupied by all kinds of crops dispersed in small parallelograms. Every inch of soil was tilled. The lines between each division were as straight and fine as possible. Not a weed was to be seen. The stones were all carefully picked out and laid in regular heaps. At one part the land sloped towards us from a considerable distance, and I could not help thinking of it as like one vast and flourishing "allotment" garden. Those who take an interest in the agricultural laborers of our own country will at once recognize the term and comparison.

SPANISH FIRE.

"The kitchen-fire in Spain is usually made in the following manner. A square portion of the floor is allotted as hearth. On this are laid logs of wood, six or seven feet in length, with their ends together, like the sticks of a gipsy fire. As they are consumed, these logs are pushed forward till burnt out. Above is the chimney, formed of boarding in the shape of an immense funnel, with the broad part downwards, and reaching within about seven feet of the fire. The funnel conducts to a narrower orifice above. Meat is roasted, and all the cookery is carried on by the mere use of the burning wood on this primitive hearth. The fire is usually of enormous size; and at the inn of Roncesvalles a bench occupied two sides, on which I was not sorry to take an half-hour's seat after my supper, the elevation of the spot having made the air chilly."

ELECTRIC CLOCKS.—The following extract from a letter from Mr. Finlaison, of Loughton Hall, appears in the *Polytechnic Review*:—"Mr. Brain has succeeded to admiration in working electric clocks by the currents of the earth. On the 28th of August he set up a small clock in my drawing-room, the pendulum of which is in the hall, and both instruments in a voltaic circuit, as follows:—On the N. E. side of my house two zinc plates, a foot square, are sunk in a hole, and suspended to a wire: this is passed through the house, to the pendulum first, and then to the clock. On the S. E. side of the house, at a distance of about forty yards, a hole was dug four feet deep, and two sacks of common coke buried in it: among the coke another wire was secured, and passed in at the drawing-room window, and joined to the former wire at the clock. The ball of the pendulum weighs nine pounds, but it was moved energetically, and has ever since continued to do so with the self-same energy. The time is to perfection, and the cost of the motive power was only 7s. 6d. There are but three little wheels to the clock, and neither weights nor spring; so there is nothing to be wound up."

CALMNESS IN COMMOTION.—Robert Hall said of John Wesley, "The most extraordinary thing about him was, that while he set all in motion, he was himself perfectly calm and phlegmatic: he was the quiescence of turbulence."

Oracles from the Poets: a fanciful Diversion for the Drawing Room. By CAROLINE GILMAN. New York and London, 1844. Wiley and Putnam.

THE idea of this volume is excellent, and the execution unexceptionable. It has often surprised us, when listening to the stupid fortune-telling cards introduced to break the tedium of a dull party in a drawing-room where dancing is not patronized, that some ingenious personage should not have taken pity upon the grown-up children who thus try to think themselves amused, and constructed a series of questions and replies that should at least possess the attractions of common sense, if not of wit and poetry. We have at last received from America such an attempt, and it is entirely successful.

Mrs. Gilman has supplied to each of the favorite questions a collection of replies, extracted from the British and American poets, chosen, for the most part, with an eye to their intrinsic beauty as well as their aptitude to the query; and from their number, and the variety of sources from which these replies are taken, the volume must have been the labor of many months.

In this volume fourteen questions are answered, but another is promised with a completion of the current catechism. An instance or two will exhibit the happy choice of the compiler.

To the question, "What is your character?" put to a gentleman, these are some of the answers:—

You are one
Who can play off your smiles and courtesies
To every lady, of her lap-dog tired,
Who wants a plaything. SOUTHEY.

You act upon the prudent plan,
Say little and hear all you can—
Safe policy, but hateful. COWPER.

A right tender heart,
Melting and easy, yielding to impression,
And catching the soft flame from each new
beauty. ROWE.

And there are sixty answers equally apt with these to that single question.

The query, "What gratifies your taste or affections?" leads to some very singular replies. To wit:—

Give all things else their honor due,
But gooseberry pie is best. SOUTHEY.

Oh! sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to thee,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company. COLERIDGE.

A wheel-footed studying-chair,
Contrived both for toil and repose,
Wide-elbow'd and wadded with care,
In which you both scribble and doze.
COWPER.

Lighted halls,
Cramm'd full of fools and fiddles.
R. G. SANDS.

The amusement and real interest such a rational fortune-telling as this must excite in the family circle will be at once apparent.

In her preface, Mrs. Gilman states some curious results of her researches into the works of the poets. In Shakespeare she looked in vain for places of residence. In Wordsworth scarcely a flower or musical sound is described. Shelley, London, and Howitt, are eminently the poets of

flowers; while Darwin, with a whole *Botanic Garden* before him, and Mason, in his *English Garden*, scarcely supplied a single fitting extract.

Milton and Coleridge were found very unprolific for her purposes, on account of the abstract and lofty flow of their diction. "Keats and Shelley are the poets of the heavens." "Byron, with few exceptions, does not describe a flower, a musical sound, or place of residence."

The volume is exquisitely printed and delicately bound for drawing-room use; and perhaps it is needless to add a recommendation to the description we have given of it, and which will be sufficient of itself to excite the reader's interest, and insure its introduction into the families of our friends. It is the very book for a present.—*Critic.*

TALENTED WOMEN.

WOMEN gifted like Zoe often present instances of aberration from the standard of female rectitude. It is not that high talents are in their own nature inimical to the delicate and refined virtues, but they require in proportion a stronger and wiser guidance than they often get. The motives that influence the generality of women do not touch women of high powers; they do not feel the obligations of those small moralities, the fear of "being singular," of rendering themselves the subject of "remark," which wholesomely qualify the love of admiration and display, in the generality of female breasts. They have more energy of character than is absorbed by the routine of duties women are generally called upon to perform, and they have no channel in which their superfluous activity can be expended. Women seldom have their powers equalized and balanced by a thorough education, so it is not wonderful that one gifted with more strongly marked strength of character than the generality should have somewhat of the eccentric and irregular in her actions. Her strength resembles the undirected activity of a child—much promised, and nothing accomplished with it. Beside women cannot, like men, correct their false or crude notions by intercourse with the actual world; from their natural position they are prevented taking a broad view of things as they really exist. When a woman steps beyond her own domestic circle, into whatever scene she goes she is the subject of a social fiction; she is treated as a visitor, not as an inhabitant; therefore what a woman calls "a knowledge of the world" is only a fresh source of bewilderment, which, besides being in the highest degree undesirable, is confined to a coarse exaggeration of scenes, which undoubtedly do take place, but which lose their truth by being detached from the course of natural circumstances under which they occur. Women of the class we are describing have often a morbid curiosity for this kind of enlightenment; but it leads them no nearer to their object, viz. something to fill the void in their hearts and intellects.—*From Zoe, a novel.*

VULGAR ELOQUENCE.—An example of popular eloquence, calculated to produce a great effect, however familiar in itself, occurred in a preacher among the Methodists having said, in order to exhibit the contrast between time and eternity—"Suppose a departed sinner had been ten thousand years in punishment, and that, upon hearing a bell toll, he should inquire, 'What is that o'clock?'—the answer could only be—Eternity!"

From the Examiner.

Revelations of Spain in 1845. By an English Resident. Two vols. Colburn.

THIS is a very clever book, of which the best portions are the non-political. In force and liveliness of manner, we have had nothing that so much reminds us of the late Mr. Inglis' *Rambles in the Footsteps of Don Quixote*, as the purely descriptive parts of *Revelations of Spain*.

The book is clearly the result of considerable experience of the things described; and the writer appears to be still resident in Spain. This may account for his speaking with a less startled abhorrence than the casual traveller would display, of the political atrocities and disasters of that unhappy country. But there seems to us also, in that direction of his inquiries, (excepting where he exposes the hollowness of the Carlist pretensions and the false sympathy about them in England,) a certain want of sincerity or of candor. He thinks Espartero an honest and respectable man; and on every occasion sneers at him, or makes more serious objections. He thinks Narvaez a scoundrel; and omits no opportunity of assuring us that his rule has been favorable to English interests. The plain speaking is either too little or too much.

Of the young queen his opinion is most unfavorable. Her defects, moral and physical, are exposed with unrelenting bitterness; and, there is too much reason to believe, with absolute truth. She seems a miniature Ferdinand; but fonder of *bonbons* than of petticoats or embroidery. He at the same time tells us that her life is far from secure; that scrofula and dropsy have marked their victim; and that the best hopes of Spain rest with her charming and graceful little sister, the Infanta Louisa.

This is the pretty young lady whom the far-seeing Louis Philippe marked out for his Duc d'Aumale; and it is clear that the author, who reveals a French propensity among his other revelations, would be the last to object to that union; irreconcilable with any durable pacification of parties, or a safe constitutional settlement, as it would infallibly prove. This is not an instance of long-sightedness. One may be too near as well as too far off, where ambassador's offices are in the way more especially, to see with much exactness.

Apart from politics the author often writes delightfully. That his view is not very deep, we think we can perceive in his insufficient chapters on the clergy. But where manners and customs come in question, the *venta* or *posada*, dances and bull-fights, rogues and beggars, quacks and mountebanks, robbers and innkeepers, or the external aspects of life and scenery, nothing can be better, nothing more animated, more fascinating than the *Revelations*. We read in them of this strange country, as of the picturesque, semi-barbarous times of our own, five hundred years ago. The book is full of life and color. The observation is quick, the drawing easy, the painting harmonious and fresh.

We could have wished to dwell further on these portions of the book. But even our extracts (rich as the volumes are in quotable matter) must be extremely brief.

A MADRID MOB.

"The Porte St. Denis, and the Boulevard St.

Antoine, Guildhall and Kennington Common, are pale by the side of these brown and impassioned faces, these black and wiry locks like the snakes of Tisiphone, these moustaches of Barbary darkness, these ever-moving lines and ropes of facial muscle, strangely set off by the peaked black velvet hat which is universally worn; and the cloak, which, even in his rags, the Manolo wears with the grace of a Roman senator, and the dignity (for he thinks himself no less) of a Castilian *hidalgo*."

A SPANISH REVOLUTION.

"It requires little to decide the Peninsular reformer to rush to the public square and make a new revolution. At times, he is so quick about it that *he forgets to put on his shoes*; a fact surprising to our northern natures, but familiar to all who have witnessed an alboroto in Madrid, Barcelona, or Seville. A dozen *vivas*, the beat of a drum, three steps in advance—it is done!"

THE QUEEN AND HER BONBONS.

"The most striking characteristic of the youthful Majesty of Spain is her relish and constant use of *bonbons* and sweetmeats. Her papers of comfits strew the palace, her bags of sugar-plums visit the council-chamber, her *dulces* line the throne. * * * The degrees of ministerial favor may be estimated by the number of presents of confectionery, and the minister of the interior is *first fiddle* by right of four bags of sugar-plums, till the minister of grace and justice produces five sticks of barley-sugar. When she despatches business with her ministers, (which she does twice a week,) she despatches a prodigious quantity of sweets at the same time; and the confaction of decrees, and discussion of dainties, proceed *pari passu*."

NARVAEZ.

"General Don Ramon Narvaez, the successful hero of the day, looks precisely the daring, energetic, obstinate and iron-nerved soldier of fortune which he is. In habits, manners, and appearance, he is of the purest military breed; blunt and off-handed in his address, overbearing in disposition, slow to take advice, impolitic, violent, and very determined in his proceedings. His dark moustache has the rough campaigner's cut, and his pale, stern, and somewhat cruel countenance, betokens his unbending character. * * * He is sumptuous and showy in his habits, but not luxurious in his tastes, and is always ready in his food and drink to rough it like a campaigner. * * * * Those who remember him an out-cast two years back, expelled from Portugal upon the requisition of Espartero, a wanderer through the provinces of France, with broken boots that let in the wet, a greasy hat and a thin coat, which ill-protected him from the inclemencies of a severe winter, will appreciate fully the fairy-like change in his circumstances."

RECIPE FOR A PRONUNCIAMIENTO.

"Buy over three or four officers and a dozen sergeants of a regiment. Give twenty dollars to each officer, and a four dollar piece to each of the sergeants; give a *peseta* to a blind news-hawker, and a well-invented tale of political rascality of any kind; distribute a score of rusty guns and pistols among as many *mauvais sujets*; appoint a particular hour for an explosion, and the thing is almost as infallibly accomplished as the re-

cent blowing up of the Shakspeare Cliff at Dover."

And yet the writer is indisposed to admit that the early pronunciamientos against Espartero were "bought over" with the gold of France.

ABSURDITIES OF RESIDENT ENGLISH.

"I find 'John Duncan Shaw' metamorphosed into 'Don Juan Duncano Schau—'Salter,' into 'Saltero,' and plain 'Paul Cross,' into 'Don Pablo Mariano Crosa.' But the oddest of all these metamorphoses is that effected in a few years' time in a person who, for political purposes, was desirous to appear as Spanish as possible; and he who went forth masquerading as 'Don Jacinto Rosel,' had some time before been little 'Jack Russell.'"

THE GREATEST LORD IN ENGLAND.

"An amusing sensation was created by the news of Espartero's having been invited to a public banquet by the Lord Mayor of London. Most Spaniards translated the word *Mayor* literally, according to its meaning in Castilian, 'greater,' and took it that the ex-regent had been invited to dine by the *greatest* lord in England."

SPANISH EPITHETS.

"When the beggar goes forth to make his rounds, they say: *Vase por diosear*, 'He goes to God's-sake-ity,' or to beg alms for the sake of God. No other language has an equivalent for this forcible phrase, which might be paralleled in a multitude of instances. When the beggar proceeds from door to door, he is *menudeando*, 'little-and-little-afying,' or collecting his fragments and coppers in a bag; and when he comes home, the neighbors say to each other, (for Spanish women seem to have nothing to do but to gaze out of the window :) *Ahora vase cucharetear*, 'There he goes to spoonify,' (meaning that he is about to convert his scraps into an *olla podrida*.")

Mr. Bulwer is often mentioned in the course of the *Revelations* with admiration and praise.

QUEEN CAROLINE'S WILLIAM AUSTIN.

A COMMISSION has been held before Mr. Commissioner Winslow and a special jury of the country, at the Sheriffs' Court, Red Lion square, to inquire into the state of mind of "William Austin, late of the city of Milan, but now residing at Blackland House, Chelsea, gentleman."—The commission was taken out at the instance of Sir Thomas Wilde and Dr. Lushington, guardians or trustees of the unfortunate gentleman.

Mr. Walpole said, the subject of this inquiry was Mr. William Austin, a gentleman about forty years of age, but of limited means, his property consisting of about 4,000*l.* invested in the funds. He had been brought recently from Milan, where he was residing when first attacked with this infirmity; and it was thought advisable to place him in one of the asylums in that city. He was first afflicted with loss of mind as far back as the year 1830. Mr. Austin in 1841 was an inmate of the Hospice de Sante at Milan. The unfortunate gentleman became completely imbecile, and his imbecility was so absolute as to amount almost to idiocy. The guardians thought it advisable that he should be brought to England, and in February last he left Milan in the care of a keeper, and on

the 6th of the present month arrived in England. After having been seen by Dr. Chowne and Mr. Moore, he was removed to Dr. Sutherland's establishment, Blackland House.

Louis Balbi said he was a keeper at the Hospice de Sante at Milan. Under his care was a person named Austin, who was an inmate of the asylum about three years. He would eat, drink, and sleep, but never spoke. During the three years he never spoke once. When spoken to he never answered, and was incapable of doing anything. He was very much attached to a piece of stick, which never leaves his possession night or day. He never gave any reason for his attachment to the stick. Witness accompanied him from Milan to London.

After further evidence Mr. Austin was brought into Court. In his hand he held a small piece of grape-vine stick, which he kept twirling round, totally unconscious of all that was passing. The commissioner spoke to him three or four times, but he took not the slightest notice. He, however, on the bidding of the keeper, stood or sat down, but beyond that all with him was blank. On the commissioner giving the order for him to withdraw, he followed the keeper. It was a most painful sight.

The jury immediately returned a verdict "that William Austin was of unsound mind, and incapable of managing his affairs, and had been so since the 15th of September, 1841."

He was adopted when a child, by the late Queen Caroline, to whom she bequeathed by her will a portion of her property.

The Snow-Drop: A Gift for a friend: Edited by C. W. EVEREST.

THIS is a modest little volume of original prose and verse, just issued by J. S. Redfield, price 37*1*/₂ cents. It is of the same class with "The Moss-Rose" and "The Hare Bell," by the same editor, which the public have received with decided favor. Among the contributors are Mrs. Sigourney, W. H. Burleigh, Aug. Snodgrass, etc. We copy the opening poem:

THE SNOW-DROP.—BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

When infant Spring, with a tremulous ray,
Doth tread in the steps of the Winter gray,
And the prisoned streams on the frosted plains,
Are breaking the links of their icy chains,
Ere yet the Violet hath dared to show
Its timid brow, through the melting snow,
While the Dahlias and Tulips, on couches deep,
In their bulbous night-caps are fast asleep,
Like Beauties fatigued at the midnight rout,
Who shut the sun with their curtains out,—
At the earliest call of the blue-bird sweet,
I put my head through the mist and sleet,—
And haste to bring with my simple cheer
The first glad wish of the new-born year.
But now, from Autumn, a boon I bear,—
Of varied tint, and a perfume rare;
Taste hath trodden the field and bower
The bird to win, and to cull the flower,
And to gather them close in a charmed ring,
And to tie them fast with a silken string;
Friendship doth offer the gift to thee,
Pure and warm may its gerdon be.

New York Tribune.

From a review of Roberts' *Life of Monmouth*, in *The Critic*.

THE BUTCHER-JUDGE.

THE butcheries of the soldier sunk into insignificance compared with those of the lawyer. To the *Bloody Assizes* under the infamous Jeffreys, Mr. Roberts devotes one of the most interesting of his chapters.

The judge is described as "perpetually either drunk or in a rage." Lord Delamere thus pictures him.

He was mighty witty upon the prisoners at the bar; he was very full of his jokes upon people that came to give evidence, not suffering them to declare what they had to say in their own way and method, but would interrupt them, because they behaved themselves with more gravity than he; and, in truth, the people were strangely perplexed when they were to give in their evidence. But I do not insist upon this, nor upon the late hours he kept up and down our city (Chester;) it's said he was every night drinking till two o'clock, or beyond that time, and that he went to his chamber drunk; but this I have only by common fame, for I was not in his company. I bless God I am not a man of his principles or behavior; but in the mornings he appeared with the symptoms of a man that over night had taken a large cup.

At Dorchester he resorted to the trick of tempting the prisoners, by hopes of mercy, to plead guilty.

The thirty persons against whom a true bill had been found, disregarding the judge's threatening, "that in case any did put themselves on trial, and the country found them guilty, they should have but a little time to live," put themselves on their trials. The judge had at the same time insinuated "that it was better to plead guilty, if they expected any favor."

The plan adopted to shorten the business at Dorchester, and to procure a confession, without which not a tenth part could be legally proved guilty, was this:—Two officers were sent into the gaol to call over and take the names of the prisoners. They bore with them the sister promises of pardon and execution. If the prisoners confessed, they were told they might expect mercy; otherwise not. And as many were induced to accept the proffered mercy, these officers were in a condition to appear as witnesses of their confession, (as the law was then administered,) in the case of their retracting.

The first thirty, mistrusting the cruel judge, put themselves upon their trial, and pleaded *not guilty*. This was on Saturday. The same evening Jeffreys signed a warrant to hang thirteen on the Monday following; which was punctually performed. The rest followed very soon afterwards, except one Saunders, who was acquitted for want of evidence. The pleading *guilty* by the other prisoners put an end to further trial.

The judge performed his office in a manner that we hope never to see rivalled or imitated. What a sight did the court-house of Dorchester present, when two hundred and ninety-two persons received sentence of death at one and the same time.

The brutal bearing of this monster is exhibited in the following anecdotes:—

Mr. Smith, the constable of Chardstock, who had been compelled by a party of the duke's men to surrender some money belonging to the militia, was hanged upon the same evidence as Mr.

Bragge; and, by particular directions from the judge, suffered the first of the party. This prisoner had informed the court that little credit ought to be given to the evidence. Jeffreys thundered at him, saying, "Thou villain! methinks I see thee already with a halter about thy neck—thou impudent rebel! to challenge these evidences that are for the king." Mr. John Marder had friends to speak of his readiness to forward the messengers from Lyme who gave information of the landing. One of them, an injudicious friend, spoke to his being "a good Protestant." "Oh, then," cried Jeffreys, "I'll hold a wager with you he is a Presbyterian: I can smell them forty miles." Alderman Holliday, the father of Richard Holliday, appeared on behalf of his son, claiming the benefit of the proclamation, as he had surrendered within four days, and offering to be bound for his future good behavior. The judge told him he knew many aldermen who were villains, and that he hoped to beat some fur out of their gowns before he had done with them. When John Bennett, of Lyme, was placed at the bar, some person observed that he received alms of the parish; to which the judge, in a facetious manner, replied, "Do not trouble yourselves; I will ease the parish of that burden."

It is melancholy to reflect that these cruelties were stimulated and applauded by the High Church clergy, who were delighted thus to exterminate, as they hoped, the hated Dissenters. Here is an instance:—

Wiseman, an apprentice to a barber at Weymouth, was only fourteen years of age. The people one morning perceived a copy of the Declaration stuck up; not being able to read it, they bethought themselves of this youth, who had the gift, now so common, but then so rare. The whipping commenced at Dorchester, where the gaoler, pitying the boy's early years, performed his office with as little severity as he could. A clergyman named Blanchard informed the merciful gaoler "that he would do his business for him with the lord chief justice for shamming his sentence, in not whipping the boy half enough." The man, exasperated at this interference, said, "You talk of the cruelties of the Popish priests, but commend me to a Church of England priest for cruelty; they are like the country justices, who won't believe a man is burnt in the hand unless they can see a hole through it." It is uncertain whether this clergyman really did inform; some one sent to Jeffreys, who had the poor boy whipped again the following morning to such a degree that his life was despaired of.

At Exeter thirteen were executed. Thence, still thirsting for human blood, the judge proceeded to Taunton, where no less than 526 persons were waiting their trials. Of these, no less than one hundred and forty-four were executed!!

The reader who has felt interested in the presentation of the colors to the Duke of Monmouth by the Taunton maids, may be desirous of learning how they fared at such a time as this, when the air was tainted with the smell of the quarters of the leaders of the recent pageant, and of their own relatives. One of the Miss Blakes, the schoolmistress, was committed to Dorchester gaol, where she died of the small-pox. One of the young maids (some of whom were only from eight to ten years of age) surrendered herself in court, begging mercy from the judge, who, when she

was produced before him, looked on her with a very fierce countenance, and raving, commanded the gaoler to take her. This struck such terror into the poor girl, that pulling her hood over her face, she fell a-weeping, and the gaoler removing her immediately out of the court, she died, not many hours after, through fear.

At Wells, *ninety-seven* were sent to the gibbet. And this is the scene the monster left behind him.

Jeffreys' whole progress might be traced by the carnage he left behind him. Every tower and steeple were set round with the heads of traitors. Wherever a road divided a gibbet served for an index; and there was scarcely a hamlet, however obscure, to which one limb at least was not sent, that those who survived might never lose sight of their departed friends, nor the remembrance of their crime or punishments. The following description of the beautiful west country disfigured by Jeffreys is very striking: "He made all the west an *Aceldama*; some places quite depopulated, and nothing to be seen in 'em but forsaken walls, unlucky gibbets, and ghostly carcases. The trees were loaden almost as thick with quarters as leaves; the houses and steeples covered as close with heads as at other times frequently in that country with crows or ravens. Nothing could be liker hell than all those parts; nothing so like the devil as he. Cauldrons hissing, carcases boiling, pitch and tar sparkling and glowing, blood and limbs boiling, and tearing and mangling; and he the great director of all, and, in a word, discharging his place who sent him, the best deserving to be the king's late chief justice there, and chancellor after, of any man that breathed since Cain or Judas."

Lord Lowther writes that the stench was so great that the ways were not to be travelled whilst the horror of so many quarters of men, and the offensive stench of them, lasted; of which Ken, the bishop of Bath and Wells, wrote a most pathetic letter to his Majesty.

Besides these butcheries, 850 prisoners were transported to the plantations—in reality, sold as slaves to the planters, in a climate where field labor is certain death to Europeans; so that they are to be added to the number of victims. One of these was the son of a clergyman near Lyme, the Rev. J. Pinney.

The Taunton school-girls, who had worked the banner for Monmouth, were given as *Christmas-boxes* to the maids of honor to the queen; of whom their liberty was afterwards purchased for 7,000*l.*

It is estimated that Jeffreys cleared no less than 34,000*l.* by this assize, in bribes accepted for the escape or pardon of wealthy prisoners. From Mr. Prideaux, of Ford Abbey, who was undoubtedly innocent, he extorted the sum of 15,000*l.*

The total number killed during this rebellion is estimated by Mr. Roberts at 1,810, of whom 392 were executed by Jeffreys after its suppression.

ANECDOTE OF DUNNING.—On Mr. Dunning, the celebrated lawyer, being asked how he contrived to get through all his business, he replied, "I divide my business into three parts: the first part I do myself; the second part I get done for me; and the third is never done at all."

From Punch.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

CAUDLE HAS BEEN MADE A MASON.—MRS. CAUDLE INDIGNANT AND CURIOUS.

"Now, Mr. Caudle—Mr. Caudle, I say: oh! you can't be asleep already, I know—now, what I mean to say is this; there's no use, none at all, in our having any disturbance about the matter; but, at last my mind's made up, Mr. Caudle; I shall leave you. Either I know all you've been doing to-night, or to-morrow morning I quit the house. No, no; there's an end of the marriage-state, I think—an end of all confidence between man and wife—if a husband's to have secrets and keep 'em all to himself. Pretty secrets they must be, when his own wife can't know 'em. Not fit for any decent person to know, I'm sure, if that's the case. Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel; there's a good soul, tell me what's it all about! A pack of nonsense, I dare say; still—not that I care much about it—still, I *should* like to know. There's a dear. Eh? Oh, don't tell me there's nothing in it; I know better. I'm not a fool, Mr. Caudle; I know there's a good deal in it. Now, Caudle; just tell me a little bit of it. I'm sure I'd tell you anything. You know I would. Well!

"Caudle, you're enough to vex a saint! Now, don't you think you're going to sleep; because you're not. Do you suppose I'd ever suffered you to go and be made a mason, if I did n't suppose I was to know the secret, too! Not that it's anything to know, I dare say; and that's why I'm determined to know it.

"But I know what it is; oh yes, there can be no doubt. The secret is, to ill-use poor women; to tyrannize over 'em; to make 'em your slaves; especially your wives. It must be something of the sort, or you would n't be ashamed to have it known. What's right and proper never need be done in secret. It's an insult to a woman for a man to be a free-mason, and let his wife know nothing of it. But, poor soul! she's sure to know it somehow—for nice husbands they all make. Yes, yes; a part of the secret is to think better of all the world than their own wives and families. I'm sure men have quite enough to care for—that is, if they act properly—to care for them they have at home. They can't have much care to spare for the world besides.

"And I suppose they call you *Brother Caudle*! A pretty brother, indeed! Going and dressing yourself up in an apron like a turnpike man—for that's what you look like. And I should like to know what the apron's for! There must be something in it not very respectable, I'm sure. Well, I only wish I was queen for a day or two. I'd put an end to free-masonry, and all such trumpery, I know.

"Now, come, Caudle; don't let's quarrel. Eh! You're not in pain, dear! What's it all about! What are you lying laughing there at! But I'm a fool to trouble my head about you.

"And you're not going to let me know the secret, eh! You mean to say—you're not! Now Caudle you know it's a hard matter to put me in a passion—not that I care about the secret itself; no, I would n't give a button to know it, for it's all nonsense I'm sure. It is n't the secret I care about: it's the slight, Mr. Caudle; it's the studied insult that a man pays to his wife, when he thinks of going through the world keeping

something to himself which he won't let her know. Man and wife one, indeed! I should like to know how that can be when a man's a mason—when he keeps a secret that sets him and his wife apart? Ha, you men make the laws, and so you take good care to have all the best of 'em to yourselves: otherwise a woman ought to be allowed a divorce when a man becomes a mason. When he's got a sort of corner-cupboard in his heart—a secret place in his mind—that his poor wife is n't allowed to rummage!

"Caudle, you shan't close your eyes for a week—no, you shan't—unless you tell me some of it. Come, there's a good creature; there's a love. I'm sure, Caudle, I would n't refuse you anything—and you know it, or ought to know it by this time. I only wish I had a secret! To whom should I think of confiding it, but to my dear husband! I should be miserable to keep it to myself, and you know it. Now, Caudle!"

"Was there ever such a man! A man, indeed! A brute!—yes, Mr. Caudle, an unfeeling, brutal creature, when you might oblige me, and you won't. I'm sure I don't object to your being a mason; not at all, Caudle; I dare say it's a very good thing; I dare say it is—it's only your making a secret of it that vexes me. But you'll tell me—you'll tell your own Margaret! You won't! You're a wretch, Mr. Caudle."

"But I know why: oh, yes, I can tell. The fact is, you're ashamed to let me know what a fool they've been making of you. That's it. You, at your time of life—the father of a family. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle."

"And I suppose you'll be going to what you call your Lodge every night, now. Lodge, indeed! Pretty place it must be, where they don't admit women. Nice goings on, I dare say. Then you call one another brethren. Brethren! I'm sure you'd relations enough, you did n't want any more."

"But I know what all this masonry's about. It's only an excuse to get away from your wives and families, that you may feast and drink together, that's all. That's the secret. And to abuse women—as if they were inferior animals, and not to be trusted. That's the secret; and nothing else."

"Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel. Yes, I know you're in pain. Still, Caudle, my love; Caudle! Dearest, I say! Caudle! Caud—"

"I recollect nothing more," says Caudle, "for here, thank Providence! I fell asleep."

MR. CAUDLE HAS BEEN TO GREENWICH FAIR.

HEM!—So, Mr. Caudle: I hope you enjoyed yourself at Greenwich. How do I know you've been at Greenwich! I know it very well, sir: know all about it: know more than you think I know. I thought there was something in the wind. Yes, I was sure of it, when you went out of the house, to-day. I knew it by the looks of you, though I did n't say anything. Upon my word! And you call yourself a respectable man, and the father of a family! Going to a fair amongst all sorts of people—at your time of life. Yes; and never think of taking your wife with you. Oh no! you can go and enjoy yourself out, with I don't know who: go out, and make yourself very pleasant, I dare say. Don't tell me; I hear what a nice companion Mr. Caudle is: what a good-tempered person. Ha! I only wish peo-

ple could see you at home, that's all. But so it is with men. They can keep all of their good temper for out-of-doors—their wives never see any of it. Oh dear! I'm sure I don't know who'd be a poor woman!

"Now, Caudle, I'm not in an ill temper; not at all. I know I used to be a fool when we were first married: I used to worry and fret myself to death when you went out: but I've got over that. I would n't put myself out of the way now for the best man that ever trod. For what thanks does a poor woman get? None at all. No: it's those who don't care for their families, who are the best thought of. I only wish I could bring myself not to care for mine."

"And why could n't you say, like a man, you were going to Greenwich Fair when you went out! It's no use you're saying that, Mr. Caudle: don't tell me that you did n't think of going; you'd made your mind up to it, and you know it. Pretty games you've had, no doubt! I should like to have been behind you, that's all. A man at your time of life!"

"And I of course, I never want to go out. Oh no! I may stay at home with the cat. You could n't think of taking your wife and children, like any other decent man, to a fair. Oh no; you never care to be seen with us. I'm sure, many people don't know you're married: how can they! Your wife's never seen with you. Oh no; anybody but those belonging to you!"

"Greenwich Fair, indeed! Yes—and of course you went up and down the hill, running and racing with nobody knows who. Don't tell me; I know what you are when you're out. You don't suppose, Mr. Caudle, I've forgotten that pink bonnet, do you? No: I won't hold my tongue, and I'm not a foolish woman. It's no matter, sir, if the pink bonnet was fifty years ago—it's all the same for that. No: and if I live for fifty years to come, I never will leave off talking of it. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Caudle. Ha! few wives would have been what I've been to you. I only wish my time was to come over again, that's all; I would n't be the fool I have been."

"Going to a fair! and I suppose you had your fortune told by the gipsies? You need n't have wasted your money. I'm sure I can tell you your fortune if you go on as you do. Yes, the gaol will be your fortune, Mr. Caudle. And it would be no matter—none at all—if your wife and children did n't suffer with you."

"And then you must go riding upon donkeys—you did n't go riding upon donkeys! Yes; it's very well for you to say so; but I dare say you did. I tell you, Caudle, I know what you are when you're out. I would n't trust any of you—you, especially, Caudle."

"Then you must go in the thick of the fair, and have the girls scratching your coat with rattles! You could n't help it, if they did scratch your coat! Don't tell me; people don't scratch coats unless they're encouraged to do it. And you must go in a swing, too. You did n't go in a swing! And I'm a foolish woman to think so, am I? Well, if you did n't, it was no fault of yours; you wished to go, I've no doubt."

"And then you must go into the shows! There—you don't deny that. You did go into a show. What of it, Mr. Caudle! A good deal of it, sir. Nice crowding and squeezing in those shows, I know. Pretty places! And you a mar-

ried man and the father of a family. No, I won't hold my tongue. It's very well for you to threaten to get up. You're to go to Greenwich Fair, and race up and down the hill, and play at kiss in the ring. Pah! it's disgusting, Mr. Caudle. Oh, I dare say you *did* play at it; if you did n't, you'd have liked, and that's just as bad;—and you can go into swings, and shows, and roundabouts. If I was you, I should hide my head under the clothes, and be ashamed of myself.

"And what is most selfish—most mean of you, Caudle—you can go and enjoy yourself, and never so much as bring home for the poor children a gingerbread-nut. Don't tell me that your pocket was picked of a pound of nuts. Nice company you must have been in to have your pocket picked.

"But I dare say I shall hear all about it to-morrow. I've no doubt, sir, you were dancing at the Crown-and-Anchor. I should like to have seen you. No: I'm not making myself ridiculous. It's you that's making yourself ridiculous; and everybody that knows you says so. Everybody knows what I have to put up with from you.

"Going to a fair, indeed! At your time—"

"Here," says Caudle, "I dozed off, hearing confusedly the words—hill—gipsies—rattles—roundabout—swings—pink bonnet—nuts."

From the Spectator.

PUNISHMENT AND CORRECTIVE DISCIPLINE.

THE necessity of dealing with convicts *en masse* is a great obstacle to their reformation. Man is a social animal—if company is within his reach he will keep it: man is a partisan animal—he will tolerate, defend, adopt, the views and habits of those with whom he keeps company. If you could separate a convict from all old associations—throw him among people entirely new to him, industrious, and tolerably regular in their conduct—he might adopt their fashions. But so long as he is known to and within reach of the criminal class, his reformation is next to impossible.

Captain Maconochie, some years at the head of the doubly-penal settlement on Norfolk Island, makes an observation that shows how far corrective influences may in a manner refine and elevate the character of convicts, leaving their morals little if anything amended. The view he presents is a curious counterpart to Burke's assertion that the moral delinquencies of French aristocracy, by losing all their grossness, lost half their evil. The convicts of our day, like the noblesse of the ancient régime, have been raised in the scale of humanity without being lifted out of their class.

"The degree of education among the younger English prisoners is higher than among the old ones. When they read or write at all, they do both better than the others. Their minds are also generally more active and educable; they covet a better class of books, and more readily acquire general though superficial information from them. It would appear as though the spirit of advancing intelligence in the age has touched even where it has not directly seized on particular individuals. I have never known a voluntary adult school so generally, and at the same time for the most part so profitably attended, as ours was at Longridge, till the formation of the establishment at Cascade, and the distribution of the men holding tickets of leave into farms, unavoidably broke it up. • •

On the other hand, I am sorry to add, that these same young English prisoners, who are thus distinguished among us for superior education and educability, are not less remarkable for indifference to their religious duties and careless reception of religious instruction. In both particulars, it is curious to say that they not unfrequently even give offence to the older hands. Whatever the cause, the older prisoners, without being always the better men for it, are peculiarly accessible to religious exhortation and impression, and show much respect to religious addresses. They thus come readily to church; they listen with extreme attention to any sermon in the least suited to them; and they are frequently even deeply moved by one bearing on their individual circumstances. • •

But, as a class, the young English prisoners exhibit here appearances almost the reverse of these. They come unwillingly to church; they not unfrequently misconduct themselves there. I have had occasion to sentence many to sit for different periods on the front-benches, immediately in my own view: and several even have been brought before me by their better-minded companions for arguing that religion was a hoax, supported by the better classes in order to control the lower."

But both skeptics and devotees are equally unreclaimed. They want only opportunity to resume their old practices. The one set take to intellectual pursuits, as an amusement: the other to religious, because while indulging in a devotional feeling they soothe themselves with the flattering hope that they have become better men. But in both, the real source of crime—the habitual prostration of the will, the more or less reluctant submission to habit—has not been reached. They lack vigor for self denial and steady industry: they have no power to originate a new line of conduct for themselves: they will do as they are directed while prisoners, and as others do when liberated. They will follow the example of their associates; and these, sifted and classified as men are now-a-days by the police, must be criminals. To reclaim a man, it is not enough that you render him intelligent and convince him of the folly of crime, or awaken his sense of religion and make him feel vaguely the evil of crime: his will requires to be braced; and that, it would almost appear, cannot be effected while he is undergoing punishment. The following remark of Captain Maconochie bears on this point, and is perhaps still more striking than the one we have already quoted—

"In general, the men here die quietly and composedly; resigning themselves with little apparent reluctance to their fate, and receiving and applying, even the worst of them, to their own cases the consolations of religion, with little apparent doubt or hesitation. There are exceptions—men who die obdurate and impenitent, and men who show great uneasiness about their future prospects: but the reverse is the rule; and it is, think, to be lamented. A more painful death, in the case of very wicked men, would be salutary to survivors, and probably more beneficial to themselves. The circumstance proceeds, I think, from two causes: first, the ties of a prisoner to life are not strong, and his habits of enterprise reconcile him readily to any change; and secondly, the moral guilt of their several offences is little felt by the body at large. They have for such a length of time looked to them as their only sources of indulgence and subsistence, that they have almost ceased

to consider them as involving moral guilt at all. The degree in which I can trace this even in the minds of my best men is wonderful; and it proceeds, in a great degree, from the system of measuring sentences by time instead of conduct. Conduct has thus no prominent value attached to it in their every-day life, and misconduct no directly injurious effect; while other circumstances also conspire. *Men long kept without personal property have little sympathy with the moral reasoning which would protect property; and where submissiveness is the only virtue directly rewarded, the others speedily lose value by comparison.*"

Self-defence requires that those who are inaccessible to other motives be deterred from crime by the prospect of punishment. Humanity requires, that instead of killing or coercing our fellow-beings like wild beasts when they are guilty, we should attempt to teach them better. Men like to save themselves trouble: the attempt has therefore been made to punish and teach delinquents at the same time and by the same process. But punishment only deters from crime: it awakens all the angry feelings of a thwarted will. Prolonged punishment renders this state of mind chronic, or superinduces hopelessness and entire prostration. These considerations would seem to suggest that the best punishments are those which are sharp but brief in their operation—which terrify without rendering the mind habitually savage or feeble. The process of reform, it would seem, must be begun after the punishment is over. But to this an insurmountable hindrance is interposed by the modern habit of viewing all who have once been convicted as a degraded caste, which precludes the return of the criminal into unconvicted society, and thrusts him back to associate exclusively with convicts like himself.

We are still in the rudiments of penal legislation and corrective discipline. To abolish death-punishment—if life-long bondage which kills the soul, or a life spent alternately in prisons and the pursuit of crime, are the only substitutes—would be little advance in the path of humanity.

PUNCH'S NOY'S MAXIMS.

23. *Nothing shall be void which may by possibility be good.*—This maxim is proved by taking the negative of the proposition. Thus, if JONES writes a tragedy, it cannot by any possibility be good, and it is therefore void accordingly; but if JONES incurs a debt, the debt may by possibility be good; and at all events it is not void, for the liability will hang over him.

24. *Ex nudo pacto non oritur actio.*—An action cannot arise from a naked agreement.—A naked agreement is an agreement not clothed with a consideration; and certainly it seems very inconsiderate to allow an agreement to go forward to the world in the state alluded to. Among some of the jurists it is thought that the reason why no action arises from a naked agreement is, that such an agreement being naked, must have been already stripped of everything; and as there is nothing to be got from it, the lawyers will have nothing to do with it.

25. *The law favors a thing which is of necessity.*—This is the doctrine of "needs must when a certain old gentleman drives;" and the law favors anything which he happens to be concerned in. That the law favors necessity, is not, however, wholly true; for if a man has stolen a penny-loaf

from necessity, the law has no favor to show to it. If in a storm another man throws overboard my goods, he is protected, because the law sees a necessity, and favors it accordingly; though I might see no necessity whatever for such a precipitate proceeding. The idea of law favoring necessity, is at variance with the maxim that "necessity has no law," which is very likely to be the truth, for necessity not being able to pay for law, is not very likely to get any.

26. *The law favors a thing which is for the good of the commonwealth.*—In accordance with this maxim, a man in trade may not have his tools distrained upon, for he uses them for the good of the commonwealth; and a bailiff cannot come up and take my pen out of my hand, for it is the tool I am working with; nor could he seize my brains, for they are what I have in use; though he might levy a distress on my mind, by greatly distressing it.

27. *Communis error facit jus.* Common error becomes right.—This is a very odd maxim, for it means literally that rare correctness will be the result of constant blundering; and it follows that a man who is generally wrong, will be in the end particularly right. Thus, in the Irish courts, if there is a row, and every man strikes the wrong person, there can be no doubt that the right person will get what he deserves; and thus the *communis error*, or general mistake, *facit jus*—that is to say, is the cause of justice being done.

28. *The law favors things which are in the custody of the law.*—The sort of favor shown by the law to such as are in its custody, is of a very peculiar character. Cutting the hair in the very last style of fashion—the last that any one would voluntarily adopt—and attending to the health by prescribing constant exercise on the wheel, together with a diet of the most moderate nature, are among the favors which the law shows to those who are in its custody.

29. *The husband and wife are one person.*—Though man and wife are one in law, they are often two in fact, for there is anything but unity between them. They cannot sue each other—at least after marriage—though before that event the gentleman brings his suit, but when once wedded they stand no longer in the relation of suitors. A wife can never answer any action without her husband, for it is wisely thought that if a woman were allowed to answer alone, or in other words, have all the talk to herself, there would be no end to it. If a married woman is guilty of slander, the husband and wife must be sued for it, so that a man saddled with a scurrilous helpmate ought to put a bridle on her tongue as speedily as possible.

30. *All that a woman has appertains to her husband.*—Among the other things appertaining to a woman are sometimes debts and liabilities, which her husband takes, whether he will or no; but when the wife pays the debt of nature, the other debts are discharged, as far as the husband is concerned, who thus obtains a release in a double sense.

31. *The will of the wife is subject to the will of the husband.*—This is a maxim that our married readers will find it difficult to understand; for it is a settled point, which has been decided over and over again after much argument, that a wife has a will of her own, which the will of a husband must often be subject to.

32. *The law favors works of charity, right, and truth, and abhors fraud, covin, and uncertainties,*

which obscure the truth; contrarieties, delays, unnecessary circumstances, and such like.—“The law,” if we are to judge by this maxim, must have a very high opinion of itself; and it is only to be regretted that society at large does not consider the law such a paragon of perfection as it makes itself out to be. The way in which the law favors works of charity, is by squabbling over the funds left for charitable purposes until they are pretty considerably diminished. If the law really loves right and truth, it is strange that it should be so constantly at variance with those it professes to have an affection for. The differences existing between law and right are, however, very unlike lovers’ quarrels, inasmuch as the former, when they once take place, are seldom made up again. On the whole, the maxim now under discussion appears to smack of pleasantry; for it must surely be a joke to say that the law abhors “uncertainties which obscure the truth.” Perhaps, however, it is an excess of magnanimity of the law, which induces it to patronize those things which it holds in the greatest detestation.

36. *Every act shall be taken most strictly against him who made it.*—This is a very good maxim, but it is not faithfully carried out; for if it were, the framers of the Poor Law Act would be occasionally subjected to its provisions. The individual who made a brazen bull for the purpose of torturing others, and was himself the first victim to his new invention, had his act taken most strictly against himself; and if acts of parliament were to be applied strictly to those who made them, it is probable that there would be considerable improvement in the quality of legislation. If I give A. B. a gold snuff-box, saying, “A. C., take this,” it is a good gift, though I call him by a wrong name; but if I call him wrong names, and he, giving me a box on the ears, says, “B. D., take that,” the gift is not so good as it might be.

37. *He who cannot have the effect of the thing, shall have the thing itself. Ut res magis valeat quam pereat.* It is better a thing should have effect than be void.—This maxim is somewhat ambiguous, but it means simply that where there is no meaning in a sentence, the law will make one, rather than refrain from interfering. Formerly, however, the better mode of reading the maxim would have been by saying, “he who cannot have the effects of the thing shall have the thing itself;”—for until arrest was abolished—and even still in some cases—if a broker cannot have the effects he will have the person, and if he returns *nulla bona*—which means literally nothing to bone—he could formerly bone the body.

ENIGMA.

I’m reckoned only fifty—yet for centuries have been
In every place, in every clime, among the living seen.
Mute, though incessantly in talk, I give to silence sound,
And single ’t is my fate to be, whilst fast in wedlock bound.
The learned place me at their head, although unknown to fame,
And eloquence itself delights to sound abroad my name.

Though plunged in guilt, the tenant of a prison’s gloomy cell,
Yet twice invoked, my potent aid concludes the wizzard’s spell:

I ride upon the whirlwind—point the lightning through the storm,
And mine the power, with but a word, another world to form.

I too, alone can kindle fame, and what, indeed, is odd,
The veriest miser can prevent from making gold his God.

I usher in the morning light, yet shun the face of day;
A stranger to the voice of mirth, yet join in every play.

The fabled liquid I, with which poor Tantalus was curs’d,
For in the proffered goblet seen, I mock the wretch’s thirst.

The rich secure me for their wealth, the cunning for their wiles!
And rest of me, ah! changed how soon were beauty’s sweetest smiles.

I lurk within the brilliant glance that flashes from her eye—
Rest on her ruby lip—and in her laughing dimples lie—

I breathe the first soft sound of love in the maiden’s willing ear,
And mingle in the rising blush which tells that love is dear.

I lead the laugh, I swell the glee amid the festal hall,
But a truant from the banquet, and a laggard in the ball.

First in the martial lists I rode, with mail, and lance, and shield;
And foremost of the line I charge upon the battle field;

And yet though ranked among the bold, I scarcely join the fight,
When, foul disgrace to knighthood’s race, I turn at once to flight.

From greatness thus removed, I make companionship with evil;
And, in your ear a word, maintain alliance with the devil.

I THINK OF THEE.

I THINK of thee in the night,
When all beside is still,
And the moon comes out with her pale sad light
To sit on the distant hill.

When the stars are all like dreams,
And the breezes all like sighs,
And there comes a voice from the far-off stream
Like thy spirit’s low replies.

I think of thee by day,
Mid the cold and busy crowd,
When the laughter of the young and gay
Is far too glad and loud.

I hear thy low sad tone,
And thy sweet young smile I see,
My heart were all alone
But for its thoughts of thee.

T. K. Hervey.

From the Quarterly Review.

Diaries and Correspondence of James Harris, First Earl of Malmesbury, containing an Account of his Missions to the Courts of Madrid, Frederick the Great, Catherine II., and the Hague; and of his special Missions to Berlin, Brunswick, and the French Republic. Edited by his Grandson, the Third Earl. Vols. III. and IV. London. 1844.

TOWARDS the conclusion of our recent notice of the two first volumes of this series, we said—"we suppose that a further publication is intended, which perhaps has been postponed from considerations of delicacy towards persons still living." We find, however, that we were mistaken in supposing that there was any delicacy in the case—the postponement seems to have been but another instance of the practice which has of late grown up of bringing out in *livraisons* works which might as well, for aught we see, have been brought out at once. We may hereafter have occasion to make some observations on the effect of this system, but we notice it on this occasion only because it led us into expectations which have been disappointed, and has obliged us to divide into two articles a subject which we should rather, on account of some principles which it involves, have discussed in one.

If these latter volumes of Lord Malmesbury's diaries and correspondence were to be published in our day, they must naturally have excited considerable surprise in the public mind, and have raised—in addition to the suggestion which we made as to the respect due to private feelings—the more important question as to the right of a public minister or his representative to publish, at his private pleasure and for his private objects, documents or information obtained in his public character and in the execution of his official duties. This abstract question might have been raised in the case of even the two first volumes, where there are many things which ought not, we think, to have been published as part of the official or even private correspondence of a British minister; but as they related to days comparatively remote, and to interests for the most part obsolete, and as we presumed (erroneously it seems) that a discreet pause was made for the purpose of precluding any complaints either public or private, of too near an approach to our own times, we forbore raising a question which might seem invidious, and which the good sense and delicacy of the noble editor himself appeared to avoid; but, as the appetite of the public for these revelations, and the profit-prompted liberality of the possessors of such documents, seem rapidly increasing, we feel it our duty to offer some observations on a subject of, as it seems to us, some novelty and considerable importance.

We must begin by stating that these volumes contain matters so various as to be at first sight hardly reducible to any common rule as to the right or propriety of their publication. We have, 1. The ordinary official despatches and communications between the minister and his own court, and that to which he was accredited. 2. The more secret and confidential correspondence, which under the form and style of private letters are essentially official, and affect in the highest degree the public interests. 3. Memoranda, minutes of conferences, or conversations, and intelligence, collected in the ministerial character, and for the

purposes of the mission. 4. Extracts of Diaries which Lord Malmesbury seems to have kept with great assiduity all through his life, and of which, during the periods of his public employment, all the most essential portions relate to his ministerial duties, and are as it were a kind of log-book of his official and in some degree of his personal proceedings:—the fourth volume is almost wholly composed of extracts from the Diary from 1801 to 1808, when Lord Malmesbury was residing in London in the centre of an extensive political acquaintance, and keeping very copious notes of the political news and occurrences of the day.

Of these classes there can be little doubt, we think, that the three first may be considered as belonging to the same category, and as subject to whatever custom or rule of law may exist as to the antagonist rights of the crown, and one of its official agents, over the documents connected with the agency. The question on the Diaries is rather more complicated, from the difficulty of distinguishing how far papers of such a mixed character can be classed as public or private. But the difficulty is more superficial than real: on the one hand, no one can pretend that Lord Malmesbury's representative had not a *legal* right over his *private* diaries; those, for instance, kept when he was out of office; but on the other it may, we think, be doubted whether such a right extends to a journal like, for instance, that kept during his mission to Brunswick, which is really a history of the mission—containing scarcely one word or fact that had not a direct relation to it, and which but for the mission could have had no existence.

Now, putting aside for the moment all question of discretion and delicacy, and regarding only the *strictness of law*, we hold that it is clearly established that a public minister can have, with regard to his official papers, no private and independent right of publication.

Judge Story, in his "Commentaries on Equity Jurisprudence," has collected all the cases which constitute the law on this subject, and classed and condensed them in his usual masterly style. He states, on all the authorities, that "private letters, even as literary compositions, belong to the writer and not to the receiver, who at most has a special property in them which does not give him a right to publish them," (§ 944;) and again, that "by sending a letter the writer gives to the person to whom it is addressed a property in it for the purposes of reading, and, in some cases, of keeping it; but the gift is so restrained that, beyond the purposes for which the letter is sent, the property remains in the sender," (§ 945.) These decisions were made on the principle involved in this and all such like cases, namely, the *copyright* in and the pecuniary value of such papers. But the argument goes still further, and protects letters, not merely as *property*, but as the sacred depositories of *private confidence*. "It would, indeed," says Dr. Story, "be a sad reproach to English and American jurisprudence if courts of equity could not interpose in cases where the very nature of the letter imports—as matters of business, or friendship, or advice, or family or private confidence—the *implied* or necessary intention and *duty* of privacy and secrecy," (§ 947;) and thence the cases lead to a still closer analogy to our point. "*Courts of equity will restrain a party from making a disclosure of secrets communicated to him in the course of a confidential employment,*" (§ 952.)

And he further shows that these rules apply not merely to letters received, but equally so to letters written by a person—in short, “they have been applied in all cases where the publication would be a violation of trust or confidence, founded in contract or implied from circumstances,” (§ 949.) And, if this doctrine be true in private cases, it is infinitely stronger in that of a sworn servant of the state, who is not merely what the law would call an agent, but is invested with a still more confidential character, and a much higher, and much deeper responsibility. This is common sense, common honesty, common equity, and common law.

A case occurred a few years ago, in which we had occasion to consider this question incidentally, and our opinion then was in perfect accordance with these principles. This was in our review of “*A Narrative of a Residence at the Court of London, by Richard Rush, Esq.*,” envoy from the United States. Mr. Rush in this work chose to publish, without any authority from his government, and on his private responsibility, many of his diplomatic communications with our ministers, and gave some reasons—very bad ones as we thought and showed—for this deviation from the ordinary course of diplomacy. For our present purpose we need only quote our general *résumé* of the question. The first part of our argument had applied to the mere act of publishing what had never been intended for publication, and then we proceeded to say with regard to the publication by Mr. Rush—

“But Mr. Rush is in a still graver error as to the general principle. He seems to think that, if such documents may be published, he has a right to publish them. No such thing. The state has such a right, but not the servant of the state, without the express permission of the head of the government. In all a minister’s negotiations, whether verbal or documentary, he can acquire no personal right—no right to publish or otherwise employ the papers he may have collected, or the information he may have obtained, for any purpose of his own. The whole belongs to the state, and he has no more right to make any use of them than a lawyer would have to turn something which he has found amongst his client’s title-deeds to his own advantage.”—(Q. R., xlix., p. 325.)

To this general doctrine we have never heard any objection: we believe it to be indisputable, and we will therefore venture to repeat our mature judgment—one not, as we have shown, formed on or for the present occasion—that the noble editor had no right whatsoever to publish the diplomatic papers of his grandfather. We have no doubt that such a publication might have been stopped by an injunction; and as the case now stands, we suspect that the law of copyright would not protect a publication where there was no right to publish.

But this applies only to the absolute right—which is, we admit, susceptible of various modifications in practice. In the first place the consent of the government for the time being, as representative of the sovereign or the state, would hardly be denied on a fit occasion, and would remove all difficulty. Of the two earliest publications by private persons of diplomatic papers that we possess—“*The Cabala*” and Diggs’ “*Complete Ambassador*”—it is observable that both, and particularly the latter, referred to transactions quite obsolete, and were published during the license of the

commonwealth, but that when the “*Cabala*” was republished after the restoration with some additional matter, it was with the express sanction of the secretary of state. The second volume of Sir William Temple’s works, published by Swift, which contained his diplomatic letters, was especially dedicated to King William—which the first volume was not—and had no doubt his majesty’s countenance and sanction. But we have now before us a case of recent and decisive authority—Sir Robert Adair’s publication, May, 1844, of “*An Historical Memoir of his Mission to Vienna*.” This memoir is based on, and is accompanied by, a selection from the dispatches written and received by him during that period. Sir Robert Adair, taking the true legal and statesman-like view of the case, obtained from Lord Palmerston, then the secretary of state, “*an official permission—not withdrawn by Lord Aberdeen—to publish such parts of his dispatches as might not be prejudicial to the public service;*” and he also, he tells us, obtained “*Prince Metternich’s consent;*” and he announces on his title-page that these dispatches are “*published by permission of the proper authorities.*” All this is right and proper, and establishes, we think, the true principles of the case.

But though we suppose that in strictness no state-papers can be printed without the consent of the crown, yet in practice any formality of sanction has been reasonably considered as unnecessary in cases which, by long lapse of time and entire change of circumstances, can no longer affect either private feelings or public interests, and have passed into the fair and undisputed domain of history. It might be difficult to fix the precise boundary of this domain, in which every year makes a degree of change; but it is creditable to the discretion of the eminent men who have served in public stations for the last century—of the hereditary possessors of their official papers—and of the literary men who have had access to those papers—that till within very late years little or nothing has been published to which any serious objection could be made. When Lord Kenyon and Dr. Phillpotts published, in 1837, the letters between the king and Lord Chief Justice Kenyon on the subject of the Coronation Oath, Lord Chancellor Eldon—with all his political and religious predilections for the views that publication was intended to serve—could not help expressing “*considerable doubts*” as to the propriety of the publication, (Twiss’ “*Life*,” vol. i., p. 360)—not from any disapprobation of the sentiments, nor doubting that they did honor to both parties, but evidently because it seemed to make public a privileged communication too near our times to be altogether considered, as in all other respects they certainly are, historical documents. Lord Eldon’s own biographer, who states this doubt, has gone much farther, for he has printed not only private letters of recent date, but a number of the most secret and confidential notes from King George III. to his chancellor on the most delicate subjects. In our review of Mr. Twiss’ work (Q. R., vol. lxxiv., p. 71) we said that, taking for granted that Mr. Twiss had obtained permission from the parties or their representatives for the publication of these private communications, there were still some for which it was too early even to ask such permission—a sufficient intimation of the judgment which we now more broadly state—that without such permission, those documents were, according to

all admitted principles, no more the property of the chancellor's grandson, in respect to *publication*, than Lord Malmesbury's dispatches were of his grandson. It seems clear that the present earl has not thought of obtaining any such permission or sanction, and for this as well as other reasons we cannot but think that his publication infringes on those *ill-defined*, but *well understood*, rules of discretion and delicacy, by the nice observance of which the publication by private hands of official documents can alone be justified.

We are satisfied that the noble editor had not the least intention of infringing these rules, and will be surprised at finding that he can, by any ill-natured critic, be supposed to have done so. We assure him we are not towards him ill-natured critics;—we are satisfied that he was as far as we ourselves should be from publishing anything which he could have imagined to be injurious to the public service or reasonably displeasing to individuals. But in our judgment he has happened to do both; and it is lest the involuntary error of a justly respected nobleman should in these all-publishing days create a dangerous precedent, that we have thus ventured to express our opinion that *strictly speaking*, the official and confidential—that is, the greater and more important—divisions of these papers were not *his to publish*, and that the customary and conventional rights which a sufficient lapse of time confers on the possessor of such documents have not yet accrued to him.

We are sorry to be obliged to pronounce this judgment, which is much against our own private interest and predilections. We have been very much amused by these two latter volumes, and chiefly, we fear, with those parts the publication of which we have thus presumed to criticise. We wish we could, consistently with our duty to the public, encourage this mode of anticipating history: it has great charms. How much more delightful to us must be the sketches of George III. and George IV.—Queen Charlotte and Queen Caroline—Pitt and Fox—Canning and Windham—to say nothing of the minor portraits—all fresh, as it were, from the hand of a painter, *their* contemporary, and in some degree *ours*—than they will be in another generation, when they might be exhibited without offence, and received with indifference! Nor can it be denied that historic truth may gain something by what we have hitherto considered as premature publication. If there be misunderstanding or misrepresentation of facts or of motives, there may probably be those living who will feel an interest in correcting the error and in doing justice to themselves or their party; and when the mention is favorable, there will be many to relish the praise of a well-remembered parent or friend, with a keenness of pleasure that cannot be felt by a more distant progeny. It may be also said that no such publication is ever made without *some* reserve and delicacy—that even when nothing is added to praise, something is often subtracted from censure, and that traits likely to be offensive to individuals may be easily, and generally are tenderly softened or omitted: and this, we dare say, may be said of the Malmesbury publication. But then this process is likely to destroy the truth and unity of the work: after being strained through such a cullender an author may be no more like himself than a *purée* to a potato. Unless we have the *whole* evidence we cannot be satisfied of his veracity, nor appreciate his distri-

bution of praise or blame. It is like asking us to give implicit credit to a witness without allowing us the test of a personal examination.

Upon the whole, however, of these considerations, we fall back to our original position that such publications are of very doubtful propriety, and that in the present instance it has been somewhat premature as regards individuals, and somewhat incautious as affects national interests; and we solicit the attention of the public and the government to the inconveniences which may arise if this practice of dealing with official documents as private property should become—as from the taste of the times, and the activity of the literary trade, we think probable—an ordinary speculation with the sons and grandsons of public servants. Take three or four instances. The Armed Neutrality twice died away; but is another revival impossible, and would the maritime interests of this country be much strengthened by an appeal to Lord Malmesbury's Russian correspondence? Is the union of France and Spain against England so entirely out of the question that some British negotiator may not be told on the authority of Lord Malmesbury, or *Lord St. Vincent*, (!) that Gibraltar is worthless, or at best but a counter on the great card-table of Europe? Will it tend much to exalt our character for honesty and good faith, to have it said that a British minister of the highest rank prided himself on having *bribed* the menial servant of a friendly sovereign to betray the humble duty of opening or closing the door of his master's closet? Or will European confidence in our national pride and integrity be in any degree confirmed by the fact that pending the Lisle negotiations, we received, not only without indignation, but with complacency, projects of pecuniary corruption, which, if it disgraced our adversaries to propose, it did us no great honor to listen to? In four large volumes, pretty nearly divided between twaddle and gossip, such passages as we have referred to may be overlooked by ordinary readers; but we submit it to graver judgments, and even to public opinion, whether—be they truly represented, or, as we rather hope, discolored and exaggerated—these arcana are fit to be divulged in the style and for the motives with which they are now presented to the world.

Turning, however, from these speculations, which, though they come too late in this case, may be applicable to others, we proceed to our examination of the contents of these volumes, premising, once for all, that our space will allow us to give a very inadequate summary of so great a variety of transactions, and that we shall chiefly endeavor to bring before our readers topics on which Lord Malmesbury either throws a new light, or gives, in doubtful points, a preponderating evidence.

We left Lord Malmesbury at the close of the last volume separated in politics from Mr. Fox, and united with the Duke of Portland and his section of the whigs in the support of Mr. Pitt and the prosecution of the war with France. An early opportunity was taken, we will not say of rewarding his conversion, but of employing his known abilities and still greater reputation, in the public service. For any diplomatic duty he had certainly at that moment, in public opinion, no competitor; and the policy he was called upon to forward was in full accordance with his own previous opinions.

Towards the close of 1793, the King of Prussia

—under a strange combination of political embarrassment, private intrigue, and fanatical delusion—exhibited a strong disposition to break off his defensive alliance with England, and to withdraw from the contest against France—in which he had been, originally, the most zealous and prominent actor. Such a design, and especially the motives that prompted it, were so contrary to good faith, and so full of peril not only to Prussia herself but to all Europe, that Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville proposed to Lord Malmesbury a special mission to endeavor to counteract this pusillanimous, and indeed, as regarded us, fraudulent policy, and to induce the King of Prussia to adhere to what was at once his duty to himself, and his engagement to his allies. Lord Malmesbury had, before his departure, an audience of George III. in the closet—"the first time since the *Regency Bill*"—on which, it will be recollected, Lord Malmesbury had not behaved with quite so much gratitude and duty as might have been expected. His majesty, however, was very gracious, and gave his lordship some advice on the subject of his mission, which, if only as an additional corrective of the false notions that were so long and so industriously propagated as to the infirmity of his majesty's intellect and judgment, is worth extracting.

"He began by saying something complimentary on my accepting the Prussian Mission, then went on by saying, 'A few clear words are better perhaps than long instructions. I believe that the King of Prussia is an honest man at the bottom, although a weak one. You must first represent to him, that if he allows his *moral* character the same latitude in his explanation of the force of treaties, as he has allowed it in other still more sacred ties' (referring to his marriage,) 'all good faith is at an end, and no engagement can be binding. You must then state to him how much his *honor* is engaged in joining in this business, in not giving up a cause in which he had begun so nobly. Then you should apply to his *interest*, that the event of the war must either fail or succeed; that if he withdrew himself from the number of coalesced powers, in either case he would suffer from leaving them. In the first case (the failure of the war) he perhaps would be the first to feel the consequence of suffering this *Tartarian horde* to overrun Europe. In the second, if we succeed, he certainly might be sure that not having contributed his share to the success, would put him, in respect to the other powers, in a situation of want of consideration and consequence, and that he would not be consulted or referred to in the general system of Europe, when that became a matter of discussion. That if you fail on referring him to these three great points—his *integrity*, his *honor*, and his *interest*—it will be certain nothing can be done; and although I have the greatest confidence in your skill and abilities, yet I shall rest assured in that case that no skill or any ability would be equal to success.'"—vol. iii., p. 7.

"And this," says Lord Malmesbury, "his majesty delivered with great perspicuity and correctness;" and then he went on to an explanation without which the first article of these oral instructions, as to the King of Prussia's moral conduct, would appear very strange—"The King of Prussia," he said, "was an *illuminé*;" and, as Lord Malmesbury afterwards found, persuaded himself—under the influences of that mysterious sect—that he might reconcile with strict morality the having a wife and three mistresses, and with

sound policy the forming an intimate alliance between his own despotism and the Jacobin democracy.

In one of the early letters from Berlin, Lord Malmesbury writes to Lord Grenville what surely ought not to have been yet—if ever—published:—

"My dear lord—The inside of this court is really a subject fit only for a private letter: unfortunately it is so closely connected with its public conduct, and influences it so much, that I wish to give you every information relative to it in my power.

"The female in actual possession of favor is of no higher degree than a servant-maid. She is known by the name of Mickie, or Mary Doz; and her principal merit is youth and a warm constitution. She has acquired a certain degree of ascendancy, and is supported by some of the most inferior class of favorites; but, as she is considered as holding her office only during pleasure, she is not courted, though far from neglected, by the persons of a higher rank.

"The two candidates for a more substantial degree of favor are Madlle. Vienk and Madlle. Bethman. The first (I really believe, extremely against her will and her principles) is forced forward by a party who want to acquire consequence; and I am told she has the good wishes of Luichesini, who thinks he shall be able to lead her. Madlle. Bethman plays a deeper game; she acts from, and for, herself; she professes to love the king, but that her principles prevent her giving way to it; she is all sentiment and passion; her aim is to be what his first mistress was, and to turn to her account all the licentious latitude it is said the *illuminés* allow themselves. Madlle. Bethman is cousin to the wealthy banker of that name at Frankfort, and, from what I have learnt there, is perfectly qualified to act the part she has undertaken."—vol. iii., p. 44.

The noble editor is rather at a loss to explain what the tenets of this religious or irreligious freemasonry of *Illuminés* were, and we cannot much help him. All that we know is, that it was a deep secret—and a very safe one withal—for we strongly suspect they did not know it themselves. Their principal rites seem to have been muddling, smoking, raising ghosts, and dealing with the devil—which devil was of a scale of intellect little above that of his votaries. But the influence of this folly became considerable in the dreamy twilight of German metaphysics, and had, at an early period—even in the time of the philosopher Frederick—made its way into the palace of Berlin, where the twin-sisters—infidelity and superstition—held rival, and yet congenial, courts. Wraxall tells us that the *quondam* hero Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick abandoned himself to the doctrines and reveries of the *Illuminés* till they reduced his once powerful mind to a state of imbecility. "It will hardly be believed," says Wraxall, "that prior to 1773 he was so subjugated by them as frequently to pass many hours of the nights in churchyards, engaged in evoking and endeavoring to raise apparitions." Old Frederick was forced to dismiss the poor visionary general from his public employments; but was not, it seems, able to check the growth of the mischief in his own family. We ourselves have heard, from indisputable authority, that the king whom Lord Malmesbury visited, (in addition to the moral or rather immoral *illumination* which we have mentioned,) was so preternaturally enlightened as to confound the

garden of Charlottenburgh with the garden of Gethsemane, and would reverentially take off his hat when he fancied that he met our Saviour in his walks.

But throughout this negotiation with Lord Malmesbury the Prussian monarch, however visionary—mad he might be in the garden, was in a very matter-of-fact state of mind in his cabinet; and the whole affair appears to have been on his part a greedy and unprincipled scheme to obtain the largest possible number of English guineas for services in which England had an interest—strong, no doubt, as part of the general cause against France,—but exceedingly inferior and remote compared with that of Prussia herself. The Prussian cabinet insisted on having their whole army of 100,000 subsidized! And when England was so liberal, or as we think extravagant, as to propose a sum of 2,000,000*l.* for the annual subsidy of that power, to be paid, 2-5th or 800,000*l.* by England, 1-5th by Austria, 1-5th by Holland, and the other 1-5th to be charged to Prussia herself, Prussia refused to contribute this quota, and insisted that her army should be fed and foraged into the bargain. And when this monstrous pretension was rejected, another still more monstrous was produced, as a conciliatory expedient forsooth—that Prussia would bear her quota, provided the subsidy was raised to 2,500,000*l.*—only a more impudent mode of reasserting that she would pay nothing at all. In the mean while Austria, most naturally, we think, declined to take any part of the expense of the Prussian army on her shoulders, and great distrust and acrimony arose between the courts of Vienna and Berlin, for which Prussia and her minister Lucchesini (probably sold to the French) were most to blame.

The negotiation was in this nearly hopeless state, when, as appears by the correspondence, the Prussian minister, Haugwitz, proposed to transfer it to the Hague. The editor states, in a note from the Malmesbury Papers, that this was an *artful suggestion of Lord Malmesbury* to get the negotiation out of the influence of Lucchesini and the French. We believe this is a mistake. In his private diary, Lord Malmesbury says that Haugwitz proposed and he accepted the change: and we cannot discover what possible motive Lord Malmesbury could have had for such a move. Haugwitz's is obvious—it relieved the King of Prussia from the presence of Lord Malmesbury, and the personal embarrassment of having to bear the brunt of the most infamous *escroquerie* that was ever attempted—it removed Lord Malmesbury from the capital, where the appearance of the court and the army contradicted the professions of extreme penury, on which the whole Prussian case rested—it removed him also from the auxiliary influence of the cabinet of Vienna—and finally, it threw him into Holland, where the pressure of the immediate danger and the necessity of the Prussian protection would be most severely felt. It was Lord Malmesbury's fortune, on this occasion, as it seems to have been all through life, to be baffled and bamboozled, or, to use the more modern, and, we suppose, politer term, *mystified*, and then, like a very able diplomatist, as he no doubt was, he *suggests*, though he does not venture to affirm, that it was all a subtle device of his own "cleverness." And truth obliges us to say—though it be said of the great Earl of Malmesbury—that a more *goosy* dispatch never met our eyes than that in which he announces with great

joy this change of place to Lord Grenville, together with a new project, by which Austria was to be left altogether out of the question; and we were to have the great advantage of reducing our subsidy from 800,000*l.* to only 750,000*l.*—a prodigious saving of *one sixteenth*, but accompanied by this slight drawback, that the force to be supplied for it was diminished in a rather larger proportion—from 100,000 to 60,000 men, or about *seven sixteenths*.

But even this would have been better than what was really obtained, for Lord Malmesbury signed, on the 19th April, a treaty, by which Prussia was to place 62,400 men at the disposal of England and Holland, at the price of 50,000*l.* a month, with 1*l.* 12s. per man per month for bread and forage—in all 150,000*l.* a-month; besides 300,000*l.* for putting them in motion, and 100,000*l.* more at the end of the year for sending back again: so that, instead of getting 100,000 men for 800,000*l.* per annum, as at first proposed, we had eventually to pay near 1,200,000*l.* for 62,400, for six months nominally, but not for one day in reality. The intention was to employ these troops on the Dutch frontier in connexion with our own army then in Flanders under the Duke of York; but it soon became clear that Lord Malmesbury had been again deceived, for the Prussians seem never to have had the remotest idea of executing any part of the treaty, except pocketing the money. The editor very naturally wishes to palliate this discomfiture of his grandfather; and—Lord Malmesbury having been invited to bring to England for the consideration of the ministers the opinion of the Duke of York and of the Dutch government, as to the best mode of employing the subsidiary army—the editor states,

"It appears that this *ill-judged* recall contributed much to the success with which the French party, taking advantage of treachery and national prejudices, contrived through Lucchesini to stultify the Treaty."—p. 93.

We cannot see how this recall was *ill-judged*, or what Lord Malmesbury's quitting the Hague for a visit to London of three weeks—after the treaty had been signed—could have had to do with French intrigues at Berlin or Lucchesini's negotiations at Vienna. When Lord Malmesbury returned to the Hague—he had been in London only from the 6th to the 24th of May—he was met by complaints from the Prussians that the money, without which their army *could* not move, had not yet come; and Malmesbury, in his Diary under date of the 2d of June, complains in very bitter terms against the English ministers that the first instalment under this prodigious treaty had not yet arrived, as if such sums as hundreds of thousands of pounds in a particular coin could be collected at a few day's notice. It turned out that the first instalment of 300,000*l.* had been already remitted from the British treasury on the 27th of May. For the few days that the remittance was on the road nothing could exceed the complaints of the Prussian ministers at the delay. The Prussian army could not and would not move a mile without the money, and Lord Malmesbury was very well inclined to join in all their prognostics of mischief from this supposed delay. In the midst of all these complaints the money arrived;—the complaints ceased—but not a Prussian marched. The monthly subsidies were to commence on a most appropriate and auspicious day—the *first of April*; and they were regularly paid in Prussian coin procured for the purpose; yet we find Lord

Malmesbury confessing that for these "*immense sums*," as he justly calls them, the Prussians had not moved a step;—not did they ever; but exaggerating the effects of a trifling skirmish which they had with the French near Keyserlautern, which even the exemplary modesty of the French military writers hardly notices, and complaining beyond all credibility and truth of their own loss, they at last got up a kind of mutiny in the army against a compliance with the treaty, and having received 1,105,000*l.* up to September, out of the gullibility of Lord Malmesbury and the too prodigal confidence of the British ministry, the whole bubble burst;—and then Lord Malmesbury writes home, with the most wonderful self-complacency, that he is not at all ashamed of the failure of his treaty, because it

"must be considered as an alliance with the *Algerines*, whom it is no disgrace to pay, nor any impeachment of good sense to be cheated by."—vol. iii., p. 126.

O lame, and impotent, and disgraceful conclusion! Instead of regarding Lord Malmesbury's temporary recall as injudicious, or the delay in paying the swindled subsidy as blamable, every one who reads *even* these papers will rather wonder at the blind confidence that the ministry reposed in him.

And here we have to observe, what we have already hinted at, the danger to historical truth of this sort of revelations—where we are not sure that the *whole* story is told. Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville are seriously censured in *selections* from Lord Malmesbury's dispatches, and in a *note* by the editor: but in such a case we should have liked to see the *whole* dispatch, and the document on which the note is founded;—and above all, as regards the high praise given to Lord Malmesbury's diplomacy, would it not have been candid to have afforded us (what we have taken some pains to collect from other sources) an account of the sums actually paid to the Prussians under this boasted treaty, of which they on their side never performed—nor, we are satisfied, ever meant to perform—one iota? We confidently trust that with the change of our continental relations, the system of subsidies has vanished forever; but if any future minister should be tempted to deal in that vicarious species of warfare, we doubt whether he could have a better dissuasive than the study of the full history of Lord Malmesbury's treaty of 1794, and its profligate and disgraceful consequences. Of all the manifold errors committed in the revolutionary war, the most injurious to ourselves and even to our allies was the unhappy system of subsidies. We are surprised that Lord Malmesbury did not see this even at the time, for we find that at the close of this unlucky mission he gives Lord Grenville an alarming picture of the state of the public mind in Germany at that period, which ought to have opened his own eyes to the folly and mischief of the very efforts he was making.

"The nobility, the gentry, and large capitalists * * * attribute the evils of war and its duration, not to the enemy, who is endeavoring so strenuously to destroy them, but to the *very powers* who are endeavoring to rescue them from destruction * * * and it is impossible to awaken them to a sense of their danger.

"To every attempt of this kind which I have made, I receive for answer, '*England finds its account in the war, and only wants to engage us to continue from views of ambition and conquest.*'

"It is useless to argue against such miserable

reasoning, as it would be childish to resent it; but it is impossible not to be deeply affected when we see an immense country like this, *abounding at this moment with wealth, and possessing within itself alone means sufficient to resist and repel all the efforts of France*, poisoned with doctrines and prejudices which falsify all its faculties, and make those very powers which ought to ensure its safety act as instruments to forward its destruction.—pp. 142, 143."

What was more likely to accredit this imputation of selfish and dishonest motives than to see us squandering such enormous sums on countries themselves "*abounding with wealth and possessing within themselves alone means sufficient to resist and repel all the efforts of France?*" And what was more likely to palsy the feelings and exertions of such a country than the blind, demoralizing, and to their eyes most suspicious system of hiring them to do their own business, and bribing them to the protection of their own property and honor? Subsidies, alas, could not remedy, but, on the contrary, tended rather to increase and develop the real weakness of the continental powers, which was, as Lord Malmesbury was at length convinced—not want of the legitimate means of war, but—in their armies party, corruption, and disaffection—in the courts jealousies, animosities, and greedy speculations, and in that of Prussia treachery—in the people mysticism, infidelity and jacobinism—these were the causes that helped, if they did not altogether produce, the early successes of the French on the Rhine, and eventually, by a signal course of retributive justice, brought them, twice over, to Berlin and Vienna.

We now arrive at that portion of these volumes about the propriety of the publication of which we entertain on every account the most serious doubts—a very copious and unreserved diary kept by Lord Malmesbury during his mission to the court of Brunswick at the close of 1794, to demand the Princess Caroline in marriage for the Prince of Wales, and to conduct her to England. We confess that no publication that we have ever seen (and we have recently seen some of very doubtful discretion) has surprised us more than this. The protection of the law against unauthorized publication is not, as we have seen, limited to *letters*—it applies to *all cases where the publication would amount to a violation of trust and confidence*, or where it should be made for the purpose of indulging a gross and diseased public curiosity by the circulation of *private anecdotes, or family secrets, or personal concerns* (*ubi supra*, § 948.) Now there is not a fact—hardly a word—in this diary that does not relate to *private anecdotes, family secrets, and personal concerns*—all arising out of and belonging to the mission—nothing that was not done or said by or to Lord Malmesbury in his *official character*. In this character he received the most important and delicate confidences, both personal and political; and we cannot conceive how he or his representative could acquire any right to divulge—much less to print and publish to the whole world—informations given to him under a seal as sacred, we think, as that of *confession*. If ever there was a case in which the crown had a paramount interest in documents written by its public servants, it is especially such a one as this, where the sovereign is interested not only by her royal rights, but as the head of the family whose domestic affairs are here divulged, and as connected with the persons principally concerned by the highest

obligations of duty and the closest ties of blood. And in addition to the general question of *right*, one cannot help being struck, on the first view of this case, by manifest breaches of delicacy and good taste. The parties to that unfortunate alliance have left a numerous and illustrious kindred (to say nothing of private friends and servants) still living, whose feelings cannot but be painfully affected by some of Lord Malmesbury's revelations—which seem indeed to compromise his lordship's own character, for many of the memoranda are such as a gentleman, if obliged by his duty to make them, ought to have destroyed before his death, or at least taken effectual measures for their subsequent destruction.

This cannot be denied, and must be regretted; but on the other hand it would be unjust not to suggest, in excuse for the noble editor, that revelations of an infinitely more deplorable character had been five-and-twenty years ago paraded and produced in the most flagrant publicity by the parties themselves—they are registered in our archives, they are engraven on the tablets of our history. Lord Malmesbury's anecdotes are but the light clouds that presaged that dark storm, and the editor probably thought that the pain that they can excite in any mind that recollects the proceedings of 1790, must be of a very mitigated degree. But whatever may be thought of the act of publication, the facts are now *history*, and we must deal with them accordingly.

It was at the conclusion of the subsidiary mission to Prussia that Lord Malmesbury was commissioned to take Brunswick in his way home, and to conclude another treaty still more deplorable in its consequences. Before we enter on that business, we must introduce our readers to the Duke and Duchess of Brunswick. His highness, in disgust at the untoward result of his unfortunate campaigns of 1792-3, had resigned the command of the Prussian army, and was living at home a mortified and alarmed spectator of the great military and political game then playing, in which, though he no longer held a hand, his all was at stake. It was a secondary object of Lord Malmesbury's mission to prevail on the duke to take some measures for re-assuming the command of the Prussian army, or, if that could not be accomplished, to take the command of the Dutch army, and to act in concert with the Duke of York. The Duke of Brunswick had not, we believe, the option of doing the first, and he would not do the latter; and Lord Malmesbury, while admitting his talents and courage, pronounces him, from his wavering, suspicious, intriguing temper, utterly unfit for any great station, and incapable of any great service. This may have been, and was, we think, his general character; but we believe that the duke did not deserve his lordship's reproaches, in the particular case which produced them. He was a marshal in the Prussian army; situated as his duchy was, he had no support but Prussia; and though his strong inclination was to active exertions against France, he said that he could not safely take command of any army but a Prussian one, or at least one to which a large Prussian force should be attached. It was very well for Lord Malmesbury, who had a safe retreat in England, to make light of the duke's difficulties; but the result justified, we think, all that prince's apprehensions; and we feel not contempt, but sympathy, for the perplexity of a brave soldier and benevolent sovereign—resisting the impulses of

his own personal gallantry and political opinions, under the humiliating certainty of the ruin that a false step would entail on his family and his people. We are, however, inclined to believe that he was deficient in decision and moral courage, and of this defect the following anecdote, with regard to his too celebrated manifesto, is a slight but sufficient indication.

"Dec. 10th, 1794.—He [the Duke of Brunswick] was less *thinking* this day than usual" [poor man, he had abundant cause to be *thoughtful*]; "he was conversable with the ladies at dinner—said that his famous Manifesto was drawn up by a *Brabançon* of the name of Himon* (now here;) that it was approved by Count Schullenburg and Spielman, and forced upon him to sign; that he had not even a *veto* on this occasion."—p. 169.

The fact is true; but to have signed what he disapproved, and afterwards to throw the blame on other parties, showed but a feeble character; and Lord Malmesbury states that the duchess herself was convinced that he wanted firmness for the crisis.

"Dec. 1st.—The duchess told me she was sure he [the duke] felt himself unequal to it [the command of the army]—that he was grown nervous, and had lost a great deal of his former energy.—She said, when he returned from Holland in 1787, he was so shaken, and his nerves so worn out, that he did not recover for a long time. She confirmed what I long since knew, that the duke wants decision of character, and resolution."—p. 161.

The duchess was probably desired by the duke himself to express this opinion, for the purpose of damping Lord Malmesbury's solicitations; but even that would have been the resource of a feeble mind. He, however, was a good prince—an honest man—a benevolent sovereign—and so sincere in his hostility to French influences that Bonaparte in his 16th Bulletin, 1806, charged the whole resistance of Prussia to his advice; and he died, in every way a victim to his patriotism, on the 10th of November, of wounds received in the

* This is a mistake for the Marquis de Limon—another of the too numerous and inexcusable errors of the press which disgrace this publication. We made the same observation on the former series, and produced a few instances, which we find given in a fly-leaf to this livraison as "*errata*" to the former volumes—two only being added to our list, though there might have been two score. But the blunders of the present publication are infinitely worse, particularly in all proper names, which are so mutilated as to be, in many cases, quite unintelligible; and prove that the printed sheets cannot have been seen by any one at all acquainted with the persons or occurrences referred to—*Cragga*, for *Craig*; *Armin*, for *Arnim*; *W. Eden*, for *Morton Eden*; *W. Boothby*, for *Brook Boothby*; *Gensau*, for *Gneisenau*; *Kalkreuther*, and *Kalkreuthen*, for *Kalkreuth*; *St. Armand*, for *St. Amand*; *Fleury*, for *Fleurus*; *Colegrave*, for *Cologne*; *montebaner*, for *Montabauer*; *Fühl*, and *Pfühl*, and *Tuhl*, for the same person; *Benden*, for *Bender*; *Pigot Monbailard*, for *Pigault-Maubailacq*; *Maco*, perhaps for *Maret*; *Boncarrier*, probably for *Bonne Carrere*; *Sausun*, for *Lauzun*; *Grenville*, for *Granville*; *Moussen*, for *Mousseaux*; *Cabarras passim*, for *Cabarus*; *Fabre Eglon*, for *Fabre d'Eglantine*; *Ladies Moira* and *Hutchinson* for *Lords*; *Asperno passim*, for *Asperne*; *Dantzic* for *Dunkirk*; *Melville*, for *Moleville*; and fifty others. Most of these seem, when explained, to be small matters, easily set right; but we are not quite sure that we have always guessed the right name; and unless one is tolerably well acquainted with the personal history of everybody that Lord Malmesbury has happened to have mentioned, there is no certainty as to who or what may be meant.

fatal battle of Jena, when the dukedom of Brunswick and the kingdom of Prussia fell together.

The duchess was the elder sister of King George III.; and after the death of her husband and the ruin of her house, returned, in July, 1807, to England, where she died on the 23d of March, 1813, in her seventy-sixth year. She will be longest familiar to English eyes by her graceful figure as a girl of fifteen in the poorly painted but very interesting picture by Knapton, at Hampton Court, of the family of Frederick, Prince of Wales. She seems to have been a most good-humored, unaffected, gossiping lady; and, whatever good example she may have given her daughter in moral conduct, appears not to have afforded her, either by precept or example, much instruction in manners, discretion, dignity, or even in the more ordinary and superficial properties of feminine deportment. We shall see that Lord Malmesbury soon found himself invested with the strange duty of instructing the young lady, not only on points of behavior and of moral and religious conduct, but even on certain arcana of her personal toilet—upon which never before, we suppose, had an ambassador, or even a male, been called upon to advise: and it appears to us that in this new and unexpected trial of his good temper and good sense, Lord Malmesbury conducted himself with consummate tact and ability. He played the part of—as she herself good-humoredly called it—“*Mentor*” to the young princess admirably; but would forfeit all the merit, if we could believe that he ever meant that it should be thus blazoned forth.

But it was not for neglect and bad taste in her daughter's education that the good-humored but narrow-minded duchess was alone blamable—she had given her wrong impressions on some most important subjects. She had, it seems, before her marriage, (as sisters-in-law are sometimes apt to do,) taken a foolish dislike to Queen Charlotte, and had impressed her daughter with the same unreasonable and, as far as the grounds are stated, ridiculous prejudices; and the same may be said of a similar antipathy against the Duke and Duchess of York. The real but unavowed cause of this dislike was, we believe, a fact—not publicly known, but which we have heard from indisputable authority, and with which the old duchess was probably then acquainted—that the Duke of York was unfavorable to this match, auguring, from his knowledge of the parties, very ill of it from the beginning; and it is probable that he may have communicated to the queen, his mother, something of his early impression. But, however that may be, her majesty's conduct to her daughter-in-law was, like every other circumstance of her life, admirable; and, strange vicissitude, both the mother and the daughter were destined within a few years to rely in their deep distresses on the tenderness and justice of her against whom they had nourished such unfounded prejudices.

We shall now allow Lord Malmesbury to introduce the princess to our readers, and to tell the rest of this strange story in the familiar style of his own unpremeditated—and we must presume un mutilated—diary.

“*Nov. 28th, 1794.*—The Princess Caroline much embarrassed on my first being presented to her—pretty face—not expressive of softness—her figure not graceful—fine eyes—good hand—tolerable teeth, but going—fair hair and light eyebrows,

good bust—short, with what the French call ‘*des épaules impertinentes.*’ *Vastly happy with her future expectations.*”—p. 153.

“*Dec. 3rd.*—Day fixed for my audiences. Major Hislop and a messenger arrive at eleven from the Prince of Wales. He brings the prince's picture, and a letter from him to me, urging me *vehemently* to set out with the Princess Caroline *immediately*.—Duke answers very well—rather embarrassed.—Duchess overcome, in tears.—Princess Caroline, much affected, but replies distinctly and well.”—pp. 161, 162.

“*Dec. 4th.*—Very much puzzled how to decide about going [to England] duchess presses it—duke cautious to a ridiculous degree in assisting me. Princess Caroline in a hurry. Prince of Wales [eager] wishes in flat contradiction to my instructions.”—p. 163.

“*Dec. 5th.*—After dinner the duke held a very long and very sensible discourse with me about the Princess Caroline. He entered fully into her future situation—was perfectly aware of the character of the prince, and of the inconveniences that would result, almost with equal ill effect, either from his liking the princess too much or too little. He said of his daughter, ‘*Elle n'est pas bête, mais elle n'a pas de jugement—elle a été élevée sévèrement, et il le falloit.*’ The duke desired me to advise her never to show any jealousy of the prince; and, if he had any *goûts*, not to notice them. He said he had written her all this in *German*, but that enforced by me, it would come with double effect.”—p. 164.

The duke's laxity as to the *goûts* of his future son-in-law, and his *severity* towards his daughter, are not surprising when we find the scenes in the midst of which the princess lived. Very brilliant and prominent in the duchess's court and society, Lord Malmesbury found—

“*Nov. 22nd, 1794.*—Madlle. de Hertzfeldt—old Berlin acquaintance—*now duke's mistress*—much altered, but still clever and agreeable—her apartment elegantly furnished—and she herself with all the *appareil* of her situation—she was at first rather ashamed to see me, but soon got over it.”—pp. 155, 156.

And from this lady he received accounts of the princess' character, not very favorable, though apparently sincere and well meant; but she seems not to have thought—nor indeed does Lord Malmesbury—of the injurious effect that her own example, and that of a general laxity of manners, must have had on the princess—but in which it is impossible not to see the seeds and the hotbed of future imprudence.

“*Dec. 5th, 1794.*—Dinner at Court—ball and ombre. Madlle. Hertzfeldt repeats to me what the duke had before said—stated the necessity of being very *strict* with the Princess Caroline—that she was not clever, or ill-disposed, but of a temper easily wrought on, and had *no tact*.”—p. 165.

“*Dec. 10th.*—Concert at Court—Madlle. Hertzfeldt takes me aside, and says nearly these words: ‘*Je vous conjure, faites que le prince fasse mener, au commencement, une vie retirée à la princesse. Elle a toujours été très gênée et très observée, et il le falloit ainsi. Si elle se trouve tout à coup dans le monde sans restriction aucune, elle ne marchera pas à pas égaux. Elle n'a pas le cœur dépravé—elle n'a jamais rien fait de mauvais, mais la parole en elle devance toujours la pensée; elle se livre à ceux à qui elle parle sans réserve, et de là il s'ensuit (même dans cette petite Cour) qu'on lui prête des*

sens et des intentions qui ne lui ont jamais appartenu—que ne sera-t-il pas en Angleterre—où elle sera entourée de femmes adroites et intrigantes (à ce qu'on dit) auxquelles elle se livrera à corps perdu (si le prince permet qu'elle mène la vie dissipée de Londres,) et qui placeront dans sa bouche tel propos qu'elles voudront, puisqu'elle parlera elle-même sans savoir ce qu'elle dit? De plus elle a beaucoup de vanité, et quoique pas sans esprit, avec peu de fond—la tête lui tournera si on la caresse et la flatte trop—si le prince la gêne; et il est tout aussi essentiel qu'elle le craigne que qu'elle l'aime. Il faut absolument qu'il la tienne serrée, qu'il se fasse respecter, sans quoi elle s'égarera. Je sais (continua-t-elle) que vous ne me compromettrez pas, je vous parle comme à mon vieux ami. Je suis attachée cœur et âme au Duc. Je me suis dévouée à lui, je me suis perdue pour lui. C'est le bien de sa famille que je veux. Il sera le plus malheureux des hommes si cette fille ne réussit pas mieux que son aînée. Je vous répète, elle n'a jamais rien fait de mauvais, mais elle est sans jugement et on l'a jugée à l'avenant. Je crains (dit Madlle. Hertzfeldt) la Reine. La duchesse ici, qui passe sa vie à penser tout haut, ou à ne jamais penser du tout, n'aime pas la Reine, et elle en a trop parlé à sa fille. Cependant son bonheur dépend d'être bien avec elle, et pour Dieu répétez-lui toujours cette maxime que vous avez déjà plus d'une fois recommandée. Elle vous écoute. Elle trouve que vous parlez raison d'une manière gaie, et vous ferez bien plus d'impression sur elle que son père, qu'elle craint trop, ou sa mère, qu'elle ne craint pas du tout."—pp. 169, 170.

"Dec. 28th.—Madlle. Hertzfeldt again talks to me as before about the Princess Caroline—'Il faut la gouverner par la peur, par la terreur même. Elle s'émancipera si on n'y prend pas garde—mais si on la veille soigneusement et sévèrement elle se conduira bien.' The King of England, in a letter to the duchess, says, 'Qu'il espère que sa nièce n'aura pas trop de vivacité, et qu'elle mènera une vie sédentaire et retirée.' These words shock Princess Caroline, to whom the duchess very foolishly reads the letter."—p. 189.

Madlle. de Hertzfeldt seems to have been a sensible woman, though in a very awkward position; and these were ominous confidences; and although Lord Malmesbury was at first disposed to hope that they might be exaggerated, it is plain that he every day became less and less sanguine as to the result of the alliance:—

"Dec. 10th, 1794. Masquerade—I walked with the Princess Caroline, and had a very long conversation with her. I endeavored not to mix up much serious matter at such a place, but whenever I found her inclined to give way too much to the temper of the entertainment, and to get over cheerful and too mixing, I endeavored to bring her back by becoming serious and respectful.

"She entered of her own accord, into the kind of life she was to lead in England, and was very inquisitive about it. I said it would depend very much on her; that I could have no share in settling it, but that my wish was, that in private she might enjoy every ease and comfort belonging to domestic happiness, but that when she appeared abroad, she should always appear as Princess of Wales, surrounded by all that 'appareil and etiquette' due to her elevated situation. She asked me what were the queen's drawing-room days! I said, Thursday and Sunday after church, which

the king and queen never missed; and I added that I hoped most ardently she would follow their example, and never, on any account, miss divine service on that day. 'Does the prince go to church?' she asked me. I replied, she would make him go; it was one of many advantages he would derive from changing his situation. 'But if he does not like it?' 'Why, then your Royal Highness must go without him, and tell him that the fulfilling regularly and exactly this duty can alone enable you to perform exactly and regularly those you owe him—this cannot but please him, and will, in the end, induce him also to go to church.' The princess said mine was a very serious remark for a masquerade. I begged her pardon, and said it was, in fact, a more cheerful one than the most dissipated one I could have made, since it contained nothing *triste* in itself, and would infallibly lead to everything that was pleasant. She caught my idea with great quickness, and the last part of our conversation was very satisfactory, as I felt I had done what I wished, and set her mind on thinking of the *drawbacks* of her situation, as well as of its 'agréments,' and impressed it with the idea that, in the order of society, those of a very high rank have a price to pay for it, and that the life of a Princess of Wales is not to be one of all pleasure, dissipation, and enjoyment; that the great and conspicuous advantages belonging to it must necessarily be purchased by considerable sacrifices, and can only be preserved and kept up by a continual repetition of these sacrifices."—pp. 170, 171.

"Dec. 16th.—At dinner next Princess Caroline; she says it is wished here that her brother William should marry the Princess Sophia of Gloucester; I advise her not to meddle in it. She talks about the Duke of Clarence, whom she prefers to the Duke of York, and it struck me to-day for the first time that he originally put her into the prince's head, and that with a view to plague the Duke and Duchess of York, whom he hates, and whom the prince no longer likes; well knowing that the Princess Caroline and Duchess of York dislike each other, and that this match would be particularly unpleasant to her and the duke. I praise the Duke of York to her, and speak with great applause of the behavior of the duchess, who by her discretion and conduct has conciliated to herself the good-will of the whole nation. I did this to pique her, and to make her anxious to do the same.—She has no *fond*, no fixed character, a light and flighty mind, but meaning well and well-disposed; and my eternal theme to her is, to think before she speaks, to recollect herself. She says she wishes to be loved by the people; this, I assure her, can only be obtained by making herself respected and rare—that the sentiment of being loved by the people is a mistaken one—that sentiment can only be given to a few, to a narrow circle of those we see every day—that a nation at large can only respect and honor a great princess, and it is, in fact, these feelings, that are falsely denominated the love of a nation; they are not to be procured, as the good-will of individuals is, by pleasant openness and free communication, but by a strict attention to appearances—by never going below the high rank in which a princess is placed, either in language or manners—by mixing dignity with affability, which, without it, becomes familiarity, and levels all distinction."—pp. 179, 180.

These extracts do infinite credit to Lord Malmes-

bury's good sense and good taste: but his advice was sadly counteracted. There was at court a sister of the duke's, the Princess Augusta, who bore a title that sounds as farcical as her conduct and character seem to have been—she was the Abbess of *Gandersheim*. Lord Malmesbury had formerly known her—an advantage he would now have willingly forgotten, for she not only honored him with recollections of a supposed attachment in their younger days, but (if we understand his lordship rightly) she was not unwilling, in spite of her age and ecclesiastical dignity, to have renewed it. This lady of *Gandersheim* seems to have thought it necessary to school her niece against the immoral propensities of all mankind—nay, against the possible designs of the ambassador himself—in a style which the princess, if she had been well brought up, would hardly have listened to even from an aunt, and still less repeated to the object of such strange suspicions.

“*Dec. 18th, 1794.*—At supper Princess Caroline tells me of a kind of admonitory conversation the *abbesse* had held to her—it went to exhort her to trust not *in men*, that they were not to be depended on, and that the prince would certainly deceive her, &c., and all the nonsense of an envious and *desiring* old maid. The princess was made uneasy by this, particularly as her aunt added that she was sure she would not be happy.”—p. 181.

“*Dec. 21st.*—She talked of her aunt the *abbess*—said she had endeavored to inspire her with a diffidence and mistrust of *me*—had represented me as *un homme dangereux*. I tried to get rid of this sort of conversation, but the princess stuck by it, and I was forced to say that I believed her aunt had forgotten that twenty years had elapsed since she had seen me, or heard of me; and that, besides, such an insinuation was a tacit accusation of my being very *foolishly* unprincipled. She said she meant well, that she perhaps thought too partially of me herself, and was afraid for her. It was in vain to attempt to turn the subject—she went on during the whole supper—was in high spirits, and laughed unmercifully at her aunt, and her supposed partiality for me.”—p. 183, 184. But we find that these and similar communications brought very strange prospects into the poor princess' view:—

“*Dec. 28th, 1794.*—Princess Caroline shows me the anonymous letter about Lady —, evidently written by some disappointed milliner or angry maid-servant, and deserving no attention; I am surprised the duke afforded it any. Aimed at Lady —; its object to frighten the princess with the idea that she would *lead her into AN AFFAIR OF GALLANTRY*, and be ready to be *convenient* on such an occasion. This did *not* frighten the princess, although it did the duke and duchess; and on my perceiving this, I told her Lady — would be more cautious than to risk such an audacious measure; and that, besides, it was *death* to presume to approach a Princess of Wales, and no man would be daring enough to think of it. *She asked me whether I was in earnest.* I said such was our law; that any body who presumed to *love* her was guilty of *high treason*, and punished with *death*: if she was weak enough to listen to him—so also would she. *This startled her.*”—p. 189. These were strange conversations—so strange that Lord Malmesbury confesses with a serious kind of pleasantry that he himself was treated with so much personal kindness by the princess, that the case of “*the Duke of Suffolk and Queen Margaret*” came across his thoughts.

The treaty of marriage was soon concluded, but Lord Malmesbury was in great doubt how to convey his precious charge to England. It had been at first arranged that they were to go through Holland, and they departed from Brunswick with that hope on the 29th of December; but the irruption of the French into Holland frustrated that intention, and forced Lord Malmesbury, after having advanced two stages beyond Benthaim, to retrograde to Osnabruck and Hanover; and it was not till the 5th of April that they arrived in London.

The duchess, at Lord Malmesbury's pressing instances, was to accompany her daughter to the sea-side, and to deliver her into the hands of the ladies appointed to attend her. In consequence of this unexpected and vexatious delay, the duchess was exceedingly anxious to get back to her own capital, only a few leagues off, and to leave her daughter—(who being now Princess of Wales, could not well reappear at Brunswick)—in the sole guardianship of Lord Malmesbury; but he, with great propriety and firmness, resisted the proposition, and forced the duchess, to her great dissatisfaction, to remain with her daughter.

We shall extract some of the many remarkable particulars that occurred during the journey:—

“*Jan. 9, 1795.*—Leave Benthaim at seven—Delden at twelve; about four leagues further on, meet letters from Lord St. Helen's [then our minister in Holland,] saying the French had passed the Waal—that they were near Baren, and that there had been fighting all day: he recommends our turning back. I mentioned this to the princesses, and I must in justice say that the Princess Caroline bore this disappointment with more good temper, good humor, and patience, than could be expected, particularly as she felt it very much.

* * * A heavy cannonade was heard all night at no great distance. The princess in the morning seemed sorry not to go on towards the fleet. I mentioned this cannonade. ‘*Cela ne fait rien,*’ says she, ‘*je n’ai pas peur des canons.*’—‘*Mais, Madame, le danger d’être pris.*’ ‘*Vous ne m’y exposerez pas,*’ said she. I told her the story of the Queen of France (St. Louis' wife) during the siege of Damiette, and *Le Sieur de Joinville*—I said, ‘*Qu’elle valoit mieux que celle-là que les François seroient pires que les Sarrazins, et que moi j’ai pensé comme le Chevalier.*’* The story pleased. ‘*J’aurois fait et désiré comme elle,*’ said she.”—vol. iii., pp. 194, 195.

Jan. 2.—I persuade the Princess Caroline to be munificent towards some poor *Emigrés* dying of hunger, and through want—she disposed to be, but not knowing *how* to set about it. I tell her, liberality and generosity is an enjoyment, not a severe virtue. She gives a louis for some lottery tickets—I give ten, and say the princess ordered me—she surprised; I said I was sure she did not mean to give for the ticket its *precise* value, and that I forestalled her intention. Next day a French *émigré*, with a pretty child, draws near the table—the Princess Caroline *immediately*, of her own

* After the capture of St. Louis, his queen, Margaret, who was besieged in Damiette, being on the point of lying-in, was in a constant panic, and imagining every possible outrage from the barbarians, she extorted an oath (not from Joinville, as Lord Malmesbury states—Joinville only tells the story—but) from “*un Chevalier viel et ancien de l’age de quatre-vingtz ans et plus*” who guarded her bed, to grant her one request—that if the Saracens should take the place he would save her from insult by putting her to death. “*I was thinking of it,*” replied the *viel Chevalier*.

accord, puts ten louis in a paper, and gives it to the child; the duchess observes it, and inquires of me (I was dining between them) what it was. I tell her a *demand on her purse*. She embarrassed—'Je n'ai que mes beaux doubles louis de Brunswick.' I answer, 'Qu'ils deviendront plus beaux entre les mains de cet enfant que dans sa poche.' She is ashamed, and gives three of them. In the evening, Princess Caroline, to whom these sort of virtues were never preached, on my praising the coin of the money at Brunswick, offers me very seriously eight or ten double louis, saying, 'Cela ne me fait rien—je ne m'en soucie pas—je vous prie de les prendre.' I mention these facts to show her character; it could not distinguish between *giving* as a benevolence, and flinging away the money like a child. She thought that the act of getting rid of the money, and not seeming to care about it, constituted the merit. I took an opportunity at supper of defining to her what real benevolence was, and I recommended it to her as a quality that would, if rightly employed, make her more admirers, and give her more true satisfaction, than any that human nature could possess. The idea was, I was sorry to see, new to her, but she felt the truth of it; and she certainly is not fond of money, which both her parents are.

"Jan. 4.—Princess Caroline very *gauche* at cards—speaks without thinking—gets too easy—calls the ladies (she never saw) 'Mon cœur, ma chère, ma petite.' I notice this, and reprove it strongly. The princess, for the first time, disposed to take it amiss; I do not pretend to observe it. Duchess wants to return to Brunswick, and leave us to go on by ourselves; this I oppose, and suppose it impossible. 'If I am taken,' says she, 'I am sure the king will be angry.'—'He will be very sorry,' I reply; 'but your Royal Highness must not leave your daughter till she is in the hands of her-attendants.' She argues, but I will not give way, and she does."—vol. iii., pp. 192, 193.

"Jan. 18.—Princess Caroline very *missish* at supper. I much fear these habits are irrevocably rooted in her—she is naturally curious, and a gossip—she is quick and observing, and she has a silly pride of finding out everything—she thinks herself particularly acute in discovering *likings*, and this leads her at times to the most improper remarks and conversation.—I am determined to take an opportunity of correcting her, *coûte qu'il coûte*."—vol. iii., p. 200.

"Jan. 10, 1795.—On summing up Princess Caroline's character to-day, it came out to my mind to be, that she has quick parts, without a sound or distinguishing understanding; that she has a ready conception, but no judgment; caught by the first impression, led by the first impulse; turned away by appearances or *enjouement*; loving to talk, and prone to confide and make *missish* friendships that last twenty-four hours. Some natural, but no acquired morality, and no strong innate notions of its value and necessity; warm feelings and nothing to counterbalance them; great good humor and much good nature—no appearance of caprice—rather quick and *vive*, but not a grain of rancor. From her habits, from the life she was allowed and even compelled to live, forced to dissemble; fond of gossiping, and this strengthened greatly by the example of her good mother, who is all curiosity and inquisitiveness, and who has no notion of not gratifying this desire at any price. In short, the princess in the hands of a steady and sensible man would probably turn

out well, but where it is likely she will find faults perfectly analogous to her own, she will fail. She has no governing powers, although her mind is *physically* strong. She has her father's courage, but it is to her (as to him) of no avail. *He* wants mental decision; *she* character and *tact*."—vol. iii., pp. 196, 197.

"Jan. 23.—I have a long and serious conversation with the princess about her conduct at Hanover, about the prince, about herself and her character. She much disposed to listen to me, and to take nothing wrong. I tell her, and I tell her truly, that the impression she gives at Hanover will be that on which she will be received by the king and queen in England. I recommend great attention and reserve. That the habit of *proper, princely* behavior was natural to her; that it would come of itself; that acquired by this (in that respect) fortunate delay in our journey, it would belong to her, and be familiar to her on her coming to England, where it would be of infinite advantage. She expresses uneasiness about the prince; talked of his being *unlike*, quite opposite to the king and queen in his *ideas and habits*; [I replied] that he had contracted them from the *vueide* in his situation; that she was made to fill this up; she would domesticate him—give him a relish for all the private and home virtues; that he would then be happier than ever; that the nation expected this at her hands; that *I knew* she was capable of doing, and that she would do it.—She hesitated.—I said, that I had seen enough of her to be quite sure her mind and understanding were equal to any exertions; that therefore, if she did not do *quite* right, and come up to *everything* that was expected from her, she would have no excuse. I added, I was so sure of this, that it would be the *first* thing I should tell the *king and queen*, and that therefore she must be prepared; that they would know her as well, and judge her as favorably, and at the same time as *severely* as I did. I saw this had the effect I meant; it put a curb on her desire of amusement; a drawback on her situation, and made her feel that it was not to be all one of roses. She ended on retiring by saying, she hoped the prince would let her see me, since she never could expect any one would give her such good and such free advice as myself; and, added she, 'I confess I could not bear it from any one but you.'"—vol. iii., pp. 203, 204.

This protracted interval of domesticity with the princess brought to Lord Malmesbury's notice another defect of a strange and unexpected kind, which must have reached a very unusual height before he would have perceived it or felt himself justified in interfering even by the most distant allusion:—

"Feb. 18.—Argument with the princess about her toilette. She piques herself on dressing quick; I disapprove this. She maintains her point; I however desire Madame Busche to explain to her that *the prince is very delicate*, and that he expects a long and very careful *toilette de propreté*, of which she has no idea. On the contrary, *she neglects* it sadly, and is *offensive from this neglect*. Madame Busche executes her commission well, and the princess comes out the next day well washed *all over*."—vol. iii., pp. 207, 208.

This extraordinary paragraph explains a main incident in the catastrophe, at which we shall arrive presently, and which, but for the word "*offensive*" in the foregoing extract, would appear, we believe, to every reader perfectly unaccountable.

But it seems that this, in every sense of the word, wholesome lesson made, as Lord Malmesbury laments that most of his lessons did, only a momentary impression, for in about three weeks he found himself obliged to resume a subject which nothing but the last necessity could have induced him to approach:—

“March 6.—I had conversations with the Princess Caroline, on the *toilette*, on *cleanliness*, and on *delicacy* of speaking. On these points I endeavored, as far as was possible for a *man*, to inculcate the necessity of great and nice attention to every part of dress, as well as to what was hid as to what was seen. (I knew she wore coarse petticoats, coarse shifts, and thread stockings, and these never well washed, or changed often enough.) I observed that a long *toilette* was necessary, and gave her no credit for boasting that hers was a ‘short’ one. What I could not say myself on this point I got said through women; through Madame Busche, and afterwards through Mrs. Harcourt. It is remarkable how amazingly on this point her education has been neglected, and how much her mother, although an Englishwoman, was inattentive to it.”—vol. iii., pp. 211, 212.

At last, on the 28th of March, they embarked on board the *Jupiter*, Commodore Payne, and, accompanied by a small squadron, arrived in the Thames on the 4th of April, after a smooth and beautiful passage (delusive omen!)—they reached St. James’ Palace about two o’clock—and in *five minutes* the first step in a long series of scandal and misery was suddenly and irretrievably made:—

“April 5.—I immediately notified the arrival to the King and Prince of Wales; the last came immediately. I, according to the established etiquette, introduced (no one else being in the room) the Princess Caroline to him. She very properly, in consequence of my saying to her it was the right mode of proceeding, attempted to kneel to him. He raised her, (gracefully enough,) and embraced her, said barely one word, turned round, retired to a distant part of the apartment, and calling me to him, said, ‘Harris, I am not well; pray get me a glass of brandy.’ I said, ‘Sir, had you not better have a glass of water!’—upon which he, much out of humor, said, with an oath, ‘No: I will go directly to the queen;’ and away he went. The princess, left during this short moment alone, was in a state of astonishment; and, on my joining her, said, “*Mon Dieu! est-ce que le Prince est toujours comme cela? Je le trouve très gros, et nullement aussi beau que son portrait.*” I said his royal highness was naturally a good deal affected and flurried at this first interview, but she certainly would find him different at dinner. She was disposed to farther criticisms on this occasion, which would have embarrassed me very much to answer, if luckily the king had not ordered me to attend him.”—vol. iii., p. 218.

Of this extraordinary scene, supposing as we are bound to do, that Lord Malmesbury has accurately stated the facts, and that there has been no suppression, we can imagine no explanation but that to which we have already alluded. During the delay that had occurred on the journey, the prince had shown all the impatience and *empressement* that could be flattering to the princess—the only letter of his given in the correspondence is written in a style of perfect delicacy and good sense.

“*Carlton House, Nov. 23, 1794.*”

“My dear Lord—I have sent Major Hislop back again to Brunswick, which I judged to be an advisable measure on many accounts, as more particularly, I think, he may prove, from his knowledge of the country, a very useful *avant courier* to you and your fair charge in your journey to the water’s side. I have charged him with letters for the duke, duchess, and princess, which I will beg of you to present to their different destinations, with every proper expression on my part, and to which no one can give so agreeable a *tour-nure* as yourself. I have likewise desired Major Hislop to give you an ample and thorough account of the steps I have taken towards the expediting everything on this side of the water, as well as with my brother the Duke of York, to whom I have written also by Hislop; and as to what is now necessary to forward the completing everything at Brunswick, I must leave that to you, hoping that you will make every exertion possible to *put the princess in possession of her own home* as near the 20th of the ensuing month as possible,” &c., &c.—vol. iii., pp. 221, 222.

And so on.—We see too that he hastened to the princess on her arrival with becoming eagerness, and received her at the first moment with propriety and grace. What was there to change so suddenly all these good feelings at the first embrace?

From that mysterious moment the affair seems to have been desperate. Lord Malmesbury proceeds,—

“The drawing-room was just over. His majesty’s conversation turned wholly on Prussian and French politics, and the only question about the princess was, ‘Is she good-humored?’ I said, and very truly, that in very trying moments, I had never seen her otherwise. The king said, ‘I am glad of it;’ and it was manifest, from his silence, he had seen the queen *since* she had seen the prince, and that the prince had made a very unfavorable report of the princess to her. At dinner, at which all those who attended the princess from Greenwich assisted, and the honors of which were done by Lord Stopford as Vice-Chamberlain, I was far from satisfied with the princess’ behavior; it was sippant, rattling, affecting raillery and wit, and throwing out coarse vulgar hints about Lady —, who was present, and though mute, *le diable n’en perdait rien*. The prince was evidently disgusted, and this *unfortunate dinner* fixed his dislike, which, when left to herself, the princess had not the talent to remove; but, by still observing the same giddy manners and attempts at cleverness and coarse sarcasm, increased it till it became positive hatred.*

“From this time, though I dined frequently during the first three weeks after the marriage at Carlton House, nothing material occurred, but the sum of what I saw there led me to draw the inferences I have just expressed. After one of these dinners, where the Prince of Orange was present, and at which the princess had behaved very lightly, and even improperly, the prince took me into his closet, and asked me how I liked this sort of manners; I could not conceal my disapprobation of

* We perceive that with a well-meant duplicity, Lord Malmesbury gave his friends a more favorable report of the matter than the facts warranted. He writes on the 10th of April to Mr. Crawford—“*The marriage was celebrated on Wednesday, and if they go on as well as they have begun, all will do well.*”—iii., 234. Alas! they did go on as they had begun, and all went ill.

them, and took this opportunity of repeating to him the substance of what the Duke of Brunswick had so often said to me, that it was expedient *de la tenir serrée*; that she had been brought up very strictly, and if she was not strictly kept, would, from high spirits and little thought, certainly emancipate too much. To this the prince said, 'I see it but too plainly; but why, Harris, did not you tell me so before, or write it to me from Brunswick?'—vol. iii., p. 219.

Lord Malmesbury replied—and the editor elsewhere repeats—that he was sent to *contract* the marriage and not to *advise* upon it, and that if he had advised upon it, it would only have been to the king; but that in fact there was nothing in what the Duke of Brunswick had said to affect either the princess' moral character or conduct. These reasons were perhaps a sufficient answer to the prince's expostulation—particularly as we must admit the extraordinary difficulty of Lord Malmesbury's situation. He had become acquainted with the less favorable details about the princess after the treaty of marriage was concluded; and in fact from the first day of his appearance there was no power of retrocession. But we must add, in further justice to Lord Malmesbury, that we are satisfied he could have told the prince nothing as to "moral character or conduct" that he did not already know, for we are assured that before the match was at all advanced, the prince was apprised by a near relative and friend of many circumstances that were likely to render the alliance an unsatisfactory, if not an unhappy one. So that he had no one to blame but himself. We are sorry to be obliged to add, that it seems as if his chief object in marrying was to get his debts paid; and acting on so low a principle, he was very likely to take, on very slight and inadequate grounds, a personal disgust. The disgust certainly existed—but we see that before any such feeling could have been excited, the inexcusable indecency of placing in the first attendance on the princess the very last lady in England who ought to have been brought to her notice, had been already committed—an outrage in every way so offensive as to be in the eyes of the world—certainly not a justification, but—a plea *ad hominem* for the species of retaliation to which, by a strange inconsistency, the prince was afterwards as sensitive as if he had been the most decorous and devoted husband in the world.

Here we close this most curious and painful episode—which, as we could not omit to notice it, we have stated not more fully than the case required, and, we trust, with candor, decency, and truth.

The most, perhaps we might say the only, historical fact of general interest and importance, that Lord Malmesbury's correspondence brings to light, is Mr. Pitt's constant, active, and eager desire for peace with France. No one on the continent, and but few in England beyond a narrow ministerial circle, had any idea of the extent of Mr. Pitt's pacific disposition. It is indeed very well known, and must, we think, be admitted to be an imputation on his sagacity, that at the dawn and even after some of the earlier excesses of the Revolution, he saw in it no European, and above all no British danger. On the contrary, he seems to have believed that it would for a time weaken the influence of France; and full of his great and patriotic design of repairing the loss of our American colonies and recruiting the finances of Eng-

land, he was unwilling to contemplate the possibility of another war; and accordingly it was in the spring of 1792, when we should have thought that no one could have doubted the volcanic nature of the French Revolution, and that it was about to inundate Europe with its lava or cover it with its ashes, that Mr. Pitt proposed in the speech from the throne a reduction in the Army and Navy far lower than had ever before been ventured upon. The warning voice and energetic councils of Mr. Burke—that great political prophet—failed for a considerable period to arouse Mr. Pitt from his pacific theories to a sense of the rapidly approaching danger. On the first day (in the autumn of 1791) that Mr. Burke ever dined with Mr. Pitt, it was in a *partie quarrée* at Downing-street, the others being Lord Grenville and the then speaker, Mr. Addington. Mr. Burke endeavored to alarm Mr. Pitt on the aggressive nature of French principles and the *propagandism* of Revolution. Mr. Pitt made rather light of the danger, and said in colloquial phrase, that "this country and constitution were safe *to the day of judgment*." "Yes," said Mr. Burke quickly,—“but 't is the day of no judgment that I am afraid of. This anecdote the writer took down many years ago from the mouth of one of the party. We are tempted to add another of the same kind from the same authority. At a subsequent and more formal dinner, when the whole coalition—the Duke of Portland, Lord Spencer, Lord Fitzwilliam, Mr. Burke, &c.—dined with Mr. Pitt, the conversation had turned, in a desponding strain, on the ruin of the French monarchy: and when the party rose to go to coffee, Mr. Burke, as his parting advice, addressed them in a loud voice—

“ — illic fas regna resurgere Trojæ—
Durat—et vosmet rebus servate secundis.”

When war was at last forced upon Mr. Pitt, he met it with a high and indignant spirit, and pursued it with all the energy and resources of his great mind—so earnestly indeed, that public opinion, both at home and abroad, did injustice to the sincerity of his various pacific declarations and overtures; but every line of Lord Malmesbury's most secret and confidential correspondence with him prove the *quo semel imbuta recens servabit odorem*—that all his predilections were for peace, peace, peace—and that he was always willing to pay for it a greater price than men of a less conscientious and commanding spirit would have ventured to think of.

It was in this feeling that, in 1795, some unavailing overtures were made through Mr. Wickham, to Barthelemi, the minister of the French government in Switzerland. And again, in the autumn of 1796, the successes of the Archduke Charles over Jourdain induced Mr. Pitt to believe it a favorable moment to attempt to put an end to the war, and Lord Malmesbury was selected for this mission—in which he obtained the consent of Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville to his being accompanied, as a private friend, by Mr. George Ellis (our early colleague in this Review.)

Lord Granville Leveson, now Earl Granville, seems to have begun his diplomatic career in this mission, and Mr. Canning appears for the first time in office as under-secretary to Lord Grenville. These young gentlemen and the present Lord Carlisle, then Lord Morpeth, and one or two others, formed a kind of coterie in the Pitt party, and were all, as we shall see, much in the society

and confidence of Lord Malmesbury. This mission was, we think, hopeless from the beginning, and indeed was commenced under circumstances not calculated to command either respect or success, and which justified, as Lord Malmesbury himself good-humoredly admitted, an indignant sarcasm of Mr. Burke's—who, when some one observed that Lord Malmesbury's journey to Paris (which was impeded by the badness of the roads) had been a slow one, replied—"No wonder—he went the whole way on his knees." If, however, the advances on the part of England seemed more eager than dignified, her conduct in the negotiation gave ample proof of her sincerity and disinterestedness. She made no pretensions of her own, but solely stipulated—as she was bound by her treaties to do—for the restoration to the emperor of Germany of his Belgic provinces, for which she offered to compensate France by an adequate cession of her own colonial conquests. Lord Malmesbury's instructions might, to use his own expression, be compressed in one phrase—"Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's." This the directory met by an assertion that those provinces had become an integral part of the republic, and could not by their constitution be ceded; and they would listen to no expedients on that point. The truth is, that the directory were distracted with their own internal struggles, and afraid to venture on a peace, and had moreover strong hopes from the expedition then preparing under Hoche for Ireland; and were thus, on every account, resolved that the negotiation should have no other effect than to display their republican arrogance. The French public, both on the road and in Paris, did not seem to partake of this feeling, and showed the mission, as occasion offered, something of civility, and even cordiality. But the insolent deportment of the directory was increased both by the death of the empress of Russia—whose successor was supposed to be favorable to France—and by the rapid and surprising successes of Bonaparte over the Austrians in Italy, which peculiarly embarrassed a negotiation for the *status quo*. After a few weeks of idle and insulting fencing, the directory, on the 20th of December, ordered Lord Malmesbury, in the most insolent manner, to quit Paris "dans deux fois vingt-quatre heures," and the territories of the republic "de suite."

We do not find that these papers throw any more light on the essentials of this negotiation than we already have in the ordinary historical works, but there are a few incidental circumstances that may be worth notice. Lord Malmesbury found the wearing of the *national cockade* so universal in the streets, and so unpleasantly enforced by the populace, that it was impossible to appear in them without it. The government did not insist on it, but were so powerless when opposed to the temper of the people, that they could, in case of insult, have afforded no redress. Lord Malmesbury repudiates the idea of his or his suite wearing it when in any official character, but states to Lord Grenville that he trusts they do right in wearing it, in compliance with a general usage, when they walk out in the morning (vol. iii., p. 270.) To this appeal Mr. Canning tells him privately that "he will receive no answer at all from home, and that Lord Grenville and Mr. Pitt seem to be of opinion that he must do as he might think best, or find necessary." A shabby reply; for if the French government was not strong enough to pro-

tect an ambassador from insult, it was hardly in a condition to be treated with. But we are surprised that Lord Malmesbury did not state the most important element for the judgment of our ministers in such a case, namely, what the practice was with other foreign missions—of which there were a dozen in Paris; and those of Prussia, Spain, Naples, and Denmark were important enough to have afforded a precedent either of refusal or compliance on such a point of etiquette.

Again; we must observe that in the conclusion of his last notes with the French minister, Lord Malmesbury seems beyond all measure over-civil. For instance, Citizen Delacroix writes:—

"Monsieur,—Le Directoire Exécutif me charge expressément de vous requérir de me remettre officiellement dans les vingt-quatre heures votre *ultimatum*, signé de vous.

"Agrétez, &c. CH. DELACROIX."

The Editor should have given this concluding compliment, 'Agrétez, &c.' at full length, since he so gives the conclusion of Lord Malmesbury's reply. We find, however, in Debrett's State Papers for 1796, that the translated form was:—

"Accept, sir, the assurance of my high consideration."—Vol. v., p. 198.

Lord Malmesbury's reply to this cold form was, what it ought not to have been, a shade more civil:—

"Le Lord Malmesbury prie le Ministre des Relations Extérieures d'agréer les assurances de sa haute considération."—p. 364.

And to this the rejoinder was the order to quit Paris in *deux fois vingt-quatre heures*—signed *tout court* and without any compliment—"Charles Delacroix." To which gross impertinence Lord Malmesbury hastens with all humility to say that he will quit Paris next day, and

"Il prie le Ministre des Relations Extérieures d'agréer les assurances de sa haute considération."—p. 365.

As Citizen Delacroix ended his note so unceremoniously, Lord Malmesbury should have tempered his own civility with a little dignity, by saying, that "not wishing to derogate from the ordinary usages of diplomatic courtesy (or something of that sort,) he requests Citizen Delacroix to accept the assurances of his high consideration." There are, we admit, *beaucoup de puérilités dans la diplomatie*; but the maintenance of national dignity, even in trifles, is not of that class; and Lord Malmesbury's failure on this point was peculiarly unlucky, as he was especially instructed to be, and professes to have been, very nice on points of etiquette, and justifies some sarcastic observations which his old friend, Mr. Fox, made in parliament on his too well bred "assurances of high consideration."

One of Lord Malmesbury's entries in his diary is "Nov. 8.—Bonaparte said to be son of le Général Marbeuf, by a Corsican woman—well brought up by him at l'Ecole Militaire—clever, desperate Jacobin, even terrorist."—p. 304. to which the editor subjoins this note:—

"It is almost needless to state that this rumor (current at the time) was perfectly untrue. Madame Bonaparte's supposed partiality for General Marbeuf existed long after the birth of Napoleon. It is equally superfluous to add, that he never was a 'Terroriste.'"—p. 304.

. We see, no reason why Napoleon Bonaparte—

the second of eight children, and bearing a striking likeness to his elder and younger brothers—should be singled out as the son of the Comte de Marbœuf; but all the statements, and of course the reasoning, of the noble editor's note are completely erroneous. M. de Marbœuf went to Corsica in command of the French army as early as 1765—four years before Napoleon's birth; and we know that it was to the patronage of M. de Marbœuf, the friend of the whole family, that Napoleon was indebted for his education at the Ecole Militaire. As to his "never having been a Terrorist!" why, he never was anything else! But even in the more peculiar sense of the word, it would have been by no means "superfluous" if the noble editor could have shown him not to have been one of *La Queue de Robespierre*. He and his brother Lucien were protégés of the younger Robespierre in his Terrorist pro-consulate in the south; and after the 9th Thermidor the first measure of the reaction was to arrest and imprison both the brothers (as Lucien himself tells us,) for having belonged to Robespierre's faction—or, to use the common language of the time, as *Terrorists*; and Lord Malmesbury writing in Paris, two years only after the events, and while living in the best-informed circles, is better authority, even if there were no other (and there is abundance) than his grandson's wholly unsupported assertion.*

We have seen that the impediment to the negotiation of 1796 was the restitution to be made to Austria; but by the preliminary treaties of Leoben and Montebello, (18th April and 24th May, 1797,) *Cæsar* made his own bad terms; and England had now no other continental engagements than the interests of her faithful, but (in this matter) unimportant ally, Portugal; and a desire to make some arrangement as to the private property of the House of Orange. Mr. Pitt, in his unwearied desire for peace, again thought this a favorable moment to renew the negotiation with France, where there seemed both in the government and in the legislative councils a growing spirit of moderation, or even, as it afterwards appeared, of counter-revolution. The editor says:—

"Lord Grenville was decidedly opposed to this step, and long argued it with Pitt; but the latter remained firm, repeatedly declaring that it was his duty, as an English minister and a Christian, to use every effort to stop so bloody and wasting a war. He sent Lord Malmesbury to Lisle with the assurance that 'he (Pitt) would stifle every feeling of pride to the utmost to produce the desired result;' and Lord Malmesbury himself went

* We insist upon this point for the sake of historical truth, which might be compromised by the uncontradicted assertion of so respectable a publication as this; and with the same object we will take this opportunity of clearing up a doubt with respect to Bonaparte's age. We stated, in Q. R., vol. xii., p. 239, and again in vol. xvi., p. 495, on what seemed to us the best possible authority—namely, a certificate of birth produced by Bonaparte himself at his marriage with Josephine, and deposited and then and still existing in the proper office at Paris—that he was born on the 5th of February, 1768. Why or how he was led to produce this false statement has never been explained: as the Constitution of that day required that public functionaries should have attained certain ages, Bonaparte was probably willing to advance by a year and a half the period of his eligibility:—but from whatever motive, he assuredly produced a false certificate, for we have since collected many testimonies of dates prior to his celebrity and therefore of indisputable authority, which fix his birth to the 15th of August, 1769—the common date. See also the note, *Quart. Rev.*, vol. lvii., p. 366.

upon his mission, anxious to close his public life by an act which would spare so much misery, and restore so much happiness to mankind.

"On the brink of success, it will be seen by what unforeseen events he failed, for Europe was destined to eighteen more years of battles."—p. 369.

Lord Malmesbury was no doubt personally gratified at being again selected for this mission—but as Delacroix, his late discourteous antagonist, was still minister, he with great propriety and candor suggested that his nomination might not be considered as conciliatory. His surmise was just, for the first French answer stated that—

"Le Directoire consent à ce que la Négociation soit ouverte avec le Lord Malmesbury; cependant un autre choix lui eût paru d'un plus heureux augure pour la prompte conclusion de la paix."—p. 373.

Mr. Pitt, however, persisted, and was right on every account—the very circumstance of Delacroix's being still in office was a sufficient reason for Lord Malmesbury's re-appointment. But his lordship escaped the "*practical epigram*," as Mr. Canning called it, (iii. 437,) of being met by Delacroix, by the selection of Lisle as the scene of the negotiation, and the nomination of Citizens Letourneur, Pléville le Peley, and Maret, as plenipotentiaries on the part of France. The choice of these gentlemen seemed also a pledge for the sincerity of their government, as they were all anti-jacobinical. Letourneur had just left the Directory by lot—an unlucky chance (if chance it was) which eventually produced the predominance of Barras and Rewbell, and the revolution of the 18th Fructidor. Pléville was a seaman of moderate politics as well as capacity. Maret, the afterwards celebrated Duke of Bassano, had, in addition to manners and feelings of the old school, principles by no means revolutionary, and the additional recommendation of having in a short mission to London, in 1793, obtained some degree of favorable notice from Mr. Pitt. As Maret played so large a part in this negotiation, and so much a more important one in after-life, we shall extract the account which he gave of himself when on a subsequent occasion Lord Malmesbury artfully suggested that, if the negotiation succeeded, the embassy to England might repair his fortune, which he confessed to be much deranged.

"Aug. 30.—Maret assented, and intimated that if he was asked for it would forward his nomination. He then told all the story of his two journeys to England, in 1792 and 1793; his connexion with Le Brun.* He said Mr. Pitt had received him very well, and that the failure of his negotiation could be attributed to the then French government, who were bent on that war; that the great and decisive cause of the war was 'quelques vingtaines d'individus marquans et en place qui avoient joué à la baisse dans les fonds, et de là ils avoient porté la Nation à nous déclarer la guerre. Ainsi,' said he, "nous devons tous nos malheurs à un principe d'agiotage." He said, on his return to France, he was informed of this, and was considered as in possession of so dangerous a se-

* "Maret's first mission related to the domestic concerns of the Duke of Orleans. He had an interview with Mr. Pitt, and gave a favorable account of it to the convention, who sent him over again in January, 1793, with a conciliatory mission, which was rendered nugatory by the murder of Louis XVI. Le Brun was French minister for foreign affairs in 1792-93."—*ib.*

cret, that they wanted first to send him to Portugal, which he refused; then to Naples, which he was forced to accept; and that he had every reason to believe that his arrest and confinement were settled and concerted at Paris before he left. He said he spent thirty months in prison, partly at Mantua, (where if he had staid, he must have died,) and partly in the Tyrol; that the academicians in Mantua, out of regard to the memory and character of his father, interested themselves about him, and that he believed he owed his change of prison to them; that, after all, his long confinement saved his life, as he certainly should have been guillotined had he remained in France, under the government of Robespierre."—pp. 502-3.

Lord Malmesbury was again attended by Mr. George Ellis, still as a private friend, by Mr. Wellesley, now Lord Cowley, as official secretary, and by Lord Granville Leveson and Lord Morpeth as attached to the mission. The first symptoms were, however, not auspicious. He was met at the outset by three almost *sine quâ non* demands. 1. The renunciation of the style and title of *King of France*. 2. The restitution of the Toulon ships, which, having been taken only in deposit for the *lawful government* of France, we were bound—now that we admitted the republic to be a *lawful government*—to restore specifically as far as they existed, and in value, if we had destroyed them; and finally, that we should admit as a basis that we were to restore *all* our conquests from France, or any of her allies, and especially from Holland. The first of these demands perplexed our ministers very much—but *they* (rather, we presume, than Lord Malmesbury) had brought it on themselves by presenting the French with a *projet* of a treaty, which incautiously and unnecessarily began by setting forth our sovereign's *full style* and title. We say incautiously and unnecessary—because when the point was hit, Lord Grenville offered to substitute either "*King of Great Britain*," or "*Britannick Majesty*," and therefore it would have been sufficient to have used at first the inoffensive terms which were proposed when it was too late, and when the French were entitled to insist on the renunciation of a claim so imprudently, but so prominently made. But neither this nor the other two points need detain us. The negotiation never made one serious practical step during the whole four months of discussion, but was, under the formal veil of interchanging notes and *projets*, really awaiting the issue of the great contest between the Jacobins and *Modérés* in Paris; and it was, we suppose, as an episode in this conflict and as a *pierre d'attente* for the moderate party that Maret, who belonged to it, opened a secret and separate communication with Lord Malmesbury, of which, as connected with the general negotiation, we see neither motive nor object.

On the 14th of July an Englishman of the name of Cunningham, who had been long settled at Lisle, called on Mr. Wellesley, the official secretary of the mission, as on business of the utmost importance; and he produced a note from a M. Pein—an intimate friend of his, and a near relation of *Maret's*, suggesting the expediency of opening a secret and confidential channel between Lord Malmesbury and "the person who had alone the conduct of the business on the other side—viz., *Maret*—whose opinions on *all* political subjects were very different from those of his col-

leagues"—being the intimate friend of the *new* director Barthelemi, who was seriously desirous of the restoration of peace. This strange overture was readily, but not without some suspicion, accepted—Mr. Ellis (Mr. Wellesley being about to return to England) was appointed to communicate with M. Pein, and through them Maret conveyed information and advice to Lord Malmesbury, apparently in the style of one who in a game of whist should by secret signs let his adversaries know the state of his own and his partner's hand. Lord Malmesbury at first doubted the authenticity of these communications, but, in order to ascertain it, he stipulated that at the conference certain signs should be made which should evidence Maret's confederacy with Pein.

"The sign agreed upon was Maret's taking his handkerchief out of one pocket, passing it before his face, and returning it into the other."—vol. iii., p. 450.

It has been frequently alleged that M. Thiers wrote his "*History*" "under the inspiration," as the French phrase it, of M. de Talleyrand. This his friends have denied, but the way in which he mentions this secret negotiation satisfies us that he derived his information from either Talleyrand, Maret, or both, for he gives a color and character to the transaction *entirely false*, but such, we think, as these informants would deem it prudent to adopt. "*According*"—says M. Thiers, with wonderful ignorance, or still more wonderful effrontery,

"*According to the practice of English diplomacy*, all was arranged for carrying on two separate negotiations, one official and ostensible, the other secret and real. Mr. Ellis had been given [*fut donné*] to Lord Malmesbury to conduct under him the secret negotiation, and to correspond directly with Mr. Pitt. This habitual custom [*usage*] of English diplomacy is rendered necessary by their representative government."—Thiers, *Hist. de la Rév. Fr.*, vi., 18.

We really cannot imagine how a writer of M. Thiers' cleverness could imagine an "*usage*" so notoriously untrue, or think of accounting for it by reasons so grossly absurd—it is our representative government which renders any such practice utterly impossible—but this preamble was necessary to introduce the rest of the fable; and the mention of *Mr. Ellis*, whose name we very much doubt whether any man in France ever heard of but Maret and Co.,—confirms our suspicion that the Duke of Bassano communicated this misrepresentation to M. Thiers with a view to break the effect of the disclosure which he suspected might be hereafter made, and which now appears. M. Thiers then proceeds to misstate and discolor the facts to suit this apologetical version.

"Lord Malmesbury soon saw that the ostensible negotiation would come to nothing, and he took measures [*chercha*] to bring about a more intimate intercourse. M. Maret"—

We beg our readers to observe that M. Thiers always employs the deferential form of *Monsieur* Maret and *Monsieur* de Talleyrand, though they were at this time *Citizens* Maret and Talleyrand, and nothing else till they became *Duke of Bassano* and *Prince of Benevent*. M. Thiers' adoption of the *Monsieur*—so out of keeping with time and place—indicates pretty plainly, that he was writing in communication with these great personages, whom he did not venture to call plain *Maret* and *Talleyrand*.

"M. Maret, more used to diplomatic habits than his colleagues, lent himself [*s'y prêta*] to Lord Malmesbury's proposition—but it was necessary to negotiate with Le Tourneur and Pléville, [the rough colleagues,] to bring about meetings at the play. The young people of the two embassies were the first to associate, and the communications became more friendly. There had been nothing of this kind last year"—

though it is the usual and necessary consequence of the English representative government, and though the same Mr. Ellis had been there in exactly the same position—

"because the negotiation was not sincere, but this year it was necessary to arrive at effectual and amicable communications. Lord Malmesbury, then, sounded [*fit sonder*] M. Maret to engage in a private [*particulière*] negotiation. Before he consented, M. Maret wrote to the French ministry for permission. They readily agreed, and he immediately entered into private communications [*pour-parlers*] with the two English negotiators."—*Ib.*, p. 20.

What follows is still more remarkable. M. Thiers says that when the 18th Fructidor came to render the negotiation almost hopeless—

"Lord Malmesbury was so sincere in his wish to continue the treaty that he engaged M. Maret to try to find out at Paris whether there were not some means of influencing the directory, and he even offered several millions [of francs] to buy the voice of one of the directors. M. Maret refused to undertake any negotiation of the kind, and left Lille. Lord Malmesbury and Mr. Ellis went off immediately, and did not return."—*Ib.*, 72.

Now the facts of this story are scandalously perverted. The truth was this:—

"In the beginning of the negotiation, a person named Potter came to Lord Malmesbury, stating that he was sent by Barras to say, that if the English government would pay that director 500,000*l.*, he would ensure the peace. Lord Malmesbury, believing the offer to be unauthorized by Barras, or only a trap laid for him by the directory, paid no attention to it."—*Harris Papers*, vol. iii., p. 492.

It does not appear that Lord Malmesbury informed Maret of this overture, which took place before their confidential intercourse had commenced; but subsequently, on the 19th August, a Mr. Melville, of Boston in America, renewed the proposal on the part of Barras to the same amount. "But of course," said Lord Malmesbury, "his offer was rejected. I would not see him, and he conveyed it through Ellis, saying that he knew intimately Peregeaux" [the great Paris banker.] This offer and its rejection Ellis communicated to Maret through Pein, who professed to know nothing about it, and only advised him to refer to Peregeaux for Melville's character."—*Ib.*, p. 493.

Can any reader doubt that M. Thiers' version of the affair was furnished to him by the parties to these transactions? Can he doubt—after seeing the indisputable evidence so accidentally and unexpectedly supplied by this publication—that their version is false in dates, facts, motives, and everything, and that the whole was, as we have said, a precautionary *échappatoire* against future exposure?—and if that exposure had not been so unpremeditated and accidental, the false version would have answered its purpose.

It would be hard to say whether in this extraordinary underplot Maret was endeavoring to de-

ceive his French colleagues or his English confederates, or both—but it is very remarkable that this overture was made on the 14th of July, and on the 15th citizen Talleyrand was announced in Paris Minister for Foreign Affairs! It is strange that neither Lord Malmesbury nor any of his correspondents seem to have noticed this remarkable approximation, not to say *coincidence*—particularly as Maret afterwards told Lord Malmesbury that on the day that Lord Malmesbury's nomination was known at Paris, he and Talleyrand and Barthelemi had met at dinner at Barras', where the probable fate of the future negotiation was discussed. Nor must it be forgotten, that all these more than suspicious practices were nearly contemporaneous with that flagrant attempt at speculation and corruption exhibited by Talleyrand and his anonymous friends, "Messrs. X and Y, and a Lady," to the American commissioners in Paris in October of the same year, and in which the celebrated burthen of Talleyrand's eternal song—*Il faut de l'argent*—*il faut beaucoup d'argent*—first aroused the indignation of mankind. We suspect that Monsieur Maret may have known something of Monsieur X or Monsieur Y, or peradventure "the Lady." The whole story will be found in *Debret's State Papers*, vol. vii., p. 183; but M. Thiers' *History* makes no mention of this the most remarkable feature of the diplomacy of the revolution and of its greatest diplomatist. We ourselves have little doubt that Talleyrand and Maret, and perhaps Barthelemi, were at this moment confederates; indeed, M. Thiers himself states that Maret was acting under the special sanction of the minister at Paris, and there can be, we think, little doubt that *l'argent*—*beaucoup d'argent*, was the real motive of the secret negotiation with Lord Malmesbury.

The curiosity, and we may even add the historical importance of this affair will, we trust, excuse the length at which we have developed it:—we wonder indeed the noble editor himself, who often quotes Thiers, did not think it worth while to explain the important discrepancies between his story and Lord Malmesbury's testimony; and the more particularly, as Thiers asserts that Lord Malmesbury offered, and the French had accepted, an indemnity of 500,000*l.* for the Toulon ships—an assertion utterly at variance with all his lordship's statements.

The following extract from one of Mr. Canning's letters tends naturally to increase our suspicions that, besides the great political intrigue going on at Paris, there was much pecuniary jobbing in operation:—

"I shall therefore tell you without scruple, first, that what I mentioned in my former letter of Barthelemi's speculations in the funds, has been confirmed to me since, in a manner that very much persuades me of the truth of that circumstance.

"Secondly. That we have what we think here good reason to believe that Maret has a commission separate from his colleagues, (I know not whether from Dutch or French authority,) to treat for the surrender of the Cape for a sum of money. Thirdly, that the inclosed is a copy of a letter from Paris to Bobus Smith,* written the day after

* "This letter I do not find among the Harris Papers, although a subsequent one from Talleyrand to Bobus Smith is extant."—Ed. It is odd that the editor should not in his note have stated that *Bobus*—Mr. Canning's familiar *Etionism* for *Bob*—was Mr. Robert Smith, the elder brother of Mr. Sydney, and father of Mr. Vernon Smith. It is also to be regretted that he does not explain how Mr. Canning obtained possession of all this corres-

Talleyrand's nomination, and the first part of the contents of which, but not the letter itself, Bobus has since communicated to me. Talleyrand, you may not know, perhaps, has been always a great friend of Bobus', and of mine, since I went to Mr. Pitt some years ago, at Smith's desire, to endeavor to obtain a remission of his sentence of exile."—vol. iii., p. 439.

Though we have not the details of Talleyrand's letter, it appears from a further dispatch of Mr. Canning's that it was something incredible:—

"I was not quizzing you, but telling a most sober truth, when I gave you the copy of Talleyrand's letter to Smith. As a proof of its authenticity, I enclose to you the copy of another, which has been since received, but of which no communication has been made to me. It is written, as you see, in English, and (which you cannot see, but must believe as I do) in T.'s hand. You will see the remarkable coincidence of this letter with everything that you have been told."—vol. iii., p. 453.

Mr. Canning, however, states in a subsequent letter more positively:—

"29th Aug.—I have heard nothing more from Talleyrand by the former channel. Letters of his continually pass through our hands, which prove him to be stock-jobbing here to an enormous amount."—vol. ii., p. 520.

On the mention of M. de Talleyrand's name, the editor says:—

"The universal reputation of Talleyrand renders any notice of him unnecessary in a work of this kind. It is sufficient to remember that, during a life of eighty-five years, he served the old French Monarchy,—the Directory, Consulate, Empire, Restoration, and Orleans Dynasty. He must be regarded as the most able political pilot on record."—vol. iii., p. 418.

We must here take the liberty of dissenting very strongly from the noble editor, both in fact and in opinion. M. de Talleyrand never served the old French Monarchy at all, but helped powerfully to destroy it;—he served, indeed, the Directory, and in due course betrayed, and helped to overthrow it;—he served the Consulate, at the epoch and in the department in which the indelible horror of the *d'Enghien* murder was perpetrated—and he servilely followed Bonaparte through all the other steps of despotism by which his country was enslaved;—he served the Empire as he had served the Directory—that is, he got all he could out of it, and then joined to betray and overturn it;—he served the Restoration, which he was grown too rich, old, and indolent to betray, but which, in spite of his share in the *pilotage*, was dashed to pieces;—and he served the Orleans Dynasty only in the easy routine and luxury of the London embassy. As to his *pilotage*, we must admit that he followed the very ancient and prudent authority of that patriarch of pilots, Palinurus—

— superat quoniam *Fortuna*, sequamur;
Quoque vocat vertamus iter!

And certainly no pilot was ever more dexterous at managing to save himself by his own little craft, when all the great vessels in which he successively served were utterly wrecked. The noble editor seems too apt to fall into these thoughtless *engouemens*. We, on the contrary, see in M. de Talleyrand an apostate from his family, his order, his

pondence, and how Bobus (then we believe a young bar-rister) came to be engaged in these delicate affairs.

party, his religion, and, in short, from everything but himself—one whose corruption, profligacy, and treachery disgraced high birth, exalted station, and great talents—who was a prominent figure in an age of wonders, without attaching his name to anything great, glorious, or good—and whose fame is already reduced to our recollections of "X, Y, and the Lady," and of some dozen *bons-mots*—the cold, keen product of a subtle intellect, an *insouciant* temper, and a callous and misanthropical heart.

In the midst of these affairs the Portuguese minister in Paris signed, contrary to his express instructions, a treaty of peace with the republic—quite inconsistent with the engagements of Portugal with England; but it had not, as M. Thiers says, the effect of giving Maret any advantages over Lord Malmesbury, or indeed in any way affecting the Lisle negotiations; and nothing can be more untrue than his assertion, that at this period all matters had been brought to a clear understanding and arrangement. "England," says Thiers, "would not give up Trinidad; but the Dutch were to keep the Cape under an express condition that France should never obtain it. Ceylon was to be ceded to England, but under the guise of an alternative possession—a Dutch garrison alternating with an English one; with an understanding that the alternation was only to be a fiction. The 12,000,000 of francs for the Toulon ships was accepted by France, and it was agreed the title of King of France, without being formally abdicated, should be disused." On these points, says M. Thiers, Maret and Malmesbury had agreed, when the 18th Fructidor came to overset all. Now we know, from Lord Malmesbury's notes and confidential letters, that not one of all these points was settled—nay, that he could not get the French negotiators to approach any of the minor subjects *en attendant* the discussion of the Dutch questions:—perhaps Maret may have had instructions to agree to these terms, but if he had he certainly never produced them, and the whole of M. Thiers' statement is, therefore, erroneous, and introduced for no other reason that we can see but to glorify Maret. It is perfectly clear that the French mission had no other orders or purpose than to waste time. The Directory, in the personal and mortal struggle in which they were now engaged with the councils, paid evidently little attention to the details of the negotiation, and were only endeavoring to tide over all such inferior matters, till, at last, on the 18th Fructidor, the explosion took place which confirmed the power of Barras and the ultra-republicans, and scattered all the *Modérés*, except Talleyrand, into exile. The French mission at Lisle was immediately recalled, and replaced by Treilhard and Bonnier, who were ordered to insist on having Lord Malmesbury's *pleins pouvoirs* to concede any and all our conquests, produced to them; and on his refusal to comply with so strange a demand, he was insolently dismissed, with the insulting addition that, as he had no instructions, he had better himself go and look for them.

"Il [Lord M.] aura à déclarer ses pleins pouvoirs suffisants, [that is to say, sufficient for the unconditional restitution of all the king's conquests,] et à les exhiber d'abord; et en cas qu'il ne les a pas, d'aller en Angleterre les vingt-quatre heures les chercher lui-même."—vol. iii., p. 581.

Thus, if his embassy did not begin with "a practical epigram," it ended with one; and it was surely too strong a proof of Mr. Pitt's obstinate

desire for peace that, even after this affront, both he and Lord Malmesbury still thought that the negotiation should be continued, and Lord Malmesbury on his arrival in London found there two emissaries—one from Talleyrand, and the other from Barras—both offering “any terms we choose for money.” Barras’ present terms are not given, but we have seen that they were lately stated at 500,000*l.* Talleyrand’s, as produced by one O’Drusse, who is—we know not whether jocularly—designated as the *Grand Vicaire of the Bishop of Autun*, were more moderate—only 200,000*l.*, for consenting to leave us one of the Dutch settlements—probably Ceylon (iii., 580.) It is with pain and shame that we copy the following extract:—

“Friday, Sept. 22, 1797.—At his request, at half past eleven with Pitt; the Note altered as we wished. He said *I was quite right* as to judging it was *right to continue the negotiation*; his informant [Barras’ emissary] said it was necessary to the plan of the Directory; he [Pitt] had informed him of our intentions; he [the informant] was actually gone to Paris to prepare the way for proper instructions being sent to Lisle. I said I trusted he [Pitt] had been very explicit both as to the terms and the price; that *no cure no pay* should be stipulated—not a penny to be given till after the ratifications, and every article valued and paid for *ad valorem*; that I should never return to Lisle for any other purpose but to *sign a treaty*; and that before I left England we should see an *arrêt* of the Directory, fixing the terms and instructions given by them to Treilhard and Bonnier in consequence. This Pitt said was actually done, and agreed with me that nothing short of it was worth attending to. * * * Pitt sanguine, *more sanguine* than I am. I see doubts and dangers in all this *secret intelligence*. I admit the *desire* of getting the money, but I question the *power* of delivering the thing purchased. *Barras confessedly the only one in the secret*: he and his expect to persuade Rewbell, and to prevail on him to take his share of the bribe. *Thence* my apprehensions; and it clearly appears that the two informants act separately. It is to be remarked that Huskisson is in the whole secret; but it is enjoined that he is not to say so to Pitt, or Pitt to him. I dislike Huskisson, both as to his principles and the turn of his understanding; he wants to make money by this peace, and dares not apply to me to act with him; the whole secret was known in the city the day it was told Pitt, and acted on by the stock-jobbers; *stock-jobbing is at the bottom of the whole, I fear.*”—vol. iii., pp. 582–4.

We hope and believe that this imputation against Mr. Huskisson was merely Lord Malmesbury’s hasty impression against a man whom he confesses that he did not like, and of whose proceedings in this matter he admits that Mr. Pitt was aware, which seems to us a sufficient voucher that the proceedings were disinterested and honorable; but the rest of the story certainly agrees with the known characters of Talleyrand and Barras; and while we regret that Mr. Pitt should have for a moment listened to such propositions, even for the great and “Christian” object of ending the war, we cannot suppose that he gave in to it without some strong reason to believe in the authenticity of the offers. On this point of the character and policy of Mr. Pitt, as contrasted with that of Lord Grenville, we shall conclude with the words of the Editor:—

“Mr. Pitt has always been held up to the present generation as fond of war: but the Harris Papers could furnish the most continued and certain evidence of the contrary, and that he often suffered all the agony of a pious man who is forced to fight a duel. The cold and haughty temper of Lord Grenville was less sensitive; our overtures were to him synonymous with degradation, and he could not now brook the delays of the Directory.

“Lord Malmesbury entirely agreed with Pitt, and at this time saw a fair chance of obtaining an honorable peace.”—vol. iii., p. 516.

It is the mischief of these unilateral, truncated revelations, that they lead to conclusions often the very reverse of that which, if we had both sides of the *continuous* story, we should probably arrive at. For instance, would it not seem from the passages—*à bâtons rompus*—which we have quoted, that Mr. Huskisson was a knave and Mr. Pitt a dupe? There is nearly the same evidence for both, and we as little believe the former as the latter, and yet we do not see what answer can be now made to Lord Malmesbury’s broken hints than a general appeal to the characters of those two statesmen.

With this mission ended Lord Malmesbury’s diplomatic life—which exhibits the extraordinary paradox of a long series of failures—unbroken by any one happy result—which, nevertheless, procured for the always defeated yet always fortunate agent the highest reputation and the most splendid rewards. We offered in our former article some considerations which might account for so extraordinary a phenomenon; the details of the missions comprised in the third volume confirm those opinions. Great diplomatic results seldom depend on the abilities of the agents, but on the interests and power of the principals. Lord Malmesbury failed through no fault of his: in the negotiations with Prussia and France we do not believe any man could have done better—in the strange circumstances into which he was thrown at Brunswick we cannot name any man who we think could have done so well.

Lord Malmesbury now retired from public business, but we can hardly say from public affairs; for although, as he told Mr. Canning in March, 1801, as an excuse for his not thinking, in that season of ministerial changes, of any official employment, “he was tied to his chair, and never expected to move ten yards from it,” (vol. iv., p. 35,) still, as a peer, he had a responsible and indefeasible station in political life, and was, moreover, from temper and habit, led to enliven his dignified leisure by a strong curiosity and occasionally a busy share in the party struggles of the day. His residence was on the edge of what Dr. Johnson called the great tide of human existence—first in Spring Garden, in a fine house where in later days we remember Lord Dover and the present Duke of Bedford, and afterwards in old Richmond House, where Richmond-terrace has been since built, and he possessed for some years the beautiful villa of Park Place, near Henley. In town he kept an excellent and hospitable table; and as age confined him more and more to home, he was happy to receive the many morning visitors that—thus living in the gangway to the houses of Parliament—his numerous acquaintance were always ready to pay to one whose lively curiosity, extensive information, polished manners, and varied conversation amply rewarded their attentions. He had all his life been fond of the company of young people. He had early formed a close inti-

macy with Mr. Canning—whose friendship for Lord Malmesbury was, says the Editor, like that of an affectionate son—and he had, as we have seen, surrounded himself with Mr. Canning's personal friends, and to the last he continued to cultivate the acquaintance of the young men who began to distinguish themselves in public life. These circumstances and connexions, with his old diplomatic taste for gossip and those little political manoeuvres commonly called *intrigue*, kept him *au fait* of all that was going on—or at least all that was *said* to be going on—for there is a vast difference between the *reality* of such affairs and the *rumors* of even the best informed circles. The fourth volume of this work is wholly occupied with a diary kept by Lord Malmesbury, with great assiduity, of all he heard and saw of public affairs—(interspersed with some interesting correspondence, especially with Mr. Canning and the Duke of York)—from Mr. Pitt's resignation in the first days of 1801, down to the Convention of Cintra in 1808.

No extracts that our space would allow us to make could afford an adequate idea of this great mass of mingled gossip and history. Lord Malmesbury's pen had no touch of pleasantry, nor even of vivacity, and it would therefore not be easy to produce amusing specimens of what is yet a very amusing whole. To us, and to the many still living who, like us, happen to have been contemporary with the events—who have seen all and known most of the *dramatis personæ*—nothing can be more attractive; we seem to be living our youth over again. We may fancy ourselves walking down rather early to the House, and turning in at Richmond Gardens to while away the spare half-hour with the *old Lion*—as “from his brilliant eyes and profusion of white hair” Lord Malmesbury was not unwilling to be called by his younger associates; but we doubt whether it will have the same success with more distant and more disinterested readers. And even with us and our contemporaries the first impression is by no means favorable to the taste or discretion of the publication, as regards either the noble diarist himself or those of whom he treats. We meet in every page harsh mention of names that we have loved and respected; and we know, even within our own narrow circle, that a considerable degree of private feeling has been painfully excited. But upon further reflection a good deal of that will wear off. Many of the harsh things that Lord Malmesbury says under a momentary influence, he soon unsays, and of many others he himself supplies the means of refutation; and one thing may be said for him—that though he evidently had strong biases, he never seems to have wilfully misrepresented any one; and it turns out—singularly enough—that the person whom of all others he seems most to have disliked—Lord Grenville—makes nearly the best figure in the book for both consistency and sagacity, while his most intimate and applauded friend—the late Lord Chichester—if we were to take all that is said of him *au pied de la lettre*, would appear irresolute, self-interested, and blamably indiscreet. We are inclined to believe that no public man ever kept an honest journal of his daily *opinions* on events, and especially on *persons*, who would not, after a lapse of time, read over many of his entries with regret, and sometimes with self-reproach, for his own credulity or injustice. Let us allow to Lord Malmesbury and his victims the advantage of these indulgent considerations. He notes down what he has

heard and believes, often erroneously, but always, we believe, honestly, and the veracity of the chronicler is not to be confounded with the accuracy of the facts. Lord Malmesbury *sat at the receipt of custom*, and news was the tribute which his friends paid him; but it was often in coin clipped or debased, or even absolutely counterfeit.

In any daily record of passing events and fluctuating opinions there must be frequent inconsistencies and contradictions, and Lord Malmesbury's “Correspondence and Diaries,” taken as a whole, tell, we think, almost as much against himself as against any one he names. We have already shown how little they maintain his diplomatic reputation, and they no better vindicate his own private consistency. On the king's illness in 1601, Lord Malmesbury collected every rumor of the undutiful and unfeeling behavior of the Prince of Wales towards his afflicted father, quite forgetful that, after having obtained from the same king the greatest personal favor a subject can receive, he himself had under similar circumstances in 1788 abetted the same Prince of Wales in conduct much more undutiful and unfeeling than that with which he now reproached him. What is the key to this?—Lord Malmesbury had reconciled himself to the king, had been honorably employed, created viscount and earl, and, having enrolled himself as one of the *king's friends*, had naturally fallen out with the prince. But when we turn over a few pages Lord Malmesbury's candor affords us some reason to doubt the truth of his imputations against the prince:—

“*March 7, 1801.*—Prince of Wales yesterday evening and this morning with the king; his behavior there right and proper. How unfortunate that it is not sincere; or rather that he has so effeminate a mind as to counteract all his own good qualities, by having no control over his weaknesses!”—vol. iv., p. 33.

Here we see proper conduct admitted, with an ingenious surmise that it would not be lasting; but then by-and-by we find the following anecdote recorded:—

“*March 24.*—Lord Carlisle, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Fitzwilliam, and Fox have coalesced. It is said they informed the Prince of Wales, through Lord Moira, of this step, tendered him an offer of their services, and that they should hold their conferences at Carlton House. The prince, it is said, replied, that he was under too much anxiety for the king's health to think of politics; that he thanked them for their communication, but not only declined their proposal, but observed that, out of respect to the king, he considered it as his duty to acquaint Mr. Addington with it, and this he immediately did.”—vol. iv., p. 51.

And henceforward we hear little or no more on the subject of the prince's undutiful behavior; and indeed there are some strong statements of a direct contrary tendency.

Again; we have fresh in our recollections Mr. Pitt's efforts, his perhaps too anxious efforts, for peace; and we are told that in 1800 he was about to make another attempt, and would have named Lord Malmesbury for it, (iv., 28;) and yet we find Lord Malmesbury, so early as the 4th of March, 1801, saying in derogation of Mr. Addington, then about to replace Mr. Pitt,—

“*March 4.*—Addington's mind is full of peace—no great proof of strength of character, wisdom, or statesman-like knowledge, in such times as these.”—vol. iv., p. 28.

Thus Pitt is applauded and Addington sneered at for the same identical policy.

Again, he says of Mr. Pitt's resignation,—

"Feb. 7.—It looks at times to me as if Pitt was playing a very selfish and, in the present state of affairs, a very criminal part; that he goes out to show his own strength, and under the certain expectation of being soon called upon again to govern the country, with uncontrolled power."—vol. iv., p. 4.

And when the king's illness, consequent on the anxiety this resignation caused him, became alarming, the diarist expresses his loyal indignation in terms which clearly allude to Mr. Pitt as one of those—

"Feb. 22.—Who acted in order to gratify their private resentments, or promote their ambitious views; and these men, let them be who they will, may be considered as the most consummate political villains that ever existed. They ought to be held in execration by the country, and their names handed down to posterity with infamy; for they will have been the first cause of the destruction of the intellects or life of a sovereign, to whose kingly virtues, and to whose manly and uniform steady exertion of them during a reign of forty years, this country, and every subject in it, owes the preservation of its liberties and everything that is valuable to him."—vol. iv., p. 15.

And again, when the king grew better,—

"March 7.—The king, in directing Willis to speak or write to Pitt, said, 'Tell him I am now quite well, quite recovered from my illness; but what has he not to answer for, who is the cause of my having been ill at all?' This, on being repeated, affected Pitt so deeply, that it immediately produced the letter (the most dutiful, humble, and contrite) mentioned above, and brought from him the declaration of his readiness to give way on the Catholic question."—vol. iv., p. 32.

And finally,—

"March 9.—The whole is a very sad story—the work of mean and bad passions; a trial of strength which a great subject presumes to institute with his king, and a king to whom he owes all his greatness. It began in this, continues in this, and will end in it, and ruin follow to the common weal."—vol. iv., p. 40.

And after all this, we find him within a few weeks suggesting and carrying on an intrigue to force this "political villain" back into office; and within three months we find the following entry:—

"June 8.—I was with Pitt at his breakfast. I told him that I had much satisfaction in assuring him that I should follow his line in politics; that I understood his motives, and respected them in acting as he had done."—vol. iv., p. 263.

Again; there is no one, we think, whom Lord Malmesbury mentions with more asperity than the late Lord Auckland, and particularly for his supposed share in disturbing the king's mind in 1801, by alarming him against the designs of Mr. Pitt on the Catholic question. Yet we shall find Lord Malmesbury himself pursuing the same line, (and without so strong a duty,) and instigating the Duke of Portland to take similar measures for encouraging the king to resist the Catholic concessions proposed by the *Talents*.

We could produce many more instances of the same kind of contradictions; but these will suffice, our object being not to complain of Lord Malmesbury's injustice or inconsistency, but to expose the

consequences of any system of *journalizing*, in which—though the rumors of one day are effaced by those of the next, yet the false report and the true one—the passing impression and the permanent conviction—are equally recorded, and when they happen, by breach of faith or mistaken zeal, to be published promiscuously, become offensive to private feelings and delusive to public opinion. In the present case, however, we repeat that no great harm is done; for to those who attentively read the *whole* Diary, very little of that which seems to bear hardest upon individuals will be found of any real weight or authority.

The diary opens with the change of ministry in 1801, and with his majesty's illness, which Lord Malmesbury states very truly, was produced by the agitation of the royal mind in being forced to part from Mr. Pitt—with whom he never before had had a difference (iv., p. 7)—in such a crisis of the world, and on a point which his majesty felt not merely as invalidating the constitutional right by which he held his crown—but as irreconcilable with what he held dearer than his crown—his religion and his conscience.

Lord Malmesbury states that the origin of the king's illness was

"A cold caught by his remaining so long in church in very bad snowy weather on the day appointed for a general fast, 13th February; and the physicians do not scruple to say, that although his majesty certainly had a bad cold, and would, under all circumstances, have been ill, yet that the hurry and vexation of all that has passed was the cause of his mental illness; which, if it had shown itself at all, would certainly not have declared itself so violently, or been of a nature to cause any alarm, had not these events taken place."—vol. iv., p. 19.

The following anecdote, however, which we received very soon after the event from a person who was present, proves that the mental excitement preceded the cold caught on the 13th February. The king was always in the habit of repeating the responses in the church service very audibly; but on this day, when he came to the following response of the *Venite*, he leaned over the front of his seat, and with an air of addressing the congregation, he repeated in a loud, emphatic, and angry tone—"Forty years long was I grieved with this generation, and said, it is a people that do err in their hearts, for they have not known my ways." "It was impossible," said our informant, "not to see that all the perplexities and troubles of his forty years' reign were, by the new difficulties pressed upon him by one whom he so much regarded as Mr. Pitt, revived at the moment on his excited and morbid memory." Lord Malmesbury tells us that as early as the 6th or 7th of February,

"The king at Windsor read his coronation oath to his family—asked them whether they understood it—and added, 'If I violate it, I am no longer legal sovereign of this country, but it falls to the house of Savoy.'"

And in the entry for the 26th of February we read—

"The king on Monday, after having remained many hours without speaking, at last towards the evening came to himself, and said, 'I am better now, but I will remain true to the church.'"—vol. iv., p. 19.

Lord Malmesbury is all along very indignant with Mr. Pitt for not having prepared the king's

mind for Roman Catholic emancipation as the necessary consequence of the Union, and lays all the blame on the *suddenness* of the announcement. We have no proof that Mr. Pitt may not have approached the subject with the king, and we have a strong conviction that no degree of preparation or persuasion would have induced his majesty to view with less than utter horror any measure involving (as he considered it) the violation of his coronation oath. It has been a general opinion—and Lord Malmesbury seems at one time to have believed—that Mr. Pitt seized this occasion of *resigning*, with the object of allowing Mr. Addington the mortification and odium of making a peace. Lord Malmesbury shows clearly that Mr. Pitt never evaded that responsibility himself, and that he even took a supererogative responsibility in advising Mr. Addington in his negotiations; but he does not say that which we are enabled to assert from Mr. Addington's own report of his conferences with the king and Mr. Pitt—*viz.*, that when Mr. Pitt went *last* into the closet to press the Catholic question on his majesty, he had still hopes of being able to prevail; the more so, as the king pressed him with the greatest earnestness and affection not to desert him; but that when, after a long and warm conversation, Mr. Pitt declared peremptorily that he could not yield the point, the king suddenly changed his manner, and *dismissed him*!—and when Mr. Pitt, in his surprise, attempted some rejoinder, the king in civil but very decided terms declined any further discussion.

During all the preliminary arrangements for the new administration nothing could be more composed, more clear, more rational, than his majesty's conduct—but the effort overpowered him, and the scenes which we have just quoted with his family and in the chapel show the progress of the excitement. We cannot follow all the daily vicissitude's of his majesty's illness; but our readers will see with great interest the following account of Lord Malmesbury's first interview with the king after his recovery:—

"29 Oct., 1801.—I went to Windsor to present to the king and queen copies of the new edition of my father's works. I saw them both alone on the morning of the 26th. * * * I was with the king alone near two hours. I had not seen his majesty since the end of October, 1800, of course not since his last illness; * * * but he did not look thinner, nor were there any marks of sickness or decline in his countenance or manner; these last were much as usual; somewhat less hurried, and more conversable, that is to say, allowing the person to whom he addressed himself more time to answer and talk, than he used to do when discussing on common subjects, on public and grave ones. I at all times for thirty years have found him very attentive, and full as ready to hear as to give an opinion, though perhaps not always disposed to adopt it and forsake his own. He was gracious even to kindness, and spoke of my father in a way which quite affected me. He expressed great satisfaction at seeing me less ill than he expected; asked how I continued to keep well; and on my saying, amongst other reasons, that I endeavored to keep my *mind quiet*, and dismiss all unpleasant subjects from intruding themselves on it, the king said, "T is a very wise maxim, and one I am determined to follow; but how, at this particular moment, can you avoid it?" And without waiting he went on by saying, "Do you know what I call the Peace [of Amiens?]"—an

experimental peace, for it is nothing else. I am sure *you* think so, and perhaps do not give it so *gentle* a name; but it was *unavoidable*. I was abandoned by everybody, allies and *all*. I have done, I conscientiously believe, for the best, because I could not do otherwise; but had I found more opinions like mine, better might have been done.

"I thought the subject might agitate the king, and therefore tried to lead him from it; he perceived my drift, and said, 'Lord Malmesbury, you and I have lived on the active theatre of this world these thirty years; if we are not become wise enough to consider every event which happens quietly, and with acquiescence, we must have lived very negligently. What would the good man who wrote these excellent books (pointing to the copy I had just presented to him of my father's works) say, if we were such bad philosophers, having had such means of becoming good ones?' and then his majesty reverted again to the peace, spoke of the state of Europe, of France, and this country; and by the turn of conversation it happened that the king and myself, almost in the same moment, agreed that it was a most erroneous and dangerous maxim which prevailed, that Jacobinism was at an end or even diminished; that it was only quieter because it had carried *one* point, but we should soon see it blaze out again, when it had another in view; and from that the king passed to the court of Berlin, which he spoke of with great displeasure, even acrimony: 'This is the young man,' said he, 'of whom the great Frederic said—"on ne lui arrachera jamais la couronne," and we shall live, possibly, to see him without even his electoral dominions.'"—vol. iv., pp. 62, 63.

It will, we think, be admitted that the old "Philosopher of Salisbury" himself could not have made more judicious, nor his accomplished son more appropriate and statesmanlike observations than these of King George III., of whom we repeat with increased confidence since Mr. Twiss' publication of his notes to Lord Eldon what we said on a prior occasion, that if "ever, and to whatever extent, his daily correspondence with his several ministers on the various business of the state shall be published, the world will then, and not till then, be able duly to appreciate his virtues and his talents."—Q. Rev., vol. lxx., p. 282.

A great part of the Diary is taken up with the details of a ridiculous intrigue concocted, as it seems, between Mr. Canning and Lord Malmesbury in the winter of 1802-3, for forcing Mr. Addington to make way for Mr. Pitt's restoration to power. Mr. Canning, as was natural to a young man of his lively genius, aspiring hopes, and personal attachment to Mr. Pitt, had from the first regretted the late resignations, and greatly undervaluing the less brilliant qualities of the successors, he had, contrary to Mr. Pitt's wishes—and indeed at some risk, as it seems, of impairing their political and even their private friendship—endeavored to discredit the ministry by censure and ridicule in the press, and by occasional sarcasms in parliament. These missiles not producing the desired effect, he, in concert with Lord Malmesbury, formed a plan which, without compromising Mr. Pitt, who (as they well knew) would listen to no such expedients, should force Mr. Addington to be the instrument of his own downfall.

As a specimen of the candid inconsistency of Lord Malmesbury's diary, we may quote the fol-

lowing character which he gives of Mr. Canning at this period of his life :—

"Jan. 24, 1803.—Canning has been forced, like a thriving plant in a well-managed hot-house; he has prospered too luxuriantly—has felt no check or frost. Too early in life, he has had many, and too easy advantages. This, added to very acute parts, makes him impatient of control. Astonished to find obstacles and difficulties in his way; angry with those who conceive less quickly and eagerly than himself, or who will not keep pace with him in his rapid plans and views; and indulging an innate principle of vanity, he under-rates others, and appears arrogant and contemptuous, although really not so. This checks the right and gradual growth of his abilities; lessens their effects, and vitiates the very many excellent, honorable, and amiable qualities he possesses. The world, who judge him from this, judge him harshly and unfairly; his success accounts for his manners. Rapid prosperity never creates popularity, and it requires a most careful and conciliating conduct to make the two compatible."—pp. 169, 170.

We quote this—not as a just, and still less as a favorable character of an early friend, for whose public and private qualities we preserve and cherish the highest admiration and the most affectionate regard; but, for the sake of observing that it was with this *spoiled child*, as he thought him, that Lord Malmesbury—at the age of near threescore, and professing to have retired from public life—chose to associate himself in an intrigue, as absurd in all its parts as can well be conceived. Its details would be tedious; but the substance was this—

"Nov. 1, 1802.—It was thought right to draw up a paper to be signed, if approved, by persons of eminence in different public avocations, in each house of parliament, to be presented by them to Mr. Addington; its object, as will appear from the paper itself, was to prevail on him to remove spontaneously, and prevent the matter being brought before the public."—p. 87.—

and "when signed by a sufficient number of leading and independent men of all descriptions in each house," from whom it was supposed to emanate, it was to be presented simultaneously to Mr. Pitt and Mr. Addington, and by the *Duke of York* (whom Lord Malmesbury had already initiated into the design,) conveyed to the king. So far, so well. We can fancy our young political *Hot-spur* exclaiming, "Our plot is a good plot as ever was laid—our friends true and constant; a good plot—good friends and full of expectation—an excellent plot, very good friends. Why my Lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action!" Alas! when all those "good friends" and the many "persons of eminence" were to be assembled to sign the important document, it was found that there were no such persons in *rerum naturâ*—not one—and that the whole confederacy consisted of no soul but the original *oterie* which had imagined it, Mr. Canning, Lords Granville Leveson and Morpeth, and our venerable diplomatist;—but genius and art united are never without a resource—and behold, Mr. Canning writes to Lord Malmesbury—

"Nov. 15th.—If, after all, neither imposing signatures nor spokesmen can be had, the last resort is to send the paper unsigned, with something like the enclosed *prescript*!" (?)

"PROPOSED PRESCRIPT.

"It is thought to be most respectful to Mr. Ad-

dington and Mr. Pitt, that the enclosed paper should be transmitted to them without the signatures, which are ready to be affixed to it."—p. 103.

We can easily conceive the spirit of fun in which Mr. Canning penned this ingenious *prescript*—the very title of which would have revealed its author;—but when Lord Malmesbury lent his graver and more deliberate countenance to the device of signifying signatures *to be ready*, since *none were to be had*, he could not have had in his thoughts that excellent maxim, which he afterwards so forcibly inculcated on another young friend,—

"April 11th.—It is scarce necessary to say that no occasion, no provocation, no idea, however tempting, of promoting the object you have in view, can need, much less justify, a *falsehood*. Success obtained by one, is a precarious and baseless success. Detection would ruin not only your own reputation forever, but deeply wound the honor of your cause."—p. 414.

We need not pursue this bubble to its bursting and vanishing into nothing; but we must just notice the extraordinary efforts of Mr. Canning and Lord Malmesbury to persuade Mr. Pitt not to attend the house of commons, lest his presence should seem to countenance the ministry—and the ludicrous gravity with which Mr. Canning deploras the failure of his "*capital measure*," which was a device to prevent Pitt's keeping an engagement to dine with Addington at Richmond Park, which the infatuated ex-minister, contrary to the most earnest efforts of his young friend, persisted in doing. All this is very amusing as we read it, but it is humiliating to think of; and in this case, as in others of the Diary already noticed, we think that the person who was most disliked makes really the best figure, and that the sober good sense and good faith of Mr. Addington contrast very favorably with the various ingenious, but not very ingenious devices, that were employed to supplant him.* As to Mr. Pitt's share in these transactions, we are glad to be able to say that, though the hopes and wishes of Mr. Canning and Lord Malmesbury may seem to throw some doubts over the candor of his conduct towards Mr. Addington, all that he himself was responsible for—his own words and actions—are not liable to any serious reproach:—to none at all, we think, in the *earlier period* of the Addington administration; for the evidence of Lord Malmesbury leaves no doubt that he was perfectly and zealously sincere in his endeavors to restrain the hostility of his younger friends who had resigned with him, as well as to confirm the support of those of his former colleagues who had taken part in the new government;—so much so that when Mr. Pitt heard accidentally, on the 10th March, 1801, that the Duke of Portland intended, on his own part and that of his other colleagues, to propose to Mr. Addington to recall Mr. Pitt,

* We are glad to be able to say that Lord Sidmouth's papers are in the hands of his son-in-law, the Dean of Norwich, and we have reason to hope that the Dean is preparing for the press a work that will do to that honest minister and excellent man more justice than has yet been done to his abilities and public services. Lord Malmesbury seems to have been much prejudiced against him by the influence of Mr. Canning's pleasantries. We have, however, ourselves seen evidence, which we hope may exist in Lord Sidmouth's papers, that at a subsequent period Mr. Canning, in a very frank and generous manner, (as was his nature,) expressed his regret for their former differences.

the latter waited on the duke, and in the most peremptory manner prohibited any such interference with Mr. Addington, (iv. 42;) and when, on the 14th, in pursuance of the same views, Mr. Canning pressed Mr. Pitt for a categorical answer as to his real feeling towards Mr. Addington, Mr. Pitt—

“Without hesitation, and in the most unqualified manner, replied, that it was impossible to have behaved with more confidence, more openness, more sincerity, than Addington had done, from the first moment to this; and that the manner in which he had conducted himself, added to his long friendship for him, had raised him higher than ever in his good opinion.”—p. 46.

And amidst not a few subsequent provocations on the part of Mr. Canning and his “young friends,” who were exceedingly dissatisfied and angry at his reserve, he steadily adhered to his engagements with Mr. Addington.

As time lapsed, and circumstances changed, so, no doubt, did in a certain degree the mutual relations of the late and existing ministers, and Mr. Pitt became naturally more and more reluctant to attend in parliament the discussion of new measures which he had not advised and might not approve, but which his general inclination to support Mr. Addington disabled him from opposing. In the spring of 1803, however, this state of affairs was essentially altered, by Mr. Addington's making him an overture for his return to office, but on terms which Mr. Pitt thought he could not accept. The particulars of this transaction are given by Lord Malmesbury in much and interesting detail; and we are bound to say that the conditions were such as we do not think Mr. Pitt could have accepted, though his refusal was somewhat too haughtily stated. This affair, however, seems to us to have placed the rival parties on new and independent ground; it was a fresh point of departure; and though Mr. Pitt appeared still very reluctant to oppose the ministry, his connexion became gradually less cordial. Mr. Addington about this time fancied that he strengthened himself by offering office to Mr. Sheridan and others of the old opposition, and by actually bringing into his government Mr. Tierney, who a few years before had fought a duel with Mr. Pitt. This seems to us to have fairly released Mr. Pitt altogether:—and at last, after many moves on the political chess-board, which may be followed very agreeably in Lord Malmesbury's Diary, Mr. Pitt concurred with Mr. Fox and the old opposition in several important votes, particularly one on the defence bill, in which Mr. Addington had a majority of only thirty-seven, on which he resigned, and Mr. Pitt returned to office—almost alone.

Lord Malmesbury details the circumstances in which this short-lived and unfortunate administration was formed on so narrow a basis, after Mr. Pitt had proposed for office his new ally Mr. Fox, and his old connexions the Grenvilles, &c., for whose sake he, no doubt, had broken off the negotiation with Mr. Addington in the spring of 1803. The king had now positively excluded Mr. Fox, and though the latter very generously desired that this might not prevent the accession of his friends to office, they all made common cause with him. Mr. Canning and Lord Granville Leveson were zealous for the introduction, first of Mr. Fox, and then of the Grenvilles—but all parties adhered to their resolutions, and Mr. Pitt, instead of forming a new government, found himself in the necessity of doing little more than taking Mr.

Addington's place in the old one. We have heretofore ventured to express our doubts as to Mr. Pitt's policy in all this affair—his original breaking-up of the great party of which he was the head—his present failure to reunite it—his ousting Mr. Addington's government before he knew on what basis he could replace it—and, above all, the way in which, first and last, he dealt with the Roman Catholic question. Lord Malmesbury's details are too long to quote *in extenso*, and too connected to be separated, but they will be read with interest, and the result may be thus stated—that the precarious state of the king's mental health, never so liable to disturbance as from the Catholic question—the peculiar difficulties created by Mr. Fox's former profession of French principles and his consequent removal from the privy council—and the great and growing perils of the country, both internal and external, afforded not merely an obvious apology, but—in the opinion of Lord Malmesbury, the Duke of Portland, and the great majority of Mr. Pitt's friends, and, no doubt, in Mr. Pitt's own conscientious conviction—a full justification of proceedings which, in opposition to such authority, we can hardly persist in blaming, though we can never cease to regret. These difficulties helped to accelerate his death, if they did not absolutely cause it, by anxiety, disappointment, and affliction: the impeachment of Lord Melville, and the battle of Austerlitz, filled the cup of bitterness, and he died, as was emphatically said, at 46, of old age and a broken heart.

In alluding to the last moments of this illustrious man, whose glorious eloquence we heard with youthful admiration, we have a melancholy pleasure in laying before our readers, whom we may presume to be admirers of the name and character of Pitt, the following interesting anecdotes, which the noble editor has given us from the note-book of his amiable and able father, the second Earl of Malmesbury, while he was Lord Fitzharris, and a member of Mr. Pitt's last Board of Treasury.

“On the receipt of the news of the memorable battle of Trafalgar, (some day in November, 1805,) I happened to dine with Pitt, and it was naturally the engrossing subject of our conversation. I shall never forget the eloquent manner in which he described his conflicting feelings, when roused in the night to read Collingwood's dispatches. Pitt observed, that he had been called up at various hours in his eventful life by the arrival of news of various hues; but that, whether good or bad, he could always lay his head on his pillow and sink into sound sleep again. On *this occasion*, however, the great event announced brought with it so much to weep over, as well as to rejoice at, that he could not calm his thoughts, but at length got up, though it was three in the morning.”

“The battle of Austerlitz and its consequences, which he saw in their true light, greatly disappointed and depressed him, and certainly rather accelerated his end. I well remember walking round St. James' Park with him in November, 1805. He was naturally of a sanguine disposition. His plans were vast and comprehensive, and held out to his powerful mind the hope of establishing a European Confederacy, that should crush French ascendancy. When *that battle* was fought, the last ray of hope was so dimmed as to leave him without the possible expectation of seeing the fulfilment of that for which he had so long, so strenuously, and so successfully exerted himself, and which he felt (if ever accomplished) must be

brought about by other hands than his. He resigned himself to the will of that Providence to whom he had always looked up, as well in the days of victory as in the hour of peril, and calmly awaited that last call to which we must all respond, with the true spirit of a Christian, and felt that his end had too nearly run out for him to think any longer of worldly matters. He went to Bath, and only returned to Wimbledon, (where he had a villa,) to die there."

"I have ever thought that an *aiding cause* of Pitt's death, certainly one that tended to shorten his existence, was the result of the proceedings against his old friend and colleague, Lord Melville. I sat wedged close to Pitt himself the night when we were 216 to 216; and the speaker, Abbott, (after looking as white as a sheet, and pausing for ten minutes,) gave the casting vote against us. Pitt immediately put on the little cocked-hat that he was in the habit of wearing when dressed for the evening, and jammed it deeply over his forehead, and I distinctly saw the tears trickling down his cheeks. We had overheard one or two, such as Colonel Wardle, (of notorious memory,) say, they would see '*how Billy looked after it.*' A few young ardent followers of Pitt, with myself, locked their arms together, and formed a circle, in which he moved, I believe, unconsciously out of the house; and neither the colonel nor his friends could approach him.

"I met Pitt at Lord Bathurst's in Gloucestershire, where he passed some days, [in December, 1802.] We went to church at Cirencester. In discoursing afterwards on the beauties of our liturgy, he selected the *Thanksgiving Prayer* as one particularly impressive and comprehensive. The one, '*In Time of War and Tumults,*' he thought admirably well drawn up, as well as that for the parliament; but added, with respect to the first of the two, that he never in hearing it could divest himself of the analogy between '*Abate their pride, assuage their malice,*' and the line in the song of '*God save the King,*' '*Confound their politics, frustrate their knavish tricks.*' I observed, that Pitt was constantly taking down and quoting from *Lucan*, of which author he appeared to be extremely fond. Nothing could be more playful, and at the same time more instructive, than Pitt's conversation, on a variety of subjects, while sitting in the library at Cirencester. You never would have guessed that the man before you was prime minister of the country, and one of the greatest that ever filled that situation. His style and manner were quite those of an accomplished idler.—*Lord Fitzharris' Note Book for 1805—1806.*"—vol. iv., pp. 341—347.

After the death of Mr. Pitt and the accession of the Talents' administration, there is little to notice till we arrive at the celebrated attempt to inveigle the king into the first step towards a concession of what were called the Catholic claims, which ended in the dismissal of that arrogant and fraudulent ministry in whose detection and discomfiture Lord Malmesbury took more part, as we have already hinted, than was commonly supposed.

"On the 9th of march, [1807,] I found that a bill was actually preparing, evidently as a sort of preliminary step to other bills still more explicit, to take off the restrictions now existing against the Catholics. The bill in the first instance was stated to be one that had no other object in view than to give the Irish Catholics, serving in Eng-

land, the same security against the pains and penalty of the law against Popery as they enjoyed in Ireland by the bill of 1793, which bill enabled them to hold commissions in the army as far as the rank of colonels.

"The Union made these regiments liable to serve in England and Scotland, and the act as it now stood, (they said,) gave them security in Ireland only. This appeared a just measure if pursued, and one not to be opposed.

"To this bill the king did not object, and in this shape it first appeared in the house of commons, as a clause attached to the mutiny bill, of which it was naturally to make a part. But ministers finding this go down with scarce any remark made upon it, thought they might go a step further; they withdrew the clause to the mutiny bill, and substituted in its room a bill which, by one stride, gave to the Catholics in every part of his majesty's dominions the privilege of entering into the army or navy, of holding any rank in either, and of being allowed to attend their own places of worship. This gave rise to a very spirited debate, in which Perceval, with great force and ability, showed to the house the radical alterations such a measure would make in our constitution, and the dangerous innovations with which it would be attended both in church and state. Government was violent in support of it, and Lords Howick and Temple talked vehemently.

"Strong symptoms, however, soon appeared that they met with opposition in the closet, as the second reading of the bill was postponed from day to day. On Wednesday, the 11th, the king came to town, and saw his ministers as usual at the queen's house, to whom, (it was told us,) he expressed himself very distinctly, that to such a measure he never could assent."—vol. iv., pp. 358, 359.

At this crisis Lord Malmesbury—forgetful of all his former indignation against Lord Auckland for a like conduct—urged the Duke of Portland, with whom he had always maintained his early relations of confidence, to communicate to the king his grace's sympathy on what he heard of his majesty's feelings on this subject, and to acquaint him that if he should be driven to extremities by his present ministry, there were others who were ready to undertake the responsibility of office on the adverse principle. This letter was dated the 12th of March, 1807; but before it was despatched—indeed before it was written out fair—the king himself had anticipated its advice by sending for Lord Grenville, complaining of the deception attempted to be practised on him, and declaring that he never had consented, and never would consent, to Lord Howick's bill. The Duke of Portland's letter arrived no doubt opportunely to confirm the king's resolutions, which were also supported by some of the existing government.

"The king said the prince had come down on purpose on Saturday, [March 14,] to declare his intentions of acting and speaking against the bill; that the chancellor (Erskine) has also been from the beginning against it, as well as Lord Ellenborough and Lord Sidmouth. This last he said had behaved handsomely."—vol. iv., p. 373.

And upon this the king gave the Duke of Portland *carte-blanche* for forming that administration which, with many serious modifications, and the sudden or premature deaths of no less than five of its leaders—Portland, Perceval, Londonderry, Liverpool, and Canning—and many vicissitudes

of difficulties and prosperity, terminated the most perilous, but eventually the most glorious, war recorded in our annals by the most triumphant peace—and may be said to have lasted till, by a series of mistakes and misfortunes, it was led—as always happens to a party too long and too completely prosperous—to terminate by suicide an existence of five-and-twenty years. In the Duke of Portland's ministry Mr. Canning received the foreign seals—Lord Fitzharris became his under-secretary—Lord Granville Leveson went as ambassador to Russia—and Lord Malmesbury, confidentially consulted by Mr. Canning, brings down to the battle of Wagram and the convention of Cintra—but with little detail and no novelty—his summary of our foreign and domestic transactions.

"Here," says the editor, in his parting words—

"Here Lord Malmesbury appears to have closed this Diary.

"Of the Journal which I have published, and which composes this fourth volume, it may be said that it contains much matter already known to the reader. I have not suppressed it on that account, because I think that no corroborative evidence of history can be produced so unsuspecting as a diary, in which events and conversations are regularly recorded within a few hours of their occurrence, and that by an intelligent observer, (like Lord Malmesbury,) whose personal ambition has been satisfied with high rewards, or arrested by incurable infirmity. The man who is in this position, having nothing to hope or to fear, and writing for no immediate purpose of the day, will probably relate history with as little excitement or prejudice as can possibly be found in any active mind."—vol. iv., pp. 411, 412.

To some of these last observations we have by anticipation replied in the distinction we took between the sincerity of the journalist and the accuracy of the facts or justice of the opinions he records: with that reservation we grant to the noble editor all the merit that he claims for his grandfather, who is beyond doubt entitled to as much credence as any *journalizing* politician and *quidnunc* can be entitled to. But however trustworthy the author may personally be, it by no means follows that we are to give him that kind of implicit confidence which the editor seems to challenge. In the first place, he is very often deceived by a second-hand narrative of facts; but even when the naked fact is true, it may be so disguised by being clothed in black or in white as not to be recognizable. Of such a diary it may be said, as the Stoic said of human life in general—*ταρώσαι τοὺς ἀνθρώπους οὐ τὰ πρῶματα, ἀλλὰ τὰ περὶ τῶν πραγμάτων δογμᾶτα*—no one alive would, we believe, be much disturbed by any of the facts recorded by Lord Malmesbury if simply and accurately narrated, though great and serious pain has been inflicted by the color that he gives them and the opinions which his grave authority pronounces upon them. No man, however honest, or even kind-hearted, can be free from temporary impressions and personal prejudices—which, though they should have only flashed momentarily across his mind, stand permanently *Daguerreotyped* in his Diary—so that truth itself becomes an auxiliary to falsehood. On the whole, we are bound to say, this publication seems to us to be in principle wholly unwarrantable; that as regards either political events or personal character, it would be in general a very fallacious guide; that any historical value it may have is nearly counterbalanced by the false im-

pressions it so frequently creates; and, finally, that the confidence and security of private life—the great foundations of society—are seriously compromised by a precedent, which is the more dangerous from the amusement that it affords, and the respectable names with which it is unfortunately connected.

A MIRACLE!

PENNSYLVANIA HAS PAID!—don't be alarmed—not her debt, but the dividends upon it for February. The event was celebrated throughout the state, as became its strangeness, with ringing of bells, waving of flags, and firing of cannon. Friends looked agape on each other in bar-rooms and railway stations. Drab waistcoats heaved with uncontrollable emotion; mint juleps were gulped like water when the news was told.

In the city of London the excitement was indescribable. Feebly we attempt to portray it in verse, the only medium for description of such a scene. Humble prose limps after the reality with too painful an effort:—

There had been talk of an Express o'ernight;
And London's capital had gathered then
Her merchants and her stock-brokers, and fright
Was in the features of her moneyed men.
A thousand eyes looked askingly; and when
The whispered news one bold man dared to tell,
Holders of stock looked pale, then red again,
And most were of opinion 't was a sell—
But hush! hark! That report from Bow to
Clerkenwell!

Within an office hard by Lendenhall
Sate an extensive holder; he did hear
That news, perhaps, the earliest of all,
And but pooh-poohed it when it met his ear.
And when "the Times" declared the pay-day
near,
His books, more truly, told their tale too well;
Which show'd he'd lost two thousand pounds
a year,
And left stock on his hands he could not sell:
He rushed on 'Change,—found that they paid—
and fell!

And men came buying in hot haste—indeed,
Their old dishonesty some folks did bar
From buying as they else had done with speed;
And some lacked means "for carrying on the
war."

But on the whole they bought more freely far
Than might have been expected from the way
That Pennsylvanias had stood under par—
While brokers sought "The Cock" across the
way,
And whispered with white lips, "By Jove, they
pay, they pay!"

Punch.

LEGAL CRITICISM.—Mr. Sergeant Hill, disputing once with a young pupil who contended for the accuracy of Richardson's description of love in *Clarissa Harlowe*, the learned sergeant alleged that Richardson was anything but an accurate man; and, in proof of his assertion, asked the young student if he had read *Clarissa's* will; and added, "You will find there is not one of the uses or trusts in it that can be supported."

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From Punch.

MR. CAUDLE'S SHIRT-BUTTONS.

"THERE, Mr. Caudle, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were this morning! There—you need n't begin to whistle: people don't come to bed to whistle. But it's like you. I can't speak, that you don't try to insult me. Once, I used to say, you were the best creature living: now, you get quite a fiend. Do let you rest! No, I won't let you rest. It's the only time I have to talk to you, and you *shall* hear me. I'm put upon all day long: it's very hard if I can't speak a word at night; and it isn't often I open my mouth, goodness knows!

"Because *once* in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button, you must almost swear the roof off the house! You *didn't* swear! Ha, Mr. Caudle! you don't know what you do when you're in a passion. You were not in a passion, wer'n't you? Well, then, I don't know what a passion is—and I think I ought by this time. I've lived long enough with you, Mr. Caudle, to know that.

"It's a pity you haven't something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt. If you'd *some* wives, you would, I know. I'm sure I'm never without a needle-and-thread in my hand. What with you and the children, I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my thanks! Why, if once in your life a button's off your shirt—what do you cry '*oh*' at!—I say once, Mr. Caudle; or twice, or three times, at most. I'm sure, Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than yours. I only wish I'd kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where were your buttons then!

"Yes, it is worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then if I only try to speak you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves: a poor woman is n't allowed to get a word in.

"A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go through! What with buttons, and one

thing and another! They'd never tie themselves up to the best man in the world, I'm sure. What would they do, Mr. Caudle? Why, do much better without you, I'm certain.

"And it's my belief, after all, that the button wasn't off the shirt: it's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you're aggravating enough, when you like, for anything! All I know is, it's very odd that the button should be off the shirt; for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say, it's very odd.

"However, there's one comfort; it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and shan't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love—that's your feeling! I know that I'm sinking every day, though I say nothing about it. And when I'm gone, we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons! You'll find out the difference then. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me, then: for then, I hope, you'll never have a blessed button to your back.

"No, I'm not a vindictive woman, Mr. Caudle; nobody ever called me that, but you. What do you say? Nobody ever knew so much of me! That's nothing at all to do with it. Ha! I would n't have your aggravating temper, Caudle, for mines of gold. It's a good thing I'm not as worrying as you are—or a nice house there'd be between us. I only wish you'd had a wife that *would* have talked to you! then you'd have known the difference. But you impose upon me, because, like a poor fool, I say nothing. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle.

"And a pretty example you set as a father! You'll make your boys as bad as yourself. Talking as you did all breakfast-time about your buttons! And of a Sunday morning too! And you call yourself a Christian! I should like to know what your boys will say of you when they grow up? And all about a paltry button off one of your wristbands; a decent man would n't have mentioned it. Why won't I hold my tongue? Because I *won't* hold my tongue. I'm to have my peace of mind destroyed—I'm to be worried into my grave for a miserable shirt-button, and I'm to hold my tongue! Oh! but that's just like you, men!

"But I know what I'll do for the future. Every button you have may drop off, and I won't so much as put a thread to 'em. And I should like to know what you'll do then? Oh, you must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? That's a pretty threat for a husband to hold out to a wife! And to such a wife as I've been, too: such a negro-slave to your buttons, as I may say! Somebody else to sew 'em, eh? No, Caudle, no: not while I'm alive! When I'm dead—and with what I have to bear there's no knowing how soon that may be—when I'm dead, I say—oh! what a brute you must be to snore so!

"You're not snoring! Ha! that's what you always say; but that's nothing to do with it. You must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? Ha! I should n't wonder. Oh no! I should be surprised at nothing, now! Nothing at all! It's what people have always told me it would come to—and now, the buttons have opened my eyes! But the whole world shall know of your cruelty, Mr. Caudle. After the wife I've been to you. Somebody else, indeed, to sew your buttons! I'm no longer to be mistress in my own house! Ha, Caudle! I would n't have upon my conscience what you have, for the world! I would n't treat anybody as you treat—no, I'm not mad! It's you, Mr. Caudle, who are mad, or bad—and that's worse! I can't even so much as speak of a shirt-button, but that I'm threatened to be made nobody of in my own house! Caudle, you've a heart like a hearth-stone, you have! To threaten me, and only because a button—a button—"

"I was conscious of no more than this," says Caudle, in his MS., "for here nature relieved me with a sweet, deep sleep."

PUNCH'S NOY'S MAXIMS.

33. *Dolus et fraus unâ in parte sanari debent.* Deceit and fraud shall be remedied on all occasions.—It may be very true that deceit and fraud ought to be remedied, but whether they are is quite another question. It is much to be feared that in law, as well as in other matters, *ought* sometimes stand for nothing.

34. *No man can take benefit of his own wrong.*—This is true enough, though a man may often benefit by the wrongs of other people. Some also suffer from another's wrong, as where a square-keeper, who had been snow-balled, ran after the wrong boy; the right boy, who was really wrong, escaped, and the wrong boy, who was not wrong at all, paid the penalty.

35. *Lex neminem cogit ad impossibilia.* The law compels no one to impossibilities.—This is extremely considerate on the part of the law; but if it does not compel a man to impossibilities, it sometimes drives him to attempt them. The law, however, occasionally acts upon the principle of two negatives making an affirmative, thus treating two impossibilities as if they amounted to a possibility. As, when a man cannot pay a debt, law expenses are added, which he cannot pay either; but the latter being added to the former, it is presumed perhaps that the two negatives or impossibilities may constitute one affirmative or possibility, and the debtor is accordingly thrown into prison if

he fails to accomplish it. In the old editions a case is cited, saying that an obligation to go from St. Paul's in London to St. Peter's at Rome within three hours, would be bad as the condition of a bond, because it would be obviously impossible; but in these days of railroads *in esse* and balloons *in posse*, no judge would venture to lay it down as law, that such a condition would be void on the ground of its being an impossibility. A condition, however, to do a certain act when Waterloo Bridge should return a profit to the original shareholders, would be void at once; for "here," says ALDERSON, B., "the impossibility of the thing is upon the face of it, and stares us in the face, let us look how we may at it."

36. *When many join in one act, the law says it is the act of him who could best do it, and that the thing should be done by those of best skill.*—Thus, if there are six supernumeraries standing on the stage, and one tragedian, during the act of a tragedy, they all join in the act, but it is the act of the actor and not of the supernumeraries. So, if there be nine tailors employed in making a coat, it is the act of one man, "For," says COKE, "if I am asked who made my coat, I cannot answer—SMITH, BROWN, JONES, ROBINSON, DOX, ROZ, THOMPSON, DOBSON, and JOHNSON, though it be true that they have all had a hand in it. But if DOX is the master, and ROZ and the others are the men, I say that DOX made the coat; but otherwise, if ROZ is the master, and DOX, with his fellows, the men, for then I say, marry, it was ROZ that made my coat." By the bye, it has been settled that though property in tail cannot come to a man till he is of full age, a coat in tail may come to a youth of fourteen; and it is not usual to cut off the tail afterwards.

37. *When two titles concur, the elder shall be preferred.*—This maxim has given rise to some dispute, and a curious case was once put in the following terms:—"Suppose I have two sorts of wine, and the titles of both concur, both of them being called red wine, though one happens to be port, and the other elder." It then becomes a question whether the elder is to be preferred, a question, which all the best judges during the evening sittings have agreed to answer in the negative."

38. *By an acquittance for the last payment all other arrearages are discharged.*—Thus, a receipt from your tailor would be, *primâ facie*, a discharge to all your other debts, because your tailor's bill is the last payment you would think of making.

MISPRINTS.—Misprints often strike what are termed unlucky blows. The omission of a t makes the mortal the moral, and the immortal poet stands praised as the immoral poet. We read a short time ago a lamentation on "the frightful increase of morality in the metropolis;" and once saw the advertisement of a treatise on "the blessed immorality of the soul;" we have met with the glory of a conqueror turned into *gory* by the dropping of the liquid consonant; our loyalty has been shocked by the announcement of a "most reasonable attempt on the life of a sovereign;" but, worst of all, we lately saw the Duke of Buckingham described, through the dropping of the dog's letter, as the "Farmer's Fiend."—*Examiner*.

From the Edinburgh Tales.

THE SABBATH NIGHT'S SUPPER.

THEY misconceive the character of this northern land who imagine of its people as a cold, sullen, and ungenial race, shut up from the social charities, and incrustured with self-conceit, spiritual pride, and gloomy bigotry; but they do Scotland, and their own understandings, worse wrong, who imagine that this unsocial and austere national temper is derived from that high-hearted reformed faith which has ever allied itself with the spirit of independence, and the sternest assertion of the principles of civil liberty—which has disdained to truckle to expediency, and braved every peril in maintaining the charter wherewith God has made man free.

The sabbatical observances of Scotland, especially, have been misrepresented and ridiculed by those who are so inconsistent in their boasted liberality as to contend that the Scotsman, by constitution a man of staid deportment and serious thought, however warm or enthusiastic his inward feelings may be, is a bigot and a fanatic, who would blot the sun from the firmament, and enshroud the face of nature with universal gloom; because he will not demonstrate his high enjoyment of the *Day of Rest* by frisking or carousing—cricketing with the peasant of England, or capering under the green trees with the working-man of France. They will not pause to consider that, to him, the highest enjoyment of leisure, independently of religious feelings altogether, may be, "to commune with his own heart, and be still;" or, the season of public worship past, to live apart in unbroken communion with those to whom his heart is knit by the strongest ties of duty, and the sweetest claims of affection. The gay Sunday of the theatre and the guinguette, and the more boisterous mirth of the tea-garden and the skittle-ground, would, to many a native of Scotland, prove as joyless and burdensome on any day of the seven, as indecent and profane on the Sabbath, which he consecrates to retirement and meditation, or restricts to family intercourse and religious and intellectual exercises; regarding it as time redeemed to the self-examination and inward thought which his early moral and religious discipline have enabled him to employ aright and enjoy profoundly. Nor is it easy to say why liberal politicians and philosophers should almost force the people on modes of enjoyment, on their one day of leisure, which they would consider quite unworthy of their own higher mental cultivation and pursuits.

One Sabbath for the rich, and another for the poor—restraint upon the scanty enjoyments of the hard-toiling many, and impunity and bounty to the luxurious pleasures of the wealthy few—are at the same time so directly subversive of the plainest precepts and injunctions of that religion which recognizes man's complete equality in civil rights and in moral obligation, that we have not one word to say for prohibitions that must press unequally.

These remarks detain us too long from our story, which we meant to preface by the assertion, that the types of neither the Scottish Presbyterian, nor the English Puritan, were of the austere, sullen, and cynical character which their adversaries have alleged. John Knox himself kept a cellar of good wine, and knew how to use as not abusing it. From the "Memoirs of Colonel Hutchison," and

many other sources, we learn that the Puritans were, in domestic life, accomplished and enjoying, as well as learned persons. Those who insist that our national Sabbath must be gloomy, because, in despite of nature, we do not, like Grimm's German Baron keep jumping over chairs and tables all day "to make ourselves lively," are but shallow philosophers.—One redeeming social feature even they might acknowledge in our Day of Rest—THE SABBATH NIGHT'S SUPPER. And we trust that the venerable custom is not falling into desuetude.

The family *re-union*, and stated feast, was at first almost a necessary consequence of long journeys to distant kirks, while the population of the country was thin and scattered, and of those preposterous and interminable diets of sermonizing, which made Sunday literally a fast-day, until the evening. Then, indeed, the kitchen-fires were lighted up—then the flesh-pots seethed and diffused a savory steam, or the *broche* spun round in the rural *Manse*, and in all the *bien ha'-houses* in the parish, or comfortable dwellings "within burgh." At the close of his hard day's work, the reverend laborer was entitled to his social meal, of better than ordinary fare—"a feast of fat things"—hospitably shared with the chance guest, the modest young helper, or the venerable elder. Nor was there wanting, if such were the taste and temper of the reverend presider at the banquet, the zest of the clerical joke that promoted blameless hilarity and easy digestion. The manse set the custom to the parish. Now, to have insisted that the *douce* minister, with his family, or the decent farmer, with his lads and lasses, should, to show their holyday feelings, first scamper here and there all day—any way far enough from home—and then go out of doors, to frisk, like so many young *maukins*, in the moonlight, would be about as intolerant as to compel the champagne-loving Gallican to swallow, for his especial enjoyment, the smoky-flavored Glenlivet toddy with which the Scotsman soberly crowned the banquet of the Sabbath Night.

In the family of Adam Hepburn of the Fernylees, the *Sabbath Night's Supper* had been a standing family festival for several generations. The little *quiet* bustle of preparation among the women, the better fare, the more inspirited looks, the expanding social hearts, had become a thing of inviolate custom, following the solemnities of family worship as regularly as the observance of that domestic ordinance. The venerable head of the house would then tell of the times when Cargill, and Renwick, and Rutherford, and other potent divines of the evil times, fathers and mighty men in Israel, burning and shining lights in a darkened land, had, when fleeing before the bloody and persecuting house of Stuart—from whom the curse would never depart!—by their blessings and their prayers hallowed the hospitalities which they shared in this very dwelling; and that although the then inmates of Fernylees had been proscribed, and often severely mulcted, for harboring the men of God, their substance had rather increased than diminished under this oppression, which they felt, not for themselves, but for the faithful of the land, and the afflicted Church of Scotland, tried in the furnace.

No one had ever listened with more attention to these noble tales, of doing and daring for conscience' sake, than Charles Hepburn, the youngest

son of the family of Fernylees, who was born to admire with enthusiasm, but not yet to emulate, the virtues of those heroic sufferers.

The elderly female servant who superintended Adam Hepburn's household, had been more than usually provident of the creature-comforts destined to cover his board on the particular night on which our story opens. The circumstances of the family made it a time of more than ordinary tenderness and solemnity. The following morning was to witness the final breach and disruption of all that now remained to be taken away of the young props of the roof-tree of the house of Fernylees. The elder daughter, who had borne the chills of celibacy, ten years after her three sisters were married, was to leave the home of her youth to sojourn, as her old father in his prayer expressed it, in the allusion he made to her circumstances as a bride, in the tents of strangers. But it was the going forth into the evil, unknown, and dreaded world, of one who from infancy had, by his fascinations and his very errors, excited far more of fear and of hope—one over whom his father's heart yearned while his spirit travailed—that the old man dwelt, in his devotions, with a touching and simple pathos, and poured forth his feelings in that scriptural language and imagery familiar to his lips, replied to by the low, involuntary sob of a married sister of the youth who was the object of these fervent petitions, and by the sympathetic chord touched in the staid bosom of Tibby Elliott, the above-mentioned elderly serving-woman. The contagion even spread to old Robin, the shepherd.

When the worshippers rose from their knees, and turned to the neatly-spread table, on which was already laid the apparatus for the feast, the aged father, sinking in his high-backed chair, shaded his thin temples with his hand; and remained silent, as if his spirit were yet within the veil.

Charles Hepburn retired to the porch with his married sister—they were silently, hand in hand, standing, looking out upon the stars—when the ancient maid-servant appeared:—and “O Charlie, my man,” was the whisper of the motherly Tibby, as drying her eyes with her apron, she passed out into the kitchen, which was in a wing of the tenement; “My man, Charlie, if ye be not a good *bairn* now.”—She had gone on before Charles could reply, if he had been inclined or able to speak.

Tibby Elliott was on this night a woman cumbered with many cares. “Gie ye the *broche* a twirl, Robin,” was her first cry.—“I would no like, nor you either, but to see things right and mensfu’ in the Ha’ House o’ the Fernylees, and a son and a daughter going in the same day frae under its roof-tree.—Fetch down that bowen o’ eggs, Robin; we’ve have a drappit egg with the stoved eroecks, the breed o’ Charlie’s sprangled game hens he was so proud of langsyne, poor callant. But, oh, man! heard ye ever the auld Master sae powerfu’ in intercession as this night? It’s weel to be seen who lies next his heart’s kernel—his motherless son!—And no other wonder; for, with all his faults—and they are neither few nor far to seek—a better-hearted youth, of the name, never crossed the door-step of the Fernylees in all its generations.”

“If ye gie him a’ his ain way, and keep his pouches routh o’ siller,” replied the shepherd, who was of the species of dry humorists not rare in Scotland in his condition.

“And what for should he no’ have his ain

gait, and gold in gowpens?” cried Tibby, who, by the way, was in general much less indulgent to the faults of Charles than was her friend the shepherd, who had loved him from the days of fishing with a crooked pin, and shooting with bourtree guns, though he knew, what indeed was no longer a secret, that the youth possessed a fatal facility and unsteadiness of character, already yielded to to an extent that alarmed those who loved him best, for his rectitude as much as for his worldly prosperity.

It is not uncommon to find in a large family one peculiarly gifted child, to endow whom nature seems to have robbed the others of genius, beauty, and attractiveness. Charles Hepburn, by seven years the youngest, was “the flower of the flock of Fernylees,” loved, indulged, spoiled, as far as a gracious temper and a generous heart will spoil; and that, alas, was in his case far enough! He had been the caressed plaything, the petted child, the pampered school-boy of his brothers, but particularly of his younger sisters. But at the age of twenty-four, the overweening affection of his aged father alone remained unimpaired, increased, deepened by the very causes which alienated other hearts. He who had the most suffered, still loved the most. Nor to a stranger did this seem wonderful. Look in the open, genial, and handsome countenance of Charles, and his besetting sins could not be imagined of very deep dye; spend with him a quietly social, or brightly convivial hour, and all errors or defects of character had disappeared before the charm of his manner, and were forgotten or denied to exist. Yet their undeniable existence had crushed and grieved the spirit of his venerable father, and fallen hard on the shortened means that were to sustain his old age in humble independence. Nor was Charles unaware of any part of this; and the reproaches of his elder brother, a man of quite opposite temper, or the affectionate remonstrances of his married sister, were less severe than his own frequent bitter self-upbraidings. Now he stood on the threshold of a new life. Hope was once more dawning upon him, after repeated disappointment, not the less afflictive that it was self-caused; and his sanguine, bold, and happy temper rose to meet the new crisis.

Charles had received what is usually termed a good education. But it could not have been the wisest, for its early fruits were not soul-nurture, nor wisdom and peace. He had been highly distinguished at the University of Glasgow; and his father, who had in his own heart early devoted him to the service of the altar, secretly rejoiced in the hope of seeing him an ornament of the church. But his natural abilities and advantages of education had not yet been improved even to any worldly purpose.

“To throw all his lear to the cocks, and leave us!” said the old shepherd, while Tibby and himself discussed the circumstances of the family and the prospects of the cadet, with the freedom assumed by all menials, and justifiable in old attached domestics:—“It is grieving.”

“And would ye have had him play the hypocrite—pretend to a gift and a call to preach the gospel—when it’s ower weel kent Rob Burns’ light-headed ballads aye came far readier to Charlie than the Psalms of David in Metre,” cried Tibby Elliott, honest indignation giving energy to her tones, as on her knees she ladled or fished up the salted goose and greens, that

were to act *vis-a-vis*, to her stewed eerocks, *Anglice*, chickens.

"Houts, tuts, woman; yer are owerly strait-laced for this day o' the world; what would have ailed Charlie to have graned away among the auld leddies till he had gotten the CALL, and the patron's presentation too, and a good sappy down-sitten, when, I daursay, he could have seen the wisdom o' being a wee bit twa-faced, like his neighbor ministers, and on his peremptors before folk ony way. With eighteen or twenty chaldier victual stipend, a new Manse, and a piece gude glebe-land, it's no sae dooms difficult to be a douce parish minister as ye trow, Tibby. I would undertake the job myself for half the pay. Gi'e our young chevalier a black gown and Geneva ban's, and let him alane for a year or twa to settle down, and I'll wad he's turn out a great gun o' the gospel."

"Ye profane knave!" cried Tibby, shaking her fist in the face of her old friend, between jest and earnest: "Have ye been reading Tam Fen, [Paine] that ye speak sae lightly o' ministers! Mr. Charles, with all his backslidings, is no sae far left to himself as to lay a rash, uncalled hand on the ark—and the Lord will bless him for it. He is the bairn, as I can testify, o' many a secret prayer. I do not misdoubt to see him the grandest merchant in a' Liverpool yet. Sore trial as it has been to the kind, gude, auld Maister, crossed in his pride, and spulyied in his purse, to see Charles stick in the wark o' the ministry.—But redde the gait there, till I carry ben the supper."

"Ye like a' to make a sicker bargain you uncogude folks, Tibby. A sappy foretaste here, and a —"

"Now Robin, ye radical, hold the scorning tongue o' ye;—would ye see the Maister scrimpt o' his Sabbath night's supper, wi' a' his brains happy about him!"

"That would I not, lass; though I might just as weel like the auld time when rent was light, though woo' less by the stone, and when the man and the woman sat at the master's board-end. I wish the auld Maister no scant measure o' a' good things. May blessings be multiplied on him and his. May the upper and the nether springs be his portion! and his also, the thought of whom lies heavy on his spirit, this night!"—The old man reverently lifted the bonnet off his silvered head as he uttered these good wishes for his master; to which the friendship and daily intercourse of threescore years gave the fervor of a prayer.

In a lighter tone, Robin added, nearly as much ashamed of strong, or deep emotion, as if he had been a man of the world instead of a shepherd of the Border hills,—“We can a' take precious good care o' ourselves, Tibby; save just the auld Maister himself, and the young Chevalier. There's a canny Mr. Gilbert, our auldest hope,—let number one alane to see after him. And as for *mim* Miss Mysie, I'll wager she's thinking more than this night, Sabbath though it be, of her bridal fal-als, and the blankets and sheets she can *riev* frae the Fernylees, to her new name, and of the hundred more pounds o' tocher she should have had, had so much not been spent on Charlie's learning, than o' the father's house, and the kindred she's leaving, and the witless, glaiket brother she is parting from."

Tibby could not dispute this affirmation. With the goose smoking on the *assiette*, between her

hands, she halted to remark, that “The deadening o' natural affection, the sure sign o' the rampant growth of pride, prodigality, and the love o' filthy lucre, was among the sorest of the defections of these sinfu' times; when gear sindered the hearts nature had made the sibbest.”

The time was gone by, when the man and the woman sat at the board-end of the house o' the Fernylees; but on this night of peculiar solemnity, the old respectable pair who occupied the kitchen, were invited into the parlor to drink prosperity to the departing inmates; the other servants were on the new system, lodged in bothies, save one young girl, Tibby's aide-de-camp. This invitation was made on the motion of Charles, who was himself the bearer of it, and who returned with Tibby under his arm, smirking and smoothing down her newly-donned clean apron, Robin Steele following, with his queereast, funniest face, and his broad blue bonnet, *en chapeau bras*. Cold, and half-offended, though the bride-elect might look from under her dropt eyelids, the countenance of the auld Maister, and even those of the married daughters of the family, brightened in welcome of this addition to the party. Robin's *Young Chevalier* diligently filled the glass of Charles' *Greysteel*,*—such were their old caressing names for each other—caressing after the humorous fashion of Scottish wooing, of “nipping and scratching.”

The heart of the patriarchal farmer, at the head of the board, appeared to become lighter, for the whispered, half-heard, kindly jibes, passing below the salt.

“What can I do for you, Robin, and for you too, Tibby,” whispered Charles, “in yonder far-away big town?” The considerate maiden paused.

“Send her a sure account o' the state o' the gospel in Whirlpool,” whispered Robin, smiling, and winking. “And him,” retorted Tibby, snellily, “be sure ye send him a *sound prent*,” (Robin's name for a radical newspaper,) “showing how the nation is going to wrack, and the woo' rising.”

“E'en let it be sae,” rejoined the shepherd laughing. “That is, if it cost ye no expense. I'm not particular about the age, if the doctrine's *sound* when it comes; the whig *prents* are grown as wersh and fuzionless as —, what we cannot tell, for the conversation swelled into a higher key, and became more general and lively. Charles was allowed to replenish the punch-bowl once; but the motion for another was promptly opposed by Tibby, and quietly overruled by the Master. And the youth, just beginning to taste “the sweet o' the night,” wished Sunday had been Monday. It was, as Robin Steele afterwards sorrowfully remarked, the foundation of all his faults, that “He ne'er kenned when to stop.” Long before the conviviality had reached the pitch to which Charles was attuned, the table had been cleared, and the “Big Ha' Bible” again placed upon it. Mr. Hepburn requested, on this night, that his friends should sing with him and his children, the scriptural paraphrase of the chapter which he called on his son, Charles, to read, the vision of the Patriarch, as he journeyed to Padanaram—the covenant pillar of Bethel.

The devotional feelings of Charles Hepburn, though he had made shipwreck of his intended

* *Greysteel*, the name, few natives of Scotland need be told, given by James the Fourth, when a boy, to the Douglas. The young Pretender was called the *Chevalier*.

profession, were still as warm and excitable as his convivial sympathies. When that beautiful hymn,

“O God of Bethel,”

was sung, which so powerfully blends human charities with heavenly trust, every fibre of his frame was vibrating. Repelled by the seeming coldness of those around him, who could now, as he scornfully thought, quietly say good night, and retire to bed, he wandered out beneath the stars. The very natural thought rose as he gazed around: “What shall have occurred to me, before I look again on Fernylees, and share my dear *Father's Sabbath Night's Supper*?”

There would probably have appeared little beauty in the scene on which the moon was now rising to any one whose eyes had not, like those of Charles, first opened upon this nook of earth. The Fernylees was a rather bare, extensive pasture farm, lying on “the winter-shaded” side of a range of Border hills, near the foot of which, on a gentle ascent, stood the thatched farm-house. A few small arable fields and rushy meadows, stretched out in front and along the holm, by the side of the river, a humble stream, yet not unknown in Scottish song. Around, lay the open pastures, running up into the hills, and covered with patches of fern, and straggling tufts of juniper and gorse, or shelving into hollows and little glades interspersed with natural coppices of hazel, alder, and sloe-thorn. On one hand was a low range of bothies and farm-offices; on the other, about equi-distant, rose, on an airy mound, the barn-yard, exactly on the site of the old Peel-house of the Fernylees. Its massy sunken wall or bulwark was part of the original structure. Four very large ash-trees had remained here, and, save one, thriven, since the times of the Border raids. On the partially blasted ash the tyrant baron of the Fernylees (which was now a fraction of a ducal domain) had hung Judon Ker, a Border thief, whose prowess was recorded in one of Tibby Elliott's ballads. In a nest, or cradle, amid its withered branches, the boy Charles had found an out-look far up and down the valley, and a place removed from the bustle of the family, in which to con his book in quiet—Charles, the youth, a spot “for ruminating sweet and bitter fancies,” and for a repentance too seldom followed by good fruits.

He once again swung himself up into his old nestling place; and, on the eve of a new existence, cast his thoughts backwards upon his few and evil days, from the time that he had left the University. His course had been a series of errors and of failures in various attempts to obtain a living, alternating with periods of complete idleness, spent often in bitterness, while lounging about his father's farm. Though Charles was but too prone to divide the blame of his misconduct with others, and to find it in any cause save the true one, it was not in a season like this, when unveiled conscience arraigned his thoughts, to listen to her solemn deliverance pronounced on his conduct, that he could deceive himself. His elder brother and sister had treated him with coldness—had scowled upon him as the idle waster of his father's substance, which was robbery of their rights. What he called their selfishness usually raised his indignation; but his feelings were moderate at this hour, and did more justice to his just, if not very generous or cordial relatives. While this train of thought and sentiment absorbed the young man,

his affairs still formed the theme of the kitchen fireside, to which the shepherd had returned to light his pipe, after suppering the steed that was to bear Charles away early in the morning to a spot traversed by the Carlisle mail, and to which his *Greysteel* was to accompany him on the pony.

“I have no brew of this sudden journey, Robin,” said the thoughtful Tibby. “Ye see how ill fit that lad is to take care of himself: anither bowl on a Sabbath night! He's not fit to be trusted frae hame—his wild aits are far from being a' sown yet, or I'm sair mista'en.”

“And no place fitter than the Fernylees to drap them, where I'm sure there's no want of o' geese to pick them up,” said Robin, in a humor between mirth and bitterness. No one foresaw the dangers of his friend Charles' character more clearly than himself; but he saw farther, and looked hopefully to the future effects of the young man's early training, and to the natural strength of his understanding yet correcting errors in whose source were mingled

So much of Earth—so much of Heaven,
And such impetuous blood.

The thick overspreading branches of “Judon's ash,” had for generations formed a kind of chapel to the farm-house of Fernylees. It was the fortune of Charles Hepburn to be now, as it drew on to midnight, the involuntary listener to his gray-haired father's earnest prayers for himself. With feelings he listened, from which we withdraw in reverence, though their fountain was no deeper than the breast of a gay and very thoughtless young man.

The lingering influence of these feelings made him listen with more than ordinary patience and humility, to the final warning and lecture with which Robin and Tibby gratuitously favored him.

“Diuna let wise Mr. Gilbert be casting ye up in our dish,” said the shepherd, appealing to a species of motive, at all times too powerful with Charles.

“And oh, Charlie,” wailed the privileged and now weeping maiden, “be wise now, like a dear bairn, and bring not shame upon the honest house of Fernylees; and the gray hairs o' the maister, with sorrow to the grave.”

Charles could not reply then: but seventeen miles off, and ten hours later, when he shook hands with the shepherd, as the mail came up, he said with the frank cordiality and sanguine confidence that kept the hearts his follies would have alienated: “You shall hear how steady a fellow I am growing, Robin. Don't despair of seeing me, though going out a poor clerk, Mayor of Liverpool yet; while wise Gibby, at home yonder”—The coach-horn drowned the prognostication of the young prophet, whatever it might be, regarding his staid, industrious brother; and he mounted and was whirling over the moor, while his *Greysteel* followed him with glistening eyes.

And now two years had passed over the house of Fernylees, unmarked by any important change, save that Tibby Elliott fancied, with some truth, that her old master looked a dozen years older, and Robin Steele silently remarked the increasing difficulty with which he met the half-yearly rent-day. Frequent and various in the same period had been the shifting fortunes of Charles Hepburn; and flattering, painful, and contradictory the accounts received of and from him. Now all

promised prosperity, and Robin received a half-dozen newspapers by one post; and next time it was heard, from some chance source, that Charles had again lost his employment, or had as usual abandoned it.

Wise Gilbert had married, in the mean while, and brought home his wife; which made Tibby prudently abdicate to avert a virtual dethronement. She retired to a small cottage, in a thriving village, some miles off, the recent creation of the wool of the adjoining hills. In a few months her "kind, gude, auld maister" surrendering his concerns into the hands of his elder son, on a very slender annuity, to terminate with his lease, made the ancient maiden happy, by becoming her lodger, or rather the master of her cottage.

The trusty Robin Steele, who still lived at the farm, often joined their family worship on the evenings of Sundays; and so far as Tibby's means and management would stretch, the SABBATH NIGHT'S SUPPER, proscribed by the more refined manners of the modern lady of Fernylees, was not yet wholly wanting to the venerable auld maister, nor was the health of Charles ever forgotten by Robin. If ever the father spoke of him, whom his thoughts seldom left, it was to these two humble friends that his confidings were made; his fears and hopes, and fears again. In a fit of generous, though somewhat misplaced indignation, Charles, usually a most irregular correspondent, wrote home when he learned the terms on which his father had surrendered his lease, enclosing all of his year's salary that he could realize, fifty pounds.

With what exultation did Tibby carry this intelligence to Robin, that same afternoon, as she saw him wearing the *hoggs* down the braes overhanging the village. Scarcely could he prevail with her to keep from taunting the penurious brother with the generosity of the *prodigal* son:—"Ye wot not lass," Robin said, "the hard bargain and sore strife Gilbert has with a lady wife, down-looking merkates, and the ransom rent of the Fernylees."

Tibby was a woman, and, therefore, though almost always kind, not always perfectly reasonable. "Ye'll see Charlie Hepburn bigg us a braw selated house with a byre at the gait-end, and mak' the auld maister walk down the town with his gold-headed cane yet," was her frequent boast; but till the accomplishment of these prophecies, which sometimes made the saint-like old man smile, he thoughtfully laid aside the greater part of the money sent him, fearing that Charles was not yet past all his expensive follies, and therefore not above want for himself. And he congratulated himself on this forethought, when, after another long silence, it was heard by accident, from a neighboring farmer, who had been at Liverpool to sell his wool, that Charles Hepburn was married! Tibby's first impulse was indignation; but she suppressed her own feelings to spare those of her master. "We'll be sure to get a letter next week," she would say, at the spare weekly Sabbath Night's Supper, to which some old friend or neighbor often came in, uninvited but welcome. "Postage, Mr. Charles knows to be no light charge; ye are aye complaining o' the parliamenters, Robin; will ye get them to take off that post-letter cess that brings sae meikle heart-break to poor wives, widow women, and lanely mothers? But I'se warrant me Mr. Charles, now that he is a married man, with the care of a family upon his

head, is another guess thing. I never saw the wise man yet that marriage did not sober and steady."

Even to such slender consolation the old father would try to smile. Of the new ties and duties Charles had taken upon himself, in a distant land, he knew nothing: but he hoped, and prayed; and his heart revived, and grew strong in its trust, when his son's next letter called upon him to send his congratulations to the gentle English girl who had preferred his Charles to wealthier suitors, and a grandsire's blessing to the new-born infant, named, in pride and fondness, by his venerated name. It had been then that Charles, ever the man of impulse, had written home, and then, under the influence of new-born feelings, he had vowed, on the lips of his child, a future life of wisdom and firmness of purpose—a resolution kept for three long months. At the end of that time his wife requested to add a postscript to his letter home—for Fernylees was still called home—in which she declared herself, though cast off by her friends, for what they considered her imprudent choice, to be, as the wife of Charles, the happiest woman in England. There was that in the phrase, which made the old father fear, that, short as her term of married life had been, it had not all been thus happy. And he was right. The young pair—and the wife was very young—had not been many weeks married, when Charles, by his frequently recurring inattentions and imprudencies, lost an advantageous employment. Then came a season of great hardship and privation, in which everything failed but the affection which mutual suffering deepened between them into unutterable tenderness. Oh, well may the strongest minded of the human race dread the subduing force of evil habit, and guard against the very appearance of evil, when Charles Hepburn, now feeling to madness the folly and cruelty of his own unsteady conduct, and, pardoned times without number, could again fall into error! His final lapse was more pardonable in the immediate cause, than many of his former misadventures, though it chanced to be attended by worse consequences; for, though the least, it was the last drop in the overflowing cup.

Six months before, when sunk in the very depths of misery, shunned by his gay companions, and looking forward to the last extremity of poverty; and when, but for the sake of his wife, he would have fled to the ends of the earth to avoid or amend his fortunes, he once more found employment as an inferior clerk to an extensive company, the senior partner of which was a native of Scotland. Their business was chiefly in the United States. For some weeks the punctuality and diligence of Charles were quite exemplary. Mr. Dennistoun began to hope that the bad business character which his young countryman universally bore in Liverpool, was unfounded or exaggerated.

"New brooms sweep clean," said the cautious Mr. William Smith, a junior partner, promoted from the quill and packing-cord, for industry and attention. He had, indeed, been very unwilling to receive the *branded* clerk, who, among other sins, was understood to have committed that of rhyme. Mr. Smith was right. The old leaven still fermented in the constitution of Hepburn; and simultaneously with the discovery of his superior intelligence in some departments of business, came the painful experience that had been forced upon

all his employers. The temptations of society, pleasure, and what he called friendship, returned with unmitigated force upon their fascinated victim. Three times in the course of the twelve months he had been discharged, and restored upon promises of amendment. The last time to the tears and intercessions of his wife—whom, as a desperate expedient, Charles had humbled himself so far as to permit to plead for him. Mr. Dennistoun pronounced his conduct "ruinous," such as he could not overlook, save for Mrs. Hepburn's sake, just this once. And could Agnes, who loved so tenderly, and hoped so brightly, doubt that now her husband, restored to comfort and respectability, would be *steady*—be all that was wanting to make her, poor and unregarded as she was become, still "the happiest woman in England." Once again evil habit prevailed over the sincere but infirm resolution of Hepburn.

In the bitter cold morning of the 26th of January, 18—, the young wife of Charles Hepburn—and she was still under nineteen—sat in the single poor apartment they rented by the week, hushing her moaning child; and at the same time preparing coffee for her husband's breakfast, to be ready against the minute he would awake. She knew that he slept too long. Her eyes, heavier from a long night of watching than from tears, for of late she seldom wept, were mournfully fixed on her infant, and then a single tear stole down the cheek, thin and sunken from the "peachy bloom" once celebrated in Charles' sonnets. The snow-drift was spinning without, and the twilight was gray and dull enough that morning, in this narrow and mean street of a busy and crowded part of Liverpool.

Agnes had opened but a small part of the shutter, that her husband might obtain another half-hour's sleep after his prolonged revel. The clock of a neighboring church struck a late hour. Starting at the sound, she stole on tip-toe to the side of the bed, and gazed, through now fast-gathering tears, on the sleeper, the *dreamer* whether awake or asleep!—gently pressed her cold lips to his flushed brow—and turned away. Soft as her movements had been, they had awaked the restless slumberer; and she was but seated, with her child in her lap, when he tossed aside the curtain.

"You are up already, Agnes, love:—I'm afraid I kept you up very late last night too; surely you did not watch for me? But what a glorious night, Agnes! how Burns himself would have enjoyed it;—a glorious night! a *Noctes Ambrosianæ*!"

There was no immediate reply.

"Was Burns a married man?" at last whispered the Englishwoman, whose young silvery voice was already touched with sorrow; and she leant her head on the bosom of her child.

"Married! ay, to be sure; have you forgotten 'Bonny Jean,' and the little charming song you made me teach you—'When first I went a wooing of you?'" cried the Scotsman, with some impatience of his wife's ignorance on points so familiar to himself. "You have then forgotten 'Of all the airts the wind can blow,' he went on, in a half-reproachful, half-playful tone.

"Oh, no, no, I have not forgotten that."

"Then, quick, Agnes dearest, get me some tea—not coffee to-day—my throat is parched, and my head aches like a hundred fiends. Fetch your son here, and I will nurse him till you get breakfast; I trust he is better to-day. But when did you get

up, love? I hope you did not sit for me; I dare say it was two o'clock before I got home."

Agnes did not now say how much later it had been, nor yet how long she had held her solitary vigil. She placed the boy in his father's arms, and hastened to procure a small quantity of tea with her almost last shilling. While she moved about the room, Charles, still under the excitement of his revel, talked wildly of the wit, the gaiety, the national feeling, the rapturous conviviality, with which his friends and himself, men of different nations, Scottish, English, Irish, and American, united by the bond of enthusiastic admiration, had celebrated the birth-day of Scotland's immortal bard:—

And the bonds they grew tighter the more they were wet.

He repeated the flashes of Scottish genius which had electrified the banqueters, the bursts of Irish humor which had set the table in a roar. Either the fire and spirit of these sallies had totally evaporated, or Agnes was an unfit recipient. On this morning she, for the first time, could not feel with Charles, or her sympathy was feigned or faint—her smile, for she attempted to smile, forced and languid. Charles, whose sensibility was quick as ethereal fire, felt damped, disconcerted, and became silent.

The neighboring church-clock again sullenly swung forth another hour, with the peculiar heavy sound of bells in a snow-fall.

He paused in playing with and tossing the child, whom, in whatever humor it might be, he always succeeded in making laugh—paused to count the strokes. "Seven, eight, nine"—he started—"ten, eleven!" He threw down the boy, and seized his watch. It had run down amid his jollity. "Good God! is that clock true! Agnes, how thoughtless, how very thoughtless, to let me sleep so long!" Conscience checked the unjust reproach. "I could not, Charles; indeed I could not find heart to awake you while you looked so fevered and flushed—so much to need rest."

"Foolish woman! For this your child may want bread!" He hastily dressed himself, or rather huddled on his clothes, soiled and unbrushed from his revel; while, ready to faint amid the struggles of her various feelings, Agnes tremblingly held the cup of tea to his parched lips, which he but tasted, as with one look fixed upon her, in which burned love, grief, and remorse, he started away. He flew to the warehouse, where he should have been, where he had most unconditionally and indeed voluntarily promised to be, by nine o'clock; to the dock, where the New York packet had lain, in which he was that morning to have shipped a valuable consignment of expensive British shawls, which were only to arrive in Liverpool through the night. It was a duty which Mr. Dennistoun, in a fit of confidence and good-humor, had entrusted to Charles—had especially selected him to manage, as a mark of confidence. The vessel had left the dock—she was out at sea! In a state of feeling very far from "glorious," Charles bent his steps to his place of business with shame and apprehension—not unmingled with self-coademption—striving, in vain to fortify himself with the reflection of how weak it was in Agnes not to have roused him earlier. True, she knew not of his important

engagements; she had indeed scarce seen him for the last twenty-four hours.

The first object that met the eyes of Charles, on entering the dreaded counting-house, was Mr. Dennistoun himself, writing at the desk usually called Mr. Hepburn's. Mr. Smith was similarly employed at his own desk; but the young gentleman partner, the capitalist, lounged over a newspaper. Every clerk was, in his own department, quill-driving as if for life and death; and nought was heard but the rustle of sharp-nibbed pens on paper. The office clock struck the half-hour past mid-day; clocks, his enemies throughout all his life, were this day to be the ruin of Charles Hepburn—living things with mocking voices, taunting his misery. He stood crushing his hat between his hands, by the side of his own desk; and, on his first attempt to speak, the eyes of all the persons present were involuntarily turned upon him, with expressions varying with the character of the spectators—all eyes, save those of Mr. Dennistoun, who never once raised his head. As there was, after five minutes' waiting, no symptom of that gentleman relaxing in his writing, Charles, his brow flushing, muttered, in deep confusion, "I am quite ashamed—quite unpardonable my conduct is this morning, sir." The old gentleman bowed coldly in assent, and continued his writing. "But the Washington has not sailed, though the John Adams has gone. I trust there is yet time."

"Spare yourself all trouble on that account, Mr. Hepburn," said the old gentleman, who could be as stately, when he so pleased, as if bred in a court, instead of a Glasgow counting-house. "The goods are shipped—though tardily, yet in good order. That, sir, became my duty, as I had been credulous enough to believe the Ethiopian could change his skin; weak enough to assume an improper responsibility." He was still writing; and now coolly handed a slip of paper to Hepburn, who, while his eyes flashed, and then became dim, read an order to the cash-keeper to pay instantly whatever arrears of salary were due to him. That was not much, but Dennistoun, Smith and Company had no further occasion for his services! Charles stood at first dumb and petrified; he then attempted to speak, to remonstrate, to supplicate. He thought of Agnes and her boy, and bitter and wretched were his feelings. This dismissal was not merely loss of employment; it was the wreck of the last remains of his professional character. Who would trust any man dismissed in disgrace by the calm and liberal Dennistoun. In reply to his broken solicitation, this gentleman, now inexorable, however kind he had formerly been, without uttering a word, wrote away, merely bowing and waving his hand, in signal to the speaker to be gone. Choking with feelings of pride, of grief now chafed to anger, Hepburn abruptly left the counting-house, and the old gentleman picked up the order he had dropt, and desired the cash-keeper to pay over the money to himself. As Charles passed through the outer-room, the lounging gentleman partner called to him to pay him a compliment on his verses, recited at the festival of the preceding night, which he, an amateur of the muses, had just finished reading, though in business hours. It wanted but this, in the present mood of the unfortunate Hepburn, to madden him outright. He ran out; he passed from street to street; his only distinct thought being by which avenue he could soonest escape from the town. In an hour he

was several miles beyond money-making, many-masted Liverpool, cursing his existence, and the day that had given birth to a wretch whose life was fraught with blighting to all that loved him. An expression once wrung in anguish from his aged father, now haunted him, as one idea will cling to the brain in which reason is failing: "*Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel!*" This he muttered; shouted in his own ears; screamed out in his despair.

The long winter's day wore heavily on with the drooping and ill-boding Agnes; yet she exerted herself to amuse her child, and to prepare such food against her husband's arrival, as her slender means afforded, and such as she conceived best adapted to the state of inanition in which she knew he must return home after his revel and subsequent exhaustion. That he would not return, never once occurred to her, many as were the anxious thoughts over which she brooded. As the day wore later, Agnes became more and more uneasy. Occasionally Hepburn's impulsive zeal had detained him after the ordinary hours of business; and but too frequently he encountered, in the busy streets of Liverpool, "friends, countrymen, and lovers," all joyously met; whom he could not entertain in his own poor lodging, and accordingly adjourned with to a tavern.

In the evening, one or two of Charles' convivial companions, of the previous night, called at his lodging to fight their battles o'er again; but he was found to be abroad, and his wife, usually a very lively person, was "sullen," one young man said; and another, more candid, "in low spirits—and no wonder." Later in the night, a porter called, belonging to the Dennistoun and Smith firm, who was from Charles' native parish, and who felt kindly towards him, and was often helpful to him and his wife in many little matters.

When informed that Mr. Hepburn had not yet come home to dinner, the man looked so blank, that the imagination of Agnes, prone of late to gloomy apprehension, caught fresh alarm, and the simple man was glad to escape from her anxious questionings. Leaving her sleeping child to the care of her landlady, Agnes walked to the extensive ware-houses of Mr. Dennistoun. All was shut up in darkness, and must have been so for some hours. With difficulty she made her way home, where Hepburn had not yet appeared; and now exhausted from want of sleep and of food, and tortured by apprehension, she became so ill, that when the landlady proposed to go to the private residence of Mr. Dennistoun, to obtain intelligence of Charles, no opposition was offered.

The Liverpool merchant was in his splendid drawing-room, enjoying his well-earned evening leisure in the midst of his family, and with a small circle of friends. Among the pleasures of the evening, his favorite grand-child, a girl of thirteen or fourteen, had sung to the old Highland air to which they were appropriated, the unlucky Burns' verses of the more unfortunate Hepburn, which had been so much admired in the newspapers of the morning. Mr. Dennistoun was luckily not aware of the author of Letitia's song, or he might have listened, on this night, with impatience. The old melody, (*Arrie nam badan*), tender at once and spirited, had been first heard by him among the hills of Argyle, more than half a century before. Whether it were in the music, the voice of the singer, or the braes and brackens, and heather-

bells and long yellow broom that mingled in the song, that the spell lay, or, as was more likely, in the whole combination, we cannot tell, but the thoughts of Hepburn, which had hung upon the old Scotsman's spirits all day, returned to him more painfully than ever. Not that he repented what he had done, or of anything save his weak forbearance, and pernicious indulgence of errors of so bad example. Yet a man may be fully acquitted by his conscience, as to the justice of a particular action, and yet be very far from comfortable in his inward feelings. So at least it was with Mr. Dennistoun, even before a message was brought up stairs that a woman was below inquiring for Mr. Charles Hepburn, one of the clerks, whose wife was dying, while he could not be heard of anywhere! The old gentleman became greatly agitated. His first thought was indeed terrific. Those excitable hare-brained geniuses like Hepburn, there was no saying what mad act, when in a desperate mood, abandoned of reason and of God, they might perpetrate! He recalled the appearance of the young man, the wild excitement of hilarity and the fumes of wine scarcely out of his brain, when they must have been succeeded by the fierce extremes of despair and of stinging self-reproach. Late as it was, and in spite of the remonstrances of his family, Mr. Dennistoun resolved to accompany the woman to Hepburn's lodging, and his nephew, the mercantile amateur of the muses, attended him, to take care of him home again. The uncomfortable apartment, and its details, were of themselves full of reproach of the thoughtless and improvident habits of the owner. Agnes, recovered from the fainting fit which had so much alarmed the landlady, on the appearance of the two gentlemen, taxed her spirit to its utmost powers to learn the worst that fate had in store for her; but Dennistoun had neither heart nor nerve, nor could he think it wisdom to say more at this time, to the poor creature for whom he felt so strongly, than that he had seen Hepburn early in the day. And, in a tone of parental kindness, he added, "We are both aware, madam, that our friend Charles is not always the most punctual of men." Agnes sighed. The nephew, who, from delicacy, had not ventured farther than the door of the room, could from thence see that Hepburn's girlish-looking wife, sitting on a low stool by the side of the cradle, was the most meek, pale, Madonna-like, mournful beauty he had ever beheld. Hepburn himself was, he knew, a man of great talents, absolutely a *genius*. He felt the strongest desire in the world to have him pardoned and reinstated. Certainly it was shameful, unkind, disgraceful, to leave so sweet and beautiful a creature pining in poverty in this miserable place, while her husband was revelling, spending a guinea, or perhaps two guineas, on a single dinner.

But even the light that led astray,
Was light from Heaven!

As much from pity for Agnes, however, as from sympathy with her husband's poetical and social tastes, he ventured farther into the apartment; and to his uncle spoke something between excuse and vindication of the absent culprit. Agnes then, first looking eagerly up, her eyes swimming in grateful tears, gave him encouragement to proceed; and he urged his suit till he had fairly exasperated the benevolent, but somewhat impatient temper of his senior, and turned against

himself the very feelings on which he had relied for Hepburn's exculpation and forgiveness. He lauded the *genius* of those men—*Scotsmen*—in whom warmth and exaltation of feeling palliated aberrations unpardonable in the dull, cold-blooded, money-making mortals, who lived by square and rule. "There was," he continued in illustration, "your glorious Burns——"

"Be silent, sir!" cried the old man, in a tone of stern severity, which made Agnes start and shudder, and which at once imposed silence on the speaker. "If there be to young men of genius one warning example more impressive and solemn than another, it is that of the life and death of my noble and unfortunate countryman, ROBERT BURNS. And weak, and shallow, and false are they, who dare plead his magnified or imaginary errors in extenuation of their meaner follies. Have the weaklings any right to plead his faults, who are neither fired by his genius, elevated by his virtues, nor tortured by his passions and his pride! If Burns has left a few careless verses, which unthinking fools construe to their hurt, has he not given them hundreds of lessons of deep and purifying tenderness; of virtue in its loveliest, holiest simplicity! For one careless expression; for the record—perhaps fictitious—of one reckless carouse, may we not, from his writings, learn of thousands of times when, after a day of hard toil, he wandered away into solitude, feeling within him the first stirrings of the hidden strength, 'the gropings of the Cyclop round the walls of his cave'—his own splendid image. Do not the address to a *Field-mouse* and the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, alone, tell us of months and years of meditation on the loftiest and the tenderest themes that can exalt the thoughts of the true poet, musing on humanity—of the rapt spirit, rising 'to Him who walks upon the wings of the wind;' or, in another mood, welling up from its depths of tenderness, over the little wild flower lying crushed in his path! And what chilling years of barren toil and hopeless privation were those!—I declare, before Heaven, it were enough to make that mighty spirit burst its prison-house to hear a crowd of drivelling idiots charge their vices and follies upon the memory of Burns!"

The old gentleman struck his cane upon the floor with an energy that recalled his own senses to the obstreperousness of his tone, and the violence of his indignant rhapsody. An octave or two lower, he apologized to Agnes for his violence, while he acknowledged that this was a subject which always provoked him. "There is," he said, "no doubt something wrong, and in false taste in a few of the braving verses of Burns, and in later things of the same kind from other pens, in which fools read damnation to themselves; but still nothing whatever to excuse those who thus construe them to their own hurt. Those scenes of gaiety, merriment, and extravagant conviviality, or of downright degrading sensuality, certainly never had existence, save in the brains of the writers, or the pages of a book. Shall we blame the genius of Schiller, because a few hot-headed, excitable, and weak-principled lads chose to band themselves as robbers, and take to the forests in emulation of his hero!"

"Yes," cried Agnes, impressively, "the heart-broken mothers and sisters of those misled youths well might blame him whose writings proved so perniciously seductive. Why will not genius insist itself in a nobler cause!"

"My dear madam, this I fear often resolves itself into a simple question of commerce," said Dennistoun, smiling, "which is another category." The conversation reverted to Hepburn; and, kindly enjoining Agnes to take care of herself and her child, and to send Charles to him early in the morning, Mr. Dennistoun took his leave.

This well-meant advice could not realize itself to the extent of the benevolent man's desire. The forsaken Agnes could indeed undress herself and her child, and fold its little fevered frame to her bosom, and for its sake endeavor to take necessary sustenance; but she could not command her tortured spirit to be tranquil, nor her aching eyes to close.

The first tidings of Charles Hepburn were not obtained by Mr. Dennistoun until the fourth day, and then through a Lancaster newspaper; in which, for the humane purpose of giving information to friends, a gentleman answering the appearance of Hepburn, was described to be lying in a violent brain-fever, at a little wayside public-house. His hat and his linen bore the initials C. H., but no papers, or property of any kind, nor means of tracing him, had been found about his person, which had probably been rifled before he was discovered by a traveller passing in a gig. A man had been seen running from the spot across a field; but there was no visible injury on the person of the stranger. The condition of his clothes showed that he must have wandered far; and probably lain in the open air for one or more of those severe nights. It was added, that the incessant, incoherent, hoarse cry of the unfortunate man, was "*Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.*"

It was a week later, and far up on the topmost heights of the Fernyleas pasture range, that Robin Steele, at all times a much greater newsmonger than his master, read the same paragraph in a Carlisle paper, and instantly left his flock; and only four more days had elapsed before the gray-headed, heart-broken father stood by the bedside of his daughter-in-law and her apparently dying infant, poisoned by the fevered maternal nutriment which should have been its life.

By the prompt care of the humane Dennistoun, Charles Hepburn had, meanwhile, received every attention needful to his condition. He was now in the house of a medical man, in Lancaster, and the strength of his constitution had already overmastered the fever. Of the more enduring and less medicable ailments of his patient, the surgeon knew, and could say nothing, save that it had done Mr. Hepburn immense good to hear that his father was in Liverpool with his wife, and that he might probably join them in a few days. But long years elapsed before that meeting took place.

It was with prospects dark enough that Charles Hepburn, commending, in the most passionate terms, his forsaken wife and his infant to the care and love of his father, and to the tenderness of Agnes the gray hairs he was, indeed, bringing to the grave with sorrow, took a pathetic leave of them both when about to enter, as a private seaman, a merchant vessel preparing for the voyage to India. His letter was dated at Bristol, where the ship was lying. "Since I cannot live by reason," he said, "I must live by rule; since I cannot be my own master, I must be the slave of

another man's will. Need I say, my own Agnes, dearest! best beloved! most injured! that I go, carrying with me but one feeble hope—the hope of once again appearing before you, if conscience shall, after my long, self-prescribed period of exile and probation, say, that there is still peace on earth for the veriest wretch its surface now bears."

The rule which the unhappy man had prescribed for himself was as rigid as that of the most self-mortified anchorite. It was more severe, from being practised in the midst of society and business. His rule was not temperance, for he had never been intemperate, but total abstinence from wine. Solitude was not in his power, for he wished to be continually engaged in business; but he resolved never to employ English speech farther than was absolutely needful, nor one superfluous word in any human language. Charles Hepburn left the ship at Bombay. By his conduct he had secured the esteem and goodwill of the captain; and from this circumstance, and the proofs of his superior education and capacity, he obtained an appointment on an indigo plantation, in the Upper Provinces, where he esteemed himself fortunate in having no European associates—no society whatever, save that of the simple natives. After remaining here for two years he had money to transmit, and he ventured to write home; but these letters never reached his wife and his father. The money was never claimed. He now imagined himself strong enough to endure better the temptations of society; and he longed to be rich! Who had motives like his for gaining what an Indian would smile at as but a very paltry competence! The speechless, melancholy man became the supercargo of a private ship trading between Bengal and China. His associates—or those human beings about him—were now chiefly Lascars, for still he shunned European society. Again he had written home, but this time he sent no order for money. All he was worth was embarked in trade on his own account; and his intelligence and energy were agreeably manifested in the success of his speculations. At the end of his third voyage Hepburn hoped he was reformed! He was at least rich enough in his own estimation, for he had in his possession bills on London for £9000; and letters from Agnes and his father had waited him at Madras, beseeching him to come to them—only to come home!—to love—to happiness—to a share of the bread which, by God's blessing on frugal industry, had never yet failed them—which his exertions must increase—his presence sweeten! They had complied with all his proud wishes; never had his name been mentioned by them. It was enough that in their own hearts they knew that he lived and loved them.

About noon on an October Sunday, the Carlisle mail, rolling over the same moor, but at a vastly augmented rate of speed, set down a traveller, on the exact spot, where, ten years before, Charles Hepburn had left his *Greysteel*. The traveller was a handsome, grave-looking man, between thirty and forty, embrowned by the burning suns of a hot climate, and of the appearance, which, for want of a more accurate definition, is usually called military. He carried a very small portmanteau; and, as the coach drove off, proceeded on foot up the stony path, merely a bridle-way, which led winding into the hills from the wide open moor. Frequently he paused—looked round the country,

or to his watch, and to the sun, which was still high. In one of these halts, he was overtaken by a young shepherd, with his dog, but in his Sunday clothes, for he was returning, as he told, from the Seceder meeting-house, which stood far off on the verge of the moor. In such circumstances, conversation was inevitable. An intelligent Scottish shepherd is not, by very many degrees, less curious than a Yankee farmer.

"An' ye have been in the Indies!—'Od, it maun be a queer country the Indies. Was't the place where they have the breed o' sheep Robin Steele tells about, with tails sae braid that ilk ane maun have a whirlbarrow to carry the tail o't after it. Ye'll have seen Sir Pulteney and young Craighdarroch, I reckon! It's a desperate place the Indies for making siller." The stranger said he had seen the gentlemen alluded to; and added, "And Robin Steele is alive still!"

"Howt ay.—Sae ye kenned Robin? Alive! what should ail him!—a doure, steive auld deevil, who ran wi' the souplest o' us at the last games."

"And as great a Whig as ever!" said the stranger, smiling.

"Worse," said the man, laughing to see Robin's character so well understood; "a clean Glasgow Radical. It might cost auld Fernylees his tuck, if the Dyeuke or the Factor were to hear the half O'Robin's nonsense—ay, and sense too, which they like far waur." The stranger held his hat before his face, while his companion eyed him keenly.

"And Robin is still at the Fernylees!"

"Ye may be sure o' that, and him in the body. How could the place do without Robin, or Robin without the place! All the three years the auld Maister lived in the village, Robin hung on about the farm; and so was there before him, to welcome him and his gude-dochter, when they went back."

"His whom?" inquired the stranger, eagerly.

"His gude-dochter—that's what the English call his daughter-in-law:—ye'll no understand our Scottish tongue. And a good dochter has she been to him—English and stranger to our country though she be. Yea, in truth, what Ruth the Moabitess was to ancient Naomi, and—better to him than ten sons. Mrs. Charles is, to be sure, an angel upon the yearth—sent to make up to that worthy patriarch o' the Fernylees i' the end of his day for the crossing and cumber he has had with his family, and fight with world's gear.—I'm jalousing ye have aynce kenned something o' the Fernylees folk!"

The stranger bowed in acquiescence.

"Their tale is soon told. Old Fernylees gave up the farm to Mr. Gilbert, and brought home Charles' English wife and her child, just after that good-hearted, harumscarum, ne'er-do-weel, ran off from her and his bairn to gude kens whither-and-beyont. Tibby Elliott (if ye kenned the lave, ye would ken Tibby, for she was aye the tongue o' the trump in the house of Fernylees) grugged at first a fremit woman, with a young wean, coming home to be a burden on the auld Maister's sma' means; but He who brings good out of ill, made the sight o' that young English lady even the greatest blessing ever fell on the auld Maister's gray head. With her white genty hands she wrought wi' her needle and her shears, late and early, for him and her bairn; keeping a bit school for the farmers' dochters here about: and wi' her kindness and her counsel she stayed

and comforted him in all his afflictions. The hale country-side blessed her; and when, in the hinder-end of the ither year, the plea about her tocher, carried on by the great Mr. Dennistoun, the Liverpool merchant, out of his own pocket—lose or win—for her behoof and her bairn's, was fairly won—conscience! ye would have thought it was the auld Dyeuke's birth-day come back, when rents were reasonable, and nae Radicals in the country-side. There was as good as five thousand pounds o' it—very convenient it came to buy back the stocking of the Fernylees, when Mr. Gilbert, seeing every year growing worse than the last in this rack-rent country, would be off to Van Dieman's Land, before the Dyeuke had gotten his last plack. Robin Steele will no let on what the new rent is; but if mercats bide up, there's bread to be made out o' the Fernylees yet, he says, if there were younger een to look after it. Yet it is just wonderful how the auld Maister, in his blindness, goes about the knowes, led by his grandson; but he has kenned the braes all his days."

"My father! My father!" exclaimed the stranger, surprised and shocked by the information of his father's blindness; and the voluble young shepherd, considerably abashed, now knew in whose presence he stood. Where his now quiet companion's road struck off, Charles shook hands, and parted from him almost in silence.

Charles suffered the shades of night to fall deep before he found courage to leave the hazel copse and approach the house, and peer over the window-curtain into the little green walled parlor, where, in the blaze of the turf-fire, sat all that was dearest to him, the faces that had haunted him, asleep or awake, in the jungle, on the deck, or at the desk! On one side of the fire, in his old place, sat his silver-haired blind father; on the opposite seat, his Agnes; and leaning on the old man's knee, with a book—yes, that was his boy! He was now prattling to the grandsire, who spoke and smiled to Agnes; and as she returned his speech and smile, he drew his hand caressingly over the child's head, as if complying with some fond request. Charles could stand no longer. He perceived his friend Tibby, unchanged in looks, dress, or bearing, spreading the cloth on the small table, from which she had just removed the Bible, probably after family worship, and he drew into the shade of the porch as she passed him to go to the outer kitchen, and smiled internally, yet not without a slight pang, as he heard her say, "Na, Robin, ye'll see we are just going to have another spoiled bairn—the auld game o' the young *Chevalier* ower again. There's the auld Maister consenting that the little rogue shall sit up this night, to the SABBATH NIGHT'S SUPPER: but, to be sure, there's a reason for it; for the bairn repeated the fifth Command in the distinct way it would have done your heart good to hear. I maun make him a pancake."

In ten minutes afterwards the boy spoken of, panting and rosy, came flying into the kitchen, crying, "Robin, Robin shepherd! there's a grand gentleman sitting under Judon's ash, just where my grandpa' says his prayers: come and see him." They went out hand in hand.

In three minutes Robin was back—his eyes staring, his hair rising. "As I am a living sinner, Tibby Elliott, if Charles Hepburn be in the body, he is sitting under Judon's ash—and I have seen him!"

Tibby turned round, the frying-pan in her hand;

and brandishing it about, burst into the most extraordinary screaming and eldritch laugh her old friend had ever heard, seen, or imagined. Nervous disorders and hysterics were rare at the Fernylees.

"I the body! and what for should he no be i' the body! heich! heich! heich! Eh, airs!" and down dropt the frying-pan; and Tibby raised her hands, wept and sobbed in a manner yet more frightful and *eldritch*. "As ye are a living sinner! and are na ye a living sinner? I could prove it. And what for should not Charlie Hepburn come hame, and appear in the body to his own bairn on the very spot where his godly father has wrestled—heich! heich! heich! heich! —" and she went off into another fit of hideous and wild laughter.

Robin was now almost at his wit's end. It was clear Tibby had lost her senses, so there was no time to lose with her. He had read or heard that cold water was a specific in hysterics, or vapors, or some female ailment or other; and seizing a large *cog*, that stood full on the dresser, he dashed its whole contents about her, leaving her in the middle of the kitchen like a dissolving Niobe.

When Robin went again to *Judon's ash* no one was there!—but through the same pane where Charles Hepburn had lately looked, he saw "the blithest sight had e'er been seen in the Fernylees since the auld maister's bridal." An instinctive feeling of delicacy, which nature often denies to the peer to plant in the bosom of the shepherd-swain, told Robin that this, however, was no sight for him—and he went back to his friend.

"It's just Charlie Hepburn, Tibby lass! come home at last, a wise man and a wealthy. Losh, woman! ye surely canna be angered at me, a feal auld friend! for twa or three draps o' clean cauld water spilt between us, meant a' for your good! Let me help ye off with your dripping duds, and bask ye quick to welcome the Young Chevalier.

If I've done ye offences, I'll make ye amends."

"I freely forgi'e ye, Robin," Tibby sobbed; "freely forgi'e ye—ye meant weel. But this should be a *SABBATH NIGHT'S SUPPER* we ne'er saw the marrow o' in the Ha'House o' the Fernylees. And, save us, man! draw back the broche! Is this a time to scouter the single dyenke, [duck meant this time, not Duke,] when I hae skailt in my joy the dear bairn's pancake. But ye are no caring, dear, deed are ye no!" cried the gracious Tibby, as the boy burst bounding upon them, and clasping Robin's knees, exclaimed, "That gentleman is my papa; I took him from Judon's ash to my mamma. Did you see him, Robin? He's a braw gentleman! I have looked at him all this time. Mamma cried, but my blind papa lifted his hands and said his prayers; and my other papa said to me, 'Run now, my boy, and call my trusty fere, Robin Steele. Let me have all my father's friends about me.'"

The "trusty fere" kept the child for some time; and then they went together to summon Tibby's old *aid*, now a decent shepherd's wife, and mistress of a neighboring bothie.

Seated by the thrice-blest Agnes at the head of his board, the dim eyes of the venerable old man seemed on this night to beam with a heavenly lustre. "Nay, Robin, nay Tibby, ye shall sit by, and among us," he said, as the faithful old servants would on this night have withdrawn;

"ye have shared days of sorrow wi' us, we will share our joy together. Sit ye down, dear friends, while we crave the Almighty's blessing on anither *SABBATH NIGHT'S SUPPER*."

From the Protestant Churchman.

BRIDGES.

I HAVE a bridge within my heart,
Known as the "Bridge of Sighs;"
It stretches from life's sunny part,
To where life's darkness lies.

And when upon this bridge I stand,
To watch life's tide below,
Sad thoughts come through the shadowy land,
And darken all its flow.

Then, as it winds its way along
To sorrow's bitter sea,
Mournful is the spirit-song,
That upward floats to me.

A song which breathes of blessings dead,
Of friends and friendships flown;
Of pleasures gone—their distant tread
Now to an echo grown.

And hearing thus, beleaguering fears
Soon shut the present out,
While bliss but in the past appears,
And in the future doubt.

O, often then will deeper grow
The night which round me lies;
I wish that life had run its flow,
Or never found its rise!

II.

I have a bridge within my heart,
Known as the bridge of faith;
It spans, by a mysterious art,
The streams of life and death.

And when upon this bridge I stand,
To watch the tide below,
Sweet thoughts come from a sunny land,
And brighten all its flow.

Then, as it winds its way along
Toward a distant sea,
O pleasant is the spirit-song,
That upwards floats to me.

A song of blessings never aere,
Of love "beyond compare,"
Of pleasures flowed from troublings here,
To rise serenely there.

And hearing thus, a peace divine
Soon shuts each sorrow out;
And all is hopeful and benign,
Where all was fear and doubt.

O often then will brighter grow
The light which round me lies;
I see from life's beclouded flow,
A crystal stream arise.

A. D. F. R.

From Hood's Magazine.

THOMAS HOOD.

It is with a heavy and an aching heart that we darken these pages, that have so often reflected the brilliant wit of our beloved Editor, and the calmer lustre of his serious thoughts, with the sad tidings of his approaching death; a death long feared by his friends, long even distinctly foreseen, but not till now so rapidly approaching as to preclude all hope. His sufferings, which have lately undergone a terrible increase, have been, throughout, sustained with manly fortitude, and Christian resignation. He is perfectly aware of his condition; and we have no longer any reason, nor any right, to speak ambiguously of a now too certain loss—the loss of a GREAT WRITER: great in the splendor of his copious imagery, in his rare faculty of terse incisive language, in his power and pregnancy of thought, and in his almost Shakspearian versatility of genius; great in the few, but noble works he leaves behind; greater still, perhaps, in those which he will carry unwritten to his early tomb. It is this indeed which principally afflicts him: the *Man* is content to die—he has taken leave of his friends, and forgiven his enemies, (if any such he have,) and “turned his face to the wall;” but the Poet still longs for a short reprieve, still watches to snatch one last hour for his art; and will perhaps even yet, once more, floating towards the deep waters of eternity, pour out his soul in song.

In any case, this, the last number of his Magazine that he may live to see, shall not go forth without *some* impress of the Master's hand—some parting rays of the Flame now flickering low in the socket. We have chosen for this purpose the beautiful conclusion of his “Ode to Melancholy,” which those who know it will delight to read again, while for others it may help to solve the enigma of his many-sided genius, to account for the under-current of humor that often tinctured his gravest productions, and to justify the latent touch of sadness that was apt to mingle in his most sportive sallies. Truly, indeed, for the Poet's earnest heart,

“All things are touch'd with Melancholy,
Born of the secret soul's mistrust,
To feel her fair ethereal wings
Weigh'd down with vile degraded dust;
Even the bright extremes of joy
Bring on conclusions of disgust,
Like the sweet blossoms of the May,
Whose fragrance ends in must.
Oh give her, then, her tribute just,
Her sighs and tears, and musings holy!
There is no music in the life
That sounds with idiot laughter solely;
There's not a string attun'd to Mirth,
But has its chord in Melancholy.”

Hood's “Ode to Melancholy,” (1827.)

FORT LEAVENWORTH.—Such is the loveliness of this situation, and so enticing is its society, that it allures back all who have once seen it and enjoyed the hospitality and kindness of the officers stationed there. Situated upon the bluff which at this place gradually slopes back from the river, it commands a fine prospect of the surrounding country, sprinkled over with trees and diversified by hill and dale—being at once a place of great strength and beauty. The landing is one of the best on the river, Nature having erected a stone wall the whole distance of the front, against which

the turbid waters of the Missouri beat; but it is a wharf which will last for ages, and require no repair. The parade ground is a beautiful spot, surrounded on three sides by officers' and companies' quarters, and on the other, by stables capable of containing horses for six complete companies of dragoons. At this time there are six companies stationed at the fort, four of dragoons and two of infantry, none of which, however, are full. Once in every two months the troops are reviewed and drilled, and a few hours which we spent at the fort, the other day, happened to be upon one of these occasions; and a finer looking set of officers and men we never expect to see.

Fort Leavenworth has long been regarded as an important military post; and now that it is proposed to create a new territory on the other side of the river, it acquires additional importance, as, in that event, it will no doubt be the seat of government, at least for a long time. It is convenient and accessible from all points on the frontier, and must, from its centrality, before long have the superintendency of Indian affairs. It is also the best point for emigrants to start from to Oregon, as by doing so they can keep between the waters of the Kansas, on the one hand, and the Nemeha and tributaries of the Missouri, on the other. Indeed, nothing now prevents emigration from this point but prohibition, and we have heard that this will be removed.—*Weston Journal*.

LIEBIG WHEN A BOY.—Liebig was distinguished at school as “booby,” the only talent then cultivated in German schools being verbal memory. On one occasion, being sneeringly asked by the master what he proposed to become, since he was so bad a scholar, and answering that he would be a chemist, the whole school burst into a laugh of derision. Not long ago, Liebig saw his old schoolmaster, who feelingly lamented his own former blindness. The only boy in the same school who ever disputed with Liebig the station of “booby” was one who never could learn his lesson by heart, but was continually composing music, and writing it down by stealth in school. This same individual Liebig lately found at Vienna, distinguished as a composer, and conductor of the Imperial Opera-House. I think his name is Reuling. It is to be hoped that a more rational system of school instruction is now gaining ground. Can anything be more absurd or detestable than a system which made Walter Scott and Justus Liebig “boobies” at school, and so effectually concealed their natural talents, that, for example, Liebig was often lectured before the whole school on his being sure to cause misery and broken hearts to his parents, while he was all the time conscious, as the above anecdote proves, of the possession of talents similar in kind to those he has since displayed!—*Dr. Gregory on the Head and Character of Liebig, in the Phrenological Journal*.

PROVING AN ALIBI.—A clergyman at Cambridge preached a sermon which one of his auditors commended. “Yes,” said a gentleman to whom it was mentioned, “it was a good sermon, but he stole it.” This was told to the preacher. He resented it, and called on the gentleman to retract what he had said. “I am not,” replied the aggressor, “very apt to retract my words, but in this instance I will. I said you had stolen the sermon: I find I was wrong; for on returning home, and referring to the book whence I thought it was taken, I found it there.”—*Critic*.

ALGÆ, OR SEA-WEEDS.

[This little paper is abridged from the *Inverness Courier* newspaper. It is interesting as a fair specimen of the compositions of the numerous reflecting and observant men scattered over our country in the capacity of land-agents; and we have no doubt that its thoughtful reference to nature at large will, with most of our readers, be sufficient to excuse the local application of some of its details.]—*Chambers' Journal*.

We have a great and growing antipathy at the term *weed*, and cannot help coming to the belief that Dr. Johnson was not following his own nose when he defined weed as an herb "noxious or useless," as we apprehend such an anomaly as a weed in the sense entertained by the doctor, has no place in nature. The doctor, if he had exercised his own judgment in the matter, would, we are convinced, have come to a different conclusion, and would, or at least should, have defined it as "an herb, the use of which is not yet understood." With all due deference to the great lexicographer, and as the term is probably too firmly fixed in our language ever to be eradicated, we would define weed as an agent for gathering, arranging, and storing up matter below the reach of, and intangible to, animal and the higher grades of vegetable life; thus fulfilling a great and mighty end in the scheme of creation—the gathering together of the stray substances which, amid nature's varied manufactures, has as it were slipped through her fingers, and would have run to waste, and converting them, by sure and certain processes, into tangible and useful compounds.

In the article of the algæ, or sea-weeds, we are particularly struck with the economy of nature in so singularly adapting the means to the end. The office of these plants is to collect the stray substances held in solution by the salt water, particularly the alkalies and phosphates; and as these have to be extracted from the water, and not from the earth beneath it, the plants have no roots, properly speaking, but simply processes for clinging to the hard and flinty rocks, as points of attachment; while, at the same time, in place of a firm and erect stem to keep the branches and leaves expanded, as in terrestrial plants, and which would be cumbersome and unhandy for plants which change their medium as often and as regularly as the tides, they are furnished with innumerable air-bags or vessels for accomplishing this purpose, so that the branches and leaves of the plant may come in contact with the greatest possible quantity of water consistent with its size—these air-vessels serving the double purpose of furthering the plant in its destined office, and when this is accomplished, floating it to our shores and beaches to be applied to useful purposes.

In sailing or steaming round our west and northern coasts in the months of April and May, one is struck with the number of boats and men, and horses and carts, and women and boys, and creels, all busily employed at ebb tide in cutting and carrying away sea-weed from the shores, for the purpose of manuring the fields; and when we think of the immense quantities of potatoes raised almost exclusively by this manure, and the number of people who live upon them not only in the country, but in the towns to which they are exported, we must come to the conclusion that the algæ, or sea-weeds, are a tribe of plants of vast importance to a large section of the population of

Scotland at least; and, when taken in conjunction with the peaty and waste soils round our coasts, almost invaluable, as no species of manure reduces a rough peaty soil so quickly to a state fit for the production of human food. There is no need of waiting for the "meliorating effects of the atmosphere," where there is plenty of sea-weed. The lotter, with sea-weed at command, commences his spring labor at the middle of April, and by the middle of May, if the weather be propitious, will have planted potatoes sufficient to serve a numerous family all the year round; and that on the most forbidding peaty soils, never before touched by the spade of man, and of the value, in its natural state, of some three half-pence or twopence per Scotch acre. This is always done on what is called the lazy-bed system, which, in spite of the name, is perhaps the best system for "bringing in" all rough, deep, peaty soils, as the lotter can always calculate on a crop the first season by this mode—an immense affair to a person whose capital or stock in trade consists merely of his "thews and sinews."

If we may judge from the scramble there is for sea-ware all over the thickly-peopled parts of our sea-coasts in March, April, and May, there is evidently a very great demand and want of sea-ware for agricultural purposes; as, besides the great breadths annually cut from the shores at spring tides, hundreds of boats and men are yearly employed dragging it from the bottom with grappling irons—and a most laborious and tedious operation it is—to eke out the scanty supply, and which supply will become yearly more scanty as population increases and waste lands are being taken in. With these views, I need not say that I believe an increase of the sea-ware round our coasts would be a very great blessing and advantage, and would form a permanent source of subsistence to thousands yet unborn; and I am gratified to say that this can be accomplished to a very great extent in a great many situations, and at an expense not likely to prove a barrier in this age of overflowing capital. It is well known that sea-weed prevails most on our rocky coasts; and the reason of this simply is, that the weed requires a point of attachment—something tangible and steadfast to hold by—that it may spread its branches and leaves to catch the stray matter held in solution by the water. With this point of attachment, nothing further is required to constitute a perennial field of algæ; nature does all the rest. And hence there need be no dread of greedy and slothful tenants over-cropping the land, dissipating the phosphates, and allowing the drains to choke up, and forgetting to pay the per centage on the capital you had invested in them. This is a bargain you are making with nature, and she never repudiates. Here, for once, that wise old saw of that wise old cock, Franklin—namely, that always taking out of the meal tub, and never putting in, soon runs to the bottom—is rendered null. There is nothing but cut and come again with the sea-weed: it is, in fact, a modern exemplification of the widow's cruise and the barrel of meal on a gigantic scale. In walking along the sea-coast at ebb tide, we see that, wherever a beetling cliff projects into the sea, and, as a consequence, the shattered rocks that tumble down from time to time are strewn along the beach, here it is that the sea-weeds are most luxuriant. Now, what nature does in this case we can do artificially, and that to our advantage, as, from the laws that gov-

ern falling bodies, the beach must have a certain inclination before the shattered rocks can roll into, and remain in, the zone where the algae naturally grow. Now, the inclination required to be so great where stones roll in by their own gravity, that the breadth of this zone is consequently greatly narrowed, and instead of having a breadth of sea-weed—as we may have artificially—of a half, or even a whole mile, we have frequently only a few yards.

All that is necessary to constitute a field of sea-weed, is to strew the shore under high-water mark with rough boulders from the nearest cliff; and in order that the shores may be regularly planted, the stones should be regularly laid down at the rate of about one in every yard square. This "planting" of the shores is not at all a new thing, but has been practised on a small scale in various parts of the Highlands, and, in every instance that I have heard of, with the very best success. I lately visited a small patch that had been thus artificially done, some twenty or twenty-five years since, and was quite pleased with the result, as it looked better than any natural piece of sea-ware within miles of it. The piece consisted of about one-third of a Scotch acre, and was done by a small lotter in liquidation of arrears of rent. He, the lotter, I believe, still enjoys the sea-ware of this piece, which he and a neighbor of his assured me could be easily disposed of at 24s. every two years, or, 12s. yearly, being at the rate of 36s. yearly per Scotch acre. I could not so easily ascertain the expense the job had actually cost, as your genuine Celt has an innate caution about him in all matters relative to pounds, shillings, and pence, and has as much dread of breaking through or establishing any precedent that may hereafter infringe his interests, as any lawyer who ever sat at the Queen's Bench. I, however, understood that the job had been the "dernier resort" of the landlord, and probably cost twice as much as it would have done, under ordinary circumstances.

In looking at the job, I had no doubt that it could have been done in the present day at about £8 or £10 per Scotch acre. Supposing, then, the value of an acre of sea-weed at 30s., and the expense of creating it £10, the investment would be something about a seven years' purchase—no bad "spec," one should think, in the present state of the money market; and in *stock* as permanent as the earth itself.

In carrying out improvements of this kind, little engineering skill is required. The only thing to be considered is the nature of the rock or stone to be laid down; and, contrary to what one would expect, land stones are greatly superior to stones taken from either salt or fresh water, and in all cases give, and continue to give, a much superior crop. The reason of this seems simply to be, the smoothness of the surface of rolled or water-worn stones not permitting the seeds of the plant, in the first instance, to form a lodgment; and, in the second place, being too smooth for the fibrous attaching apparatus of the plant to keep a permanent hold of. In regard to the size of the stones, little nicety is required; large stones will do equally as well as small; but it is evident they will be much more expensive in first laying down. Stones of from twenty to forty pounds would be a very handy size, and such as carry a close covering of lichens, and break with a rough granular fracture, will probably answer best. When too small, they are apt to be carried out to sea, or cast

upon the beach when under a fall crop of buoyant sea-weed. The convenience and accessibility of the situation will naturally influence the planter; as also the risk of the new-laid stones being lifted or sanded up; but this is easily guarded against. When we look at the miles and miles on end of barren gravel and sand on some of our sea-coasts, without one vestige of vegetation, and our eye at last rests on some rocky corner abounding in marine vegetable life, we are struck with the difference, but merely imagine that this corner, somehow or other, is favorable to the growth of sea-weed. We do not advert to the fact, that the sea is imbued with the same qualities and influences on the barren and gravelly beach as in the rocky and weedy corner; nevertheless it is the same. The rent and shattered rocks precipitated into the sea from the cliffs above is the work of nature in her incessant career of building up and pulling down. This operation we can happily imitate, to the extent at least of strewing our shores with the fragments of our mountains; while nature at the same time "bears a hand," and clothes these fragments with perpetual verdure.

From the Forget-Me-Not.

THE PROPHET IN THE WILDERNESS.

LINES ON AN ENGRAVING BY MARTIN.

WHEN, from before the threatening queen,
Far for his life the prophet fled,
He durst not seek the fields of green,
But straightway to the desert sped.

There, 'neath the juniper, he came
To make its favoring shade his rest,
For languor bent his aged frame,
And heavier woe his heart oppressed.

Losing his trust that weary day,
He lifts the murmuring voice on high;
"Now take, O Lord, my life away!
It is enough—now let me die!"

As thus he lay amid the waste,
His faithful God beheld him there;
And, pitying, bade his angel haste
His grief to soothe, his meal prepare.

Then rose the seer His name to bless,
Who for the houseless wanderer spread
A table in the wilderness,
And there with strengthening waters fed.

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF LAMAN BLANCHARD.

GENTLE and kind of heart—of spirit fine;
The "Elia" of our later day—the sage
Who smiled the while he taught, and on the page
'Mid wisdom's gold bade gems of wit to shine;
He hath departed, and the tuneful Nine
Mourn a true worshipper; his lyric strain,
His moral song, for these we list in vain;
The sparkling essay, pure in its design,
And full of racy humor, we no more
With each recurring month shall read, and still
Improve the fancy and instruct the will
With images and thoughts from that rich store,
That mental treasury—that copious rill,
That freshened and gave life to all it gushed o'er.

H. G. A.

From Chambers' Journal.

BOOKSELLING BEFORE THE INVENTION OF THE PRESS.

It has long been acknowledged that the book-selling business, from its very nature, requires a greater amount of intelligence to be successfully carried on than any other branch of trade. Authors—who must be considered good judges of the matter—have, as a body, testified in favor of this view of bookselling; and although disappointed writers occasionally show an aptitude to decry “the trade” and its professors, yet the most eminent authors have seldom joined in such a condemnation. Dr. Johnson speaks of them only too highly, for he designates them “the patrons of literature,” whilst in truth they are only the agents of its real patrons, the public. D’Israeli the elder remarks, that “eminent booksellers, in their constant intercourse with the most enlightened class of the community—that is, the best authors and the best readers—partake of the intelligence around them.” Booksellers are inseparably identified with literary history. Whoever, therefore, takes an interest in that progress of civilization which has been helped on so materially by letters, will find much to instruct and entertain him in tracing back, through the records of past time, the rise and vicissitudes of the book-trade, and by finally looking round on the present condition of things, and following its progress up to the state in which it now exists. With this view we have busied ourselves in collecting various historical notices and anecdotes concerning booksellers and their craft, from the earliest down to the present time.

Before the invention of printing, the articles in which the booksellers dealt were manuscripts. These were inscribed on some flexible material, manufactured either from the inner bark of trees, (hence the Latin word *liber*, and the German *buche* or book,) from the leaves of the papyrus plant, or from leather or parchment. In one of the earliest forms of books, only one side of the material was written on, and one sheet was joined to the end of another till the work, or one section of it, was finished, when it was rolled up on a cylinder, or staff. The leaves composing such books were designated *paginæ*, from which we derive our term “page;” the sticks upon which they were rolled were *cylindri*, at each end of which was a knob for evolving the scroll. These balls were called *umbilici*, or *cornua*, “horns,” of which they were often made, though sometimes composed of bone, wood, or metal, either elaborately carved, or richly inlaid with gold, silver, or precious stones; the edges of the scroll were called *frontes*. On the outside of each scroll was written its title.* In the earlier manuscripts, the writing was not divided into words, but joined in continuous lines. The Greeks read from right to left, and from left to right alternately, the reader commencing the one line immediately under the termination of the line above. This was a highly necessary arrangement for the guidance of the reader, who, by adopting the modern plan, would have been very apt to “lose his place” on account of the extreme length of the lines: for those ancient volumes were much larger than we at the

present day have any notion of.* The scroll, when rolled up, was often a yard and a half long, and the lines of manuscript consequently very little short of that, across. When extended, each volume was sometimes fifty yards long. A roll of calico, such as is seen standing at linen drapers' shop windows, will give the reader some idea of the external form of an ancient book, without its umbilicus or roller. Each scroll was usually washed in cedar-oil, or strewn between each wrap with cedar or citron-chips, to prevent it from rotting or being eaten by insects. Ancient books did not exclusively consist of scrolls. The Romans had also books of papyrus, or vellum, folded in square leaves like ours. These they called *codices*.

Such were the articles which formed the stock in trade of a Grecian bookseller. The trader was also the manufacturer, keeping a number of transcribers to make copies of the works he sold. Diogenes Laertius mentions that there were at Athens public bookshops called *Bibliopoleia*; nor were these libraries solely devoted to the copying and selling manuscript books, for it was the custom among the learned to meet in the shops to discuss the literary gossip of the day, to criticise, possibly, a new comedy by Aristophanes, the tragedy of the last feast of Bacchus, or to dispute on the latest philosophic theory. In those times when, from the extreme labor of producing them, books were both dear and scarce, the shopkeeper sometimes hired a qualified person to read a new manuscript to his learned customers, and to give an exposition or lecture concerning it. This must have been an important branch of his business; for, from the high price of books, the sale of copies must have been upon a very limited scale. The works of Plato appear to have had an unusually large circulation, for concerning them history records one of the earliest instances of literary piracy: Hermodorus the Sicilian, a disciple of that philosopher, having turned his attention to book-selling, extended the sale of his master's works not only throughout Greece, but as far as Sicily. This was done, however, without the consent of the author.

When literature, in its onward course, left the shores of Greece and fixed itself for a time at Alexandria, under the fostering encouragement of the Ptolemies, the book-selling business had become of so important a character, that a regular market was established for the sale of manuscripts. “The trade” was chiefly composed of emigrant Greeks, who had by that period acquired a character all over the civilized world for cunning and knavery. Hence we find Strabo bitterly complaining that most of the volumes at the Alexandrian market were “copied only for sale;” in other words, hastily, and without revision or comparison with the originals. He also laments that the impertinence of the transcribers introduced matter which the author never penned. This scanty information is all which exists concerning the book-

* The implements used by a Grecian or Roman scribe were as follow:—“A reed cut like our pens; inks of different colors, but chiefly black; a sponge to cleanse the reed, and to rub out such letters as were written by mistake; a knife for mending the reed; pumice for a similar purpose, or to smooth the parchment; compasses for measuring the distances of the lines; scissors for cutting the paper; a puncher to point out the beginning and end of each line; a rule to draw lines and divide the sheets into columns; a glass containing sand, and another glass filled with water, probably to mix with the ink.”—*Manual of Classical Literature: from the German of J. J. Eschenburg.*

* The ancients seldom numbered the divisions of their works as we do, but named them after some deity or patron. Thus the books of Herodotus respectively bear the names of the muses.

sellers of the old world. When, however, literature forsook the east, and, travelling westward, set up a long rest in Rome, more ample details concerning their mode of doing business are at our disposal.

The first mention of Latin books, as forming regular articles of commerce, is made by several writers who existed during the time of the Roman emperors. It is to be inferred that, previous to that time, people of distinction borrowed works from their authors, and caused copies to be made either by professed scribes, (*librarii*,) or by their own slaves. Gradually, however, the demand for books made it worth while for certain individuals to devote time and capital to their purchase, and these tradesmen were designated, after their Grecian brethren, *bibliopole*. Their shops were in public places: in, for instance, the well-frequented streets near the Forum, the Palladium, the Sigilarii, the Argiletum, and the temple of peace; but principally, according to Gellius, in the Via Sandalinaria. These shops being, as at Athens, much resorted to by men of letters, were the chief sources of literary information; they formed what modern newspapers call an "excellent advertising medium:" announcements of new works were constantly exhibited not only outside the shops, but upon the pillars of the interior. Depôts for the sale of manuscripts were also to be met with in the provincial towns. A mongst the Roman booksellers originated the practice of purchasing copyrights, and it has been clearly ascertained that several of the most celebrated Latin works were the exclusive property of certain *bibliopole*. The names of several of these booksellers have been handed down to posterity, chiefly on account of their excellent mode of doing business, and for the care which they took in insuring the correctness of the manuscripts they sold; frequently going to the additional expense of employing the authors themselves to examine and compare the copies made from their works. The Tonsons, Longmans, Cadells, and Murrays of the times of Horace, Cicero, Martial, and Catullus, (who mention them,) were the "speculative" Tryphon, the "prudent" Atreetus, Tul. Lucensis "the freed man," the brothers Sosius, Q. P. Valerianus Dicus, and Ulpus. We are informed by Galenus that less respectable bookdealers took dishonest advantage of the fair fame of these magnates in the "trade," by forging the imprints of those celebrated publishers upon imperfect and ill-written copies.*

With the fall of the Roman empire the book-selling business not only declined, but was for a time swept away from the list of trades. Literature and science, ingulfed in the monastic system, were hidden in the cloister. The monks became the transcribers of books, and in this laborious occupation the learned Benedictines are known to have particularly excelled. The works produced by these religious men were almost exclusively missals, or books of devotion; copies of the Scriptures were also produced by them, though to a less extent. There was, however, at this period, a great difficulty in procuring material on which to write books, and the device, more ingenious than commendable, was resorted to of deterring the writing of old classics, and then using the cleaned parchment for the works required. This practice is understood to have caused the loss to the world

of several classic authors. Occasionally, in old collections of manuscript books, a missal or copy of the Gospels is to be seen inscribed on vellum, on which shines faintly the not-altogether obliterated work of an ancient writer. We lately saw, in the Bibliothèque Royale, or great public library in Paris, a copy of the Gospels as old as the ninth century, which had thus been written on the cleaned pages of a classic author. Whether on new or old vellum, a great number of books were copied and collected in England during the eighth century; the monks of that period having been exceedingly emulous of attaining skill in writing and illuminating; and at a later period, this was enumerated as one of the accomplishments even of so great a man as St. Dunstan. They abandoned the system of writing on scrolls, adopting the form in which books are now printed. Yet posterity had little benefit from these great assemblages of books; for, during the numerous inroads of the Danes from the ninth to the eleventh century, many of the richest libraries were committed to the flames, along with the monasteries which contained them.* In the thirteenth century, books were, from these destructions, extremely scarce, and the few that existed were exclusively in the hands of the monks; for they were almost the only persons who could read them. "Great authors," says D'Israeli, "occasionally composed a book in Latin, which none but other great authors cared for, and which the people could not read." For these reasons, the small amount of bookselling which took place in the middle ages was solely conducted by monks; and works, being scarce, fetched prices which would astonish the modern bibliomaniac. It is well authenticated that the homilies of Bede, and St. Austin's psalter, were sold in 1174 by the monks of Dorchester (Oxfordshire) to Walter, prior of St. Swithin's, (Winchester,) for twelve measures of barley and a splendid pall, embroidered in silver with historical representations of St. Birinus converting a Saxon king. At a later period, a copy of John of Meun's "Romance of the Rose" was sold before the palace gate at Paris for 40 crowns, or 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* A learned lady, the Countess of Anjou, gave for the homilies of Haimon, bishop of Halberstadt, the unheard-of exchange of two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and the same quantity of rye and millet. Among these instances of the high prices sometimes set on unprinted books, we cannot exclude mention of an extraordinary work, which was executed in a singular manner. It consists of the finest vellum, the text cut out of, instead of inscribed on each leaf, and being interleaved with blue paper, it is as easily read as print. The title involves one of the paradoxes in which authors of that age so much delighted: it is "Liber passionis Domini Nostri Jesu Christi, cum figuris et characteribus nulla materia compositis"—(The book of the passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, with figures and characters composed of nothing.) For this singular curiosity the Emperor Rodolph II. of Germany offered 11,000 ducats. As the book bears the royal arms of this country, it is thought to have been executed by some ingenious and patient English monk. We mention the work to account in some measure for the high prices adverted to, which Robertson, in his history of Charles V., adduces as a proof of the scarcity of manuscripts. The truth is, that some copies were intrinsically valuable for the beauty and rich-

*History of the Book-Trade and the art of Book-Printing. By Frederic Metz. Darmstadt: 1834.

*Biographia Britannica Literaria, pp. 35 and 107.

ness of the binding; and a few others were rendered almost beyond price, from having the relics of saints inserted in them. At a visitation of the treasury of St. Paul's cathedral, in the year 1295, by Ralph de Balduck, (afterwards bishop of London,) there were found twelve copies of the Gospels, all adorned with silver, some with gilding, pearls and gems, and one with eleven relics, which were ingeniously let in to the plates of precious metal that surrounded each page.*

We cannot find that bookselling awoke from its monastic torpor till the establishment of universities in various parts of the continent. But in 1259, sellers of manuscripts, chiefly on theological subjects, became so numerous in Paris, that special regulations were instituted regarding them. Pierre de Blois mentions that they were called librarii or stationarii. The former were brokers or agents for the sale and loan of manuscripts. By stationarii (so called from having stations in various parts of cities and at markets) were meant sellers and copiers of manuscripts, like their Roman prototypes. It appears that at the time the above laws were made, there were in Paris twenty-nine book-sellers and book-brokers, two of whom were females. The enormous prices they demanded for their books became a public scandal, and one object of the new law was to regulate their charges. *Taxatores Librorum*, or book-taxers, were employed to determine the price which every manuscript should be charged, that, on the one hand, the stationarii should have a reasonable profit, and that, on the other, the purchaser should not pay too dear.† But the most profitable branch of the trade appears to have been lending books, which were generally so valuable, that for their safe return security was taken. When Louis XI. borrowed the works of Rhases, the Arabian physician, he not only deposited, by way of pledge, a large quantity of plate, but was obliged to find a nobleman to join him as surety in a deed binding him under a great penalty to restore the book unharmed. Some books were so highly prized, that they were conveyed or pledged as security for loans, as estates are mortgaged. It is recorded that one Geoffrey de St. Lieges deposited the *Speculum Historiale in Consuetudines Parisienses* (Historical Mirror of the Customs of the Parisians) with Gerrard de Montagu, king's advocate, as security for a sum equal to about 10*l*.

From these facts, it would appear that book-selling was in Paris—then the chief seat of learning—a profitable calling between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries. They were not, however, the only members of the trade existing in Europe. Wherever universities were established, book-sellers also resided, especially in Vienna, Palermo, Padua, and Salamanca. Gradually, "the trade" spread itself over less learned places; and by the time printing was invented, both librarii and stationarii exercised their vocations in most of the larger European towns.

Such was the condition of the trade up to the year 1440, when it felt the effects of a revolution which shook far more important professions and institutions to their base. About the year 1430 it was whispered in Mayence that one John Guttenberg had invented a process by which he and an assistant could produce more copies in one day than two hundred and fifty of the most expert pen-

men. The learned were incredulous; but a few years afterwards their doubts were silenced by the appearance of a Bible in Latin—*printed* from metal types. This wonder was effected by a machine which has since done more for the advance of civilization than all the other expedients of ingenious man to save his labor, or to promote his welfare—THE PRESS.

From Chambers' Journal.

MADMOISELLE LENORMAND.

THE French have been accused of incredulity and want of faith in matters of high and weighty import. How far this may be true we are not now about to inquire; but the sum of 500,000 francs, amassed by Mademoiselle Lenormand, the celebrated fortune-teller, testifies strongly to the credulity of the nation in subjects on which a want of faith might justly be defended. And that credulity, strange to say, was manifested at a time when what were called the fetters of ancient superstition were cast aside by a large portion of society. Moreover, in the character of this far-famed prophetess there does not seem to have been any remarkable elevation, or any great display of intellect. A few fortunate coincidences, an unbounded self-confidence, and considerable shrewdness, were the groundwork of her fortunes, and served to call forth, in a singularly striking form, the weakness of many of the most celebrated characters of the last half century; though it must be acknowledged that her own countrymen alone were not the dupes of her imposture.

The father of Mademoiselle Lenormand was of Falaise; but having married a Mademoiselle Guilbert of Alençon, he established himself in the latter city, where the celebrated fortune-teller was born, besides a younger sister, and a brother who entered the military service. M. Lenormand died young, and his widow, who re-married, did not long survive her second nuptials. The second husband also soon consoled himself for his loss, and took another wife; by which event Mademoiselle Lenormand, her brother and sister, became dependent on the care of a father and mother-in-law; who, to be quit of a young family which did not belong to them, placed the daughters in a convent of Benedictine nuns in the town; from whence, when they had learned all that the good sisters could teach, they were removed to that of the Visitation; and so on through all the convents of Alençon in their turn, after which the future prophetess was apprenticed to a milliner. It was in the house of the Benedictines that Mademoiselle commenced her vocation, by predicting that the superior would soon be deprived of her office; for which ill-boding the young lady was subjected to punishment, and underwent a penance; but the event soon justified the prediction. She continued the career she had begun by announcing the name, age, and various other particulars respecting the successor of the deprived abbess. There were at the time many candidates for the office, and the ultimate decision remained in doubt and abeyance. Verifying at length the truth of the oracle, it confirmed the pretensions of the damsel to a supernatural power of revealing the events of futurity. But the town of Alençon was too confined a theatre for her aspiring disposition, and the needle too ignoble an instrument for one who aspired to wield the wand of prophecy. She persuaded her mother-in-law to send her to Paris, where her

* Dogdale's Monasticon, iii., p. 309—324.

† Annals of Parisian Typography. By the Rev. Parr Greaswell London: 1832.

stepfather was then residing; and at fourteen years of age Mademoiselle Lenormand started for the metropolis, with no other worldly possessions than the clothes on her back, and a piece of six francs in her pocket, given to her by her maternal guardian.

Arrived in the great city, her father-in-law obtained for the young adventuress a place in a shop, where she soon gained the good-will of her employers, and *la grosse Normande* became a universal favorite. One of the clerks undertook to instruct her in arithmetic and book-keeping, and gave her some knowledge also of mathematics. Pursuing her studies with great industry, she soon surpassed her instructor, and resolved, after a time, to gain the means of subsistence by her own exertions, and in a manner congenial to her habits and inclinations. To this end she established in the Rue de Tournon a *bureau d'écriture*, which succeeded well, and where she continued to exercise her vocation as a prophetess till the time of her death in 1843. Her success enabled her, after a time, to get her sister married as she desired, and to promote her brother in his military career. It was towards the end of the reign of Louis XVI. that Mademoiselle Lenormand commenced practice. She found the troubles of the times, which unhinged the minds of all around her, and filled them with alarm and anxiety, very propitious to her views. The unfortunate Princess de Lamballe, whose untimely fate she predicted, was one of her frequent visitors; and she possessed a letter from Mirabeau, written from his prison at Vincennes, in which he intreated her to tell him when his captivity would cease. The revolution followed, and applicants for the benefit of her oracular powers increased. Alarmed at the rapid progress of events, and rendered superstitious by their fears, crowds of anxious inquirers flocked to the Rue de Tournon under various disguises, which it required no great shrewdness or talent to discover. It was at this time that two French guards who had joined the crowd in the attack on the Bastille visited the celebrated reader of futurity: to one she predicted a short but glorious military career, and an early death by poison; to the other the baton of a *marechal* of France. The former was afterwards General Hoche, whose untimely fate fulfilled the augury; the other the celebrated Lefebvre. The Comte de Provence, (afterwards Louis XVIII.,) on the night of his flight from Paris, sent to consult the sybil of the Rue de Tournon, "en qualité de voisine," previous to his departure.

During the reign of terror, Mademoiselle Lenormand continued for some time undisturbed in the exercise of her divination, and was visited one evening by three men, who demanded with smiles of evident incredulity to learn their future destiny. On examining their hands attentively, she became greatly agitated, probably knowing the parties she had to deal with; they encouraged her, however, to speak without fear, as they were ready, they said, to hear whatever doom she should pronounce. For some time she remained silent, and continued to examine the cards apparently with great attention, but evidently under considerable excitement; yielding at length to their encouragement, she foretold their destiny, and, tragic as it was, her visitors received the prophecy with shouts of incredulous laughter. "The oracle has failed for once," observed one of them; "if we are destined to destruction, we shall at least fall

at the same time; it cannot be that I should be the first victim, and receive such splendid honors after death, whilst the people shall heap your last moments with every possible insult." "She slanders the citizens, and should answer for it at the tribunal," observed the youngest of the party. "Bah!" replied the third; "the dreams of prophecy are never worth regarding." The death of Marat, one of the inquirers, soon after, confirmed the first part of the prediction; and the completion of the second alone saved the prophetess from destruction, she being incarcerated when Robespierre and St. Just, the other two visitors, met the destiny she had foretold them. How it chanced that the science of Mademoiselle did not guard her against the danger in which she was involved, is nowhere recorded. Occupied, we must suppose, with the destiny of others, she seems to have neglected to read her own, and fell into perils she might otherwise have avoided by examining the lines in her own fair palm, or dealing out the cards for once for her own information and instruction. Yet that she really had faith in her own power of divination, seems to be proved by her conduct with regard to her brother, who, as has been stated, was in the army. Receiving intelligence that he was severely wounded in an engagement, she never ceased seeking, by means of the cards, to know the state of his health; and at length, after having passed a night in various cabalistic researches, she was found in the morning by her attendant bathed in tears, and gave orders for mourning, having ascertained, she said, that her brother was dead; which was soon afterwards confirmed by the arrival of letters.

After the reign of terror, the celebrity of the prophetess continued to increase. Barrère was one of her constant visitors. Madame Tallien seldom allowed a week to pass without availing herself of her supernatural powers. Barras frequently sent for her to the Luxembourg. From the access she had to the leaders of all parties, it required no great skill in divination to predict many of the events which took place at that time. The empire was, however, the season of her richest harvest. Josephine, as is generally known, was a firm believer in auguries and prophetic intimations. The early prediction of her future greatness, and its termination, has been so frequently repeated, without receiving any contradiction, that it is become a fact which no one questions, and would easily account for the firm faith she reposed in the oracles of Mademoiselle Lenormand, to whom she constantly sent to ask, amidst other questions, explanations respecting the dreams of Napoleon; and when the latter projected any new enterprise, the empress never failed to consult the reader of futurity as to its results. The disasters of the Russian campaign, it is said, were clearly predicted by Mademoiselle Lenormand; and it was from her also that Josephine received the first intimations of the divorce which was in contemplation, which premature revelation, unfortunately for the authoress, procured for her an interview with Fouché, who, on her being introduced, inquired, in a tone of railery, if the cards had informed her of the arrest which awaited her? "No," she replied; "I thought I was summoned here for a consultation, and have brought them with me;" at the same time dealing them out upon the table of the minister of police without any apparent embarrassment. Without mentioning the divorce, Fouché began to reproach her

with many of the prophecies she had lately uttered; and which, notwithstanding the kindness she had received from the empress, had been employed to flatter the hopes of the royalists in the Faubourg St. Germain. Mademoiselle Lenormand continued to deal the cards, repeating to herself in an under tone, "The knave of clubs! again the knave of clubs!" Fouché continued his reprimands, and informed her that, however lightly she might be disposed to regard the matter, he was about to send her to prison, where she would probably remain for a considerable time.

"How do you know that?" asked the prophetess. "Here is the knave of clubs again, who will set me free sooner than you expect."

"Ah, the knave of clubs will have the credit of it, will he!"

"Yes, the knave of clubs represents your successor in office—the Duc de Rovigo."

The fall of Napoleon brought fresh credit and honor to Mademoiselle Lenormand. She had foretold the restoration of the Bourbons, and received the rewards of divination. The Emperor Alexander visited and consulted her; and her old patron, Louis XVIII., again availed himself of her science and advice. But it was not the monarchs of Europe alone that gave their support to this singular woman. Prince Talleyrand, with all his incredulity, and with all his knowledge of man, and Madame de Staël, with all her boasted talents and wisdom, both were carried away in the general delusion.

It was during the consulate, when Madame de Staël returned to Paris, after a lengthened absence, that she allowed herself to be persuaded to make a visit to the Rue de Tournon. In the course of conversation, Mademoiselle Lenormand observed, "You are anxious about some event which will probably take place to-morrow, but from which you will receive very little satisfaction." On the succeeding day, Madame de Staël was to have an audience of the first consul, who well knew her pretensions, and was but little disposed to yield to them. Madame, however, flattered herself that the power of her genius, and the charms of her conversation, would overcome the prejudice she was aware he had conceived against her. The lady was received in the midst of a numerous circle, and fully expected to produce a brilliant effect upon Bonaparte, and all who surrounded him. On her being introduced, the consul abruptly asked, "Have you seen *la pie voleuse*, which is so much in fashion?"* Surprised at the unexpected question, Madame de Staël hesitated a moment for a reply. "On dit," he added, "we are soon to have *la pie séditeuse* also." The second observation completed the lady's confusion; and the first consul, not wishing to increase it, turned and entered into conversation with some more favored visitor. After this memorable audience, Madame de Staël called to mind the observation of Mademoiselle Lenormand, and from that time had great confidence in her skill, paying her many subsequent visits.

The residence of the prophetess for forty years was at the extremity of a court, (No. 5, Rue de Tournon,) and over the door was inscribed, "Mademoiselle Lenormand, Libraire." The profession of a prophetess not being recognized by the code, she took a "patente de libraire," to receive

* The Thieving Magpie, a play so called; the same, we presume, as that called in English the Maid and the Magpie.

her visitors and exercise her vocation, without giving offence to the prefect de police or his agents; and, under the title of librarian, her name is inscribed in the royal and national almanac. On ringing at the door of the oracular abode, a servant appeared, and you were introduced into an apartment in which there was nothing extraordinary. So well was the character of Mademoiselle established, that no additional means of imposture were requisite to support it. Some thirty or forty volumes were arranged on shelves against the wall, chiefly consisting of the works of the lady herself—"Les Souvenirs Prophétiques," "La Réponse à Mon. Hoffman, journaliste," "Les Mémoires Historiques," and five or six other works chiefly on cabalistic subjects. Mademoiselle soon made her appearance—a short fat little woman, with a ruddy face, overshadowed by the abundant curls of a flaxen wig, and surmounted by a semi-oriental turban, the rest of her attire being much in the style of a butter-woman.

"What is your pleasure?" she demanded of her visitor.

"Mademoiselle, I come to consult you."

"Well, sit down; what course of inquiries do you wish to make? I have them at all prices; from six, to ten, twenty, or four hundred francs."

"I wish for information to the amount of a louis-d'or."

"Very well; come to this table; sit down, and give me your left hand." Then followed several queries—"What is your age? What is your favorite flower? To what animal have you the greatest repugnance?" During the course of her questions she continued shuffling the cards; and at length presenting them, desired you to cut them with your left hand. She then dealt them out upon the table one by one, at the same time proclaiming your future fate with a volubility that rendered it very difficult to follow up all she said, and as if she were reading with great rapidity from a printed book. In this torrent of words, sometimes quite unintelligible, occasionally occurred something which particularly struck the inquirer, whose character, tastes, and habits, she sometimes described very accurately, probably in part from phrenological observation. Very often she mentioned remarkable circumstances in their past life with great correctness, at the same time predicting future events, which many of her visitors found to be afterwards realized. Of the failures, probably innumerable, nothing was heard. In justice to the lady, it must however be observed, that her natural shrewdness and observation frequently enabled her to give advice which was of considerable advantage to the inquirer.

Mademoiselle Lenormand, notwithstanding the favors she received from the emperor and Josephine, was a steady and devoted adherent to the elder branch of the Bourbons; and, after the revolution of July, retired very much from her usual business, both in consequence of her age, and from the diminution of her visitors; passing much of her time at Alençon, where she purchased lands and houses, and built herself a residence which she called "La petite maison de Socrate." Remembering the little honor a prophet receives in his own country, she refused to exercise her vocation in her native town, saying that she came to Alençon to forget that she was a "devineresse," and only calculated horoscopes at Paris.

How far she believed in her own skill, cannot be exactly ascertained; but from the fact relative to her brother's death, she seems decidedly to have had some faith in the revelations she drew from cards. Another instance is recorded in which she acted from some principle analogous to those from which her conclusions were sometimes drawn. At the time of the first invasion by the allies, Mademoiselle Lenormand had beside her a considerable sum of money, and many articles of value, which she was anxious to intrust to some one in whom she could place confidence. The only person who presented himself at the time was not much known to her, but at the moment there was no one else to whom she chose to address herself. "To what animal," she asked in her usual routine, "have you the most repugnance?" "To rats," was the reply. "It is the sign of a good conscience," she observed. "And to which do you give the preference?" "Oh, I prefer dogs far beyond all others." Mademoiselle, without hesitation, committed the important charge to his care, as one in whom she could place entire confidence.

The prophetess was in person excessively fat and ugly; but her eyes even in age preserved their brightness and vivacity, and the good citizens of Alençon were wont to say, "Que ses yeux flamboyants leur faisaient peur." It was never understood that Mademoiselle Lenormand showed the smallest inclination to marriage, nor was there ever a question on the subject; but she was well known to have a great aversion to young children. Besides a large funded property, and her houses and lands at Alençon, she possessed a very handsome house in the Rue de la Santé at Paris; a chateau at Poisey, eight leagues from the metropolis; and a large collection of very good pictures, principally representing the acts and deeds of members of the house of Bourbon; also a vast collection of very curious notes respecting the events of which she was either a spectatress or an actress, all written in her own hand, which, by the by, is a most cabalistic-looking scrawl. She had also autographic and confidential letters from most of the sovereigns of Europe, and was in fact a remarkable proof of the credulity of the nineteenth century, and of an imposture which, for its long and continued success, has had few rivals in any age of the world.

Of the two children of her sister, which she adopted after their mother's death, the daughter died young, of consumption, and the son is now an officer of rank. On the decease of his aunt during the last year, he inherited all her property.

EXTRAORDINARY SPORTING STATEMENT.—The following anecdote is given on the authority of "An old sportsman," on whose veracity we can rely:—A gamekeeper to a nobleman in an adjoining county, being shooting upon his employer's estate, on the second of September last, flushed a covey of partridges, a brace of which separated from the others and fled in a direct line for a large fish-pond, by the side of which was a foot-road leading to the mansion. The keeper having killed a sufficient supply for the larder, was returning, when one of his dogs made a stand by the side of the pool, and on the keeper's approaching, the brace of strayed birds rose, and attempted to cross

the pool, but the keeper shot one of them, which was immediately taken, while fluttering on the water, by a large pike. This circumstance did not much surprise him, as he well knew the voracious propensities of the fish. But on the morrow, as he was again passing this large sheet of water, the same dog made what is termed a dead set at the edge of it, and kept looking steadily at a few rushes that grew in the water, about two yards from land. Not seeing anything in the water, the keeper was surprised at his dog standing, and tried to send him in, but without effect, when presently he saw a large pike, about four inches beneath the surface, which he shot, when the dog dashed in and brought it to land. In returning home the keeper perceived an unusual fulness in the belly of the fish, and, taking it into the kitchen, requested the cook to cut it open, when, to his great surprise, he found the bird of his yesterday's killing, which sufficiently accounted for his dog standing when he got to leeward of the fish, as no doubt he was setting the bird, which he must have scented from the respiration of the fish.—The above is one of the many wonderful circumstances which frequently occur to the observation of sportsmen.—*Worcester Chronicle.*

CONTINENTAL RAILROADS.

ROYAL NORTH OF SPAIN.—**BAY OF BISCAY TO MADRID.**—This line is to commence at the port of Aviles, and to extend inland as far as Leon. For this purpose one million of capital will be sufficient. Aviles possesses a fine natural harbor, and it is intended to effect a regular steam communication between Aviles and Falmouth, a distance which will be accomplished in two days. The effect to be produced on the civilization of Spain, by bringing London within three days' journey of Madrid, it is not easy to over-estimate. Within eight miles of Aviles are the Ferrones collieries; a little further on are those of Santo Firme, and for nearly forty miles the line crosses the great Asturian coal-field, the largest in Europe. The anticipated dividend is 14 per cent., the lease is for 99 years, and it is important to our own manufactures to know that all the material for constructing and working the line is to be introduced from Great Britain free of duty.—*Railway Chronicle.*

A line from Lisbon to Badajoz is to be formed and completed in ten years.

BELGIAN RAILWAYS.—*Brussels, March 12.*—We learn that Mr. Stephenson, the celebrated English engineer, has accepted the proposal, made by Richards and Co., to visit the line *entre Sambre et Meuse* in all its details, to study the situation of the country, and consider the wants of the various branches of manufactures, and the modifications in the proposed line which may appear to be advantageous.

GREAT PARIS AND LYONS.—Proposes to connect the north and the south of France, and, by a branch from Dijon to Mulhausen, to connect Marseilles with Strasbourg and the Mediterranean with the Rhine, so as to secure to France the continuance of the commercial transit of which Austria and Italy seek to deprive her.

The formation of companies for foreign railroads proceeds at a rapid pace, and it is said that the Dutch are coming into our market for funds to construct a new line.

From Jerrold's Magazine.

THE HISTORY OF ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES.

CHAPTER VII

As it is our hope, in the course of this small history, to chronicle many great achievements of our hero of the gutter, St. Giles, we shall not follow him year by year through his humble yet industrious course, in which, to his own satisfaction and strengthening conceit, he became profoundly knowing; subtly learned in every way of petty speculation; whether he plundered the orange-baskets of Covent Garden market, or whether, with finest skill, he twitched the tempting handkerchief from the pocket of the lounge. Nor was this, his lowly career, undignified by suffering. No; for ere he was twelve years old, he had tasted the hospitality of Bridewell; where, in truth, he had been inducted into the knowledge of far deeper mysteries than he had ever hoped to learn. In Bridewell, his young and ardent soul had expanded with the thoughts of future fame, won by highway pistol—or burglar's jemmy. And there, too, would he listen to fairy tales of coining; would dream of easy, lasting wealth, acquired by copper guineas. As for the lash bestowed upon him, the pain of that did but burn into his mind his high resolves. He would the more fiercely revenge the suffering upon everybody called honest. He would steal with all his heart and all his soul; he was born and bred to steal; he came into the world to do it, and he would notably fulfil his mission. Such was the strengthened belief of young St. Giles, when, at fourteen and for the second time, he came back to the world across the threshold of Bridewell. Such was his creed: the only creed his world had taught him. Nevertheless, our hero did not vaunt this belief, save among those of his own Newgate persuasion; on the contrary, he assumed the character of a tradesman, that under his commercial aspect he might the more securely plunder the innocents who dealt with him. True it is, he had not the security of a shop; he could not, like his patron the dealer in marine stores, despoil across a counter; but he carried a basket: and whilst to the unsuspecting eye, he seemed only the Arcadian vender of chickweed, groundsel, and turf for singing-birds—for the caged minstrels of the poor—he was, in every thought, a robber.

It was a fine morning early in spring, and Plumtree-street resounded with the sharp tradesman cry of young St. Giles. Pausing at a door-step, and looking up to the second-floor windows, he pitched his commercial note with a peculiar significance, as though giving notice of his whereabouts to an expected customer. "Chickweed for singing birds," cried St. Giles, in a shrill, prolonged voice, as though he would send the glad tidings up to the garret casement, where hopped and fluttered some solitary linnnet—some lonely goldfinch—that, feeling the breath of spring, albeit through prison bars, sang a song of hope and cheerfulness. "Chickweed for singing-birds," cried St. Giles, with increasing volume and impatience. Then again he looked up at the window, and then muttered, "The old un can't be dead, can she?" As he thus speculated, the window was raised, and a woman looked down into the street. "Is it you, my poor boy?" she cried; "stop a minute;" and instantly disappeared. "Thought the old un could n't be dead," said St. Giles, self-communing; and then he began to hum a tune and shuffle

a dancing-step upon the pavement. The door was opened by a girl, who, with no very cordial looks, muttered—"Mrs. Simmer—well, she's a droll cretur, she is!—Mrs. Simmer says you're to come up. You can leave your basket here, can't you?"

"In course, my beauty," said St. Giles, "'cause, you see, there's only these two bunches left; and them I can carry in my hand without breaking my back." With this, St. Giles, rapidly placing his basket against the wall, gave a saucy wink to the servant, and bounded like a kid up stairs. In a moment he was with his patroness, Mrs. Simmer.

"My poor child, I thought you was lost," said the dame in the kindest voice. "What makes you so late?"

"Why, do you know mum, I can't tell what's come to the chickweed: it does n't grow no how, now. If I was n't at five in the morning in Hampstead fields, a hunting in every edge, and hav'n't got above three penn'orth. Chickweed, mum, as Tom Blast says, seems a perishin' from the face of the earth, and only to spite poor people as lives by it. I don't know how much I could n't ha' sold this mornin'; but I says to myself—no, there's Mrs. Simmer's blessed little linnnet, and her darlin' goldfinch as draws his own water—they sha'n't go without, whoever does."

"Poor dear child! good little boy," said Mrs. Simmer, looking with softened looks upon the wily little trader.

"And to hear how all the birds did seem to call to me from their cages—I'm blessed if they did n't, mum, as I came along—but no, says I to 'em, it's no use, my little cockies, no use to be gammonin' me—this here chickweed's for Mrs. Simmer's Bob and Tit, and for nobody else whateomever." And after this fashion was the simplicity of two-score and ten talked to and duped by precocious fourteen.

But dear Mrs. Simmer seemed to be one of those good, old people, who strangely enough carry their hearts in their heads. She had not been above a fortnight in London at the time of this interview with St. Giles, whom she had met in the street, and whose pathetic tale of destitution—delivered with the cunning of an actor—had carried away her sympathies. St. Giles, however, had another claim upon her. He was, she said, such a pretty boy. Dear soul! she could no more read a human face than she could read Sanscrit. She only saw the bright, glittering eyes of St. Giles, and not the fox that looked from them; she praised his eyes and face, as she might have praised a handsome hieroglyph, wholly unconscious of its subtle meaning. A great master has said, "there is something in true beauty that vulgar souls cannot admire." And sure we are, there is something in the truest rascality, that simple benevolent souls cannot detect. They have not an eye for the worst counterfeit countenance; have no ear for a false voice, let it ring ever so brassily. Now, dear Mrs. Simmer was one of these: hence, was she, at fifty, but a babe, an innocent, in the hands of young St. Giles.

"Now, my poor child," she said, "take some tea. I've kept it for you, with some toast;" and Mrs. Simmer took a smoking jug and a plate piled with toast from either hob, and placed them on the table, before her guest. "Take as much as you can, my child, and then you shall tell me all your story as you promised. Poor lamb! Bless you, eat—it does my heart good to see

you;" and Mrs. Simmer, folding her hands, looked with almost maternal tenderness upon St. Giles, who, acknowledging the welcome with a knowing nod of the head, proceeded vigorously with his meal. Mrs. Simmer thought she never saw so handsome a creature: what St. Giles thought of Mrs. Simmer, we will not say. "And so you've no father nor mother, my dear boy?" after some time asked Mrs. Simmer.

"Not one on 'em," answered St. Giles, rapidly moving his buttered chin. "Not one on 'em."

"The Lord help you!" cried Mrs. Simmer: "and no uncle, no aunt, no"—

"No nothing, mum," said St. Giles; and he gulped his tea. "All on 'em died, mum, when I was a babby."

"Poor dear child! Bless my heart! And how have you been brought up?"

"Brought up, mum"—and St. Giles grinned and scratched his head—"you said brought up, mum! Don't know, mum."

"And where do you live, now, my poor boy?" and Mrs. Simmer melted with every question.

"Don't live nowhere, reg'lar, mum. Poor boys, like me, why we live—as Tom Blast says—like the rats, where we can. Then o'nights, mum, I sometimes sleeps in the market among the baskets. Sometimes, though, don't they come with a stick, and cut us out! I believe you!" and St. Giles seemed to speak with a lively recollection of such incidents. "Cuts the werry breath out o' you," he then significantly added.

"Cruel creatures! Gracious little lamb! And I'm afraid you meet with bad boys there, eh? Wicked boys, that may some day tempt you to do something wrong! Eh?" asked simple Mrs. Simmer.

"Believe you," said St. Giles, with well-acted gravity. "Lots on 'em wanted me to go picking pockets—"

"Heaven forbid!" cried Mrs. Simmer, and the tears came to her eyes.

"That's what I said, mum; no, says I, no, I shall stick to chickweed if I starves for it—I'm not a-going to be hanged to please nobody: no, mum."

"That such a precious flower should be thrown away!" cried Mrs. Simmer to herself: and then to St. Giles: "you're a good boy; I'm sure you're a good boy. And tell me; I hope you go to church?"

"Oh, I should like it so!" cried St. Giles: "but you see, mum, it's impossible."

"How so, my boy?" asked Mrs. Simmer.

"Look here, mum," and St. Giles, with the coolness of a philosopher, drew his feet up almost level with the table, and with his forefinger pointed to his ten muddy toes, that showed themselves through the parted shoe-leather. "Parson would n't have 'em, by no means. I did once try to go to church; I did begin to feel so wicked. Well, mum, if the beadle did n't come up, mum, and nearly cut me in two, mum."

"How wicked—how barbarous!" said the ingenuous Mrs. Simmer.

"And only for my bad shoes, and the oles in my coat; but that's how they serves poor boys, mum. I don't think it's kind, mum; do you, mum?" And St. Giles tried to look at once injured and innocent.

Mrs. Simmer wiped her eyes, making an effort to be calm. She then said, "I've been thinking, if I could get you a place in a gentleman's house."

"Would n't that be prime!" cried St. Giles: and as he spoke, there rang through the house a loud and hurried knock at the street-door. Mrs. Simmer, without a word, jumped to her feet, and ran to the window.

"Well, I declare! if it is n't that blessed child! if it is n't his lordship!" she cried.

Young St. Giles, at the word lordship, slid from his chair, and looked slyly about him. Was it possible that a lord could be coming into that room? Could he imagine such a thing, as to see a real lord in such a place? Ere St. Giles had done wondering, the room-door was flung open, and in ran young St. James. St. Giles seemed to shrink into himself at the splendid appearance of the new comer. He wore a bright scarlet coat, thickly ornamented with gold buttons; and a black beaver hat, with a large, heavy feather of the same color, brought out in strong contrast his flushed and happy face. For the moment, young St. Giles felt himself overpowered, abashed by the magnificent outside of the little stranger. He sidled into a corner of the room, and looked at that scarlet coat as though it had been something dropped from the heavens. "Well, nurse," cried St. James, with a loud, ringing laugh, "I told you I'd come and see you, and here I am. I went out riding with Mr. Folder. Well, he stopt to talk to somebody, and so I just gave him the slip, put Jessy into such a gallop! and was here in a minute. I say, can't that boy?"—and St. James pointed his riding-whip towards St. Giles—"can't that boy hold Jessy, instead of the girl?"

"To be sure, my lord—to be sure," cried Mrs. Simmer.

"Certainly, my lord—directly, my lord—I knows how to hold osses, my lord," said St. Giles in a flutter.

"Just walk, her up and down a little, will you, for she's hot," said St. James, with an early knowledge of horse-flesh.

"Yes, my lord—to be sure, my lord—walk her up and down, my lord;" and St. Giles flew down the stairs, and relieved the girl of her charge. Young St. James was then left to have his gossip with Mrs. Simmer: from which gossip a stranger might have learned that the good woman had, for years, been in the service of the family of St. James; that she had been the favorite nurse of his young lordship; and that for the first time in her life she had come to London from the country, where, made comfortable by a pension granted to her by the marchioness, after a short sojourn in the metropolis, it was her purpose to return. She had been to the house in the square, where young St. James had made his chivalrous promise to visit her; yes, at all hazards, to seek Plum-tree street, out of pure love, and a little frolic, to his old nurse. "Oh, I shall be at home now before Mr. Folder," said young St. James, in answer to the fears of Mrs. Simmer, alarmed at the escape of the young gentleman from his tutor. However, we must leave them and descend to the pavement to St. Giles.

With an air of becoming gravity, the boy led the pony up and down before the door, his eyes riveted upon the beast: certainly a creature of extreme beauty. She was jet black, of exquisite delicacy of outline; and her arched neck, quivering nostril, and fiery eye, told something for the spirit and horsemanship of the boy who rode her. Up and down St. Giles walked; and now looking at the animal, now thinking of the boy lord, it appeared

to him that all the treasures of the world were concentrated in that pony—that St. James was a sort of earthly angel; a being of altogether another kind to the boys St. Giles had ordinarily met with. There was something so magnificent about the pony and its rider—that only to have had his lordship speak to him—that only to hold the bridle of his steed, seemed in the confused brain of St. Giles to redeem him from somewhat of his misery and lowliness. He could not but think the better of himself for all time to come. He had spoken to a lord—had held his horse! Could any of his gutter companions boast such greatness? These thoughts were busying the mind of St. Giles, when he heard himself addressed by a familiar voice. "What! my flower?" was the greeting; and St. Giles, turning, beheld his friend and tutor, Tom Blast. St. Giles, in his last retirement to Bridewell, had had the advantage of Tom's tuition; and to speak truly, the teacher and pupil were worthy of each other. Tom was a scoundrel of most extensive experience; and had the happy art of so simplifying his knowledge, that he made it available to the meanest understanding. St. Giles, however, had no need of any such condescension: he could jump at a meaning—good or bad—half way. Hence, the teacher and the taught respected each other for their mutual excellence. In fact, Tom Blast looked upon young St. Giles, as his Newgate son; and St. Giles, in default of another, considered Tom as the best of fathers.

"What have you got here?" asked Tom, his eye sparkling all over the pony.

"Got a oss to old," said St. Giles with an inquiring look at Tom. Then he added, sinking his voice—"it belongs to a lord: sich a little chap, and yet a lord."

"Well, she's a beauty," said Blast; "make her walk a little faster."

"She is a beauty," cried St. Giles, boldly venturing an opinion, and quickening the animal's pace.

"What a sweet trot!" said Blast, "so light and so free; why she would n't break a egg-shell! would she?"

"I should think not," answered St. Giles, a little flattered that his opinion was solicited.

"Come up!" cried Blast, urging the beast into a quicker pace. "Come along, sweet-lips!"

"Stop, Tom; stop!" said the prudent St. Giles, when he had arrived in Bedford-square. "Blest if we don't turn back, if they won't think we're a-going to steal her; and that would n't do, no how, would it Tom?" asked the boy, and his eye encountered Tom's thoughtful look.

"Why—no," answered Tom with some deliberation. "No; it would n't—turn her round again; and walk her gently, Giles; gently, pretty cretur." And as St. Giles complied, Tom turned too, walking with meditative eye that now glanced at the boy and now at the pony. Ambitious thoughts busied the brain of the small, timid thief, Tom Blast; and he pondered on the means whereby he could reap the profits of a stolen horse, still assuring to himself exemption from the tragic penalty. For many years Tom had from time to time eaten stolen bread; nevertheless, he had lived, as it were, upon the crumbs, the broken morsels of crime. He had never had the courage to dare Tyburn that he might dine, but he satisfied himself with the pickings of petty larceny. No; he never promised to earn for himself either biogra-

phy or portrait in the Newgate Calendar. Hence, he was a little perplexed at the temptation that would intrude itself upon him as he glanced at Lord St. James' satin-coated pony. Fortune seemed willing to make him a handsome present of horse-flesh, if he had only the valor to accept it. No; he would not be tempted; he had resolved to die a natural death, and therefore he resolutely dismissed the demon that would destroy him. Nevertheless, he thought it possible that policy might achieve what courage failed to attempt. He might accomplish all by a stroke of wit, profiting in security by the danger of another. St. Giles might be made the robber, and Tom Blast, in happiest safety, pocket the proceeds. Thus ruminating, Tom again reached Mrs. Simmer's door.

"Not wanted yet," said St. Giles, looking from the door to the window. "We'll give her another trot, eh?" And at the word the pony was turned towards Bedford-square.

"Gently," said Blast, "gently. Why don't you have a ride upon her? The young lord would n't know nothing of it. And what if he did? He could n't take the ride out of you again. Only not so big, else she's the very picture—yes the very moral of Dick Turpin's Bess," said Blast, looking critically, admiringly, at Jessy. "Get up, and don't be a young fool," he added; and then St. Giles—he hardly knew how it was accomplished—found himself in the saddle. "There, that's something like life, isn't it," said the tempter suddenly, speaking from the whole breadth of the pavement, and every other minute looking cautiously behind him the while he mended his pace, and St. Giles jerked the pony into a trot. "That's something like living for, eh? and I should like to know why you should n't have it just as soon as any little lord whatsomever?"

"Ha! would n't that be prime, Tom?" cried St. Giles, his eyes sparkling, and face glowing. "Would n't it be prime?"

"It's nothing more than what you ought to have; why, you ride as well as if you was born upon her back—give her her head a little more—now down this way," sharply added Blast; and then rapidly turning to the right, he ran on, St. Giles trotting hard after him. Arrived at the east side of Russell-square, Tom suddenly halted. "Now, St. Giles," said he, "are you man enough to make your fortin?"

"I should think so," said Giles, in high spirits with his feat of horsemanship.

"Now listen to a friend, Giles—a friend as never yet deceived you," said Blast with sudden gravity. "Throw away this bit of luck, and you may never get another. Take the pony and sell it." St. Giles stared. "Why not, you fool! you may as well," cried Blast, "you've stole it, you know!"

"Stole it!" cried St. Giles.

"It's all the same; there's nobody as would believe otherwise—so I'll stand your friend, and get you the money for the bargain. Ha! I see—you have n't no pluck in you—not a bit," said the taunting friend.

"Ain't I though! just you see!" cried young St. Giles, determined to do anything.

"Well, then, as you've got yourself in a bit of trouble, I'll stand by you. Now, you listen; just dash as hard as you can through the fields, and then turn to the right—and so round and round, until—you know the way—until you drop

down upon Smithfield. Then make for Long Lane; and then, just afore you get to the Blue Posts, get off and lead the pony up and down, as if you was holding her for somebody—and then in a crack I'm with you. Now, look sly, and your fortin's made. Young Turpin forever! Off with you!" And so saying, the Tyburn monitor slapt the pony smartly with his broad hand, and the mettlesome creature bounded forth, young St. Giles with difficulty keeping the saddle. Away went the pony up the Long Fields and away towards Islington! The words "young Turpin" still rang in the ears of St. Giles, as he cantered along. He felt that he had already done something worthy the exalted name bestowed upon him; and as his blood mounted with the exercise, he imagined future triumphs that would make him glorious. The robbery of the horse was—for the time—altogether forgotten in the increased importance that had fallen upon him. He dreamt not of the punishment attending the theft; he only thought of the hateful of guineas that the stolen property would produce him. And then, as he rode, how petty and contemptible did his former pickings and stealings appear to him! he almost felt ashamed of himself, comparing his past petty larcenies with his last grand achievement. From that moment he had taken leave of boyhood. He had suddenly become a man, by the grace of daring felony. Then—he thought—how should he ever be able to spend the money! Would he not have a scarlet coat with gold lace to it? ay, much finer than the little lord's! And would he not go to the play every night, and have his hot supper afterwards! And would he not flourish money in a hundred ways that should make all his old companions—the little dirty, paltry thieves of Hog Lane—look up to him with devotion and astonishment?

Still young St. Giles ambled along, and still the world seemed changed to him. He was in a waking dream—a rapture of happiness! All things about him bore a brighter hue; all things sounded with a sweeter music; his brain seemed on wings, and his lightened heart danced in his bosom. And—poor wretch—this ecstasy of ignorance arose from evil, from a crime whose fatal effects, certain as death, would follow him. Still the very houses, to his fancy, took a new and pleasant aspect; wherever he looked he saw a new face of happiness—whatever he heard came toned with a new note of harmony. He saw not the blackened stones of Newgate—heard not the freezing accents of the death-dooming judge. Miserable, foolish wretch!

Yet how often do men—in the ripeness of worldly wisdom, imitate the folly, share the ignorance of young St. Giles! Elated by the commission of some profitable wrong, seeming secret, too, as profitable—how often to them does fortune seem to put on a new and shining face, when at the very time she grasps the lash, or drags the bitter bowl that shall revenge the wickedness. For a brief time does successful evil put a new tint of outside beauty upon all the world; and happy knavery rejoices in the cunning that makes the world to him so beautiful. What a plodding, leaden-eyed fool is mere honesty! what an oaf, an ass, compared to him who squares his code of morals by his seeming interest! And then full surely time advances, and the world, that looked so fresh and smiling, is hollow-cheeked and ghastly—its beauty wiped away, even as a harlot's

paint. Successful knavery, dizzied with its luck, sees suddenly delicious scenes—a paradise of worldly joy and life-long rest—then, waking to the truth, beholds around it burning, barren sand. If the mature pilgrims of the world are sometimes so deceived, why not the boy St. Giles?

Still the young, yes, and happy, felon trotted on, until he entered Smithfield. He then walked the pony slowly up Long Lane, and soon as he espied the Blue Posts, faithful to his orders, he dismounted, looking anxiously around him for his friend and instructor, Tom Blast. A quarter of an hour passed, and still he came not. And then, and for the first time, he looked at the stolen goods with lowering eyes, and his heart felt leaden. What was he to do with the pony without Tom? Nobody would buy it of him. And then a deeper and a deeper shadow fell upon all things; and, biting his lips, young St. Giles, with eyes quick as rats', looked about and about him. What an ugly brute the pony seemed to him! Yes; he knew what he would do: he would jump upon the pony—gallop back to Plumtree-street, and swear he had only been for a ride. Anything to be well clear of the pony. With this thought St. Giles had his foot in the stirrup, when he was tapped upon the shoulders by a man plainly and comfortably dressed in a dark-gray suit, wearing a light flaxen wig in tight curls, surmounted by a large beaver hat, scrupulously sleek. He had a broad, fat face, with a continual smile, laid like lacker upon it. And, when he spoke, he spoke very gently and very softly, as with lips of butter.

"My dear little boy," said the stranger, patting St. Giles affectionately on the back, "where have you been so long?"

St. Giles looked—he could not help it—very suspiciously at the stranger; then scratching his head, he observed, "Don't know you, sir."

"I dare say not; how should you, my dear? But you will know me, and for a friend. I've waited for you, these ten minutes."

St. Giles said nothing; nevertheless his thoughts were never more active. He by no means liked the appearance of his new friend: he felt afraid of him. He would fling himself into the saddle, and gallop off. As he determined upon this, the stranger, in the gentlest manner, twitched the bridle from his hand, and gently said, "My little dear, it's all right."

"All right!" cried St. Giles; and somehow he felt that his stolen pony was about to be stolen from him—"what's all right?"

"You came from Plumtree-street." St. Giles winced. "Now you know you did; don't tell a lie, my little dear; for don't you know what comes of little boys who tell lies! I have seen your friend, and paid him; it's all right; but as you're such a nice little boy, here's a guinea for yourself." St. Giles' heart rose somewhat at the guinea. "You're to go into the house, and wait for Mr. Blast." St. Giles' eyes twinkled at the name: of course, as the stranger averred, it must be all right, "Stop, don't change the guinea; here's a shilling too, my little dear. Now, go in—I don't want to be thanked—only let me see you go in, that you may n't come to any harm in the street." St. Giles, taking a last look at the pony, entered the Blue Posts. The stranger and the pony went—who shall say whither?

St. Giles meekly seated himself in a corner of the hostelry, ordering for his refection two penny

worth of ale, and some bread and cheese. And when he had somewhat soled his inward boy, he began to wonder when Tom Blast would come. Hour after hour passed, and still St. Giles remained alone. Again and again he looked at the clock—again and again at the guinea. Never before had he possessed such wealth: and the contemplation of his riches in a great measure abated his anxiety for the arrival of Tom; even though he thought of him as the bearer of other guineas, the purchase-money of the pony. Still, there was the charm, the fascination of ready gold to comfort St. Giles: the glitter of the money held him like the eye of a snake. His only perplexity was how he could best spend it. He was deep in these thoughts when, the room having filled, his attention was awakened and afterwards possessed by a man who, talking very loudly—and with his clenched fist beating the table the while—about what he called the abstract beauty of honesty, gradually hushed all speakers into reverent listeners. The man was about the middle-time of life, drest somewhat like a grazier. He seemed prematurely bald, which questionable defect gave to his head an outside look of wisdom, possibly not warranted by the contents. He had one of those large clear faces, often called open, because probably there is nothing positive in them. He was earnest and voluble in his speech, as though his arguments welled up from his heart, and would out.

"You have said, sir," he cried, "that honesty is the best policy. You have been pleased to call that a golden maxim."

"I have," answered a huge, dull-looking man, in a butcher's coat. "I have," he repeated; sucking his pipe, and winking his small eyes.

"Sir," cried the bald-headed orator, "I call it the maxim of a rogue and a rascal."

"Hallo! Hallo!" cried some, and "Prove it—prove it," shouted others.

"Prove it! Why it's as plain as the door of Newgate. Now, listen, gentlemen, if you please. Honesty is the best policy, that's what I have to tackle. Very well. What is honesty? I ask you that. Why, I suppose, it's not to pick a man's pocket—it's not to steal his purse, or his coat, or his sheep, or his horse!" Young St. Giles turned his eyes from the speaker. "It's not to put off bad money, or to give short measure, or light weight."

"Stick to the pint," cried a man with an apron, apparently a small shopkeeper.

"I am sticking to it," resumed the orator. "Now I tell you again that that maxim is n't the maxim of a good man, but of a rascal: of a fellow that wants to be rewarded for not stealing—for not passing off bad money—for not giving short measure. He says, no says he, I'll be honest, not because I love honesty for itself, but because it's all to my advantage to be honest. Now, I ask you, is n't that the trick, the cunning, of a sly fellow! What does he know about what I beg leave to call honesty in the abstract?"

"Stop, old fellow; not so fast," cried the shopkeeper. "I never heard of that. What is honesty in the abstract?"

"Why it's honesty stript of all flummery and nonsense," was the answer; "in a word, it's honesty stark-naked."

"I see," said the butcher, winking knowingly. "I see: just as the lord mayor—with his robes and his gold chain, and every rag and thread in the world stript off him—would be the abstract of a lord mayor."

"That's it; just it," said the bald-headed man. "Now, I ask, is any man here a friend of the lord mayor's?"

"I am"—"And I"—"And I"—"And I," cried several.

"Very well; now suppose you got nothing by him! Suppose you never got a dinner out of him, or a little favor of any sort—or a bow—or so much as a civil word of him—well, would you be his friends still! I ask you that." There was no reply. "Well, then, the lord mayor's nothing to you in the abstract, and your friendship's not worth a brass farthing. In the same way that the man who follows honesty because it's the best policy, follows it for what is nothing more than a mean and dirty advantage. No, gentlemen. Make honesty *not* the best policy, and then show me the man that loves it. That's my man—that's the true heart, gentlemen. But, to follow honesty because it's the best policy—why, I repeat it, it's nothing more than the calculation of a sneak-up—of a fellow that has n't the courage to be a rogue. No; give me honesty naked as truth; that's the honesty I love best. I don't want to be bribed for being honest! Eh?" and he gazed triumphantly around him.

"I want you," said a man, putting his head in at the door, and looking with strange significance at the speaker.

"God bless me!" cried the orator, and immediately obeyed the summons.

Oh, abstract honesty! bleed for thy worshipper; for in less than three minutes was he handcuffed at the door on a charge of street robbery.

To return to young St. Giles, an attentive though unenlightened listener to the lecturer upon honesty. St. Giles had heard of honesty; had some dim notion of its meaning. It was a something especially made for people who had all things comfortable about them: so much he knew of honesty: but for honesty in the abstract—in that he was as ignorant, ay, as even some of his betters.

The hours passed, and still Tom Blast came not. Evening approached—night shut in—midnight came, and St. Giles, with a heavy heart, though lightened somewhat by his guinea, turned into the street. He could not go home—no; at least, for a time, Hog Lane must be to him a forbidden Paradise. No matter. Had he not a guinea—a whole guinea—to himself! The thought, even in the midnight street, fell like a sunbeam upon him; he sprang from the pavement with a shout, reckless with his wealth. He would make a night of it—yes, he would have all things glorious! And with this hilarious wilfulness, he took to his heels, and was speedily housed for the night within the very shadow of Newgate.

CHAPTER VIII.

For more than a week did St. Giles live upon his guinea. True it is, that for the first day or two he dined and supped in the Apollo of an eastern cook-shop; besides taking his luncheon of fried fish in the Minorities, for the which delicacy, the Hebrews, thereabout dwelling, enjoy a just renown. But these days of Carnival past, St. Giles economized, with a fine knowledge of the resources of the metropolis. Threepence awarded to him the sweets of sleep beneath a roof; and a shilling saw him safely through the day. However, let not the reader imagine that St. Giles—like many a great genius—was made dull and in-

active by the golden reward of his ability—a circumstance to be so often deplored in the case of great authors, great painters, and especially of great philosophers; wherefore, it is questionable, if the world would not really gain more by them if it never rewarded them at all.—St. Giles was by no means one of these. No: he still kept his eyes wide open at the doings of life; still hived in that odd, world-twisted little brain of his, all sorts of knowledge for the future day. He especially employed part of his time, dodging about the haunts of Tom Blast; but, strange to say, that interesting person never showed himself in any of his wonted places of ease and recreation. Again and again did St. Giles travel Long-Lane—again slink and spy into every haunt in the fond and foolish hope of once more meeting with the soft-spoken man who, at the ruinous price of one guinea one shilling, had purchased a pony of incomparable Arab blood. St. Giles, with all his friendship, all his gratitude for Tom, could not but feel that he had been tricked, bamboozled by his tutor: and the nearer and nearer he approached to his last shilling, the more intense was his indignation—the more insatiable his thoughts of revenge. Yes, it was strange; but the poorer St. Giles became, the less tolerant was he of human frailty. And this uncharitableness is only another of the thousand evils to be shunned in poverty. Therefore, reader, if only to cultivate charity, cultivate wealth: virtue blossoms on a golden bough.

It was the ninth day of St. Giles' absence from his maternal home, and the pilgrim of London stood before a house of humble entertainment in Cow Cross. The time was noon; and St. Giles, feeling the last threepence in his pocket—turning them over, one by one—was endeavoring to arbitrate between pudding and bed. If he bought a out of pudding—and through the very window-pane he seemed to nose its odor—he had not wherewithal to buy a lodging. What of that! London had many doorways—hospitable stone-steps—for nothing; and pudding must be paid for. Still he hesitated; when the cook-shop man removed the pudding from the window. This removal immediately decided St. Giles. He rushed into the shop, and laid down his last worldly stake upon the counter. "Threepenn'orth o' puddin', and a good threepenn'orth," said St. Giles. With a look of half-reproof and half-contempt the tradesman silently executed the order; and in a few moments, St. Giles stood upon the king's highway, devouring with great unction his last threepence. Whilst thus genially employed, he heard a far-off voice roaring through the muggy air: his heart beat, and he ate almost to choking, as he listened to these familiar words:—"A most True and Particular Account of the Horrible Circumstance of a Bear that has been Fed upon Five Young Children in a Cellar in Westminster!" It was the voice of Blast; and St. Giles swallowed his pudding, hurriedly used the back of his hand for a napkin, and following the sound of the crier, was in a trice in Peter-street, one of the mob that circled the marvel-monger of Hog-Lane. Nevertheless, though Tom roared with an energy that very strongly declared his own faith in the horror that he sought to vend for only one halfpenny, still his auditors lacked credulity or coppers, for the well-worn enormity. Nobody purchased. Not even a timorous, sympathizing servant-maid advanced through the crowd to make the mystery her own. Tom looked about him with evident disgust at

what he had heard called the advancement of the age; he had heard of the nuisance, and now he beheld it. His standing in the world as a tradesman was fast crumbling from beneath his feet. St. Giles was hurrying up to his old and early friend, when, at a short distance, he beheld his former patron, Capetick the muffin-maker, and Bright Jem. They looked, as he thought, somewhat curiously at his friend Tom, and then seemed to take counsel of one another. Under these circumstances, St. Giles thought that to accost Tom, would be to call unnecessary attention to himself. He therefore remained, shrunk down among the mob that every moment became less and less. What, too, made it most discouraging to Mr. Blast were the scoffs and loud laughter with which certain new-comers would listen to the description of the horror sought to be circulated, and then hurry off. "That cock won't fight now!" cried one—"A little late in the day for that. Get something new," cried another. "Gammon!" shouted a third.

Nevertheless, be of good heart, Tom Blast: take consolation from this. You suffer in great society: you sink in most worshipful companionship. Very reverend, grave, authoritative persons—men of the bench, even of the pulpit—who for centuries sold to their exceeding profit, "Most True and Particular Accounts" of a horrid bear of some sort—whether of royal or feudal privilege—of witchcraft—of popery—of sham rebellion—nay, fifty bears and bugbears, all of horrid, ghastly nature—they, too, in their turns, have outlived the profitable lie. And even in these latter days, when some Tom Blast in higher places—nay, in the highest—sounds his tin horn of bigotry, and would trade upon some bear apocryphal—he is assured in the like sense, although in gentler phrase, that such cock will by no means fight—that the day has passed for so foolish, vain a story—that, finally, his bear is no bear at all, but briefly, yet intensely—gammon. Has not history her catch-pennies, even as the archives of Seven Dials?

Mr. Blast was somewhat of a philosopher. He could have borne the laughter and scoffing of the crowd, if any of them had bought his ware; but his philosophy was not of that transcendental kind to endure outrage, unmitigated by any sort of coin, even the smallest, current in the realm. He therefore, with a *sotto voce* expression of the deepest contempt for his hearers, broke from the crowd, passing on, and then—his legs evidently walking in a passion—turning, he strode still onwards until he entered Cow-Lane. Here, St. Giles, hanging at his skirts, came up with him.

"Well, if it isn't a sight for bad eyes to see you!" said the unabashed Tom. "But don't let's talk in the street." And Tom made for an opposite public-house, one of his customary places of call, unknown to St. Giles. Stalking through the passage, followed by his young friend, he made his way into a small, dark, low room. "I thought there'd be nobody here," said Tom; and then in a tone of great tenderness and anxiety, looking straight in the eyes of St. Giles, he asked, "Well, and *where* have you been? They're mad about you in the Lane. Where *have* you been?"

"Why, I've been looking for you," said St. Giles moodily, shaking his head. "You must have know'd that."

"And that's I suppose why we did n't happen to meet," replied Tom; possibly recollecting that

his chief care had been to keep out of the boy's way. "Why, what's the matter? you look plaguy sarcy! What are you looking so black at, you young devil?" cried Tom, with sudden ferocity; but St. Giles felt his injuries, and was not to be browbeaten.

"Why, I'm a looking at you—and not much to look at neither," shouted St. Giles, with answering vigor. "You're not a goin' to frighten me, I can tell you. Why did 'nt you come as you promised you would? You're a good un, you are."

"Now, what does ail the boy?" said Tom coaxingly; though evidently ill at ease: for his fingers worked; and he bit his lip as he gazed on the boy, who with sullen, defying air, returned his look.

"Why, this ails me. Did n't you tell me to take that pony to Long Lane—and then did n't you tell me to wait for you?"

"I know it, Giles; I know it; but you see, as I went along, I thought agin over the matter. I thought, you see, it might lead you into trouble, if I came; so I thought I'd stay away, and you'd bring the pony home agin, and then, mayhap, after a little breeze, there'd be an end of the matter. That's it, Giles," said cautious Mr. Blast.

"Then why did you send the man as gave me a guinea, and took the pony away? and, as said too, that he'd made it all right with you, and that?"

Here St. Giles was interrupted in his volubility by Mr. Blast; who performed—and an admirable performance it was—a look of immense astonishment, at the same time whistling very vehemently. At length, mastering his wonder, he cried—

"Why, Giles! you've never sold the pony?"

"No. I never sold it—but you did; the gem-man told me so. You sold it; and after that—"

Mr. Blast could scarcely contain himself, so big, so swelling was his compassion for the injured boy.

"Oh, Giles," he cried—"poor little fellow! You're done, Giles; you're done."

"And who's done me? Why, you have," screamed the youngster in a paroxysm of passion. All childhood vanished from his face, so suddenly was it convulsed with rage. He stood, for a moment, breathless with emotion; and forgetful in his fury of the bulk and strength of his former teacher, he clenched his little fist, and grinding his teeth, advanced towards Blast, who, for a moment, recoiled from the small assailant. Then recovering himself, he laid his hands upon his knees, and with an effort to be calm, contemptuous, said—"And this, you little varmint, is your thanks to me; to me, you scorpion, as has been better than a father to you! To me, who's taught you ballad-chanting, and everything as is decent, you know; to me, as has laid awake in my bed thinkin' what I could do for you in the mornin'; to me, who's always looked on you as a rasher of my own flesh! And you'll shake them little mawleys at me!" The picture of ingratitude was almost too much for Mr. Blast. He was nearly melted in his own tenderness.

"None o' that: that won't do for me, no how," cried St. Giles. "You made me steal the pony—you sold it, and now—"

The charge was too much for the indignant virtue of Mr. Blast. With an exclamation of disgust, he aimed a blow at his accuser, that but for his agility, would have laid him senseless on the floor. Bobbing his head and doubling himself up with wonderful elasticity, St. Giles escaped

the meditated punishment, and the next moment saw him fastened on Tom: clapping him round the waist, and kicking with all his might and malice at his benefactor's shins. Tom, mad with pain and vexation, sought to fling the urchin off; but he held to his prey like a stoat. For some moments the boy heroically suffered the worst punishment that his master in equity could inflict, returning it with unequal powers. At length, Blast unclasping the urchin's hold, seized him in his arms, and threw him violently off. The boy fell, stunned, against the wainscot. The infuriate savage—his passion raging—was about to deal a blow—it would have been the last—upon the prostrate boy, when Capstick, Bright Jem, and a couple of officers burst into the room. Blast immediately divined their business, and with masterly coolness observed, pointing to St. Giles lying in the corner a senseless heap—"There's your young oss-stealer for you; and a nice job I've had to nibble him. A varmint of a pole-cat as he is."

"The young un and the old un, too," said one of the officers. "Why this is better luck than we bargained for."

Jem lifted up the boy between his knees; he was still pale and senseless. "Mr. Capstick," said Jem, "for God's sake, some water!" Then turning an indignant look upon Blast, he added, "Why, what a paving-stone you must have for a heart, to use a poor child like this."

"A child!" cried Blast, "a young devil."

"And if he is," said Jem, "who's made him one? Murder! why it's the worst of murders; to take and kill all the good in a child's soul, and then to fling him into the world to do his worst, and answer for it."

"There, there, never mind, Jem," cried Capstick, who was turning himself round, and shuffling about, visibly affected by the miserable condition of the child, yet struggling to maintain his outward misanthropy. "All wretches; all alike, worthless animals!" And then he roared at the waiter as he entered—"Why don't you bring some water—some brandy—anything, everything for this poor creature—this miserable—helpless—forlorn—unhappy little boy?" And then Capstick turned his face in a corner, and violently blew his nose, and coughed, and vowed he never had such a cold in all his life.

"There, there," said one of the officers, as Jem bathed the boy's face, "he'll come round again, never fear."

Jem groaned, and shook his head. "Yes, he will come round," he said. "If it was n't that blood would be on somebody's head, it would be a good thing, if he did n't. Lord! Lord!" cried Jem, "to think this is the baby's face I once knew."

"Pooh—pooh!—nonsense," said Capstick; "we've nothing to do with that; nothing at all. The ends of justice—the ends of justice, Mr. Aniseed"—and again the muffin-maker coughed; he had such a cold.

However, whilst Jem—with his heart running at his eyes—is solacing young St. Giles, we will, as briefly as we may, inform the reader of the cause that has brought the muffin-maker and the link-man to Smithfield.

Ever since the conclusion of our sixth chapter—which the urbanity of the reader will consider to be no less than six years ago—fortune smiled upon Capstick. True it is, she often smiles upon

the strangest lumps of men—is oft a very Titania enamored with an ass's head—nevertheless, she showed good judgment in the favors she bestowed upon the muffin-maker. So fortune made interest with her good sister fame to play a flourish on her trumpet in praise of Capstick's muffins; that in time rejoiced many hearths without the circle of St. Giles'. In a word, Capstick soon built an enduring reputation upon muffins; and therefore had a better chance of his name going buttered down to posterity, than has the name of every monarch duly buttered in birth-day ode. Well, the calls upon Capstick's oven were so increasing, that his wife suggested he should forthwith start a horse and very genteel cart. She, good woman! had no eye to a Sunday drive—the vanity never entered her head: all she thought of was business: she was a woman, and therefore had no wish to adulterate it with even a drop of pleasure. Mr. Capstick was somewhat twitted with himself that such proposal emanated from his wife: it was so good, so reasonable, it ought to have been his own. However, he would say, the woman had caught something like judgment by living with him. At once, then, Mr. Capstick consented to the vehicle; and that purchased a bargain, he took his way—in pestilent hour for him—to Smithfield, to buy a horse. Now, Mr. Capstick knew no more of the points of a horse than of a unicorn. As, however, he had little faith in human nature, and none whatever when mixed up with horse-flesh, he said to himself that he might as well be cheated at first hand as at second; therefore, went he alone to buy a steed. Arrived in the market, full soon was he singled out by a benevolent, yet withal discerning dealer, who could see in a twinkling the very sort of thing that would suit him. "A nice little cretur that would eat nothing, and go fifty miles a day upon it." In brief, the worthy man sold it to the muffin-maker, sold it to him for an old song—to be sure, he could afford to let it go thus cheap—the black pony which only two days before had been the valued possession of Lord St. James. For four-and-twenty hours alone did the muffin-man rejoice in his purchase: for on his very first attempt to degrade the high-blooded animal to a cart—it was quite as fit to draw St. Paul's—the creature, although its flowing tail and mane had been ruthlessly docked and cropped—was identified by Cesar Gum, on his way, with a sisterly message, to Short's Gardens. Never before had Mr. Capstick known the full value of a good character. His story of the transaction was received as truth; and though he lost the ten pounds—the value of the old song—he had given for the animal, he maintained his untarnished reputation. Of course, St. Giles was soon known as the horse-stealer. It also came out, that Mr. Thomas Blast had been seen in very earnest conversation with the boy, as he led the pony. Every search was made for Tom; and as, with a modesty not usual to him, he seemed wholly to have withdrawn himself from his native parish, curiosity to learn his whereabouts was the more quickened. Mr. Capstick felt his judgment, his pocket, too, somewhat involved in the transaction. He felt that he stood fair and upright in the eye of the world, nevertheless it would be to him a peculiar satisfaction could he detect Mr. Thomas Blast, or the benevolent, simple-spoken tradesman who—for the price of an old song—had sold the pony. With this wish thumping at his heart, Capstick every day visited

Smithfield and its neighborhood; taking with him Bright Jem, whom he had accustomed himself to think an honest, worthy fellow, and his particular friend; that is, so far as the misanthropy of the muffin-maker would acknowledge the existence of such a treasure. It was strange, however, that Capstick, in his thoughts of revenge, had no thought of young St. Giles. No; all the vehemence of his wrath was roused against the boy's tutor.

We have now, we trust, sufficiently explained the course of accidents that brought the muffin-maker and Jem to Porter-street, and so made them hearers of the unprofitable oratory of Tom Blast. Fearful that they might be recognized by him, they employed a third party to watch him to his haunt, whilst they secured the attendance of officers. Hence, they saw not St. Giles, who, as we have before observed, kept himself close among the mob. They were the more astonished to find the ill-used boy in the same room with his schoolmaster.

"There, now, he's all right," cried one of the officers, as St. Giles—restored by the efforts of Bright Jem—looked about him. However, no sooner was he conscious of the presence of Capstick and his fast friend Jem, than his face glowed like a coal. He hung down his head, and burst into tears: there was no sham whimpering—no taunted effort of sorrow—but the boy's heart seemed touched, melted, and he wept and writhed convulsively. A recollection of the goodness—the disregarded kindness of the men before him—thrilled through his soul, and though he knew it not, he felt the yearnings of a better nature. There was anguish—penitence—in the sobs that seemed to tear his vitals.

"Thank God for that!" cried Jem; and the poor fellow wept, too. "I like to hear that, eh, Mr. Capstick?"

Mr. Capstick felt an old queasiness in his throat, and could say nothing. He therefore again threw himself upon his pocket-handkerchief. Then, conscious that he had a great duty to perform for the ends of justice—a fact, that when otherwise puzzled he had more than once insisted upon—he turned to the officers, and pointing his thumb towards Blast, observed with peculiar loftiness, "You will be good enough to handcuff that man."

"Handcuff me!" cried Mr. Blast. "They'll do it at their peril."

"Ha! my good man—I beg your pardon—you desperate scoundrel!" said Capstick, with withering urbanity; "they're accustomed to do a great deal at their peril: thanks to such rascals as you. Handcuff him."

"They darn't do it—they darn't do it," shouted the struggling Blast; and in a moment afterwards his wrists were locked in iron. "I'll make you pay for this—never mind; it's no matter to me—but I'll make you pay for this," he said; and then, like a Tyburn philosopher, Tom became suddenly reconciled to his manacles.

We will not dwell upon the details of the examination of the prisoners. It will be sufficient for the reader to know that, after certain preliminaries, a sitting alderman committed St. Giles and his tutor for horse-stealing. Both scholar and master awaited their trial in Newgate.

It was not until after the culprit's first examination, that Capstick felt the full annoyance of his position. When Jem would shake his head, and

look dumpish on the matter, Capstick would talk loud, and beg him to think of the ends of justice: but when the boy was committed on the capital charge, the muffin-maker's public spirit wholly forsook him. Evidence had brought the accusation quite home to the boy; however legal proof might fail to criminate his tempter. "They'll never—never think of much hurting the boy—a child, you know—a mere child," said Capstick to Jem, as they left Guildhall together.

"Humph! I don't know what you call hurting, Mr. Capstick," said Jem, moodily. "But I should n't think hanging pleasant."

Capstick turned pale as flour, and he could scarcely articulate the words—"Impossible—ridiculous—they could n't do it."

"Ha!" cried Jem, "when hanging's the thing, you don't know what they can do. Well, I'd rather ha' been in bed, with a broken limb, than had a finger in this matter. I shall have that poor child always about me; I know I shall. When he's killed and gone, I shall never take my pipe without seeing his face in the fire. And then my poor old woman! She that still's so fond of him—poor orphan thing! for his mother's worse than lost to him—she'll lead me a nice life—that is, though she won't say anything outright, she'll always be a crying about him. We've done a nice thing, Mr. Capstick, to make our lives pleasant as long as they last!"

"Pooh, pooh—folly, Jem; all folly. I suppose property must be protected. I suppose you won't deny that, eh?" asked Capstick.

"I deny nothing," answered Jem hopelessly; and then he groaned "God help us! Why did n't he die in the frost and snow! Why did I warm him, when a babby, at my own fire, only to help to hang him arterwards?"

"Hang him! Nonsense! I tell you, Jem, you're a fool—an old, butter-hearted fool—and you know nothing: here have you lived all your life with the worst of people about you—not but what folks at the very best are great rascals, every one of 'em—but here have you been up to your ears in villany—and yet you look upon everybody about you as innocent as shepherds and shepherdesses in white china. I'm ashamed of you, Jem; be a man, and think of the world as its rascality deserves. For, Lord! what a lump of roguery it is! How that the blessed sun should ever condescend to smile upon such a lot of wretches as we are, I can't tell."

"No more can I," answered Jem; "but since the sun, as you say, does condescend to show a good face to us, I think it's as little as we can do to try to do the same to one another."

Capstick, taken somewhat aback, looked suddenly round upon Jem; and then, feeling himself wholly unable to controvert this opinion, he simply said, "Jem, you're a fool."

A week passed on, and the trial of St. Giles approached. It was strange to Mr. Capstick that so many of his customers would ask him about his health. "Why, what can ail the people?" he would say. "I was never better—never in all my life. I eat like a pig, and sleep like a dormouse: can any man do better than that?" But Mr. Capstick was not well. The biped pig made poor meals; the human dormouse had restless nights: and when dreaming, dreamt horrid visions of death and Newgate.

It wanted some ten days of the trial, when Bright Jem presented himself at Capstick's house.

"You see," said Jem, "they're getting some money in the Lane so that they may have a lawyer for poor St. Giles. Well, they're a bad lot, I daresay: but you should only know what some of the poor souls have done."

"And what have they done?" asked Capstick, with what he meant for a sneer.

"Why, some as had two blankets have sold one on 'em; some with two gowns have pawned one o' them. It would make you bless yourself, Mr. Capstick, to see besides what things they've made twopences and threepences of—kettles, sarcepans, anything. It's wonderful to see how they do stick by one another."

"Crime, Mr. Aniseed, crime is a brazen cord—and certainly does hold rogues together," said Capstick.

"You may say what you like," said Jem, "but whenever I've looked up that horrid Lane, and seen men and women like devils, and children—poor creturs—like devils' little ones—I never could have thought that in that dismal place there was after all a sort of good, that the very best of us would n't be any worse for more of it."

"Very like; very like," said Capstick. "And I am to understand, that the people want to fee a lawyer?"

"That's it," replied Jem. "There's a Mr. Tangle, somewhere in Clifford's Inn; he's a sharp un: they say he'd get a chap out o' Newgate; get him out through a flaw no bigger than a key-hole. Well, I've been thinking—not that I can do much—but I've been thinking that as we helped to get the boy into Newgate, if we was to give what money we could to help to get him out."

"And so defeat the ends of justice?" cried Capstick, and he frowned severely.

"Oh, I daresay it's wrong," said Jem; "nevertheless, if we could only get the boy safe off, he might be a good un after all. Did n't you hear how he cried! Oh, there's heart in him yet, I'm sure there is. Well, then, you see—"

"I see perfectly," said Capstick, "you've come to ask me to subscribe to the fund for the lawyer?"

"Well, that's just it," assented Jem.

"Forgetful of my serious responsibility as a witness—forgetful of the ends of justice—forgetful of what I owe to society—forgetful—"

"Forgetful," cried Jem with animation, "of everything except of saving a child from the gal-lows."

"Mr. Aniseed," said Capstick very decidedly, "I am sorry to refuse you anything, but you must not let your feelings blind you: you mean well, but you have yet to learn that the best meaning men are those who so often do the most mischief. In a word, sir, I can have nothing to say to this business."

Bright Jem made no answer, but with a moody nod, was about to leave the shop, when the muffin-maker called to him. "I think you said this attorney's name was Wrangle?"

"Tangle," said Jem, shortly.

"Tangle, Lyon's Inn," said Capstick.

"Clifford's-Inn," cried Jem, a little sulkily, and then he darted from the shop.

It is most true that Mr. Tangle deserved the high reputation bestowed upon him by Jem. His office in Clifford's-Inn was looked upon as a pri-

vate way out from Newgate. Many and many a time, when the fatal halter seemed inevitable, has he, by some deft device, turned the running into a slip-knot, and the hangman has been defrauded by the quibbler. Many a gentleman had Mr. Tangle restored to the road, none at all the worse for Newgate. Many a highwayman, on his solitary midnight watch, might think with gratitude of the master-spirit of Clifford's Inn.

It was the evening of the day on which Bright Jem solicited Capstick, and Mr. Tangle sat in the solitude of his chambers. He was sunk in profound study; possibly, pondering how to find or make a flaw: how to give to the line of right a zig-zag, profitable bend, for some consulting client shut in Newgate stones. His clerk was out: therefore, his knocker being struck, he rose himself and opened the door. A tall, bulky man, wrapped in a great-coat, a hat slouched over his face, tied by a handkerchief that almost wholly covered his features, stalked into the room. Mr. Tangle was not at all surprised; not at all. So many odd people, so strangely appointed, every session called upon him.

"You are Mr. Tangle," said a voice that most assuredly belonged to Capstick, the ruffin-maker. Mr. Tangle bowed. "You are interested in the case of a boy, one St. Giles?"

"I have been consulted," said Tangle in his dry way. "A bad case; confessedly, a bad case; still, something may be done. You know till a man's hanged there's always hope; that is, if there's always—"

"Money." Mr. Tangle smiled and nodded. Mr. Capstick took a small leathern bag from

his pocket, from which he counted out ten guineas. "I am not a rich man, Mr. Tangle," said Capstick.

"I am sorry for it," said Tangle, (and evidently with a feeling of sincerity;) "otherwise the ten might have been fifty."

"But do what you can for that wretched boy—only save him from hanging, and there's twenty more."

"Thirty pounds," said Tangle; "it's doing it—if indeed it's to be done at all—very cheap; too cheap. Nevertheless, as you're not a rich man, I'll not refuse money. What name?"

"Never mind that," said Capstick. "I think I've given you enough to show that I'm in earnest. Now, only save the child, and as God's in heaven you shall have the other twenty."

"We'll see what can be done," said Tangle, showing Capstick to the door—"I have hopes; great hopes."

And the trial came on, and St. Giles and Thomas Blast were arraigned for stealing a pony of the value of fifty pounds, the property of the Marquess of St. James. Nothing could be clearer than the evidence against the boy, as delivered by young St. James, Mrs. Simmer, and her servant. But legal proof was wanting against Blast. True, he had been seen talking to St. Giles, as the boy led the pony; but nothing more. There was no doubt that the man who had taken the animal from St. Giles in Long Lane was an accomplice of Blast's, but he was not to be found—there was no proof. Whereupon, Thomas Blast was acquitted; and young St. Giles found "Guilty—Death."

THE BELLS ON SUNDAY MORNING.

Translated for the Protestant Churchman, from the German of Agnes Franz.

Up, up, the day is broad awake,

The stars have gone to bed,

The glorious sun is spreading fast

His banner o'er our head;

And, hark, from the heights the merry bells ring,

'Tis a message from heaven to earth they bring;

"Up, up, from your sleep break away,"

The morning breeze wafts the chimes along,

Arousing the birds to their morning song;

"Think of the Lord—think of the Lord,

Who has given another day."

The mother wakes her little one,

And teaches him to pray

And praise the Lord, who has begun

Another blessed day.

The night has gone with its chilling fears,

And the warmth of the cheerful light appears,

And the bells ring merrily;

She bends with a pious heart to hear

The voice which the chimes are wafting near,—

"Praise ye the Lord,

Praise ye the Lord,

Who has tenderly guarded thee."

The sick man tosses to and fro,

Trying in vain to pray;

The cheerful sun but comes to show

A sad and suffering day.

"Who cares for a friendless soul like me,

Who cares for the sick in their misery;

Alas! there is none to hear."

Then suddenly burst from their heights above,
The chimes of the bells with their voice of love,

"Rest on the Lord,

Rest on the Lord,

Who treasures up every tear."

The rich man on his bed of down,

Is scarcely roused to hear

The merry chimes, alas! they fall

Unheeded on the ear.

Thou idler, awake—each moment of thine

Is a talent but lent by a Master divine;

Be ready the bond to pay!

Then hark to the chimes as they're floating past,

They tell thee thy moments are flying fast;

"Think of the Lord,

Think of the Lord,

And the awe of the judgment day."

Oh, holy, blessed Sunday bells,

Ye bring us from above,

The tidings which each bosom swells,

Of God, the Father's love;

Long may your echoing chimes rebound,

And over the heathen land resound,

Till all in one harmony blend.

Then arouse to the voice when the matin bells ring,

For a message of love from the heavens they bring,

"Think of the Lord,

Think of the Lord,

Who pities and loves to the end."

M. W.

From Chambers' Journal.

A FEW DAYS IN A FRENCH CHATEAU.

BY A LADY.

I OFTEN wonder at what has been a thousand times wondered at already—the remarkable resemblance between the course of events in English and French history. A king possessing many good qualities, falling on evil times, is carried by his people to the scaffold. Next follows a pretended republic, which merges in a military despotism. This ends, and then comes back the old reigning family. But this family not conducting itself properly, loses the popular affection, is turned adrift, and a far-off cousin is elected king. To make the parallel pretty nearly complete, the family of the dethroned monarch lives in a distant land, hoping for better times, and retains a hold on the loyalty and compassion of certain old families of distinction, whose feelings cannot brook an unhesitating submission to the powers that be. One thing more, indeed, as respects France is still wanting to render the resemblance complete—an insurrection led on by these old-fashioned loyalists, and fruitless in everything but utter ruin to their expiring cause.

No such mad freak having yet occurred, the legitimists of France, as they are pleased to term themselves, occupy a position parallel with the Jacobites in Scotland and the Cavaliers in England, a short time before their annihilation as a party by the rebellion of 1745. In the same manner that these sturdy Jacobites and Cavaliers used to shun the court of George I. and II., and live in grumbling retirement in their old castles and halls, so do the legitimists of France eschew the court of Louis Philippe, and shutting themselves up in their chateaux or their town mansions, live but for their families, and dream only of a second restoration. James III. was "the king over the water," who, the Cavalier party declared, should one day "enjoy his own again;" the young Duke of Bourdeaux (nominally Henri V.) is the object of veneration among the saddened adherents of the Bourbons.

Visionary as everybody now allows the projects of the Cavaliers and Jacobites to have been, nothing can make me disbelieve them to have been a noble set of men—gentlemen of high principle, brave, generous; their very misfortunes making one almost love them in spite of their manifold errors. Had I lived a hundred years ago, I dare say I should have attended the ball of "the prince" in Holyrood, at least if so gallant a personage as Fergus M'Ivor had asked me. I am certain I should have wept the fate of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino and Charles Ratcliffe; and even now I have a degree of tender regard for the "bonny white rose," the emblem of the unfortunate house of Stuart. Of such poetical inclinations, it will not be thought surprising that, on a late visit to Paris, with a party of friends, I should have wished to see and know something of the old loyalist families who still cling to the *fleur-de-lis*—the De Sullys, the De Montmorencies, the De Choiseuls, and other remnants of the shattered noblesse.

In ordinary circumstances it is no easy matter to become acquainted with these families; for they do not mingle much in general society. The few who dwell in Paris reside in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, a *quartier* which has now become synonymous with their party, and the inhabitants

of which are associated in the mind with the brilliant court of Louis XIV. The loyalists who have retained their fortunes display their taste for magnificence only in the sumptuous adornment of their palace-like houses, and in the splendor of their equipages. The brilliant *toilette*, so dear to all other Frenchwomen, is by the ladies of these families discarded, and replaced by the neatest and most simple attire. Their manners partake of the same simple character; they are frank, and at the same time polite; merry without being boisterous, and never exacting; for they have been schooled by that best of teachers—adversity.

A previous acquaintance in London with certain members of one of these ancient and noble families, was now fortunately instrumental in bringing us an invitation to spend a few days with them and their venerable relative at their seat in the country; and as life in a French chateau can be but little known in England, I propose—adopting, as may be supposed, fictitious titles—to attempt a sketch of what fell under our observation at the chateau of our new but valued friend.

The Comte de Beaulieu, one of the sons-in-law of the nobleman to whose country-house we had been so hospitably invited, offered to come to Paris to escort us to Linière; but this stretch of politeness we positively declined, and only would consent to meet him at Versailles, where we intended to remain for a few days previous to quitting France. Behold our party, then, at Versailles, where, on the appointed day, the comte made his appearance; and after an interesting stroll with him through some of the private apartments of the palace, to which he had special access, we set off for Linière early in the afternoon, and under as bright a sun as ever shone on la belle France, being preceded by the comte, who drove an elegant open carriage, built from a design of his own, and drawn by a pair of fine English bay horses. The excursion was short and delightful. Passing through a district of country tolerably wooded, we had here and there a glimpse of an old chateau, whose white walls contrasted finely with the bright green of the trees which surrounded it, and were thus prepared for what we might expect at the conclusion of our drive. On we went, and in about two hours arrived at the park gates of Linière. At the head of an avenue of trees stood the mansion, a fine pile of building, with a spacious flight of steps in the middle, from the top of which, on each side, branched off a terrace with a balustrade of stone running across the front of the chateau. The steps at both sides were flanked by quantities of geranium and other fragrant plants in full bloom, which imparted an air of elegance to the scene.

At our near approach, the venerable master of the house, the Marquis de Tourville, accompanied by another of his sons-in-law, the Vicomte de Saint Prosper, descended the steps where they had been waiting some time. The truly hospitable and kind manner in which we were thus welcomed, could only be equalled by that which we experienced from the ladies, when, a few moments after, we arrived at the vestibule, where they reiterated the same kind expressions in the most engaging manner. We then walked through the antechamber and billiard-room into the drawing-room, where we chatted for a short time, and then adjourned up stairs, preceded by the Marchioness and the Countess de Beaulieu, who pointed out our individual apartments, and quickly retired, warn-

ing us that we had not much time before dinner for the duties of the toilet. In a short time the great dinner bell rung, and when the ladies tapped at our door to conduct us to the drawing-room, we were not quite prepared to descend. When we made our appearance in the drawing-room, we found all the family assembled: therefore, whilst waiting for the announcement of dinner, let me describe our host, hostess, and family. The marquis numbers more than seventy years, although he does not appear so old: from his military bearing, no portion of his height is lost, and this, combined with an aqueline nose and eagle eye, give him such an imposing presence, that one cannot approach him without feeling a degree of awe. From infancy he had been in attendance upon Maria Antoinette, as his family was one of those who enjoyed the intimate acquaintance of that unfortunate queen.

The marquis in early life joined the allied army, and is linked in the dearest bonds of friendship with some of our brave old generals with whom he had served. After the Restoration, he was reinstated in his former rank and position, and succeeded in regaining a great part of his fortune. When Charles X. ascended the throne, he was intrusted with a high and responsible command of great honor, which he filled up to the moment of the Revolution. He has ever since lived apart from the court, and never takes his seat in the Chamber of Peers unless some question involving the vital interests of his country is to be agitated. The marchioness is the descendant of one of the most renowned families in France: her mother and grandmother both perished under the guillotine. She has passed middle life, is peculiarly graceful both in person and manner, has a sweet but sad expression of countenance, and in youth must have been beautiful. She dresses to perfection; never tries, by any youthful denudings, to take one year off her age; and wears her own nice gray hair. Her family consists of three daughters, who are all married. The eldest, the Countess de Beaulieu, always resides with her parents; she is an elegant, self-possessed, intelligent woman, with a very engaging expression, and excels in music and painting. She has six children. The comte, who is the heir of a house as ancient as that of his wife, is a handsome, dark-complexioned man, and highly accomplished. The youngest daughter, who was staying here, resembles a lovely young Englishwoman; she is a beautiful blonde, and is married to the Vicomte de Saint Prosper, eldest son of the Duke de Saint Prosper, with whom they reside nine months every year, the other three being passed at Linière. The vicomte is a tall, handsome, fair-complexioned man, and so much like a John Bull, that he has frequently been mistaken for an Englishman. They have also six children.

On dinner being announced, the marquis politely offered one of us his arm, with the air of an old cavalier, and the rest of the company followed. According to French custom, the host and hostess sat at opposite sides of the table, on which the display was simple and tasteful, the eye being feasted as well as the palate. I was particularly struck with a large and handsome basket occupying the middle of the table, and filled with the most beautiful flowers. As soon as the soups were despatched, and the covers removed, an immense joint of roasted beef, as a compliment to us, stood revealed, towering over all the delicate

dishes. After three courses, which would have done credit to Ude himself, the table, with the cloth still on, was replenished with the most delicious fruits, sweetmeats, and iced creams.

The conversation during dinner, which lasted about two hours, was lively and entertaining. A number of merry stories were related of the mistakes made by English people in France, and *vice versa*; indeed the Comtesse de Beaulieu told some very laughable anecdotes of her own experience in London. After finger-glasses were handed round, we were all escorted back again in the same order to the drawing-room. On the way, we saw eight lovely little girls, all dressed alike, playing in the billiard-room. They accompanied us into the drawing-room, and as soon as coffee was dispensed, the party quickly broke into little social knots. Music, conversation, and looking at the gentlemen playing billiards in the adjoining apartment, made the evening pass most agreeably. When the drawing-room was lighting up, a new contrivance struck us as having a pretty effect. Two brilliant lamps were placed in superb china vases, on each side of the mantel-piece, throwing down a light upon a pyramidal stand of flowers, which entirely concealed the fireplace. Tea was served at a late hour. The marquis told us that, although they always had this beverage in Paris, they had not yet habituated themselves to it in the country. Tea, indeed, is still a rare luxury among the French.

We had been so long accustomed to the narrow and uncomfortable beds in French hotels, that when, on having retired for the night, we sunk in capacious down couches, with linen akin to cambric, and pillows trimmed with fine lace, we could scarcely credit our senses that we were really in France. We arose early to enjoy the delightful view from our windows. The beautiful park, studded with lofty clumps of trees, reminded us of merry England. At eight o'clock the waiting-maid of the marchioness brought in a large tray covered with a napkin, upon which were placed tea, coffee, hot rolls, butter in curious devices covered with pieces of ice, and suddy kinds of cakes quite hot. The cups and saucers were each ornamented by a marquis' coronet, and were of the finest Sèvres china. The entire establishment being conducted by men-servants, with the exception of the respective waiting-maids and nursery attendants, was the reason that the marchioness, in consideration of our English prejudices, was so kind as to let her own maid bring in our breakfast, which we enjoyed very much.

Fain would we now have rambled about the grounds, but, knowing that it is customary for the ladies to stay in their own rooms until the bell for the *grand déjeuner*, or general breakfast, summons all the family, we constrained ourselves to conform to the rules of the house. By adhering to this plan, each separate family is enabled to make their own private arrangements, and give their orders for the day, the remainder of which they spend together free from household cares. The ladies have each a cup of coffee at eight o'clock, or earlier, and the gentlemen also when they are indisposed, but not otherwise. Prevented from going out, we took the opportunity of taking a look round the apartments allotted for our use. Our bedrooms were very large, carpeted all over, and superbly furnished with footstools, arm and small chairs, sofas, marble-topped cabinets, chests of drawers, dressing-tables, and last, but certainly

not least in our estimation, capacious mahogany bedsteads, terminating at each end in Greek scrolls, and provided with two sets of curtains, appended to a gilt coronet fastened into the wall, the outside hangings light-colored silk, to match the window-curtains, the inside ones fine clear white muslin. In the centre of each bedroom stood a library table, furnished with writing materials, matches, waters, almanacs, wherein the saints' days were peculiarly notified; and these articles complete the list, with the addition of hanging pin-cushions at each side of the large looking-glass which stood on the mantel-piece. Attached to each sleeping apartment was a handsome dressing-room, leading to another small apartment designed for a waiting-maid, from which there is an exit to the corridor. Each visitor therefore may be said to have a cluster of two or three private apartments. The other parts of the mansion are on the same princely scale. It was built in the reign of Louis XIII., and consists of a centre two stories high, with a wing at each side of the same height. Staircases lead to the long corridors, which run from one end of the chateau to the other, and from which all the bedrooms are entered. The lower corridor is hung with family portraits—knights and belles of "high degree"—and is lighted by the windows which form part of the façade. The lower floor of one of the wings contains the suite of rooms appropriated to the marchioness, the other those of the marquis, and the entire upper part of each is occupied by the children, their servants, and English governesses. The drawing, billiard, and dining-rooms, are noble apartments, and, with antechambers, run the entire length and breadth of the chateau. In one of the drawing-rooms is placed a marble bust of the Duke de Bourdeaux, in a most conspicuous position. It is valuable both as a likeness, and as a fine work of art. Luxury and comfort are singularly combined in this charming room, from which the grounds can be entered by means of a flight of steps.

The ladies had the kindness again to call at our door, to convey us down stairs as soon as the bell rang for general breakfast. We found all the family assembled in the drawing-room. Some of the gentlemen had been walking in the grounds, others in the village, and the intellectual comte had been giving his accustomed German lessons to his daughters. We were all conducted in the same order to the dining-room as we had been the preceding evening. We found the beautiful polished table covered by a delicious melange of poultry, joints of roasted meat, bread, cakes, potatoes in divers forms, and most recherché made dishes. Tea, coffee, and chocolate were poured out from silver pots by servants at each person's desire, the cups and saucers alone being placed on the table. Eggs, poached and dressed in oil, we found to be delicious: they were, however, served singly in small earthenware pipkins with handles, which certainly appeared rather incongruous amongst such a brilliant display of plate. Sweetmeats of the rarest and most curious description, strawberries, cherries, and various fruits, some of them iced, were also present; likewise wines and liqueurs—the whole reminding me of the far-famed breakfasts of the Scotch. The absence of a table-cloth, however, gave a foreign air to the repast. Finger-glasses, as at dinner, was the signal for rising from table, when we were again marshalled to the drawing room, where all the

children were assembled; preparatory to their walking out. They breakfast at halfpast seven o'clock, and have all their lessons over by twelve, after which they take exercise and dine. Music, reading, and different kinds of needlework occupy them until five o'clock, when they take some light supper, and appear in the drawing-room, after their parents' dinner, for about an hour—a custom which is infinitely preferable to the English habit of admitting a troop of children into the dining room during the dessert.

Having settled ourselves in the drawing-room, some of the party sat down to embroidery, and others to reading, the table being covered with newspapers just arrived from Paris; whilst we visited by invitation the apartments of the marchioness, which, as before observed, occupy all the ground-floor of the left wing. We entered her library from a door in the drawing-room leading into it, and were much pleased to find such a choice collection of French translations of English works, as madame cannot read them in the original. Sir Walter Scott's works occupied a large space. We were much amused, on opening one of his novels, by seeing an attempt at a translation of Edie Ochiltree's Scotch; and a very queer attempt it was. In a recess stood a handsome bedstead, draped with pale blue *gros de Naples*, covered by the most beautiful and delicate lace-work of that species called *application*. The coverlet and toilet-cover were likewise of the same material; the former was flounced round in a corresponding pattern. All these elegant specimens of needlecraft have been the result of the marchioness' own industry. In the middle of a large bow-window stood the toilet-table, covered by a profusion of silver, gold, china, Venice glass, and colored stone dressing utensils. Near the fireplace is hung a rosary, in a glass-case, which was pointed out to us with pride and veneration, as it is believed to contain a piece of the true cross. The beads are formed from precious stones. This interesting object was presented to an ancestor of the marchioness by the celebrated Père Joseph, the friend and agent of Richelieu.

The gentlemen and the marchioness having proposed a walk through the grounds, in order to show them to us, we readily assented, and were greatly pleased with the excursion. The walks were diversified, and so well laid out, that from different points of the higher grounds we had charming prospects of the country around, including the old village and church of Linière. Finally, we visited the orangerie and hothouses, and were then conducted by the marchioness to her favorite spot, laid out to resemble, and called an English garden. She showed us a small parterre of pretty Scotch roses, which had been sent her as a present from the venerable Lord Lynedoch, a brother in arms of the marquis. We had scarcely returned to the house, when we were told to prepare for a drive, as they wished us to see some of the neighboring chateaux. When we were ready, three handsome equipages drove up—a caleche, Brougham, and the Comte de Beau-lieu's favorite, each drawn by a pair of fine English horses. We visited two chateaux. One of these contained a rare collection of paintings by the old masters, hung in a gallery evidently copied from the Louvre. The luxury of everything there was regal. Precious bronzes and antique marble busts were distributed through the apartments.

The dining-room was worthy of Lucullus. The house had belonged to one of the ancient noblesse, whose widow, after his decapitation, had been obliged to sell it for a trifle to a citizen. This man had a daughter in whom all his wealth centred; she married a young member of the old aristocracy, and is now a widow with two children. Some years back, her husband was sent as ambassador to England by Louis XVIII. We were particularly struck by the sofas with awnings dispersed through the grounds, and by an octagon room, some of the windows of which opened upon the lawn; they had also awnings over them, and at each side of the steps flowers in vases. A beautiful ornamented cottage in the grounds was most tastefully furnished, and would make a charming summer abode. The riding house and some of the stables are built with the stones which once formed a part of the celebrated convent, the "Port Royal," where the virtuous Arnaulds flourished so long, both as reformers and as the great supporters of Jansenism. At the other chateau the garden pleased us most. The noble duke who is the proprietor seldom visits it; therefore it presented a very different appearance from the one we had just quitted. On our return we entered a very ancient church, with most exquisitely painted windows. Madame de Beaulieu was much pleased at her eldest daughter, nine years old, being able to recognize and narrate the different Scripture histories set forth thereon. As soon as we arrived within sight of the great altar, all our friends, gentlemen as well as ladies, dropped upon their knees, and appeared for some minutes to be lost in devotion. After a delightful drive, we returned to Linière just in time to dress for dinner.

As I have now detailed our proceedings for one day, it would be only a vain repetition to continue to do so, as nearly every hour was spent much in the same manner, with some exceptions; as, for instance, when the day was wet, we each took our work and had some interesting conversation. The marchioness was engaged upon the finest piece of needlework we ever saw, which is intended as a cover for the great altar in her own church at Linière. Every day, after our first breakfast, we read until the general one, always over night providing ourselves with the books which we desired to peruse. During a morning excursion we visited the ruins of one of the strongholds of the bold Jean de Montford, Duke of Brittany, celebrated in one of the ruthless wars of the fourteenth century.

During our stay we had many animated discussions relative to the difference both in manners and customs of our respective countries; but they all ended, as such conversations generally do, by leaving each individual wedded to the opinion expressed at first. One part of French chateau life had for some years puzzled us, but we think we understand it *now*; I allude to the harmonious manner in which many branches of one family reside under the same roof. The Marquis de Tourville, one day, when speaking on this subject, said he rejoiced to entertain us at his chateau, that we might witness the patriarchal manner in which he lived with his daughters and their husbands and children, among whom never a jar occurred. I am inclined to ascribe this felicity to the strict etiquette and habitual politeness of the French. Although all relations, and living together in one house, each branch keeps itself to itself, and no one takes

undue liberties with another. I observed that the two sons-in-law of the marchioness always addressed her as *maman*, or *ma chère maman*. One tolerably obvious reason for this clubbing together of families is narrowness of fortune. It will also be recollected that, by the new law of inheritance in France, properties are divided equally among the children, and all seem to maintain an equal hold on the paternal feelings. While acknowledging that this practice of equal division seems the most reasonable and just, I have, after all, doubts of its general efficacy. It no doubt appears scandalous, that, by our law of primogeniture, while the elder son gets all, the younger sons get nothing; yet it causes universal exertion, and is probably best for the nation at large. Few things are more striking to a stranger in France than the hosts of genteel idlers everywhere—men waiting for slices of their fathers' fortune; and it would not, I think, improve society in England to fill it with such a class of persons. I am, however, no politician, and speak diffidently on a question of such moment.

At the chateau, a German gentleman had been invited to meet us, and to remain for some days, as he had the reputation of speaking English fluently. When this worthy man, however, was placed next one of our party at dinner, not a word could he muster in our language; and he appeared to discover for the first time that reading and speaking a foreign tongue are two separate things. He, however, conversed fluently in French; and being a very well informed man, we considered him a great addition to our little society. He bore the jokes passed upon his failure of English with much good humor. The perfect harmony which prevailed in this family was delightful to witness. The venerable marquis was considered by the children as common property during the hour they remained in the drawing-room after dinner. One beautiful urchin climbed his knee; a little girl seated herself on the other; one pulled his hair; another mounted on his back: in fact, he resembled Gulliver when the Lilliputians covered him all over. The parents were likewise besieged; but the instant the time for going to bed arrived, there was no hankering, no shuffling, to gain half an hour. Strict obedience was demanded, and, I must say, cheerfully paid. The Comtesse de Beaulieu's two eldest daughters played the piano remarkably well. The second, who is only eight years old, is quite a musical genius. Both conduct themselves like women. They asked us such intelligent questions relative to our country, which they are most anxious to see, that it was a pleasure to answer them. They both speak and write our language correctly. The young vicomtesse has two lovely little boys who were beginning to lisp English; and from what I saw and heard here and elsewhere, I should imagine the time is not far distant when every one among the higher classes in France will be able to speak English as well as ourselves. The constant intercourse with England and America is forcing on this result.

I am now brought to the conclusion of my visit. The day of our departure from this charming mansion arrived, and we were obliged to bid adieu to our friends, whom we quitted with much regret, mingled with gratitude, for the very kind and hospitable manner in which we had been treated during our stay in the chateau.

From Chambers' Journal.

RAILWAY LITERATURE.

AMONGST the very great alterations in our social system which railway extension over the breadth and length of Great Britain has produced, the effect it has had upon literature should not be overlooked. Railways have created a new class of publications exclusively devoted to their interests. They have called into existence not merely a new branch of literature, but a whole literature of their own, with each department definitely marked and industriously filled. They have their useful, serious, business books and periodicals for the public to consult, as it does the Ready-Reckoner or the Times newspaper. They have also their light and graceful belles-lettres, which the fashionable world is beginning to prefer to common-place poetry and blasé fiction. A glance at this new and comprehensive literature will assuredly be instructive of the ever-advancing progress of this country.

In the useful department, preëminence must be given to a neat waistcoat-pocket compendium, which is as portable as the tiniest Ready-Reckoner, and quite as necessary to the man of business. It may be with truth designated the traveller's best companion, although its real title is "Bradshaw's Railway Guide." It consists of a set of tables, interspersed with distinctly engraved maps. The tables tell us the respective distances, the times of starting from and arriving at every railway station in Great Britain; to which is added a list of the fares for each distance. Supposing, therefore, a man to be lounging in the neighborhood of John o' Groat's a few years hence, (when all the railways in this island shall have been complete,) and he possess a copy of Mr. Bradshaw's miniature time-book, he will only have to make one or two references to it to be able to inform himself of the hour, nay, of the precise minute, at which he would arrive at the Land's End in Cornwall. Even by the aid of the edition now before us, a traveller being in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, may very safely order by post a dinner for the next day at Mr. Wynn's excellent hotel in Falmouth at a certain number of minutes before or after any particular hour; and start with the assurance that, though he will have to go over some four hundred and sixty miles—not of ground exactly, but of iron rail—he will be nearly sure of finding himself seated at table just as the Falmouth cook is dishing up the pilchards. He can also, before setting out, calculate from the lists of fares the exact amount of money the excursion will cost him, and know, by consulting the maps, through what counties, towns, and villages he will pass. All this information, and much more about steamboats, coaches, and carriers, is compressed into the smallest possible compass, and bound up in a neat cloth cover.

Next in utility, though perhaps far above Mr. Bradshaw's little work in point of importance, come several newspapers, which are exclusively devoted to railway affairs. Those already existing are the Railway Journal, the Railway Times, the Railway Record, and the Irish Railway Gazette, published weekly, and the Railway Register, issued monthly. All these periodicals are conducted by scientific men, with a high degree of respectability and independence; the last, a most essential qualification; for their conductors are manifestly more open to temptations of partial-

ity and favoritism than any other class of editors. Hence there resides much influence in these journals for good or for evil. Being looked up to by the public as authorities on the subject to which they are devoted, they have the power either to puff off unstable schemes, which are never intended to be carried further than the share market; or, by dint of cautious inquiry and fearless exposure, to guard capitalists against them. As vehicles for the publication of various transactions connected with old as well as new lines, they put their readers in possession of data upon which to form correct opinions concerning the actual condition and progress not only of particular companies, but of the aggregate of the new but gigantic interest which is now centred in this mode of conveyance. To the honor of all the important companies be it spoken, open unconcealed trading appears to be their rule of conduct, and each publishes a weekly account of the amount of business done during every eight days. Under the head of "Official railway traffic returns," there appears in the railway newspapers a table setting forth the money received for the transit of passengers and goods. That every means of calculation and deduction may be afforded to the interested reader, beside this item is placed the amount of receipts of the corresponding weeks in as many previous years as the line has been in operation; also the authorized capital of every company, the amount of its periodical expenses, and the dividend per cent. received by each shareholder at the last division of profits. Thus, by the aid of the railway journals, a person who wishes to invest money may know the exact value of the shares he would purchase on the very day he desires to buy them; and, moreover, be able to form a tolerably correct notion as to whether the property is likely to improve, or to become deteriorated in value. Thanks, therefore, to the exertions of "railway editors," there is no species of property which a capitalist can purchase with his eyes so widely open as railway property; for if he wishes to invest his money in houses, he must depend greatly upon the opinion of his builder, or upon the interested report he gets regarding the character and responsibility of the tenants. If, again, he desires land property, he is almost entirely in the hands of his surveyor; but, in buying railway shares, he has only to consult the railway newspapers, and he may judge unerringly for himself. To assist him in such cases, the "Railway Record" attaches to its weekly account "Notes on the traffic table," in which is set forth a short statement of the condition (whether finished or not) of the line, or any specialty in the monetary affairs of each company.

There is one peculiarity belonging to these newspapers which, so far as we recollect, no others possess. They are entirely and unmixedly devoted to their one subject, to the exclusion of every other description of matter whatever. The military and naval journals contain short accounts of what is going on in the civil world; the doings of laymen are recorded in the religious papers; and, in short, most of the publications addressed to special classes show some little sympathy with the ordinary affairs of life by some brief chronicle of them. Not so with the papers under consideration. We have one before us, for instance, containing twenty-four pages of close print, and not one single word relative to anything besides railways. So inflexible do the conductors appear in

this respect, that they even exclude the flourishing eloquence of puffing advertisers. Out of ten pages of advertisements, not one but has direct or indirect reference to railways. Besides several of the official advertisements of the various companies, they consist of announcements of patent inventions for particular parts of railway machinery, of the names and addresses of share-brokers, and other announcements only relating to railways. The news is equally exclusive. Reports of meetings of companies, letters from aggrieved travellers or disappointed shareholders, information concerning foreign railways, railway police reports, with a leading article, and an essay or two on locomotive topics, form the sum of contents in a railway newspaper.

From the researches we have made from time to time in these very exclusive vehicles of railway information, we may conscientiously say that—considering the temptations we have before hinted at which lie in their way to diverge from the straight line of honesty and truth—a better conducted class of newspapers does not exist. Some, of course, are better than others; but it would be as invidious as unnecessary here to make distinctions.

A few of the temptations to which railway editors are exposed, may be mentioned in the second section of our little treatise on the useful department of railway literature. The readers of general newspapers may have observed that almost every one of these organs, whether provincial or metropolitan, devotes a column or so to "Railway Intelligence," in which all the several haps that the railway is heir to are duly chronicled. Where, in the case of a provincial paper, a line is projected or in progress through the district in which it is published, that of course forms the subject for the exercise of the editor's pen—the pivot on which to turn the graces of rhetoric in his leaders. When rival lines are proposed, rival newspapers naturally take a stand in their favor, and a fierce pen and ink war ensues; which introduces us to the controversial department of railway literature. Without hinting a breath of disrespect against provincial editors as a body, we may now produce our instances of the temptations to tergiversation to which they are exposed. We learn from one of the parliamentary reports, that in a certain district a warfare between two rival companies ran so high, and was so energetically supported, that the older of the projecting companies thought it expedient to "buy off" the opposition of their vigorous opponent, and he was soon able to present an exception to a very general rule; namely, that of a literary man retiring upon a fortune! In his case railway literature had proved a golden egg, though he managed to hatch it under very discreditable circumstances. Another even stronger example of the height to which literary warfare has been carried, is mentioned on good authority. In a midland county, an editor wielded his facts and his logic so manfully, that, in the opinion of the opposed company, he created an effect upon the minds of his readers far too serious not to damage, perhaps to overthrow, their project. Against bribes—unlike his above-mentioned brother journalist—he was proof. A new paper was started in opposition, but the leaders were weak and ineffective compared with his. Every scheme was tried that ingenuity could invent, or cash execute, to silence him; but the more this was attempted, the stronger he wrote, and the

more fiercely he denounced the scheme. At length one of the directors hit upon an expedient worthy of Machiavel. He got himself cautiously introduced to the proprietor of the journal, professed a desire to risk a few thousands in a newspaper property, and by the dazzling offers he made, actually induced the unconscious proprietor, unknown to his editor, (who would perhaps have told him better,) to sell the property. The moment the bargain was concluded, it was discovered, too late, that the railway company had, through the wily director, possessed themselves of the copyright of the paper, of the printing-office, and of the services of the editor. He, however, nobly refused to change his railway politics, and was accordingly dismissed, taking with him the respect both of friends and enemies. This case will readily be credited when we state that in one of the reports adverted to, it is stated that the cost of a certain railway in "buying off" opposition from land proprietors as well as editors, and in law, amounted to £1800 per mile; and that before a single rail was laid, or a spade put into the ground.

Before dismissing the four well-conducted special railway journals, and the regular stand which railway intelligence and controversy has taken in the columns of the press in general, we must not forget that the London Gazette has of late become almost a railway newspaper. By a recent act of parliament, not only notices of every projected line must be set forth, but the decisions of the government railway board concerning their expediency promulgated in that official publication. During the present session of parliament, notices for no fewer than 248 new branches or new lines have been issued, and it is no uncommon thing to see the Gazette nearly filled with them.

But of the vast masses of printing called into existence by railways, there is nothing to equal in quantity the reports of parliamentary committees—those enormous folio "blue-books," so dreadful to the visions of busy editors, but so dear to the eyes of enthusiastic statisticians. Whenever a dispute occurs concerning the expediency of having more than one line laid down between the same places, or when certain interested parties deem any railway whatever inexpedient, the controversy is referred to a "select committee of the House of Commons." These committees consist of some eight or ten members of parliament, who hear evidence on both sides, and give their decision in "reports." It often happens that weeks are employed in merely taking evidence; every word of which is accurately noted in short-hand, afterwards printed, and stitched into the well-known blue covers. Besides this, there is a report of the committee printed separately, as well as addenda, appendices, &c. Now, it happened that, in the course of the last session of parliament, between forty and fifty of these committees sat, heard evidence, reported, and—printed. Consequently, at the very least five-and-forty blue-books were issued, with their equally blue satellites, in the shape of reports, additions and appendices. Supposing we give to each of these twelve hundred and fifty pages, (a moderate average,) we may calculate that in one year railway speculation and railway opposition called into existence upwards of sixty thousand folio pages of print! And this is not all. These reports give rise to countless pamphlets, written either in reply to some of the witnesses, or for the advocacy of particular views. As regards the

utility or instructiveness of the blue-book branch of railway literature, we can only say that its chief fault is its extreme bulkiness; for much honey is to be extracted from it. Amongst the witnesses are the most eminent engineers, who furnish valuable information in answer to questions put to them; practical men of business supply lessons of sound wisdom; whilst non-professional witnesses sometimes relieve the tedium of scientific detail by the quaintness or jocularly of their replies.

From the statistical, periodical, and controversial writings which the all-powerful locomotive has created, we now turn to its historical literature. Upon this subject much has been written, and a short summary of what has already appeared we now propose to give. Railways being still in their infancy, of course their history is short.

The mere notion of lessening the draught of wheeled carriages by running them on the smooth surface of wooden or iron rails, is by no means new; such rails, in the form of grooves or ruts, for the reception of the edges of wheels, and called trams, were in use quite two centuries ago in the English collieries. Roger North, in describing the "way-leaves" granted for the privilege of laying down such roads, and of transit over them at Newcastle, says, "When men have pieces of ground between the colliery and the river, they sell *leave* to lead coals over their ground, and so dear, that the owner of a rood of ground will expect £20 per annum for this leave. The manner of the carriage is by laying rails of timber from the colliery down to the river exactly straight and parallel, and bulky carts are made with four rowlets fitting these rails, whereby the carriage is so easy, that one horse will draw down four or five chaldrons of coals, and is an immense benefit to the coal merchants."*

This practice was somewhat older than 1676, when the above passage was written. By the middle, however, of the last century, the iron works of Shropshire and Staffordshire had become sufficiently extensive to enable the Northumberland coal proprietors to substitute iron for wooden trams, and to attract the system southward. In 1760, iron plates were first laid down upon wooden rails in Colebrook Dale, Shropshire, and were speedily adopted in all the English and Welsh mines and collieries; so that by 1811 there were, in South Wales alone, above 150 miles of this description of railway. Still, the power of steam remained unapplied till the year 1813, when Mr. George Stephenson constructed the first locomotive engine. Mere theorists thought him crazed; for it was never supposed that the smooth wheels of a steam-carriage would adhere sufficiently to the equally smooth rails, so as to produce locomotion. It was thought that the wheels would run, or rather slip, round without moving the carriage; that, in short, "they would not *bite*." But George Stephenson determined to try by actual experiment. "The first locomotive which I made," said that gentleman, at a dinner given to him late last year in Newcastle, "was at Killingworth colliery, and with Lord Ravensworth's money. Yes! Lord Ravensworth and Co. were the first parties that would intrust me with money to make a locomotive engine. That engine was made 33 years ago, and we called it 'My Lord.' I said to my friends that there was no limit to the

speed of such an engine, provided the works could be made to stand." A partial failure on the Stockton and Darlington line—on which Stephenson's locomotive was tried, and which was opened in 1825, for conveying passengers by means of horse-draught—led to a temporary prejudice against his sanguine views as to amount of speed. One writer, who professed himself a friend of locomotive engines, delivered himself as follows:—"It is far from my wish to promulgate to the world that the ridiculous expectations, or rather professions, of the enthusiastic speculatist will be realized, and that we shall see engines travelling at the rate of twelve, sixteen, eighteen, twenty miles an hour. Nothing could do more harm towards their general adoption and improvement than the promulgation of such *nonsense*!"

Still Stephenson, who knew well what he was about, persisted in asserting the above "nonsense;" but it was so little heeded even by experienced men, that when, in 1828, the promoters of the Liverpool and Manchester railway employed him, and he was summoned as a witness before a committee of the House of Commons, they intreated him not to shock the common sense of the members by stating his expectations of higher speed than ten miles an hour. "When," said Mr. Stephenson, in the above-quoted speech, "I went to Liverpool to plan a line to Manchester, I pledged myself to attain a speed of ten miles an hour. I said I had no doubt the locomotive might be made to go much faster, but we had better be moderate at the beginning. The directors said I was quite right; for if, when they went to parliament, I talked of going at a greater rate than ten miles an hour, I would put a cross on the concern. It was not an easy task for me to keep the engine down to ten miles an hour; but it must be done, and I did my best. I had to place myself in that most unpleasant of all positions—the witness box of a parliamentary committee. I was not long in it, I assure you, before I began to wish for a hole to creep out at. I could not find words to satisfy either the committee or myself. Some one inquired if I were a foreigner, and another hinted that I was mad. But I put up with every rebuff, and went on with my plans, determined not to be put down. Assistance gradually increased—improvements were made every day—and to-day a train which started from London in the morning, has brought me in the afternoon to my native soil, and enabled me to take my place in this room, and see around me many faces which I have great pleasure in looking upon." Thanks to the indomitable perseverance of Stephenson in persisting in his "nonsense," there are at present nearly a hundred lines in Great Britain in full operation, not one of which is the average rate of speed less than twenty miles per hour. So much for the "ridiculous expectations of enthusiastic speculatists." From this scrap of railway history, we turn to a consideration of its light literature.

We cannot conscientiously recommend so strongly as the railway newspapers, certain other periodicals professing to be devoted to the lighter matters which float about railways, because they seem in a great measure to hoist false colors. On looking into them, we cannot perceive that they are anything more than repertoires of general facts and stray witticisms, illustrated with wood engravings. We must therefore dismiss them at once, to consider the effects which railways are

*Life of Lord Keeper Guilford, vol. i., p. 265.

gradually spreading over the current literature of the day.

Composed as a railway train is of mechanical details, and connected as it is with utilitarian maxims and doings, it possesses, we believe, some of the elements of poetry. Sink details—remove it to a distance where we only witness its force and speed, and, even as a sight, it becomes sublime. Regard it further as a recent product of man's restless ingenuity—a surprising application of physical principles to the convenience of our race, and the sublimity becomes moral. Here there surely is poetry. *Against* railways, indeed, the voice of a distinguished English poet has lately been raised. But his effusion was promptly answered by other sonneteers, who adopted the views we are now advocating. And why should it not be? The ship, with all its attributes and accessories, has for ages furnished similes for poets: who can say that, when time has sufficiently hallowed such objects, steamers and locomotives will not be equally prolific in tropes! To the novelist, a railway train is invaluable; for where can he bring his characters so unexpectedly, yet so probably together as in a double-seated carriage? His elopements may be managed with far more celerity—hence with far more excitement—by rail than by the slow-going post-chaises of the old north road; and then for a catastrophe, what would satisfy poetical justice and a melo-dramatic author so abundantly, as to crush up all his bad characters by a railway collision? We perceive that one writer has taken to the rail for his plots in right earnest. In recent numbers of the *Dublin University Magazine* appears a series entitled "Tales of the Trains, being some chapters of Railroad Romance."

We take leave of the subject by mentioning one very gratifying fact which is intimately connected with it. Some of the liberal-minded amongst the railway directories have provided for their engineers, stokers, and other employées, small and compact libraries for their amusement or instruction during the many intervals of leisure which necessarily occur. These collections of books, enclosed in a case so as to be easily removed from one station to another, form libraries always at the command of the companies' servants at the hours they most need them. Some time ago we had the pleasure of selecting such a collection at the request of the authorities of a railway near Edinburgh.

From the *Foreign Quarterly Review*.

SOCIAL ANARCHY IN FRANCE.

Du Prêtre, de la Femme, et de la Famille, par JULES MICHELET. Paris: 1845.

DURING the last four years, France has been the theatre of a passionate struggle of which few tidings have reached us here in England. It is not because the struggle was unimportant, or unworthy of European attention, but because other and political struggles which made more noise, usurped our attention, that we heard so little of the angry and profound dissension which agitated most serious minds. The struggle we allude to is that between the Jesuits and the Philosophers; and we hope to present our readers with a detailed account of it in our next.

Meanwhile, there lies before us the latest manifesto of the anti-Jesuit party—the brilliant book

of the historian Michelet—which is exciting such a sensation, that we must at once take notice of it as a separate publication. It is, indeed, a book which has an individual interest quite independent of the quarrel whence it originated. It is a book which at all times would be welcomed as a profound insight into the social life of France, but which is particularly valuable at the present time, when in our own country there is a powerful, persevering influence at work, which strives to hurry society into accepting spiritual direction and celibacy, the two monster evils of Catholicism. We speak of that active, ardent, and, if successful, terrible sect, the Puseyites. Its more recondite principles we are not now to discuss; but what it openly avows, we may openly challenge; it avows its preference for the celibacy of priests; and it avows, though less boldly, its approbation of confession and spiritual direction.

This brings the subject of M. Michelet's work home to our "business and bosoms." This makes that which is a subject of European interest a special subject of English interest. His work is full of eloquent indignation, piquant portraits, historical traits, and subtle analysis; but these are literary qualities which the majority of people would be tolerably indifferent to, did they not all combine to illustrate one strong, vehement purpose, and that purpose practical.

"The family is in question;

"That home where we would all fain repose, after so many useless efforts, so many illusions destroyed. We return home very wearied—do we find repose there?

"We must not dissimulate, we must frankly confess to ourselves the real state of things. There exists in the bosom of society—in the family circle—a serious dissension, nay, the most serious of all dissensions.

"We may talk with our mothers, our wives, or our daughters, on all those matters about which we talk with our acquaintances: on business, on the news of the day, but not at all on matters nearest the heart, on religion, on God, on the soul.

"Take the instant when you would fain find yourself united with your family in one common feeling, in the repose of the evening, round the family table; there, in your home, at your own hearth, venture to utter a word on these matters; your mother sadly shakes her head, your wife contradicts you, your daughter, although silent, disapproves. They are on one side of the table, you on the other, and alone.

"It would seem as if in the midst of them, opposite to you, sat an invisible man to contradict what you say."

Such is the mysterious opening of the work. That invisible enemy is the priest. To show how the priest becomes your enemy, and your powerful enemy, is the object of what follows. Although we entirely agree in the reasons M. Michelet alleges, and quite see the force of his arguments against celibacy, confession, and direction, as destructive to domestic peace, we think he has omitted two elements of the social anarchy, elements which marvellously facilitate the dangerous powers given to the priest by confession and direction. These, as supplementary rather than contradictory to his work, we may briefly indicate.

1st. *The husband has not the same faith as his*

wife. In France, while the girls are sedulously educated in the principles of the church, and turn out religious, often devout women, the boys, with the greater license of public schools, and the general, almost universal skepticism, or, at least, indifference in matters of religion prevalent amongst men, and apparent in every shape of French literature, are found to have no religion at all. There is very little Voltairianism in France; but there is a wide-spread indifference; no polemics, but no fervor of belief, not even fervor of disbelief. When we say France, we mean, of course, Paris; for to some of the provinces the same charge will not apply.

What is the consequence? A timid, devout, serious girl, is sold in marriage to an ambitious, occupied, or frivolous man. But the man, whether he be ambitious, over-worked, or frivolous, is sure to be indifferent to all religious matters. We repeat, *indifferent*. Were he a positive skeptic, he might convert her; and then, at least, there would be sympathy. But he does not attempt it. All her religious scruples are received with a shrug, her heart's effusions scared by a *bon mot*; her sympathies are outraged. She married without love; she is soon to be a wife without respect, as well as without love for him who ought to be her all-in-all.

But her sympathies though chilled, are not stifled; they are agitating the heart, they struggle for utterance. An English wife so situated, if not cursed with some "female friend and counselor," would soon make up her mind; keeping her thoughts to herself, praying in her own way, and praying for her husband, she would devote herself to the education of her children. There would be a "silent sorrow" in the home, as there must always be when such differences exist. But the husband would possess a wife, the children a mother, the house, a mistress. The French wife has not this refuge. The priest is at her side. To him she is bound to confide her sorrows, and how willingly does she perform the duty! To him she tells all—the secret of her soul, the secret of her home. She asks advice, and receives it; but from that moment she is lost. The priest sits at the hearth, in the place where the husband should sit. The priest has all the deepest utterances of the young heart poured into his ear; he is the only one to sympathize with her. She is *une femme incomprise*; but the priest is there ready to understand her; he is there with the most poisonous of all flattery—sympathy! He is there, unconsciously, unwillingly, the refuge for all her disappointed aspirations, all her outraged feelings. She does not love her husband; love-matches are rare in France, and the affection she could bestow on him, and which in time might ripen into love, she bestows on another.

This is no exaggerated picture; it is the inevitable result of an unhappy position. The priest is perhaps the hastener of the evil; he is not the first cause of it. If he were the first cause, why is he not so wherever Catholicism is accepted? Why not in Spain, in Italy, in Ireland? M. Michelet will not contend that the sad evil he so eloquently exposes, exists to anything like the same extent in those countries as in France; and why not? Simply, we believe, because the priest is not there so often called in to interfere. The faith of the wife is also the faith of the husband, her aspirations, if not always shared, are always understood; her deepest thoughts find an echo in

her husband's heart; what she holds sacred, he holds sacred. Upon these points, the priest is not called to interfere. He may listen to her confession, he may direct her conduct; but he has not to listen to the outpourings of a wounded spirit; he has not to soothe and flatter *la femme incomprise*.

2nd. *The mother does not nurse her infant, does not educate her child.* This point is perhaps of less importance than the former, but less than that only, and being coupled with it, becomes of fearful importance. M. Michelet has finely treated that portion of it which concerns education. It wrings from him expressions of the noblest kind; and wisely, feelingly, does he exhort the reader to pay attention to the claims of nature in this respect, and not be led away by the foolish notion of a mother's care making her son effeminate. Willingly would we transfer to our pages all the passages in which he treats of this matter; but we must be content to refer our readers—who will, we trust, all become his readers—to the work itself.

But this is not all the question. That the child is best educated by the mother, because she alone rightly understands him, when the father or the tutor so often misunderstands him, so often expects him to appreciate that which is above his comprehension—this will scarcely be denied. We mean, of course, a competent mother, not a silly, doting woman. But M. Michelet is a Frenchman, and as such, we may venture to say, is not so much alive to the importance of the mother's nursing her child, as all Englishmen are; and here we fancy he overlooks a grave consideration. Our readers are probably aware, that it is the very general custom in France for women not only to procure wet-nurses for their infants, (as many English mothers unhappily also do,) but for the infants to be sent away into the country to nurse. A serious social error. We pass over all collateral evils to dwell solely on those which immediately bear upon our present subject. The young mother is left alone! She has no husband to love; she has no child to occupy her thoughts—no child to form the centre of all her hopes, her fears, her thousand womanly affections.

Remember, the case is stronger than with the English mother, who, if she were to send her baby away from her, would (unless a young wife and mother, and to her the case does not so well apply) have other children to occupy her affections. The French are often facetious on the subject of large English families; and they little imagine how much of their own social anarchy results from their obedience to Plato's uncompromising and audacious law of proportioning the number of children to the amount of property—*οὐχ ὑπὲρ τῆς οὐσίας ποιούμενοι τοὺς παῖδας, ἀλλὰ θεομαχοὶ παντὶ ἢ πόλει*.* It is a subject we dare not dwell upon. Enough that the position of the wife and mother is an isolated one. The infant is sent away to nurse. When it returns home it is almost time for it to be sent to school. The mother is thus alone. What are her resources?

To be thus alone is to be a prey to the demon of *Ennui*. The fearful effects of that condition M. Michelet has pointed out; and in one epigram he has condensed volumes: "*Ennui* makes her receive friends she knows to be enemies—curious, envious, calumnious." If it makes such society agreeable, what charm must it not lend to the

* "De Rep." ii., p. 85, ed Bekker; confer also "Leges," v., p. 297.

society of one who feels for her, understands her, flatters her, occupies her? There are two persons who are capable of this:—a priest and a lover. How often the two are one!

The last phrase will startle many; but it was not written carelessly. The priest differs essentially from the clergyman; and it is because they differ, and because the Puseyite tendency is to make them resemble, that we feel reticence would now be cowardice. We assert, therefore, calmly, but distinctly, that the priest is but too often the lover of the woman whose conscience he directs. The thing is natural, often inevitable. M. Michelet's work abundantly proves it; and thousands of daily examples confirm his work. It is an awful fact; but its very awfulness only the more stringently forces examination of its causes.

Our readers, if personally unacquainted with French society, and drawing their notions of it from novels and vaudevilles, may imagine that every married French woman has, or will have, her lover. Indeed, to believe the novelists, love seems only possible when it is adulterous. But, although there is prodigious exaggeration in all this—although there are French homes as happy as English homes, and French wives as chaste, as fond, and as devoted as English wives, the exaggeration is the over-statement of a real truth. Adultery does exist in France to a frightful extent; and we have just named two powerful causes. The lover is accepted because he fills the "aching void" of an unoccupied heart. He is the centre of feelings which have no other centre. He takes the place of husband and children. When he is not chosen to fill that place the priest is chosen.

The priest, as confessor, possesses the secret of a woman's soul; he knows every half-formed hope, every dim desire, every thwarted feeling. The priest, as spiritual director, animates that woman with his own ideas, moves her with his own will, fashions her according to his own fancy. And this priest is doomed to celibacy. He is a man, but is bound to pluck from his heart the feelings of a man. If he is without faith, he makes desperate use of his power over those confiding in him. If he is sincerely devout, he has to struggle with his passions, and there is a perilous chance of his being defeated in that struggle. And even should he come off victorious, still the mischief done is incalculable and irreparable. The woman's virtue has been preserved but by an accident, by a power extraneous to herself. She was wax in her spiritual director's hands; she has ceased to be a *person*, and is become a *thing*.

There is something diabolical in the institution of celibacy accompanying confession. Paul Louis Courier has painted a fearful picture of the priest's position as an unmarried confessor; and as Courier's works are far less read than they deserve to be, we make no scruple of transferring his powerful sentences to our pages.

"What a life, what a condition is that of our priests! Love is forbidden them, marriage especially; women are given up to them. They may not have one of their own, and yet live familiarly with all, nay, in the confidential, intimate privacy of their hidden actions, of all their thoughts. An innocent girl first hears the priest under her mother's wing; he then calls her to him, speaks alone with her, and is the first to talk of sin to her before she can have known it. When instructed she marries; when married, he still confesses and

governs her. He has preceded the husband in her affections, and will always maintain himself in them. What she would not venture to confide to her mother, or confess to her husband, he, a priest, must know it, asks it, hears it, and yet he shall not be her lover. How could he indeed! is he not *tensured*? He hears whispered in his ear, by a young woman, her faults, passions, desires, weaknesses, receives her sighs without feeling agitated, and he is five-and-twenty!

"To confess a woman! imagine what that is. At the end of the church a species of closet or sentry-box is erected against the wall, where this priest, wise and pious as I have known some, but yet a man, and young, (they are almost all so,) awaits in the evening, after vespers, his young penitent, whom he loves, and who knows it; love cannot be concealed from the beloved person. You will stop me there: his character of priest, his education, his vow.—I reply that there is no vow which holds good, that every village *curé* just come from the seminary, healthy, robust, and vigorous, doubtless loves one of his parishioners. It cannot be otherwise, and if you contest this, I will say more still, and that is, that he loves them *all*, those at least of his own age; but he prefers one, who appears to him, if not more beautiful than the others, more modest and wiser, and whom he would marry; he would make her a virtuous, pious, wife if it were not for the pope. He sees her daily, meets her at church or elsewhere, and sitting opposite her in the winter evenings, he imbibes, imprudent man! the poison of her eyes.

"Now I ask you, when he hears that one coming the next day, and approaching the confessional, when he recognizes her footsteps and can say, 'It is she;' what is passing in the mind of the poor confessor! Honesty, duty, wise resolutions, are here of little use, without peculiarly heavenly grace. I will suppose him a saint; unable to fly, he apparently groans, sighs, recommends himself to God; but if he is only a man, he shudders, desires, and already unwillingly, without knowing it, perhaps, he hopes. She arrives, kneels down at his knees, before him whose heart leaps and palpitates. You are young, monsieur, or you have been so; between ourselves, what do you think of such a situation! Alone most of the time, and having these walls, these vaulted roofs as sole witnesses, they talk; of what? alas! of all that is not innocent. They talk, or rather murmur, in a low voice, and their lips approach each other, and their breaths mingle. This lasts for an hour or more, and is often renewed.

"Do not think I invent. This scene takes place such as I describe it, and through all France; is renewed daily by forty thousand young priests with as many young girls whom they love, because they are men, whom they confess in this manner, entirely *tête-à-tête*, and visit, because they are priests, and whom they do not marry because the pope is opposed to it."

Paul Louis might have added another argument. Forbidden fruit is proverbially of all fruit the most coveted. The very fact of man's imagination being thus stimulated by contradiction is enough to constitute temptation. What is temptation? It is the irritation of the soul, produced by the presence of an object desired, but forbidden. Were it not desired, there could be no temptation. Often there would be no desire were it not forbidden. Now it is well that men should conquer their desires; it is well that they should learn to calculate

consequences, and to forego the present enjoyment, if that enjoyment must be too dearly purchased. And such mastery all wise men possess. But, although a man may conquer one desire, although he may resist one temptation, because by an effort of the will he can rise superior to his own passions, such a state of effort is spasmodic, not normal: it may conquer once, it cannot always conquer. It is an effort; and the very nature of effort is spasmodical and temporary; it must relax, and in relaxing the man succumbs. The vehemence with which a man resists temptation is a latent cause of his fall, if the temptation continue. "When a woman hesitates she's lost;" when a man does not at once shut himself out from the possibility of a recurring temptation he is lost.

Let us take an illustration from another class. You are residing in the house of a friend whose wife is extremely fascinating. You begin to perceive that she interests you too much, and, conscious of the peril, you either put a guard upon your feelings, or, which is by far the wiser plan, you quit the house. By an effort, you have conquered. But there was only wisdom in your effort; there was no virtue; for this fascinating woman was not only another's, but had shown no signs of interest in you. This is a simple and, doubtless, common case. But now let us make it more complicated. Instead of being merely her friend, you are her confidant; and you are made the repository of all her secrets, of thoughts which neither her mother nor her husband ever know; you are revered as a superior being; your word is law; your menace terrible. She almost worships you; and you cannot leave her, cannot shun her, cannot put a stop to those confidences which torment you. In vain you struggle: you conquer to-day only to renew the fight to-morrow. The agonizing irritation of the soul named Temptation, is perpetually present. How many men are there who could withstand this?

This the priest has to suffer; and to him the peril is greater, because he is blinded by sophisms. A man in love with his friend's wife sees everything clearly enough; he knows his guilt, and shuns or braves it with open eyes. But the priest has the spiritual care of her he loves; her soul is in his hands. He is connected with her by the most sacred ties; his interest in her he disguises to himself under the cloak of spiritual anxiety. He can always quiet the voice of conscience, by an equivoque. The mystic language of love is also the mystic language of religion, and what guilt is shrouded under this equivoque, the history of priestcraft may show. *Parler l'amour c'est faire l'amour*, is a profound truth. From the love of God, it is easy to descend to the love of man; especially when this man is a priest, that is to say, a mediator between the woman and God, one who says, "God hears you through me; through me he will reply." This man, whom she has seen at the altar, and there invested with all the sacred robes and sacred associations of his office; whom she has visited in the confessional, and there laid bare her soul to him; whose visits she has received in her *boudoir*, and there submitted to his direction, this man whom she worships, is supposed to be an idea, a priest; no one supposing him to be a man, with a man's passions!

M. Michelet's book contains the proofs of what we have just said; but they are too numerous to

quote. We shall only borrow from his work the passages he gives from an unexceptionable authority, Llorente:

"Llorente, a contemporary, relates (t. iii., ch. 28, article 2, ed. 1817,) that when he was secretary to the Inquisition, a capuchin was brought before that tribunal, who directed a community of *déguines*, and had seduced almost all of them, by persuading them they were not leaving the road to perfection. He told each of them in the confessional that he had received from God a singular favor: 'Our Lord,' he said, 'has deigned to show himself to me in the sacrament, and has said to me: Almost all the souls that thou dost direct here, are pleasing to me, but especially such a one (*the capuchin named her to whom he spoke.*) She is already so perfect, that she has conquered every passion, except carnal desire, which torments her very much. Therefore, wishing virtue to have its reward, and that she should serve me tranquilly, I charge thee to give her a dispensation, but only to be made use of with thee; she need speak of it to no confessor; that would be useless, as with such a dispensation she cannot sin.' Out of seventeen *déguines* of which the community was composed, the intrepid capuchin gave the dispensation to thirteen, who were discreet for some length of time: one of them, however, fell ill, expected to die, and discovered everything, declaring that she had never been able to believe in the dispensation, but that she had profited by it.

"I remember," says Llorente, "having said to him: 'But, father, is it not astonishing that this singular virtue should have belonged exactly to the thirteen young and handsome ones, and not at all to the other four, who were ugly or old?' He coolly replied, 'The Holy Spirit inspires where it listeth.'"

"The same author in the same chapter, while reproaching the Protestants with having exaggerated the corruption of confessors, avows that: 'In the sixteenth century, the Inquisition had imposed on women the obligation of denouncing guilty confessors, but the denunciations were so numerous, that the penitents were declared dispensed from denouncing.'"

It is painful thus to drag to light the iniquities which have sullied the past; but our arguments would be suspected of gross exaggeration, were they not in some measure supported by these historical facts; and although we are as unwilling as any one, to hold a body of men responsible for the acts of their predecessors, we are surely keeping within the legitimate bounds of argument, in thus pointing out the *results* of an institution; results which we hold to be inherent in the very nature of that institution. We may as well anticipate an objection which is sure to be made. It will be said that the picture we have drawn of the priest and the wife is not a fair one, because it is not true of all priests and all wives; it is an exception, and not to be treated as the rule.

We accept this objection, and admit that the case we have considered does not apply to all wives. Let us explain, however. In the case we have considered, we assumed the wife to be truly religious, to have married a man she does not love, and who does not share her faith, and to have no children at home with her. This we say is the common, though not universal, position of French wives; and wherever it exists, the consequences we have pointed out will certainly follow. But the wife is not religious! In that case she would

not be in danger from the priest; but in that case the evils of the institution of priesthood would not have a trial. We say that celibacy, confession, and direction, have an almost inevitable tendency to convert the priest into a lover. This being the point we wish to illustrate, we are right in selecting only such cases as admit of the natural operation of this tendency. It would be no argument against the purity of a clergyman's doctrine and example, that several persons who never entered his church, and never paid attention to his acts, were notoriously dissolute and profane. In the same way, it is no argument against the danger of priesthood, that those persons who have no religion, or who seldom come in contact with the priests, are entirely free from the evil effects which are found to follow in other cases. If there is a real vice in the institution, it will best display itself where the surrounding circumstances are most favorable to its free operation: that is, in convents, and in families such as we have described.

M. Michelet says, that the priest is the cause of the social disunion; and to show how he is the cause, the book was written. He is the cause, because he possesses the wife, possesses her soul as a confessor, directs it as a director. He is the real master of the house. Old Selden long ago saw the nature of the priestly tactics. "When the priests come into a family," he says, "they do as a man that would set fire on a house; he does not put fire to the brick wall, but thrusts it into the thatch. They work upon the women, and let the men alone." And have we not had experience enough of the truth of this in our own country! Are not the Cantwells and the Stigginses abundant? Do we not find the essence of "direction," if not its name, among certain classes of religionists professing the strongest antipathy to Romanism? It were a serious error to suppose, that M. Michelet is only fighting against an evil endured by France. He fights against an evil which we are all bound to take arms against, because it more or less openly menaces us all. Wherever the priest departs from the strict nature of his office, interferes with temporal matters, and with the private concerns of family life, and makes himself privy keeper of the several consciences of his flock, there direction exists to all intents and purposes.

Having thus endeavored to point out the dangerous tendencies of direction, especially when accompanied by celibacy, we may now proceed to give an account of the book in which M. Michelet has so brilliantly exposed them: an account we would gladly enrich with piquant extracts, but that our space forbids it.

It is divided into three parts. The first is an historical appreciation of direction and its theories in the seventeenth century. This is touched in his own masterly manner. All the brilliant qualities of the historian assist him here; and exquisite are the pictures he paints of Saint François de Sales and Madame de Chantal, of Bossuet and la Sœur Cornuau, of Fénelon and Madame de la Maison Fort, and of Madame Guyon. Beside these portraits are little cabinet pictures of the inner life of much of the seventeenth century; and *La Dévotion Aisée*, and *La Dévotion Galante*, let us into the secret of the times. Contrasted with these cabinet pictures, there are some of those ghastly subjects worthy of the pencils of Rebyra and Francia; we speak of Molinos—the society of Le Sacré Cœur—la mère Agueda et Marie Alacoque.

The second part is devoted to an appreciation of direction in the nineteenth century. In this Michelet examines, in detail, the whole question of direction; the means by which the priest acquires his power, and the ends for which he uses it. This second part we have made use of in the foregoing pages, but the reader will find it a far more satisfactory exposition. It contains, moreover, a fearful exposure of the convent system; in the course of which he refers to Eugène Sue's "Juif Errant," the third volume of which contains the real history of Mademoiselle B. "It took place recently," says M. Michelet, "but in a convent, not in a mad-house."

The third part is devoted to a brief consideration of the Family: a subject we have already touched upon. From this brief outline, our readers will gather an idea of the extent and variety of the subject treated; and when we add, that it is treated by M. Michelet, we have said enough to excite the most eager curiosity.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

JOHN JOACHIM WINCKELMANN.

JOHN JOACHIM WINCKELMANN, the celebrated historian of ancient art, was born on the 9th of December, 1717, at Stendal, a town of Prussia, about eighty miles from Berlin. His father belonged to almost the lowest rank of life, being in fact a cobbler, struggling not only with poverty but with disease, which, at an early period of Winckelmann's life, forced him to take refuge in an hospital. As the boy grew up, he showed great anxiety to go to school; but his parents were unwilling to lose even his trifling services, and it was not without much difficulty that he at last persuaded them to send him to the burgh seminary. Once there, the rector, Esaias Wilhelm Tappert, a very worthy man, was struck with his dawning genius and earnest perseverance. He offered to instruct him for less than the usual fee, and by procuring him at the same time admission into the choir, enabled him, without drawing on his father's scanty resources, to remain at school. Young Winckelmann proved the most apt and diligent of scholars; he seldom joined in the sports of his companions: generally, when they were playing, he might be seen conning some difficult passage of a classic, or learning by heart from a manuscript before him long lists of Greek and Latin words. With his industry and fine faculties he made such progress, that Tappert promoted him, while quite a stripling, to the rank of usher; some also of the Stendal burghers employed him in giving private lessons to their children; and with the trifling gains thus acquired, Winckelmann began to find himself contributing to the support of his parents.

In time, a closer intimacy sprang up between the rector and his young protégé. Tappert lost his eyesight, and the other became his daily visitor, read to him, wrote for him, and tried in a thousand ways to cheer his solitary hours. The chief want of Winckelmann, as of every poor student, that of books, was now supplied. He had free access to his patron's well-chosen library, and he read with avidity Homer, the Greek dramatists, and works on archaeology and history. Meanwhile he was giving indications of something rarer than even an industrious and affectionate disposition. He wished to travel, he used to say, when quite a child;

above all, he longed to visit Egypt, that he might behold the pyramids. His innate love for objects of art began also to display itself, as well as it could in a place so sequestered as Stendal. Long after, when the poor cobbler's son had become a famous man, his companions remembered how he incited them, by the hope of some petty reward, to search the surrounding country for antiquarian remains; and, so recently as 1821, two Roman urns were to be seen in the library of the Stendal school, which were exhibited with pride as the product of one of these excursions.

When he had reached his seventeenth year, the kind Tappert despatched him to Berlin, with a letter of introduction to the rector of a gymnasium there, under whose roof he remained for a twelvemonth, alternately instructing and instructed. He was then recalled to Stendal, where his friend the rector placed him at the head of the choir. He spent the next four years in unremitting study, endeavoring at the same time to support himself and assist his family by teaching in public and in private. We have no detailed account of his life during this period. One anecdote only remains, which relates to his residence in Berlin, and deserves to be repeated as a pleasing illustration of his youthful enthusiasm. He had heard, it is said, that the library of the celebrated Fabricius was about to be sold at Hamburg, and he determined to proceed there on foot and be present at the sale. He set out accordingly, asking charity (a common practice with poor German students in their rambles, and not considered disgraceful) of the clergymen whose houses he passed on the road; and having collected in this way a little sum, he purchased on his arrival some of his darling poets, and returned to Berlin overjoyed with his success.

Winckelmann was now twenty-one, and it was quite time for him to choose a profession. His Stendal friends thought him fitted for the church, and they sent him to obtain the necessary qualifications at the university of Halle. He had no special inclination towards theology, but he obeyed in silence, and applied himself to it with his usual ardor. At Halle he had access to public libraries, and his studies seem to have been of the most miscellaneous kind, ranging from Homer and the higher mathematics, to medicine and the ponderous tomes of the feudal lawyers. At the end of two years he abandoned theology, probably because the help from home began to fail him. He remained at Halle for six months longer, arranging the library of one of the academic authorities; and then, with the small sum that he received for this, found himself thrown friendless upon the world. He was too poor to enter any profession, and a thousand vague wishes began to agitate his breast. His love of study had been confirmed into a habit: the magnificent gallery at Dresden, to which, on the occasion of some festivities, he had paid a flying visit, was ever before his eyes, and he resolved to devote his life to literature and art. Meanwhile his early passion for wandering revived, and he now put in execution a scheme which savors of less wisdom than might have been expected from a youth of twenty-three, who had seen something of the world. Fascinated with a fresh perusal of Cæsar's Commentaries, he began, in the summer of 1740, a pedestrian journey to France, solely, his biographers assure us, to visit the scene of the great Roman's military exploits. As is usual in such cases, his funds were speedily exhausted; and when near Frankfort-on-the-

Maine, he was compelled to retrace his steps. The most laughable part of the story remains to be told. Arriving at the bridge of Fulda, he remarked his own dishevelled, travel-stained appearance, and fancying no one near, resolved to remedy it. He had pulled out a razor, and was about to operate on his chin, when he heard a noise, and turning round, perceived a party of ladies, who, thinking him on the point of committing suicide, were shouting for help. The truth, however, was speedily explained, and the fair intruders, it is added, generously forced on his acceptance a gift of money sufficient for him to pursue his retreat in comfort.

Poor Winckelmann now discovered that life was made of sterner stuff than such romantic dreams. He went to Jena, and there, besides mastering Italian and English, struggled hard to complete his knowledge of medicine, with a view to making it a profession. But this scheme also, after a few months, poverty compelled him to forego. He became tutor in a family at Heimersleben, and during the year and a half which he spent there, devoted his leisure to historical studies, reading, we are informed, Bayle's dictionary twice through. At last the conrectorship of the school at Seehausen was offered him, with a yearly salary of 250 thalers, little more than 3*l*. Small as this was, it was a larger income than he had ever enjoyed: it enabled him to send something to his infirm and aged parents; accordingly, he accepted the post with joy, and in the autumn of 1743 we find him installed at Seehausen.

During no period of his life does Winckelmann appear more deserving of our regard than in the years of obscure drudgery which he passed at Seehausen. He found, on his arrival, none of his scholars acquainted with more than the first rudiments of Latin and Greek; many were ignorant of their ABC; and the poorer ones could obtain no money from their parents for the purchase of the necessary school-books. Thus, in spite of his title of conrector, Winckelmann had little scope for the display of his fine genius and deep erudition. But nothing daunted, nothing discouraged him. He made, with his own hand, copies of such passages in the classical authors as his scholars became qualified to read, and these he distributed among them. He labored and labored, until at last things began to wear a flourishing aspect. Beyond the sphere, too, of his immediate duties, he found time both for his own intellectual improvement and for the indulgence of his kindly disposition. After school, he gave a few private lessons. In the evening, a favorite pupil, whom he instructed in philosophy and mathematics, remained till ten. Then Winckelmann belouged to himself. Seizing his Sophocles, (a favorite author, of whom he was projecting a new edition,) he read and annotated till midnight. When twelve struck, he never dreamt of going to bed, but, wrapping himself closely in an old fur cloak, leant back in his chair, and slept among his books till four. He then renewed his own studies for two hours more; at six the favorite pupil returned, and stayed until it was time to open school. Few scholars of Winckelmann's eminence have had, during the early portion of their career, so little leisure for private study; none ever turned that little to better account.

Five years of this laborious existence did not impair Winckelmann's health of body or cheerfulness of mind. He was modest and wise enough to be content with his situation, and might have

remained all his life at Seehausen, had not some vexatious interference on the part of the school-inspector forced him reluctantly to leave it. After resolving on this step, he made several unsuccessful attempts to procure employment, and had finally made up his mind to betake himself to London, where, with his knowledge of languages, he hoped easily to obtain a situation as corrector of the press. Happily, during a brief visit to Dresden, in the June of 1748, he heard some one mention the vast collection of books which the Count Von Bünau, at his estate of Nöthenitz, near Dresden, was then amassing and arranging. He penned immediately a modest letter to that nobleman, imploring the most trifling literary engagement. The count inquired into his character and accomplishments, was pleased with both, and offered his petitioner a subordinate post in his library, with a yearly salary of 12*l*.! Winckelmann accepted the offer, received the money for his travelling expenses, hurried to Stendal, taking with him all the books he had through life painfully collected, commissioned a friend to sell them, and apply the proceeds in a weekly allowance to his father, to whom he bade farewell, and then proceeded, light of heart, to Nöthenitz.

The count was engaged in the composition of a history of the German empire, and Winckelmann's principal employment at Nöthenitz was to make such copies of, and extracts from, old documents as were to find a place in that work. He acquitted himself altogether to the satisfaction of his employer; nay, at first he labored with such assiduity that his hair became gray: we do not find, however, that he received any more solid encouragement from his excellency than praises and kind words. Nevertheless, with board and lodging provided him, and a little leisure on his hands, Winckelmann was for some time tolerably happy. He had a noble library at his command; from time to time he made excursions to Dresden, where he could converse with such men as Hagedorn and Oeser; and, still better, range at will through its picture-gallery and collection of antiquities. At last, what with the laborious fulfilment of his duties and the intensity of his private studies, even his Herculean strength gave way; his health grew daily worse; his drooping gait and emaciated frame betokened the approach of death; and his friends advised him, if he wished to live, at once to seek a warmer climate. Meanwhile (in the spring of 1751) Archinto, the papal nuncio at Dresden, came to Nöthenitz, and made, during his stay there, Winckelmann's acquaintance. He was charmed with his learning and exquisite taste, and, observing his debility, strongly recommended him to go to Italy. "That," cried Winckelmann, "is the goal of all my wishes." The nuncio begged him to pay him a visit at Dresden. There he introduced him to Father Rauch, the confessor of the king; and both hinted, among other things, that Winckelmann, by becoming a Catholic, might obtain a pension from the court of Dresden, and thus repair to Italy. Hints soon became persuasions: after long wavering, in an evil hour Winckelmann consented, and on the 11th of July, 1754, abjured Lutheranism to enter the pale of the Romish church. Such changes, when they proceed from conviction, can never deserve to be visited with reprobation; but in this case, the most friendly of Winckelmann's biographers admit far other motives were at work. We learn with pleasure, that at the moment he was severely punished by the estrangement of his very dearest

friends. At the same time, the Count Von Bünau must not escape uncensured. Even the tolerant and aristocratic Goethe is indignant at his niggardly neglect: the acquisition of a book-rarity the less, nay, a simple application from a minister of his influence to the court of Dresden, would have furnished the slender aid which Winckelmann purchased at so dear a rate.

His excellency contented himself with being very angry, and Winckelmann was soon of course forced to quit Nöthenitz. He repaired to Dresden; and here he found himself moneyless as ever: Archinto was in Italy, and Rauch, though very polite, kept his hand closed. Meanwhile, Winckelmann (narrowly escaping starvation) projected, drew, wrote, and studied—the last generally in the Brühl library, where Heyne was then employed. "It is a curious fact," remarks Mr. Carlyle, in his notice of the latter,* "that these two men, so singularly correspondent in their early sufferings, and subsequently distinction, line of study, and rugged enthusiasm of character, were at one time, while both as yet were under the horizon, brought into partial contact. 'An acquaintance of another sort,' says Heeren, 'the young Heyne was to make in the Brühl library, with a person whose importance he could not then anticipate. One frequent visitor of this establishment was a certain almost wholly unknown man, whose visits could not be specially desirable for the librarians, such endless labor did he cost them. He seemed insatiable in reading, and called for so many books, that his reception there grew rather of the coolest. It was John Winckelmann. Meditating his journey for Italy, he was then laying in preparations for it. Thus did these two men become, if not confidential, yet acquainted; who at that time, both still in darkness and poverty, could little suppose that in a few years they were to be the teachers of cultivated Europe, and the ornaments of their nation.'" For Winckelmann, both the "darkness" and the "poverty" were soon to be at an end. He found means, in the May of 1755, to publish his first book, the "Reflections on Imitation of the Greeks in Painting and Statuary," which was dedicated to the king, and brought its author high and sudden fame. A month or two afterwards, he received the promise of an annual pension of 30*l*.; Rauch sent eighty ducats for travelling expenses; and in the following October Winckelmann, now about to enter his thirty-ninth year, found himself at last in Rome.

It is not our intention to detail with the same minuteness the remaining thirteen years of Winckelmann's life, years of almost uninterrupted happiness. In Rome his health was completely restored; he needed little for the supply of his bodily wants, and that little he always obtained without difficulty. When his pension ceased, on the death, in 1759, of his patron Archinto, the Cardinal Albani invited him to become keeper of his collections, with an ample salary, and merely nominal duties. He was appointed by the Pope, in 1763, Antiquario della Camera Apostolica, or Superintendent of the Antiquities of Rome, an honorable post, congenial to his tastes. He lived on a familiar footing with the great and opulent; the most eminent of the artists resident in Rome were his daily companions; he had free access to the noblest collections of art in the world; and in the purest intellectual enjoyment and effort, he speedily forgot his past sufferings and struggles. Every

* *Miscellanies*, vol. ii., pp. 42-3.

foreigner of distinction who visited the Eternal City was proud to have Winckelmann for a cicerone: he himself delighted, when he found rank and genuine taste combined, to act in that capacity, and his conversation on such occasions was of the most brilliant and fascinating kind. The thoughts and emotions which were excited in him by the beautiful remains of antiquity, found moreover enduring expression in a long series of masterly writings. The principal of these, his *History of Ancient Art*, was begun in the second year of his residence at Rome, and published at Dresden in 1764.

The publication of this work raised him to the pinnacle of European celebrity, and more than one German potentate (the great Frederick among the rest) endeavored, without success, to tempt Winckelmann to his court. His friends in Germany, however, prevailed upon him, in 1768, to pay them a visit; and, in the company of a Roman sculptor named Cavaceppi, he set out for his native country in the April of that year. But as the distance increased between him and his beloved Rome, he sank into a deep melancholy: when they were crossing the Tyrolean Alps, he pointed to the gloomy sky overhead, and exclaimed, "Torniamo a Roma," (Let us return to Rome.) Cavaceppi persuaded him to continue his journey, and they reached Ratisbon, where the Empress-Queen, Maria Theresa, was then residing. Winckelmann now resolved to go no further. The Austrian prime minister, Kaunitz, himself joined his expostulations to those of Cavaceppi in vain. He remained at Ratisbon till the end of May, and having been presented to the empress, who bestowed on him some costly medals in proof of her regard, proceeded to Trieste, were (preserving, we know not why, a strict incognito) he took an apartment in a hotel, purposing to sail to Italy in the first ship bound for Ancona.

He met at the common dining-table of the hotel an Italian stranger named Francesco Arcangeli, who, it afterwards appeared, had been banished for theft from the Austrian dominions. This scoundrel easily gained his confidence, by introducing him to the captain of a ship bound for Ancona, and by an agreeable and winning manner. The unsuspecting Winckelmann told him everything about himself except his name, and showed him the presents of the empress; these excited the Italian's cupidity. On Wednesday, the 8th of June, Arcangeli left the hotel early in the morning, and having made some purchases, returned to his room, where he remained for some time, and then (as he was daily in the habit of doing) paid a visit to Winckelmann in his apartment. The latter was sitting, without neck-cloth or upper garment, at his writing-table, on which, as it chanced, there lay unfinished his literary testament. He rose to greet his guest, and they walked together up and down the room till ten, talking of his approaching departure. Winckelmann was in the gayest humor, spoke with enthusiasm of his patron Albani's splendid villa, and begged the other to come and visit him at Rome. Suddenly Arcangeli asked him to show the company at dinner that day the empress' medals. He refused. "Will you tell me, then, what your name is?" "No; I do not wish to be recognized," was Winckelmann's reply; and, offended with the abruptness of the questions, he sat down, with his back towards the Italian, and began to write. Arcangeli immediately took from his pocket, and threw over Winckelmann's head, a knotted cord, which, as he started up,

tightened round his throat. They closed, and had struggled together for a short time, when Arcangeli drew a knife and plunged it into his victim. At this moment a servant, hearing the noise, rushed up and opened the door, through which Arcangeli escaped unpursued. It is needless to protract the catastrophe. Physicians were summoned; but all was vain; and at four in the afternoon Winckelmann expired. The assassin was some weeks afterwards captured, tried, and executed.

The news of this unexpected, mysterious, and melancholy death, was received with regret throughout all Europe, especially in Germany, where many of his admirers (the youthful Goethe among the number) were ignorant of Winckelmann's abrupt return towards Italy, and were preparing to welcome him with enthusiasm. We have left ourselves no room to speak of his works: his biography is now before the reader. We wish that Winckelmann, by avoiding the fatal error of apostasy, had allowed us to say that his was a life altogether worthy of a scholar and a man.

From Hood's Magazine.

THE HERRING PIE.

It was a cold winter's evening: the rich banker Brounker had drawn his easy chair close into the corner of the stove, and sat smoking his long clay pipe with great complacency, while his intimate friend, Van Grote, employed in exactly the same manner, occupied the opposite corner. All was quiet in the house, for Brounker's wife and children were gone to a masked ball, and, secure from fear of interruption, the two friends indulged in a confidential conversation.

"I cannot think," said Van Grote, "why you should refuse your consent to the marriage. Berkenrode can give his daughter a good fortune, and you say that your son is desperately in love with her."

"I don't object to it," said Brounker. "It is my wife who will not hear of it."

"And what reason has she for refusing?"

"One which I cannot tell you," said his friend, sinking his voice.

"Oh! a mystery.—Come, out with it. You know I have always been frank and open with you, even to giving you my opinion of your absurd jealousy of your wife."

"Jealous of my wife? nonsense! Have I not just sent her to a masked ball?"

"I don't wonder you boast of it. I should like to have seen you do as much when you were first married. To be sure, you had reason to look sharply after her, for she was the prettiest woman in Amsterdam. Unfortunately, she has taken such advantage of your love, that the grey mare has become the better horse, and you refuse an advantageous match for your son, to gratify her caprice."

"You are quite wrong, my good friend. I never allow any one to be master here but myself; and in the present instance I cannot blame Clotilda. The secret of her refusal lies in a herring pie."

"A herring pie!" exclaimed Van Grote.

"Yes, a herring pie. You may remember it was a favorite dainty of mine, and that my wife could not endure even the smell of it. Well, during the first years of my marriage, I must confess that I was a little—a very little—jealous of Clotilda. My situation obliged me to keep open house, and among the young sparks who visited

us, none gave me so much uneasiness as the handsome Colonel Berkenrode. The reputation that he had already acquired for gallantry was enough to create alarm, and the marked attention he paid my wife convinced me it was well founded. What could I do? It was impossible to forbid him the house, for he had it in his power to deprive me of the government contracts; in other words, to ruin me. After pondering deeply on the subject, I decided on doing nothing, until the danger should become imminent; all that was necessary was to know how things really stood. Having just purchased this house, I caused a secret closet to be made behind the stove here. It communicates with my private room, and from it I could overhear everything that passed in this apartment without risk of being discovered. Thank God I have had no use for it for the last twenty years, and, indeed, I do not even know what has become of the key. Satisfied with this precaution, I did not hesitate to leave Clotilda when any of her admirers paid her a visit, though I promise you that some of the colonel's gallant speeches made me wince."

"Upon my word," interrupted his friend, "you showed a most commendable patience. In your place I should have contented myself with forbidding my wife to receive his visits."

"There spoke the old bachelor. But as I did not want to drive her headlong into his arms, I went a different way to work. Day after day I was forced to listen to the insidious arguments of the seducer. My wife—I must own she made a stout defence—at one time tried ridicule, at another entreaty, to deter him from his pursuit of her. He began to lose hope in proportion as I gained it, till one day he bethought himself of threatening to blow out his brains if she would not show him some compassion. Moved at this proof of the strength of his passion, she burst into tears, and pleaded that she was not free—in short, she gave him to understand that I was the obstacle to his happiness. Berkenrode was too well skilled in the art of seduction not to see that he had gained a point. He raved, cursed me as the cause of his misery, and tried to obtain a promise from her in case she should become a widow. She stopped him peremptorily; but I never closed an eye that night, and Clotilda, though she did not know that I watched her, was as uneasy as myself. On the following day a circumstance occurred that increased her agitation. While at breakfast, a message came from the cook asking to see me alone. I desired him to come in (as I was not in the habit of interfering in domestic affairs) and communicate his business in my wife's presence. When the man entered he was as pale as a ghost, and scarcely seemed to know what he was about. At last he told me that he had received a packet containing a small bottle, three hundred guildens, and a note, in which he was requested to put the contents of the former into the first herring pie he should prepare for me. He was assured that he might do so without fear, as the contents of the bottle were quite harmless, and would give a delicious flavor to the pie. An additional reward was promised if he complied with the request and kept his own counsel. The honest fellow, who was much attached to me, said he was convinced there must be something wrong in the affair, and should not be happy till bottle and money were out of his hands. I poured a few drops of the liquid on a lump of sugar, and gave it to my wife's lap-dog. It fell into convulsions, and died in a

few minutes. The case was now plain; there had been an attempt to poison me. Never shall I forget Clotilda's pale face as she threw herself weeping into my arms—"Poison! A murderer!" she exclaimed, clasping me as if to shield me from danger; "Merciful Heaven, protect us both!" I consoled her with the assurance that I was thankful to my unknown enemy, who was the means of showing me how much she loved me. That day Berkenrode came at the usual hour; but in vain did I take my seat in my hiding-place, he was not admitted. I afterwards found that she had sent him a letter, threatening if ever he came again that her husband should be informed of all that had passed. He made many attempts to soften her resolution, but to no purpose, and a year afterwards he married. No acquaintance has ever existed between the families; and now you know why my wife refuses her consent to our son's marriage with Berkenrode's daughter."

"I cannot blame her," said Van Grote. "Who would have thought that Berkenrode, a soldier, and a man of honor, could have been capable of such a rascally deed?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Brounker; "and do you really think it was the general who sent the poison?"

"Why, who else?"

"Myself, to be sure! The whole was my own contrivance, and it cost me three hundred guildens in a present to my cook; but it was money well laid out, for I saved my wife, and got rid of her troublesome lap-dog at the same time."

"Do you know, Brounker, I think it was rather a shabby trick to leave Berkenrode under such an imputation; and now that your son's happiness depends on your wife's being undeceived—"

"I am aware of all that, but to undeceive her now is not so easy as you think. How can I expect her to disbelieve a circumstance in which for the last twenty years she has put implicit faith?"

He was interrupted by the entrance of Vrow Brounker. Her cheeks were flushed, and she saluted Van Grote rather stiffly.

"What! not at the ball, Clotilda?" asked her husband.

"No! I had a bad headache," she replied, "and Maurice has promised to take charge of his sisters. But I have come to tell you that I have been thinking over his marriage with Mina Berkenrode, and have altered my mind on that subject. In short, I shall withdraw my opposition to the match."

The friends looked at each other in astonishment.

"By the bye," she continued, "here is a key I found some time ago; I think it must belong to you."

"Well, Clotilda," said her husband, striving to hide his confusion as he took the key, "this is good news about the marriage—"

"Suppose you and your friend celebrate it by a supper. There is a herring pie in the house, and you need not fear that it is poisoned."

She left the room. Brounker looked foolish, and Van Grote rubbed his hands as he exclaimed, "Caught in your own trap! He who digs a pit for his enemy shall fall into it himself."

"Nevertheless," replied Brounker, "I think I have got well out of mine."

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CORRESPONDENCE.

IN one of our numbers we gave great praise to the new president, Mr. Polk, for being able to keep his own counsel—to rule his tongue. The late arrivals from England show that much trouble has arisen from his not persevering in this difficult struggle. In his inaugural address, he announced our title to the "country of the Oregon," as clear and unquestionable—and talked of the march of the American farmers, with their wives and children, to take possession of it. Now he perhaps meant to commit himself to England only so far as to *some* country connected with the *river* Oregon—while *here*, his phrase might be understood, by the rank and file, as meant to cover the whole ground of the dispute. And so the agricultural process and settlement (which are entirely in accordance with the treaty) might appear as the actual seizing of the debatable land—thus giving another text for popular vainglory.

But Sir Robert Peel has ably, adroitly, and we must acknowledge *fairly*, made use of the opportunity (supported by the whig opposition and the whole house) to animadvert upon the unusual course of the president, in thus apparently taking the ground that we will not submit anything to the negotiation which was said to be pending in a very amicable spirit. We are thus placed in the wrong, very plausibly, before the British nation, and the public opinion of Europe. Not, it is true, upon the main question—but *that* is damaged by this blunder.

The Britannia thus notices the subject:

THE question of the Oregon territory came under discussion in both houses of parliament on the 4th April. The language of ministers was firm, but cautious. The inaugural address of President Polk drew from Sir Robert Peel some strong expressions of condemnation; and, in reference to the assertion that the United States had "a clear

and unquestionable right" to the Oregon territory, the premier stated that this country had rights, and that, though he hoped for a pacific solution of the question, they should, if necessary, be firmly maintained. This language drew forth loud cheers from all parts of the house.

We have reason to believe that, however amicable in tone might be the negotiations of our government with President Tyler's cabinet, a matter of some difficulty was in discussion before Mr. Polk assumed office. The letter of Mr. Calhoun to the States' minister at Paris had excited the attention of our government, which had demanded the retraction and disavowal of the offensive document. It is probably from that question remaining unsettled, as well as from the unusual language of Mr. Polk, that ministers last night felt it necessary to hint that they were prepared for any alternative rather than disgraceful concession.

We believe that our government, without giving any just cause of alarm, is not confining itself to declarations merely. Urgent instructions have been forwarded to the governors of all our North American dependencies to keep themselves prepared for every emergency; and two additional companies of Royal Artillery are under orders for embarkation for Canada. The augmentation is small, yet the time at which it is made, the particular arm from which it is selected, and the fact that it is intended as a *reinforcement* and not as a relief, give it a degree of significance that might not otherwise attach to it.

In connection with this subject, we may mention the very unexpected detention at Liverpool of the Halifax steam-packet *Caledonia*, by orders from the Admiralty. This unlooked-for delay of at least thirty-six hours was yesterday the subject of much comment and conjecture in the city. The generally received explanation was, that it was done in order to give the government the opportunity of awaiting the result of the parliamentary discussions of last night on the Oregon question.

We may expect that the intelligence it will carry will cause a great sensation in America. Our ministers have at last spoken out, and the answer to their declarations of last night will

naturally be looked for with much anxiety. In plain words they say to President Polk, "We will not allow you to decide this question as you please. Your bluster does not frighten us. The points in dispute shall be settled by negotiation on principles of reason, not by the mere assertion of an inexperienced man whom chance has elevated to the first office of the American republic."

It seems very probable that the majority in favor of the Maynooth grant, on the division which took place on the 3d of April, was swelled by the premier's reference to the necessity of conciliating Ireland, in the crisis of this American demonstration.

How much better had it been had we followed Mr. Calhoun's counsel of "wise and masterly inactivity."

The arrivals of English papers up to the middle of April show a most violent and general opposition to the increased and permanent endowment of Maynooth. It is opposed as the beginning of a course of measures intended to take the whole support of the Romish clergy in Ireland into the hands of the British government. There seems no doubt of such intention, which is supported by the whigs, and is so very disagreeable to the conservatives, that although pressed by the whole power of ministerial patronage, half of them vote against it.

It is supported by Mr. Gladstone, who has thus forever forfeited the confidence of his *political* party.

We presume that nothing can be brought to bear upon the question sufficiently strong to overcome the determination of the present ministry, backed by the whigs, who only could be brought into their places. The battle will be fought before the Protestant forces can be gathered into array.

The Right of Search is to be suspended for two years:—this removes one of the grounds upon which we might hope for a French diversion in case of war. A war, while arbitration is open to us, would seem to be impossible, and would never be thought of except as a means of accomplishing political schemes and personal objects at home.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Harper & Brothers, New York.

No. 2, of the very useful *ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY*.

Nos. 49, 50, of the *ILLUMINATED SHAKSPEARE*.

A System of *LATIN VERSIFICATION*. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York—and for sale by Haliburton & Dudley, Boston.

HISTORY OF GERMANY, from the Earliest Period

to the Present Time. By Fred. Kohfransch. Translated from the German by James D. Haas.

The author is Chief of the Board of Education for the kingdom of Hanover—and this work is said to have been popular for 30 years, and to have become a standard work in the continental universities. This American edition is handsomely printed, upon type and paper suited to its historical dignity. We have Parts 1, 2, and 3, and the whole will be complete in five parts.

We observe that it is to be a part of a Historical Library, to be issued by the same publishers, who appear to be desirous of doing good to the public, while they profitably conduct their large business.

NEVER TOO LATE. By Charles Burdett.

This story is intended to teach the lesson that the offer of Divine mercy is not withdrawn from those who turn to it, however tardy and undeserving.

From William D. Ticknor & Co., Boston.

ORTHOLOGY; OR VOCAL CULTURE IN ELOCUTION; a Manual of Elementary Exercises, adapted to Dr. Rush's Philosophy of the Human Voice, and designed as an introduction to Russell's American Elocutionist. By James E. Murdoch and William Russell. With an appendix containing directions for the Cultivation of Pure Tone, by G. J. Webb.

The principles of Dr. Rush's book (which has been so well received in England as well as at home) are here reduced to practice. The book contains engravings of the organs of voice. This is a subject which concerns not only every public speaker, or private reader, but every one who wishes to have a pleasant voice.

From Saxton & Kelt, Boston.

THE GERMAN'S TALE, KRUITZNER, by Miss Harriet Lee. Lord Byron's praise of this tale gave it a new vogue some 20 years ago. This is a very neat pocket edition.

TRIALS OF MARGARET LYNSDAY, by Professor Wilson. Having read this two years ago, we can only now look at the type and paper which are good, and recommend it to the young people.

From E. H. Pease & W. C. Little, Albany.

THE MONTHLY ROSE. A periodical sustained by the present and former members of the Albany Female Academy.

We have seen in the newspapers some very sweet poetry credited to the *Monthly Rose*, and are glad to know where it blooms.

CHRISTIAN WORLD. Philadelphia.

This is the first quarterly number of the fifth volume of the work, conducted by the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton. A very material part of the mission of this gentleman, is to unite all Christian people in a religious and benevolent association for the improvement of the press, so as to bring about a harmony in life and doctrine. Mr. Stockton is of the Protestant Methodist denomination, but cares little for any of the points which divide those who "love Christ in sincerity."

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW, for May, with a portrait of Mr. M'Duffie, apparently in the very act of defending his "forty bale" theory.

POLICY OF ENGLAND TOWARDS IRELAND.

The object of this volume is to take a general review of the treatment of Ireland by England, from the first conquest to the present age, in order to get a distinct perception of the causes that have produced the misery and disorders of that country, for the purpose of discovering a remedy. To carry out this object clearly and orderly, the author has considered his subject under five sections. He first takes a rapid glance at the English domination in Ireland from the conquest of Strongbow to the Revolution of 1688; showing that difference of race, and lust of confiscation, with the fear, contempt, anger, and violence springing from these sources, first induced the conquerors to treat the natives as an inferior sept, whilst the Reformation, by producing a difference of religion, prevented the amalgamation of the two peoples under the most vigorous rule or by the lapse of time. The epoch from the second (or third) conquest of Ireland, by William of Orange, to the close of the last century, is more elaborately treated, to exhibit the excessive severity of the penal laws at a time when persecution for religion was diminishing or dying away elsewhere, and to show how, by means of religious difference, a distinction of caste was kept up, more mischievous than any other system of castes ever established, because it not merely produced inferiority but degradation. The third section embraces the period from the struggles of the Irish people at the close of the last century, to the passing of the Emancipation Act; when the terrible but definite system of the Puritanico-Orangemen was abandoned for the miserable "juste-milieu" and "bit-by-bit" policy, that maintained all the galling degradations of the Catholics, yet allowed them to acquire wealth and power, granted what was granted grudgingly, too late, and imperfectly; the author showing, by quotations from the evidence given before the parliamentary committees, that the payment of the Romish clergy, and their recognition by the state, (as has been lately done under the Charitable Bequests Act,) were declared by O'Connell and the Romish bishops essential parts of any emancipation-scheme. He therefore holds, that the policy of the present time is as exasperating as that of the worst period, in that it still maintains the degrading distinctions of conquest and superiority, whilst it does not act with the consistency of the elder time, which crushed into helplessness those whom it degraded.

Having thus concluded that the privileged church of the minority and the religious degradation of the majority is the monster grievance of Ireland, the author in his fourth section takes an extensive review of the policy followed in other countries with regard to religion, since the fury of state persecutions for opinion has passed away. The practice of Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, Holland, Belgium, France, and some subordinate states, is successively examined; and is shown to treat the different branches of Christian belief with equal respect and encouragement. The Romish states, or rather the states where the rulers or the majority are Romish, pay the Protestant clergy and protect them in their worship—sometimes, as in Austria, going so far as to prevent offensive controversies or reflections in the sermons of rival sects. On the other hand, the states where the Protestants predominate, support the clergy of the Romish church, acknowledge the authority of the

pope, are openly represented by diplomatic envoys, and enjoy all the advantages which spring from the influence of paymaster and protector, and a good understanding with the Court of Rome. Even this Protestant kingdom herself is compelled, by the pressure of circumstances, to adopt this principle everywhere except in Ireland; supporting in her colonies the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Romish churches. But whilst the Protestant "state with a conscience" does enough to "break with Heaven," it loses the benefit of its insolvency—"She pays great debts, but she compounds the small." In Ireland, the practical contempt with which the Romanists have been treated causes all the evils of politics and passion in that unhappy country; the non-payment of their clergy renders them hostile to the state, instead of its supporters; whilst our "under-the-rose" relations with the Court of Rome seem to possess the usual disadvantages of clandestine connexions.

Nut long after the Emancipation Act of 1829, it was found that, with millions of Catholics scattered over all parts of the empire, it was indispensable that, for the purpose of communication, we should establish diplomatic relations of some sort with the pope. Our government dared not do so openly and avowedly; they knew that all the bigotry and folly in the country would have instantly been roused to join in full chorus against such an abomination: but the necessity was urgent, and could not be postponed; and accordingly the following expedient was adopted. In 1832, the late Mr. Aubyn (then Attaché to the Legation at Florence) was sent to Rome, where he was ordered to reside without any diplomatic character, and ostensibly as a private gentleman; but by a sort of clandestine diplomacy, he was put in secret and authorized but unacknowledged communication with the cardinal secretary of state, with whom he confidentially transacted business, exactly in the same manner, and for the same purposes, as if he had been the accredited representative of his sovereign. * * *

"Can anything be conceived more inconsistent, and more undignified, than such a private appeal to an authority the existence of which we publicly and ostensibly affect to deny? Nor is this an imaginary case, but one which has actually occurred.

"When a Roman Catholic see in Ireland became vacant a few years ago, according to the usual custom, three names were transmitted to the pope, from which he was to select one. The British government was desirous that the choice should not fall upon a particular individual; and a request was preferred to his holiness, through the channel of our agent, that he would bestow the vacant mitre on either of the other two candidates: but the pope said, that since the Relief Bill had passed, the English government was constantly asking favors of him and requiring his assistance; that he did not find such a disposition to oblige him and conform to his wishes, as to induce him always to comply with theirs, and therefore he should not pass over the person objected to; who consequently received the appointment. Now, this fact seems to prove, first, the egregious folly of doing things by halves, and ineffectually; and secondly, that if we were to deal with the pope in a spirit of frankness and cordiality, and in a manner befitting the dignity of both the contracting parties, he would readily coöperate with us in any measures conducive to the advantage of the people

of Ireland and the security and tranquillity of the empire.

"The pope would no doubt be exceedingly gratified if his authority were formally acknowledged by the queen; and when this was done, nothing is more certain than that we should find every disposition on his part to make its exercise harmonize with the temporal objects of our government.

"When the rebellion broke out in Canada, we requested the pope to exert his authority with the Roman Catholic priests to induce them to assist us in quelling the disturbance; and his Holiness addressed a pastoral letter to them for that purpose, which was attended by the best effects."

The fifth section is devoted to the future policy which our author deduces from the present and the past: and it substantially amounts to a payment of the Romish clergy, the acknowledgment of the pope, a reduction in the Irish Church Establishments—the "appropriation," in fact, which Mr. Ward discovered, and the whigs, after wearing till they wore it out, threw away. The principle of the appropriation, however "irreligious or sacrilegious," is greedily sanctioned by all parties when it is to put money in the purse of the landlords; as the author shows by reference to the various tithe-bills, &c. The difficulties arising from the prejudices of the British people and the interests of the clergy he does not disguise or deny; but he thinks them superable, and by Sir Robert Peel.

"At such a crisis it is impossible not to turn with hope, amounting to expectation, towards Sir Robert Peel, and with confidence that whatever prejudices may still remain elsewhere unrooted, he, at least, will rise superior to them. Not one of all his predecessors in the high office he holds has ever rendered more important services to his country than he has now the opportunity of conferring upon her; and of all men he is the best fitted by character, by capacity, and by position, to accomplish the mighty task that is presented to him. He has already done enough to prove to the world that he is actuated by none of the ordinary motives of vulgar ambition. On a memorable occasion, he consented to make momentous and deeply-felt sacrifices to an overwhelming sense of public duty. The subsequent experience of fifteen years, and that intermediate study of the book of life which is the great instructor and adviser of statesmen, can hardly have failed to make him contemplate the discharge of his public obligations in a spirit more independent and more stern; and in a recent instance he evinced a firmness and decision, and a fearlessness of giving offence, equally indicative of his indifference to the possession of office and his resolution to retain it no longer than he was permitted to exercise the power it conferred according to his own judgment of what was most beneficial to the state. From the very beginning of his public career Sir Robert Peel may claim to be called a Reformer. He has, through the whole course of his political life, steadily, consistently, but cautiously, endeavored to correct abuses and errors, and to amend the laws, in order to improve the social condition of the country. Having without scruple freely canvassed his antecedent conduct, I may without scruple do justice to the purity of his motives, the sagacity of his views, and the good services he has performed: but the best of those services will sink into insignificance in comparison with the pacification and reconciliation of Ireland, if Providence

should reserve to him the crowning mercy of such an achievement. It would indeed be a fallacy and a delusion to suppose that he, or any man, or any set of men, could by any measures, however politic or pacific, immediately dry up the ancient sources of weakness and disunion in that country; it would be over sanguine to expect that Ireland should be at once and completely incorporated in feeling, as well as in law, with the rest of the empire; all that he can do is to lay the foundations, foundations broad and deep, on which a superstructure of conciliation and union may gradually be built."

Except in the condensed exposition of the practice of the principal European states in dealing with religion, and the correlative proof that Ireland is an exception to the civilized world, there is no novelty in the course or conclusions of this volume. An historical review of the treatment of Ireland by England is a stock theme in all books or pamphlets upon Irish policy; many years since, Sydney Smith urged the payment of the Romish clergy, with a cogency of argument as well as of wit that would have settled the matter long ago had mere reason been allowed to settle it; whilst numbers, conspicuous for their position, have proposed dealings with Irish Church property, from reduction to extinction. The book, however, is very able. It displays, indeed, the reading of a gentleman rather than the research of an historical inquirer, for Davies and Bacon are the most original authorities referred to; and occasional passages rather exhibit the writer, giving an artificial force and effect to this matter; still, the selection of historical illustrations is sufficient for the purpose, and the rhetorical passages are rare, though the work throughout seems to be the product of a pen accustomed to address the public. The whole subject is better digested, and the matter consequently closer and fuller, than the littérateur is in the habit of attaining to. There is, too, an air of quiet conviction about the views, with a self-possession and retenue, seldom displayed by the mere writer, as well as a perfect freedom of handling great affairs and great men without unduly depreciating them, rarely acquired except by a man of the world.

We have thus far spoken of the book from internal evidence. There are intimations abroad that its importance is derived from the time of its appearance and the position of its author. The *Morning Post* regards its advent as the sign of some new treason to the Protestant cause on the part of Peel; whilst the *Morning Chronicle* holds that it is the production of a Conservative of station who speaks the opinions of other Conservatives. How much of this is well-founded, time will show; but the probable station of the author gives an interest to some of the facts which he intermingles with his narrative, as they contain what the elder Disraeli would call "materials for secret history." Sending the reader to the volume for polemics, we shall take our extracts from these more anecdotal passages in reference to the passing of Catholic Emancipation.

ANOTHER SILLINESS OF GEORGE THE FOURTH.

There is not a doubt that, if they [Peel and Wellington] had followed their own inclinations and consulted their own merely personal interests, they would have resigned, and left the Whigs to carry out the measure [Catholic Emancipation] they had so long labored to promote: but they

soon found that the work could only be done by themselves, and that they must either expose the country to enormous danger or undertake a task full of difficulty and humiliation, which could not fail to expose them to the bitterest obloquy and reproach, to the disruption of old friendships and connexions, and every sort of unpopularity. They at once flung aside all personal and selfish considerations. They did not hesitate to sacrifice their own characters for consistency; and, what was a still greater sacrifice, they did not scruple to adopt the means and expedients (repulsive as they must have been) by which alone success could be insured. The first thing to be done was to impart their designs to the king; and having obtained his consent, to conceal them from the rest of the world. The king was in the highest degree disgusted at the intimation; but he declared that he would only give his consent upon the condition of their *all* remaining in office, and *themselves* carrying the measure through Parliament; and to this, therefore, they made up their minds to submit. He also required that the matter should be revealed to no human being out of the cabinet; well knowing the personal annoyance to which he should be exposed if it once got wind. The ministers also were aware that it was essential to prevent a No-Popery agitation being got up in England; and they were therefore fully agreed with his majesty on this point.

The sole chance of resisting the Liberal party, conjoined with Peel, Wellington, the official Tories, and the Tory advocates of Emancipation, was in rousing the Protestant masses of England, and then going to the country with "The King and No Popery." But the trouble was too great for the Sybarite; and, to save himself a little "personal annoyance," he proposed to cut off the supplies and soldiers of his own force. How the Great Captain must have inwardly chuckled at such stipulations for the plan of the campaign! Here is his majesty again.

"Meanwhile, the cauldron of Irish affairs was perpetually flaring up with some fresh ingredient that was cast into it. In the beginning of 1829, Lord Anglesey's recall excited, in different ways, both Catholics and Protestants, and tended to make the Duke's intentions more ambiguous than ever. The correspondence which led to that recall was itself caused by the unfortunate course of keeping the Lord-Lieutenant in the dark. He was, not unnaturally, provoked with the duke's want of confidence; while, without intending it, the free and frank expression of his opinions embarrassed the duke and exasperated the king. It was the king himself who vehemently insisted upon the recall of Lord Anglesey, though the duke took all the responsibility and odium of that measure upon himself. Such were the difficulties and the personal differences which this long course of mystification unhappily produced, and which continued up to the eve of the meeting of Parliament."

**DIFFICULTIES OF THE MINISTRY: "THE DOCTOR"
SENT FOR.**

A call of the house had been ordered on the 5th March, on which day Mr. Peel was to bring the emancipation bill before the house of commons; but in the mean time the Duke of Cumberland, backed by Lord Eldon and the old Anti-Catholic party, had contrived to work the king's mind into a state of frenzy. He passed his days in railing

against the bill and its authors; and he went so far as to desire a person high in his intimacy and confidence to tell all his household that he wished them to vote against it; a command which the individual to whom it was given was, fortunately, too prudent to obey. If his majesty's ill-humor had been confined within the walls of his palace, and had there evaporated, it would not have much signified; but as the time drew near when the irrevocable step was to be taken of proposing the relief bill to parliament, he exhibited very alarming symptoms of a disposition to waver and draw back.

On the 3d of March, it was generally known that the bill was in the greatest jeopardy; and nothing could exceed the consternation which prevailed among the friends of government and emancipation. On Sunday, the king sent for the chancellor, pretended that he had not been aware of all the provisions of the bill, said that the securities did not satisfy him, and he would not consent to it. The chancellor could do nothing with him; so, instead of returning to town, he proceeded to Strathfieldsaye, where the Duke of Wellington was gone to receive the judges; there he arrived at three in the morning, and communicated to the duke what had passed. On Monday, the duke went himself to Windsor, and told the king plainly that it was too late now to recede, and if his majesty made any more difficulties he would instantly resign. The king began whimpering, said he thought the duke would never desert him in any circumstances; but, finding him totally deaf to his appeals *ad misericordiam*, told him he would take a day to consider of his final determination, and communicate it to him. The government considered themselves out, and thought everything was at an end: meanwhile, the king sent to Lord Sidmouth, and proposed to him to come and help him to overthrow the bill, and set the Duke of Wellington and O'Connell at defiance. But Eldon's "young master" did not inspire the confidence which his old master might have done—Lord Sidmouth would not trust him; he refused, saying to his confidants, that he would have done it for the father, but could put no reliance in the son.

THE LAST LITTLENESS.

When the Duke of Wellington made up his mind to carry the Catholic question, he wisely resolved to do it completely, to give unqualified emancipation, and not to trouble himself about securities; at the same time he was beset with difficulties which it required all his authority, and no small tact and management, to surmount. He had to gain over the king and the Tory party, and to reconcile both to the measure which of all others they most abhorred. His object was to give satisfaction to the Catholics, and at the same time to make the concession as palatable as he could to his royal master and his own friends. Of all living men he most thoroughly knew George the Fourth: but, whatever may have been his personal opinion of the king, he had a profound reverence for his office; and he probably felt that he was not entitled to deal in a very peremptory manner with prejudices which he had himself only so lately discarded. It may be presumed that it was for these reasons he condescended to humor the king in his angry and ungracious mood. The king could not raise his mind to the height of the great argument, nor wisely give the assent,

which he dared not withhold, in a frank and gracious spirit. On the contrary, he became peevish and querulous, made his reluctance notorious to the whole world, gave all the trouble he could to his ministers, and, instead of courting the popularity which he might easily have obtained from the Irish, was bent upon gratifying his spiteful and vindictive feelings by the exclusion of O'Connell from the seat he had won; and it was the king himself who insisted that the clause in the act should be so worded as to render the Clare election null and void. To this miserable revenge, this kick at the living lion, it was unfortunately thought worth while to consent.

From the Spectator

MRS. NORTON'S CHILD OF THE ISLANDS.

Who shall say that Blue Books are useless?—seeing that they furnish materials for fiction, and illustrations for poetry. Writers of yore, who wished to strike out a new line of composition, had to look about them upon life, and learn what Reynolds calls “the art of seeing nature.” But “that great *primum mobile* of all human affairs, the barrister of six years standing,” has superseded these necessities of personal effort. The Report of a Commission of Inquiry, with Appendixes from A to Z, gives us a short cut to various classes of life, which our predecessors had to find out for themselves. Miners, milliners, factory children, agricultural laborers, and paupers, are exhibited, at least in their modes of living. The statist, the most unimaginative of men, are the cause of imaginative works in others; and if the reporters be permitted to go on as they are going, we shall soon have the physical as well as the moral diseases of felons laid before the world. No doubt, in these succedanea for experience, we miss the *life* with all its variety of character and its counteracting circumstances, even should these be, unhappily, nothing more than the hardness induced by wretchedness, or the drawbacks upon comfort arising from recklessness, sloth, and vice. But this is an evil inseparable from second-hand knowledge: one can only have it in the gross.

The Child of the Islands, the nominal hero of Mrs. Norton's poem, is the baby Prince of Wales: but he serves to little other purpose than the plot of Mr. Bayes. Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, with an opening and conclusion, are the divisions of the poem; and in each there is some allusion to the prince—as to his worldly advantages, for example, that he will not feel the cold of winter—or a graceful intimation that he cannot escape the common lot of humanity—or elegant descriptions of what is possibly the palatial life of modern heirs-apparent; mingled with many loyal but not gross or fulsome aspirations for his future prosperity, virtue, and happiness. The real character of *The Child of the Islands*, however, is a series of outpourings upon the condition of the poor. Mrs. Norton says, (indeed she proves, by reprinting some letters to the *Times* newspaper of the date of 1841,) that she entertained these philanthropical views before they became the fashionable talk, and in some cases possibly the fashionable cant: but first appearance in literature forestalls an after comer; and the repetition of the subject, in a similar strain of feeling, from Jerrold and Dickens down to scribes innumerable, has deprived it of some force and freshness. Beyond the feminine character of the writer's mind, with

the graceful illustrations of poetry and the music of verse, there is not much of novelty in *The Child of the Islands*. The images are many of them taken from the sources we have indicated: for instance, the youthful trapper in the mine shut out from the light of heaven; the miseries of the sempstresses; and the wretches congregating in winter under the trees in Hyde Park, to which several leading articles in the *Times* called public attention. The more original topics, if not equally obvious, are almost as general property: the contrast between the splendors of London fashion and the squalidness of London want; various domestic pictures in the different grades of life; landscapes adapted to the four seasons of the year; with episodes according to circumstances—thus a fall of snow in “Winter” leads, from an English churchyard and the sorrows its deaths have occasioned, to the disastrous retreat from Cabul. These kinds of incidents and images are freely mixed with reflections; and, varied by the continual recurrence of the leading theme of the rondo, the Prince of Wales, form the matter of *The Child of the Islands*.

Topics so common to the literature of the times, and a plan so arbitrary and inartificial, can have little intrinsic power. The interest of the work must arise from its workmanship: and the merit of this is great, in several points of view. Ease and finish of diction prevail throughout, with much beauty of thought and imagery, and a spirited style. The *sentiment* of the woman is everywhere, with its home feelings, its proneness to pity, and its readiness to decide upon the first impression from the first single view, without regard to the truism that “much may be said on both sides.” Considered as a work of fashion, it may be pronounced the poem of the season. Regarded in a more critical aspect, the execution has deficiencies analogous to those of its matter. There is seldom much that is absolutely fresh in the images, little very striking or original in the style—nothing which fixes the reader and impresses him with the idea that he is in the power of a master-mind. The poem is written in the Spenserian stanza; and though the imitation of Byron is not glaring, we are frequently reminded of *Childe Harold*, especially in the numerous reflections that follow the examples of the misery of the poor, or the inequalities of fortune, or for that matter the inevitable laws of nature: but the half-wailing, half-pompous gloom, which was appropriate enough to the misanthropical Childe, is not so well adapted to the themes of Mrs. Norton. Perhaps, too, the style is somewhat too diffuse: no single stanzas can be called weak, yet the general impression is rather one of weakness.

This, however, is not visible in any single passage, or perhaps in any single section; and several sittings at intervals would be the best plan of perusal. How it will read in that mode, we will indicate by a couple of topics, rather long, but complete in themselves. The first is from “Hyde Park;” but the particular subject relates chiefly to the homeless outcasts, whose case excited so much attention when first noticed.

LONDON OUTCASTS.

Betwixt the deathly stream and Tyburn Gate
Stand withered trees, whose sapless boughs
have seen
Beauties whose memory now is out of date,
And lovers on whose grave the moss is green!

While Spring, forever fresh, with smile serene,
Woke up gray Time, and drest his scythe with
flowers,
And flash'd sweet light the tender leaves be-
tween,
And bid the wild bird carol in the bowers,
Year after year the same, with glad returning hours.

Oh, those old trees! what see they when the
beam

Falls on blue waters from the bluer sky!
When young Hope whispers low, with smiles
that seem

Too joyous to be answered with a sigh!

The scene is then of prosperous gaiety—
Thick-swarming crowds on summer pleasure
beast,

And equipages form'd for luxury;
While rosy children, young and innocent,
Dance in the onward path, and frolic with content.

But when the scattered leaves on those wan
boughs

Quiver beneath the night-wind's rustling
breath;

When jocund merriment, and whisper'd vows,
And children's shouts, are hush'd, and still as
death

Lies all in heaven above and earth beneath;
When clear and distant shine the steadfast stars,
O'er lake and river, mountain, brake and
heath,

And smile, unconscious of the woe that mars
The beauty of earth's face, deform'd by Misery's
scars;

What see the old trees THEN? Gaunt, pallid
forms

Come, creeping sadly to their hollow hearts,
Seeking frail shelter from the winds and storms,
In broken rest, disturb'd by fitful starts;
There, when the chill rain falls, or lightning
darts,

Or balmy summer-nights are stealing on,
Houseless they slumber, close to wealthy
marts

And gilded homes: there, where the morning sun
That tide of wasteful joy and splendor look'd upon.

There the man hides whose better days are
dropp'd

Round his starvation, like a veil of shame;
Who, till the fluttering pulse of life hath stopp'd,
Suffers in silence, and conceals his name:
There the lost victim, on whose tarnish'd fame
A double taint of Death and Sin must rest,
Dreams of her village home and parents'
blame,

And in her sleep, by pain and cold oppress,
Draws close her tatter'd shawl athwart her shiv-
ering breast.

Her history is written in her face:

The bloom hath left her cheek, but not from
age;

Youth, without innocence, or love, or grace,
Blotted with tears, still lingers on that page;
Smooth brow, soft hair, dark eyelash, seem
to wage

With furrowed lines a contradiction strong;

Till the wild witchcraft stories, which engage
Our childish thoughts, of magic change and
wrong,

Seem realized in her—so old, and yet so young!

And many a wretch forlorn, and huddled group
Of strangers met in brotherhood of woe,
Heads that beneath their burden weakly stoop,
Youth's tangled curls, and Age's locks of
snow,

Rest on those wooden pillows, till the glow
Of morning o'er the brightening earth shall pass;
And these depart, none asking where they go;
Lost in the World's confused and gathering
mass,

While a new slide fills up Life's magic-lantern
glass.

The following, though not new in its essential
idea, is far from hacknied; and it offers an ex-
ample of one of the proper functions of poetry—
the personification of a general principle.

IGNORANCE IN THE DOCK.

The criminal is in the felon's dock:
Fearful and stupified, behold him stand!

While to his trial cold spectators flock,
And lawyers grave, and judges of the land.
At first he grasps the rail with nervous hand,
Hearing the case, which learnedly they state,

With what attention ignorance can command:
Then, weary of such arguing of his fate,
Torpid and dull he sinks, throughout the long
debate.

Vapid, incomprehensible to him

The skilful pleader's cross-examining wit;
His sullen ear receives, confused and dim,
The shouts of laughter at some brilliant hit,
When a shrewd witness leaves the biter bit.

He shrinks not, while the facts that must prevail
Against his life unconscious friends admit;
Though Death is trembling in the adverse scale,
He reckes no more than if he heard the autumn gale

Oh Eloquence, a moving thing art thou!

Tradition tells us many a mournful story
Of scaffold-sentenced men, with noble brow,
Condemn'd to die in youth, or weak and hoary,
Whose words survived in long-remembered
glory!

But eloquence of words the power hath not
(Nor even their fate, who perish'd gaunt and
gory)

To move my spirit like his abject lot,
Who stands there, like a dog new-sentenced to be
shot!

Look, now! Attention wakes, with sudden start,
The brutish mind which late so dull hath been!
Quick grows the heavy beating at his heart!

The solemn pause which rests the busy scene,
He knows, though ignorant, what *that* must
mean—

The Verdict! With the Jury rests his chance!
And his lack-lustre eye grows strangely keen,
Watching with wistful, pleading, dreadful
glance,

Their consultation cease, their Foreman slow ad-
vance.

His home, his hopes, his life, are in that word!

His ties! (for think ye not that he *hath* ties!)
Alas! Affection makes its pleading heard

Long after better sense of duty dies,
Midst all that Vice can do to brutalize.

Hark to the verdict—"Guilty!"—All are foes!
Oh, what a sight for good, compassionate eyes,

That haggard man, as, stupified with woes,
Forth from the felon's dock a wretch condemn'd:
he goes!

From the Examiner.

A Fragment on the Irish Roman Catholic Church.
By the late REV. SYDNEY SMITH. Longman & Co.

WHAT Sydney Smith said of Mackintosh is now to be said of Sydney Smith.

"When I turn from living spectacles of stupidity, ignorance, and malice, and wish to think better of the world, I remember my great and benevolent friend Mackintosh. * * * If he had been arrogant and grasping; if he had been faithless and false; if he had been always eager to strangle infant genius in its cradle; always ready to betray and to blacken those with whom he sat at meat, he would have passed many men, who, in the course of his long life, have passed him."

There was no anecdote of himself which Sydney Smith had a juster pride in relating, than the dialogue ending with Lord Stowell's remark, *Oh Mr. Smith! you would have been a much richer man if you had come over to us!* Of course he would have been a much richer man. He would have been a bishop. The Tories are not afraid of making a pamphleteer a bishop; even when pamphleteer means libeller, as it meant in the days of Addison.

Sydney Smith's pamphleteering meant no such thing. It was keen to enliven and exalt, but never to malign and vituperate. It was generous, earnest, healthy. It set itself against the frauds, inanities, and absurdities, which pass current in the world. It raised the hue-and-cry after cant, pretension, and quackery. But, not being malignant, it was not dull enough to be decorous. "He cannot be a Christian who wrote the *Tale of a Tub*," said a decent whig of a hundred years ago: "and your Majesty must be sure that the man you would make a bishop is a Christian." So Swift died Dean of St. Patrick's, and Sydney Smith Canon of St. Paul's.

We do not like parallels. There is commonly a strain in them, and the effort does not favor truth. Therefore we shall not compare the Drapier with Peter Plymley, however strong the resemblance we might find, in their pungency of wit and in their easy strength and transparent clearness of style. But there is so curious an identity in one of the later passages of the lives of these famous letter-writers, that we may be pardoned for adverting to it.

The bishops' bill of 1751 for subdividing large livings into as many portions as the bishops should think fit, was a counterpart to the church commission bill of 1836 for mutilating deans and chapters and trimming cathedrals to a Bloomfield measure. And both bills were lost by the wit with which both were assailed. "Swift," says Sir Walter Scott, "thought he discovered a scheme on the part of the prelates to impoverish and degrade the body of the clergy, besides subjecting them to the absolute dominion of their spiritual superiors;" and Sydney Smith, right or wrong, thought just the same. The Dean of St. Patrick's wrote to his friend Bishop Sterne; the Canon of St. Paul's wrote to his friend Archdeacon Singleton; and, till this hour, one may open the letter of the bishop, and mistake it for that of the archdeacon. Has not the voice of the earlier the very trick and accent of the later wit? "Upon this open avowed attempt, in almost the whole bench, to destroy the church, I resolved to have no

more commerce with persons of such prodigious grandeur, who, I feared, in a little time, would expect me to kiss their slippers. It is happy for me that I know the persons of very few bishops; and it is my constant rule, never to look into a coach; by which I avoid the terror that such a sight would strike me with." In both instances, as we have said, the bishops were worsted. Dean and canon found themselves masters of the field, while

the new Iscariots

Came headlong tumbling from their mitred chariots.

In a clever notice of Sydney Smith given by the *Morning Chronicle*, the opinion of a recent French critic was adopted, to the effect that "the characteristic of Sydney Smith's mind was a keen perception of the grotesque side of whatever was bad and unjust, and that his power lay in developing the constant relation which subsists between falsehood and absurdity." But surely the latter expression cannot be correctly employed. What is relation? "When the mind so considers one thing," says Locke, "that it does, as it were, bring it to, and set it by another, and carry its view from one to t'other; this is, as the words import, relation." Now falsehood cannot in any such sense be said to have relation with absurdity. They cannot be set by each other and compared; they cannot be separated. They are one. The absurdity is from the first inherent in the falsehood; and the art of Sydney Smith consisted in this, that he pushed the falsehood to disclosure of its absurdity. We take it to have been his highest art. In nothing was his mastery more apparent. Woe to the falsehood that he so pursued! All its shirking, shrinking, doubling, and evading, availed it not. Inevitable doom awaited it. It must confess the folly that was in it. It must give forth its *Noodle's Oration*.

But how beautiful were the serious moods of Sydney Smith. What a fine fulness and solidity they had: drawn from the strength of justice, which we believe to have been the ruling sense of his mind; and tempered with the warmth of charity, of which no man had a larger share. What a picture is that in one of his sermons, where he described the village school and the tattered scholars, and the aged, poverty-stricken master teaching the mechanical art of reading or writing, and thinking he was teaching that alone, while in truth he was "protecting life, insuring property, fencing the altar, guarding the throne, giving space and liberty to all the fine powers of man, and lifting him up to his own place in the order of creation." What a scene is that of the poor wretched prisoner on his trial, struggling against the agonies of his spirit, and the rudeness of his conceptions, and his awe of better dressed and better taught men, and the shame which the accusation had brought upon his head, and the sight of his parents and children gazing at him in court, for the last time perhaps, and after a long absence—asked, under the old criminal law, what he had to say in his defence, saying that he left it to his counsel, and told that his counsel could not be heard! "The mariner sinking in the wave does not want a helping hand more than does this poor wretch. But help is denied to all. Age cannot have it, nor ignorance, nor the modesty of women! One hard uncharitable rule silences the defenders of the wretched, in the worst of human

evils; and, at the bitterest of human moments, mercy is blotted out from the ways of men!"

But the road to a bishoprick is through "the Frogs of Aristophanes and the Targum of Onkelos," or it lies among the fouler ways of servility and bigotry; not in such thoughts as these. Our interest in the matter is not much; but we think it a pity for those who love the Episcopal bench, that it should be constrained to dulnesses forever.

"What a blessing to this country would a real bishop be! A man who thought it the first duty of Christianity to allay the bad passions of mankind, and to reconcile contending sects with each other. What peace and happiness such a man as the Bishop of London might have conferred on the empire, if, instead of changing black dresses for white dresses, and administering to the frivolous disputes of foolish zealots, he had labored to abate the hatred of Protestants for the Roman Catholics, and had dedicated his powerful understanding to promote religious peace in the two countries. Scarcely any bishop is sufficiently a man of the world to deal with fanatics. The way is not to reason with them, but to ask them to dinner. They are armed against logic and remonstrance, but they are puzzled in a labyrinth of wiles, disarmed by facilities and concessions, introduced to a new world, come away thinking more of hot and cold, and dry and sweet, than of Newman, Keble, and Pusey. So mouldered away Hannibal's army at Capua! So the primitive and perpendicular prig of Puseyism is softened into practical wisdom, and coaxed into common sense! Providence gives us generals, and admirals, and chancellors of the exchequer; but I never remember in my time a real bishop—a grave elderly man, full of Greek, with sound views of the middle voice and preterperfect tense, gentle and kind to his poor clergy, of powerful and commanding eloquence; in parliament never to be put down when the great interests of mankind were concerned; leaning to the government when it was right, leaning to the people when they were right; feeling that if the Spirit of God had called him to that high office, he was called for no mean purpose, but rather that, seeing clearly, and acting boldly, and intending purely, he might confer lasting benefits upon mankind."

This passage is from the *Fragment* before us; a posthumous and "unrevised" publication. "If it serves no other purpose," it is said in a brief preface, "it will at least prove that his *last*, as well as his earliest efforts, were exerted for the promotion of religious freedom, and may satisfy those who have objected to his later writings, because his own interest appeared to be bound up with his opinions, that he did not hesitate, to the last moment of his life, boldly to advocate what he considered to be justice to others." We do not think the proof was needed, believing the objections frivolous; and we must frankly say, on the whole, that we could have spared this *Fragment*.

Not because it is unrevised in point of style. What our contemporaries remark of the polish and elaboration of Sydney Smith's sentences, is certainly erroneous. He wrote, if ever man did, *Currente Calamo*. Corrections, either in his manuscript or proof, were extremely rare. Our object is of another kind. "There would have been a time" for such a *Fragment*, which is not now; not to say that its illustrations are scarcely

borne out by its argument. But since wit does not lose value as wit, because it is not wisdom, let us satisfy the curiosity of the reader with one or two extracts more.

SHE IS NOT WELL.

"The revenue of the Irish Roman Catholic church is made up of half-pence, potatoes, rags, bones, and fragments of old clothes, and those Irish old clothes. They worship often in hovels, or in the open air, from the *want* of any place of worship. Their religion is the religion of three fourths of the population! Not far off, in a well-windowed and well-roofed house, is a well-paid Protestant clergyman, preaching to stools and hassocks, and crying in the wilderness; near him the clerk, next him the sexton, near him the sexton's wife—furious against the errors of Popery, and willing to lay down their lives for the great truths established at the Diet of Augsburg.

"There is a story in the Leinster family which passes under the name of

She is not well.

"A Protestant clergyman, whose church was in the neighborhood, was a guest at the house of that upright and excellent man the Duke of Leinster. He had been staying there three or four days; and on Saturday night, as they were all retiring to their rooms, the duke said, 'We shall meet to-morrow at breakfast.'—'Not so (said our Milesian Protestant;) your hour, my lord, is a little too late for me; I am very particular in the discharge of my duty, and your breakfast will interfere with my church.' The duke was pleased with the very proper excuses of his guest, and they separated for the night;—his grace perhaps deeming his palace more safe from all the evils of life for containing in its bosom such an exemplary son of the church. The first person, however, whom the duke saw in the morning upon entering the breakfast-room was our punctual Protestant, deep in rolls and butter, his finger in an egg, and a large slice of the best Tipperary ham secured on his plate. 'Delighted to see you, my dear vicar,' said the duke; 'but I must say as much surprised as delighted.'—'Oh, don't you know what has happened?' said the sacred breakfaster,—'*she is not well.*'—'Who is not well?' said the duke: 'you are not married—you have no sister living—I'm quite uneasy; tell me who is not well.'—'Why, the fact is, my lord duke, that my congregation consists of the clerk, the sexton, and the sexton's wife. Now the sexton's wife is in very delicate health: when she cannot attend, we cannot muster the number mentioned in the rubric; and we have, therefore, no service on that day. The good woman had a cold and sore throat this morning, and, as I had breakfasted but slightly, I thought I might as well hurry back to the regular family dejeuner.' I don't know that the clergyman behaved improperly; but such a church is hardly worth an insurrection and civil war every ten years."

BISHOPS, PROTESTANT AND CATHOLIC.

"If I were a bishop, living beautifully in a state of serene plenitude, I don't think I could endure the thought of so many honest, pious, and laborious clergymen of another faith, placed in such disgraceful circumstances! I could not get into my carriage with jelly-springs, or see my two courses every day, without remembering the buggy and

the bacon of some poor old Catholic bishop, ten times as laborious, and with much more, perhaps, of theological learning than myself, often distressed for a few pounds! and burthened with duties utterly disproportioned to his age and strength. I think, if the extreme comfort of my own condition did not extinguish all feeling for others, I should sharply commiserate such a church, and attempt with ardor and perseverance to apply the proper remedy."

REPEAL OF THE UNION.

"Much as I hate wounds, dangers, privations, and explosions—much as I love regular hours of dinner—foolish as I think men covered with the feathers of the male *Pullus domesticus*, and covered with lace in the course of the ischiatic nerve—much as I detest all these follies and ferocities, I would rather turn soldier myself than acquiesce quietly in such a separation of the empire.

"It is such a piece of nonsense, that no man can have any reverence for himself who would stop to discuss such a question. It is such a piece of anti-British villany, that none but the bitterest enemy of our blood and people could entertain such a project! It is to be met only with round and grape—to be answered by Shrapnel and Congreve; to be discussed in hollow squares, and refuted by battalions four deep; to be put down by the *ultima ratio* of that armed Aristotle the Duke of Wellington.

"O'Connell is released; and released I have no doubt by the conscientious decision of the law lords. If he was unjustly (even from some technical defect) imprisoned, I rejoice in his liberation. England is, I believe, the *only* country in the world, where such an event *could* have happened, and a wise Irishman (if there be a wise Irishman) should be slow in separating from a country whose spirit can produce, and whose institutions can admit, of such a result. Of his guilt no one doubts, but guilty men must be hung technically and according to established rules; upon a statutable gibbet, with parliament rope, and a legal hangman, sheriff, and chaplain on the scaffold, and the mob in the foreground.

"But, after all, I have no desire my dear Daniel should come to any harm, for I believe there is a great deal of virtue and excellent meaning in him."

COMMUNICATION WITH THE POPE.

"It turns out that there is no law to prevent entering into diplomatic engagements with the pope. The sooner we become acquainted with a gentleman who has so much to say to eight millions of our subjects the better! Can anything be so childish and absurd as a horror of communicating with the pope, and all the hobgoblins we have imagined of preunires and outlawries for this contraband trade in piety? Our ancestors (strange to say wiser than ourselves) have left us to do as we please, and the sooner government do, what they *can* do legally, the better. A thousand opportunities of doing good in Irish affairs have been lost, from our having no avowed and dignified agent at the court of Rome. If it depended upon me, I would send the Duke of Devonshire there to-morrow, with nine chaplains and several tons of Protestant theology. I have no love of popery, but the pope is at all events better than the idol of Juggernaut, whose chaplains I believe we pay, and whose chariot I dare say is made in long acre. We pay 10,000*l.* a year to our am-

bassador at Constantinople, and are startled with the idea of communicating diplomatically with Rome, deeming the sultan a better Christian than the pope!"

The argument of the *Fragment* is for a state provision to the Roman Catholic Clergy. It has often been advocated; oftener than the already existing Irish example of a state provision, and a comparison of the performance of duties by a paid and an unpaid clergy, might seem to warrant. There are obstinate people who will continue to think, and to imagine themselves warranted by the experience of history in thinking, that nothing is so sure to corrupt religious teaching as interference from temporal governors; and who will point to church-and-state connexion for the proof, that by making the one dependent on the other, you make each the ally of the other's abuses. It is admitted on all hands that the religious duties of the Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland are as faithfully performed as those of any clergy in the world; more faithfully than most. We should dread to disturb this, if we had authority. The evil political power of the Irish priest is a direct emanation of the existing state establishment. Assail *that* if you will; but do not think to correct its abuses by raising up another; nor imagine that you could peaceably or reasonably adjust such rival claims. What, for example, should be the apportionment to the religion of the seven millions, and what to the religion of the one million! The analogy resorted to is the Presbyterian Church in Scotland; but it fails in the important particular of the rival establishment.

In Sydney Smith's "Private Memoranda of Subjects," intended to have been introduced in the pamphlet was found a pregnant sentence:—"England should cast off its connexion with the Irish Church." To that we give a hearty Amen.

From the Spectator.

In addition to all that is passing on the question of religious temporalities, the present week has been enriched by a *Fragment on the Irish Roman Catholic Church*, from the dying hand of Sydney Smith; which his executors have properly given to the world. From a prefixed list of "private memoranda of subjects intended to have been introduced in the pamphlet," we catch a glimpse of the manner in which the author prepared his matter, and the fullness with which he would have treated his subject had life been spared to him: one significant jotting of "a head," as yet untouched—"England should cast off its connexion with the Irish Church"—shows the length to which he himself was prepared to go. Looking at the plan so far as rough-sketched by its author, it may not critically be pronounced so complete and orderly a view as many productions. It is not so complete as a college theme, or a prize essay, or an article for a cyclopædia. It throws overboard all appeals to history, and even all arguments deduced from abstract principles, as if they were done with; and comes at once to the practical view. But how thoroughly the *più* of the broad, common sense, working views is presented! Here and there, perhaps, may be found a rather weak sentence or a flat joke, which even a revision of the *Fragment* might have removed; but what a masterly comprehension of the present and immediate! how thorough an appreciation of what practically bears upon the case though seeming as a mere topic to look remote—what a quiet

rejection of all that is really remote though looking near! Then, too, what flashes of wit!—not merely that cold or studious conceit which consists “in bringing remote images happily together,” but an urging of the aptest arguments in the most cogent way, with illustrations that not only strengthen the reasoning, but present living pictures to the mind. Age did not deaden his sympathies nor blunt his wit; nor, O rare Sydney, cause a single change in his principles or political views. So just was his foresight, so keen his appreciation of national requirements, and so slowly does the world wag onward, that, while all around were changing, he and the Duke of Newcastle, political antipodes, alone stood on their old spot. “Sum quod fui” might have been his motto on his dying-day. Or if advancing years, and a political revolution that has made other men turn round like whipping-tops, modified anything, it was his party-spirit. The cant and cowardice of mere whiggery he never had; but of late years there was perhaps less of an opposition hatred than in the days when Canning was the object of his sarcasm as a “diner-out.” Yet his spirit might say, and truly, “I was always a conservative; always for maintaining the institutions of the country, but reforming all proved abuses. More than forty years ago, I began to lay down the principles of true conservatism: men have come to me, I have not gone to them.” There is gall and wormwood to fustian liberals in many parts of this last legacy. Here is one especially, in an estimate of the “Monster Trial.”

“Sir Robert did well in fighting it out with O’Connell. He was too late; but when he began he did it boldly and sensibly; and I, for one, am heartily glad O’Connell has been found guilty and imprisoned. He was either in earnest about repeal or he was not. If he was in earnest, I entirely agree with Lord Grey and Lord Spenser, that civil war is preferable to repeal. Much as I hate wounds, dangers, privations, and explosions—much as I love regular hours of dinner—foolish as I think men covered with the feathers of the male *pullus domesticus*, and covered with lace in the course of the ischiatic nerve—much as I detest all these follies and ferocities, I would rather turn soldier myself than acquiesce quietly in such a separation of the empire.”

THE MORAL OF THE REVERSAL.

O’Connell is released; and released, I have no doubt, by the conscientious decision of the law lords. If he was unjustly (even from some technical defect) imprisoned, I rejoice in his liberation. England is, I believe, the *only* country in the world where such an event *could* have happened; and a wise Irishman (if there be a wise Irishman) should be slow in separating from a country whose spirit can produce and whose institutions can admit of such a result. Of his guilt no one doubts; but guilty men must be hung technically and according to established rules—upon a statutable gibbet, with parliament rope, and a legal hangman, sheriff, and chaplain on the scaffold, and the mob in the foreground.

THE FIRST THING FOR IRELAND.

The first thing to be done is to pay the priests; and after a little time they will take the money. One man wants to repair his cottage; another wants a buggy; a third cannot shut his eyes to the dilapidation of a cassock. The draught is

payable at sight in Dublin, or by agents in the next market-town dependent upon the commission in Dublin. The housekeeper of the holy man is importunate for money; and if it is not procured by drawing for the salary, it must be extorted by curses and comminations from the ragged worshippers, slowly, sorrowfully, and sadly. There will be some opposition at first; but the facility of getting the salary without the violence they are now forced to use, and the difficulties to which they are exposed in procuring the payment of those emoluments to which they are fairly entitled, will in the end overcome all obstacles. And if it does not succeed, what harm is done by the attempt! * * *

The Roman Catholic priest could not refuse to draw his salary from the state without incurring the indignation of his flock. “Why are you to come upon us for all this money, when you can ride over to Sligo or Belfast, and draw a draught upon government for the amount?” It is not easy to give a satisfactory answer to this, to a shrewd man who is starving to death.

PEEL AND THE ULTRAS.

I have some belief in Sir Robert. He is a man of great understanding, and *must* see that this eternal O’Connell will never do—that it is impossible it can last. We are in a transition state, and the Tories may be assured that the baronet will not go too fast. If Peel tells them that the thing must be done, they may be sure it is high time to do it: they may retreat mournfully and sullenly before common justice and common sense, but retreat they *must* when Tamworth gives the word—and in quick-step too, and without loss of time.

And let me beg of my dear Ultras not to imagine that they survive for a single instant without Sir Robert—that they could form an Ultra-Tory Administration. Is there a Chartist in Great Britain who would not, upon the first intimation of such an attempt, order a new suit of clothes, and call upon the baker and milkman for an extended credit? Is there a political reasoner who would not come out of his hole with a new constitution? Is there one ravenous rogue who would not be looking for his prey? Is there one honest man of common sense who does not see that universal disaffection and civil war would follow from the blind fury, the childish prejudices, and the deep ignorance of such a sect? I have a high opinion of Sir Robert Peel; but he must summon up all his political courage, and do something next session for the payment of the Roman priests. He must run some risk of shocking public opinion; no greater risk, however, than he did in Catholic Emancipation.

FEELINGS OF THE CABINET.

There is only one man in the cabinet [probably Mr. Gladstone, who is no longer there] who objects from reasons purely fanatical, because the Pope is the Scarlet Lady, or the Seventh Vial, or the Little Horn. All the rest are entirely of opinion that it *ought* to be done—that it is the one thing needful: but they are afraid of bishops, and county meetings, newspapers, and pamphlets, and reviews; all fair enough objects of apprehension, but they must be met, and encountered, and put down. It is impossible that the subject can be much longer avoided, and that every year is to produce a deadly struggle with the people, and a

long trial in time of peace with O'somebody, the patriot for the time being, or the general, perhaps, in time of a foreign war.

THE POLICY OF PAY.

Give the clergy a maintenance separate from the will of the people, and you will then enable them to oppose the folly and madness of the people. The objection to the state provision does not really come from the clergy, but from the agitators and repealers: these men see the immense advantage of carrying the clergy with them in their agitation, and of giving the sanction of religion to political hatred; they know that the clergy, moving in the same direction with the people, have an immense influence over them; and they are very wisely afraid, not only of losing this coöperating power, but of seeing it by a state provision, arrayed against them. I am fully convinced that a state payment to the Catholic clergy, by leaving to that laborious and useful body of men the exercise of their free judgment, would be the severest blow that Irish agitation could receive.

It is commonly said, if the Roman Catholic priests are paid by the state, they will lose their influence over their flocks. Not their *fair* influence—not that influence which any wise and good man would wish to see in all religions—not the dependence of humble ignorance upon prudence and piety: only fellowship in faction, and fraternity in rebellion—all *that* will be lost. A Peep-of-day clergyman will no longer preach to a Peep-of-day congregation—a Whiteboy vicar will no longer lead the psalm to Whiteboy vocalists; but everything that is good and wholesome will remain. This, however, is not what the anti-British faction want: they want all the animation which piety can breathe into sedition, and all the fury which the priesthood can preach to diversity of faith: and *this* is what they mean by a clergy losing their influence over the people!

The cost of his policy Sydney Smith rates at 400,000*l.* a year. It has been remarked by a writer, who had not read the pamphlet, or wilfully shut his eyes to its contents, that this was easy for a wit to say, who has not, like a chancellor of the exchequer, to find the money. But the wit had forestalled his critic, not only about the money, but something more.

"This is English legislation for Ireland!! There is no abuse like it in all Europe, in all Asia, in all the discovered parts of Africa, and in all we have heard of Timbuctoo! It is an error that requires twenty thousand armed men for its protection in time of peace; which costs more than a million a year; and which, in the first French war, in spite of the puffing and panting of fighting steamers, will and *must* break out into desperate rebellion."

THE LAST CONFESSION.

For advancing these opinions, I have no doubt I shall be assailed by Sacerdos, Vindex, Latimer, Vates, Clericus, Aruspex, and be called atheist, deist, democrat, smuggler, poacher, highwayman, Unitarian, and Edinburgh Reviewer! Still, *I am in the right*; and what I say requires excuse for being trite and obvious, not for being mischievous and paradoxical. I write for three reasons—first, because I really wish to do good; secondly, because if I don't write, I know nobody else will; and thirdly, because it is the nature of the animal

to write, and I cannot help it. Still, in looking back I see no reason to repent. What I have said *ought* to be done, generally *has* been done, but always twenty or thirty years too late; done, not of course because I have said it, but because it was no longer *possible* to avoid doing it. Human beings cling to their delicious tyrannies, and to their exquisite nonsense, like a drunkard to his bottle, and go on till death stares them in the face.

STANZAS TO ENGLAND.

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came over
Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust.
And a ruin at last for the earthworm to cover,
The Lady of Kingdoms lay low in the dust.

MOON.

TOO LONG it hath been said and sung,
My country, unto thee,
Thy banner floats on every gale,
Thy keel ploughs every sea;
O'er every continent and isle
Thine influence is flung,
And not a spot on earth, but knows
The accents of thy tongue;
Not Rome had wider spreading sway,
Nor Greece, when Greece was young.

Too much thou hast exalted been,
Too much with pride of place,
Thou hast been led to overween
Thyself and all thy race;
Thou hast grown proud and arrogant,
While sitting like a queen,
With couchant lion by thy side,
Upon thy throne marine;
Not any one might say thee nay,
Nor come thy will between.

But what will Hist'ry say of thee
In some not distant day,
When broken is thy rod of rule,
And ended is thy sway;
When thou hast known decline and fall
As Rome before thee knew;
When Time for thee hath spread the pall,
And Death hath pierced thee through,
And reckoned is the great account
Where all must have their due!

How hast thou used the boundless power
That unto thee was given!
The seeds of good thou had'st to sow,
How have they grown and thriven!
The barren places of the earth
Hast thou like gardens made!
Do arid wildernesses smile
With green bough and with blade!
And doth the gospel sunlight shine
Where all before was shade!

Thou answerest, yea, the mental waste
Is now a waste no more;
My missionaries have gone forth
To every distant shore;
My merchant-ships have crossed the main
To civilize mankind;
No more the savage is a brute,
The heathen no more blind;
And broken are the chains which bind
The body or the mind.

'T is even so—thou *hast* done this,
And unabashed might'st stand

Before the judgment seat, but there
 Are red spots on thy hand,
 And Pride is throned upon thy brow,
 And Hatred in thy heart ;
 From many a fair and fertile realm
 Thou badest Peace depart ;
 And oft with words of brotherhood,
 Didst act a foeman's part.

How will the Hindoo testify,
 And how the brave Affghan,
 The dweller by the Yellow Sea,
 The red Canadian ?
 Will not thy sister Erin have
 A mournful tale to tell ?
 Will not accusing voices rise
 From Scottish height and dell ;
 And Cambria send a list of wrongs
 The catalogue to swell ?

Oh, thou hast run a mad career
 Of conquest and of blood ;
 A chequered record is thy past
 Of evil mixed with good.
 Too willing e'er to take offence,
 Too prompt to draw the sword ;
 Of generous heart and open hand,
 Yet smiting at a word ;
 With evil thoughts, and passions wild,
 Too readily upstirred.

Surrounding nations have looked on
 In jealousy and fear,
 To see thy wide possessions still
 Increasing year by year :
 They wait until thy lion's paw
 Hath a less nervous sweep,
 Till languor or decrepitude
 Have laid his powers asleep,
 For slights and fancied injuries
 To take a vengeance deep.

They watch, and not methinks in vain,
 Disgraces to retrieve ;
 The times are big with bodeful signs,
 Thy faithful sons to grieve ;
 Distress and Poverty combine
 Thy limbs to paralyze ;
 The voice of discontent is heard
 From all thy towns to rise ;
 Where famine goaded multitudes
 With wild shouts rend the skies.

Oh, let thine armies be recalled
 That pillage and lay waste ;
 Be just, be true, be merciful,
 Nor self-destruction haste ;
 Let equal laws be felt by all
 Who dwell thy sway beneath ;
 Unchain thy ports, let commerce be
 Free as the heaven's breath ;
 Or it may hap that, scorpion-like,
 Thou'lt sting thyself to death.

Look back to other times, and learn
 Deep wisdom from the past ;
 The reign of fraud and violence,
 When knew ye *this* to last ?
 Pride goeth e'er before a fall,
 God grant thine be not near !
 A people should be ruled by LOVE
 And not by slavish FEAR ;
 A nation that but forgeth chains,
 Perchance those chains may wear.
Tait's Magazine.

SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

It will be a most melancholy and disheartening though not a dishonorable tale, should history have to tell the failure of English efforts to put an end to slavery and the slave trade. It will be not only sad for the negro race, but for humanity, since it must throw a chill upon every kind of political measure or policy, founded upon religious or philanthropic sentiment. The Crusades are one great example of a policy, springing out of religious feeling, being gigantic, strenuous, continued, yet vain efforts to resist the torrent of fanaticism and conquest which rolled from east to west.

The flood of negro labor and population, which set across the Atlantic urged by the cupidity of Europeans, seems as great, as irresistible, as the tide of Mahommedan fanaticism. One is as abhorrent to Christian and humane feeling as the other, and Christian feeling was roused and tasked to combat both. Shall the tale of failure be told of both? Must Clarkson and Wilberforce be set down in the same Category with Peter the Hermit and St. Louis? And is it decreed that the African race shall fill all these central and southern regions of America, from whence the whites drove the Indians, in order to monopolize a soil which they could not cultivate, and to the tilling and final possession of which they were obliged to call in the African?

What hopes have we from the three modes of combating slavery, so zealously, so energetically followed? From that of converting the Africans themselves to habits and interests opposed to slavery and its emigration? From that of perfecting and extending the right of search, so as to render the sea passage too difficult or too great a risk for the trader? Or, finally, from that of inducing transatlantic states to forego slavery and the slave trade? Different sections of the public, or zealous individuals, may have different opinions respecting the efficacy or hopefulness of these modes. But there exists such a diversity that no common effort is any longer to be counted upon. The internal civilization of Africa is a scheme still pursued by a few, and we hear still of expeditions, and of a certain specific for fever, which is to work wonders: but the public and the cabinet remain incredulous. Lord Palmerston and most of the leading whigs pin their faith to the right of search; but the feeling hostile to it has risen even as high as his lordship's energy. People say, must French and English whites cut each others' throats in order that the blacks may be free? Piles of blue books remain as testimonies to Lord Palmerston's activity and success in negotiation; but like Cœur de Lion in the Crusades, the Saracen tide has still continued to rush on beyond the power of a single arm to stay such multitudes. Even the anti-slavery societies cry *Hold*.

There remains the hope of inducing slave-countries to forego their Helotism. Vain hope! if the English government could not preserve Texas from an influx of slavery, how can it hope to abolish what it cannot pretend even to limit. A Tory journal alleges that the American planter does not need any influx of African slaves, and that he dreads them. This may be true of the American slave-owner confined to Carolina or to the worn out soil of the old states, but with Texas annexed, and its immense seaboard within a few hours' run of Cuba, the American slave trade will in all human probability be resuscitated; and the only safeguard against it must be either in the

right of search or some efficient substitute. For negotiating with Mr. Polk on the subject could be nothing but derision.

But we are also told that the slave trade works its own cure, and that the time will come, or has come, when the affrighted planter in all countries will, in self-preservation, forbid the importation of a single slave. If so, have not all our labors been thrown away? Would we not have done better to have favored and facilitated the trade, rendering the transport more humane, in order to arrive sooner at the great consummation. This is, perhaps, the most melancholy conclusion that we could arrive at with respect to our past exertions. If this be true, we have been Quixotes and Crusaders with a vengeance. We doubt, however, the justice of the conclusion, as well as of the prophecy. As long as there are new tracts and virgin soils in North and South America, capital and adventure will extend and be applied to them, and these will bring the cheapest and most productive labor. If this labor be slave labor, no power will prevent the growth and extension of slavery. This can alone be combated by the approved success and abundance of free labor. Some have a horror of introducing one more negro, free or enslaved, into the tropical regions of America, and for very obvious reasons. But can we condemn these regions to sterility, when there is a race capable of rendering them fertile? Would we not, in so doing, be embarking in yet another of those Crusades which have baffled our zeal and wasted our best energies?

We see that the colonists of French Guiana offer to emancipate their slaves, if enabled to procure an ample supply of free labor, according to the plan proposed to the government by M. Jules Le Chevalier. A successful experiment of this kind would operate more forcibly both on the United States and on Brazil, than all the negotiatory power that Lord Aberdeen, even if backed by M. Guizot, could ever bring to bear. Without some warnings and incentives of this kind, neither Brazilians nor Americans will be brought, for this century to come, to a sense of what they owe, either to humanity or their own preservation.—*Examiner*.

INSTRUMENTAL VOTING.

THE Americans have a plan for voting by machinery. The member has two keys before him like those of a pianoforte, and he touches the aye note or the no note, and the corresponding word springs out of a slide, and is numbered by the speaker. There are many conveniences in this scheme, and by it an expression may be given to votes which is now wanting.

A member who has misgivings or doubts about his vote will give a shake upon the aye and no before he rests upon either. But the instrument should have more than the two keys; there should be the aye natural, (white,) and the no natural, (black,) and besides them there should be the no sharp and the no flat, the aye sharp and the aye flat, to assist the expression of the vote, and by the aid of these many appoggiatura flourishes might be executed in the division. For example, if a member feels that there are reasons for and against a measure, and is almost balanced in opinion, in that state in which honorable gentlemen are when they speak one way and vote another, by the help of the instrument he will first perform a quaver on the aye

sharp, pass to a crotchet on the no natural, execute a little shake on it and the aye sharp, and rest on the no flat.

The sort of doubtful choice which the Italians express by rather yes than no, and rather no than yes, would be exactly expressed by this instrument; the member touching the one note and then passing to the opposite and dwelling upon it a quaver or a crotchet longer, and then back again, and so on to the final rest. Many fatiguing see-saw speeches would be avoided by this use of the instrument.

The votes would be taken by a notation like that of music on music paper, with runs above the line or below the line, as the case might be. Additional keys would soon, we have no doubt, be invented, pedals appended for the swell in fiscal votes, and a thorough bass adapted.

The happy result will obviously be a great diminution of speaking, especially of that most unsatisfactory kind to explain a vote, the votes explaining themselves by their own organs, and a hundred wavering gentlemen will be seen shaking at once upon the aye and no, instead of occupying the house for a week in see-saw orations to show why they voted one way because they thought the other. The new gamut will thus happily put an end to much of the old gammon.

There will then arise the distinction of two classes in the house, the vocal and the instrumental performers, and much are we mistaken if the instrumental do not greatly obtain the public preference. The mechanical expression will be to the old spouting as railroad travelling to the superseded coach journeying, and a half-hour's speech will seem, by contrast, an intolerable oppression.—*Examiner*.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END OF REPEAL.

"Too weak for boys, too green for girls of nine."

FIVE hundred repealers are clad in green. What can resist such clothing?

Repeal first modestly set up a button, it has now got to a coat. As a button is to a coat, so, then, the present state of the repeal cause is to what it was five years ago.

Repeal has evidently a tailoring turn. The color of the uniform is well chosen. Green to the green. All who are green enough to believe in repeal will wear the color of credulity.

Mr. O'Connell is always talking of the greenness of Ireland, and her sons are certainly not less green than her verdure.

Now that green coats are put on, Mr. O'Connell declares that the repeal agitation has commenced in earnest. Commenced, why it was carried in '44 according to the authority of Mr. O'Connell. In the autumn of '43 was issued the promissory note for repeal three months after date; and now the cause is beginning again with a green coat. It is a farce finished one day to be repeated the next.

But can Parliament dare refuse to repeal the union, knowing the appalling fact that there are in Ireland hundreds of men resolutely wearing green?

The conciliatory stage has passed away, it was marked by the cap which Mr. O'Connell set at England. The cap, whether a wishing cap, or cap of maintenance, did not quite succeed; so recourse is had to the green coat, the *ultima ratio* of repeal.—*Examiner*.

MAYNOOTH AND OREGON.

19 May, 1845.

SIR R. PEEL observed, that all the feelings which had been excited in his mind during the course of this protracted debate were now merged in the all-absorbing hope that the house would not reject this measure. They might be of opinion that it ought to have been proposed by the original friends of Catholic Emancipation—they might think that government ought to forfeit their confidence for having proposed it at all; but he implored them, if they were determined to reject, or even to punish the men, not on any account to reject their measure. Could the house believe that ministers would have incurred the risk of forfeiting the confidence of the great party which they possessed, and of losing their own existence as a government, and even their seats as members of that house, if they had not been animated by a sense of public duty in proposing this measure to its consideration? He then proceeded to recapitulate the motives of government in proposing it, the ulterior objects which they hoped to accomplish by it, and the effects which it was calculated to produce on the mutual relations of Ireland and England. He showed that the question of Maynooth had been forced by circumstances upon the consideration of government, and that the government had determined in consequence to increase the grant to that institution in a liberal spirit. For the interest of peace, good order, and even of the Protestant religion itself, he believed that it was more important that he should commit the youth of Ireland to men who were contented with the liberality of the state, than to men who were disgusted with its institutions, because they were dissatisfied with its illiberality. He had been asked by Sir R. Inglis whether he had brought forward this measure as a part and parcel of a preconceived system to facilitate hereafter the endowment of the Roman Catholic religion as a state establishment in Ireland. To that question he replied by stating that this measure was brought forward singly and on its own merits—that it was not part of a preconceived system—that it was not designed to facilitate the endowment of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland—and that he had entered into no communication with the recognized authorities of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland or elsewhere, either directly or indirectly, upon that subject. He believed the Roman Catholic clergy were themselves averse to any such endowment, and he was convinced by recent occurrences that the British public were also averse to it.

As to Sir R. Inglis' question, whether at any future time, under circumstances which could not be foreseen at present, he would consent to the endowment of the Roman Catholic Church, he replied that he would not hamper any future government by a declaration that he believed that there were insuperable difficulties in the way of such an arrangement. Sir R. Inglis had further asked him whether he did not think that there were religious objections to such an endowment. He could not say for the sake of temporary popularity that there was any decided religious objection to it. He could not conceive it to be an offence in the eye of God to contribute to the support of a religion from whose tenets he differed. He did not see how Sir Robert Inglis could get over the arrangements which existed in our colonies for the support of a religion different from our own, and especially in Canada and the island of Malta. He thought that the religious principle for which Sir R.

Inglis contended was a dangerous one to establish even with regard to the established church of this country; for he should like to know how he would apply it to the payment of church-rates by dissenters, and to his own favorite scheme for church extension. He then proceeded to state that he believed this particular measure to be just to the Roman Catholic population of Ireland, and to violate no principle of the Protestant religion. As to its effect, he hoped that from the willing acquiescence in the vote now proposed, it would produce a kindly feeling in Ireland. It had been received with a grateful spirit in that country; indeed, he hardly expected in his most sanguine expectation that it would produce the effect which it had already accomplished. Every feeling in his bosom was on this occasion subordinate to his one great wish that this measure should not be rejected. He believed that it could not be withdrawn at present without wounding the feeling of every Roman Catholic in Ireland. He would not now defend it on the ground of compact—he would rather defend it as being in itself a wise, just, and amicable measure.

I say, without hesitation, you must break up that formidable confederacy which exists in that country against the British connexion. And I believe it is essential you should break it up, in order that you may carry on the work of good government in Ireland, [cheers.] and that you may strengthen the connexion between the two countries, and maintain, unimpaired, the power and dignity of the United Kingdom. [Renewed cheers.] On the horizon of the west there is a cloud [hear, hear.]—a cloud small but threatening future darkness. [Hear, hear.] While we were most anxious for an adjustment of the impending differences—while we would leave nothing undone to effect an amicable settlement [of the Oregon question]—yet I did feel it to be part of my duty—of the duty of the first minister of the crown—to state that, if our rights were invaded, we were determined and prepared to maintain them. [Loud cheers.] I aver that when I was called upon to make that declaration, I did recollect with satisfaction and consolation, that the day before I had sent a message of peace to Ireland. [Loud cheers.] The hon. gentleman, member for Canterbury, thought it not impossible that the time would come when this country would be compelled to summon all her energies for action. I heard that speech with great satisfaction. (Cheers.) Now may God avert so great an evil as war. [Loud cheers.] May God forbid that this time of general peace should be so awfully disturbed. [Hear, hear!] But if it is to be so, if war is to come, I doubt much, considering what is now before me [alluding to the opposition to ministers on this question] whether the vindication of our honor and our interests will not be confided to other hands. [Hear, hear, hear.] But to whomsoever they may be committed, I shall take my place beside them, encouraging them by any support I can give an honorable cause. [Loud cheers.] And if that calamity should befall us, it is my earnest hope that when it shall occur, it shall find the people of this empire united in loyalty to the throne and in determination to support the common interests. [Tremendous cheering.] That Ireland shall stand ranked with us. * * * And the energies of an united people will ensure a glorious triumph in a just cause. [The premier resumed his seat about three o'clock in the morning, amid thunders of applause which lasted several minutes.] Vote—for the second reading 323; against it 176.

A Treatise upon the Diseases and Hygiene of the Organs of the Voice. By COLOMBAT DE L'ISERE, Chevalier of the Royal Order of the Legion of Honor, Doctor of Medicine, Founder of the Orthophonie Institute of Paris for the Treatment of all Vices of Speech, Diseases of the Voice, etc. Translated by J. F. W. Lane, M. D. Otis, Broaders & Co., Boston.

COLOMBAT DE L'ISERE, a French physician, is the author of this work. He is known particularly in his own country for a marked devotion to the cure of the diseases of the organs of the voice, and as the founder, also, of an institution in Paris, called *orthophonie*. Dr. Lane, at the request of an eminent professor of elocution, and with a view to exciting more attention to a subject which seems not particularly well understood, undertook the translation of it. He has cautiously avoided all surgical details, and in simply following the author, has placed before the public a book of rare value, although so modest and unpretending in its appearance, that its real worth cannot be known without an examination. The chapter on chronic swelling of the tonsils, to a parent who for the first time is alarmed by the enlargement of those organs in his child, is worth more than the cost of the book. The simplicity of the style, and its freedom from technical language, fit it for common reading. Why should not vocalists, clergymen, members of the bar, and, in short, all public speakers, study this compendium, containing as it does so much that is truly useful respecting the anatomy, physiology, and diseases of the vocal apparatus? Pupils in singing schools, likewise, and in those institutions just growing into notice, in which gymnastic exercises are taught upon principles of common sense, might study it to advantage. But those especially who are engaged in elocutionary pursuits, would derive from its pages such insight into the philosophy and management of the voice, as could perhaps nowhere else be obtained in a form so compact.—*Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*.

THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY AND ITS LEADER.

THE new grant to Maynooth has been carried by the whigs. The conservatives have almost exactly divided upon the question, about 108 having stood by the premier, and about 104 having stood out against him. Of course, therefore, they go for nothing. They exhibit the infirmity of a house divided against itself; and are at the mercy of any external impulse. But the numbers of Thursday night are by no means a fair indication of the conservative sentiment on the present question. Even of the 108 who follow in the train of the triumphant premier, the greater part followed with folded, nay, with restricted, hands. They confessed themselves captives to ministerial necessity. The powers that be prevail. The fates hold every now and then their dread orgies, as poets and historians tell us, when all human scruples and calculations are overthrown, and men find themselves the passive instruments of uncontrollable power. For a time they have attempted to stem the tide of human affairs, and steer society by the ancient landmarks of opinion, and the consecrated chart of truth. At last a revolution, or a reform, or a coalition, overpowers in a moment the barriers of opinion, and lets in the flood of necessity. Such is the present crisis. The conservatives oppose in vain, support in vain. They have brought in a

minister to whom their friendship is worthless, their enmity contemptible. So they are drawn along with the stream. The whigs impregnate the inevitable progress of human affairs, and drag along Sir Robert Peel and half his supporters. They constitute almost exactly the excess of the majority over the minority of Thursday night. So it is they who have carried the grant to Maynooth. The conservatives are spectators of the event.—*Times*.

WHAT O'CONNELL SAYS.—There is one thing that is delightful—it was on Thursday he brought in the Maynooth bill, and passed it by a majority of 102; on Thursday he brought in that bill and made his conciliatory speech, and he immediately took advantage of it, and the very next day, Friday, he set the Americans at defiance, naturally feeling that he was strong in doing justice to Ireland (cheers)—and I tell him to go on in the same career, and we will set the Americans at defiance for him also. (Hear, hear.) At present the quarrel appears to be carried on by the Americans blustering away at one side, and Sir Robert Peel is now stoutly asserting at the other. They appear like two fellows in a rage with one another, and each of whom is held by his friends: "Oh, let me at him," says one—"Oh, let me at him," cries the other. (Laughter.) I say to Peel, don't be at him until you have secured the back of Ireland—do full justice to Ireland—give her the management of her own Parliament in College Green, and then attack any person that dares to look crooked at you. (Cheers.)"—*Examiner*.

THE REPEALERS IN HIGH SPIRITS.—The Senate of America has voted the Annexation of Texas. Texas wills the combination. The President has undertaken to execute it. Texas is, in fact, a State of the American Union. *England rages. Ha! gentlemen, where is Ireland now? You dare not fight, because Ireland is discontent.* James Polk has sworn to observe the Constitution of America, and has spoken his inaugural address to the States. *It was placid, profound, and determined.* Such a document has not been issued by a legitimate king these two centuries. *It is worthy of a usurper (!)—most worthy of the freely-chosen Magistrate of freemen (!)* * * * Well, Oregon, we suppose, is pretty certain of being annexed. Verily, these Americans are "making hay while the sun shines"—making States while Ireland is malecontent. *Canada will, we suppose, sympathize, declare, and annex soon;* though England, by granting independence to it and to Ireland, might keep Canada from uniting with her great competitor for the ocean. England might change two enfeebling and dangerous provinces for two profitable and lasting allies; *but she won't—her destiny is to be accomplished.*—*Nation*.

ON Sunday, Mr. Brunel travelled in the fast train from London to Exeter. The whole journey was performed in four hours and three quarters, including stoppages at Swindon, Bath, and Bristol. of twenty-two minutes; so that the actual time of travelling 196 miles was four hours twenty-three minutes. The greatest speed attained on the journey was seventy miles an hour; and at this apparently frightful velocity there was no unpleasant motion. Mr. Brunel declares, that if the directors would permit, he would undertake to perform the journey to Exeter in four hours instead of five.—*Devizes Gazette*.

From the Quarterly Review.

The Crescent and the Cross; or, Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel. By ELLIOT WARBURTON, Esq. London. 2 vols. 12mo. 1845.

WHEN the Persian ambassador in London saw Storr and Mortimer's shop, encumbered with its piles of jewelry, and gold and silver, he declared at once and decisively that the king of England was a mere nominal sovereign—a phantom—an empty pageant; for, said he, "if your Shah had in him a vestige of royal power, would he not naturally seize the immense treasures so coolly displayed before him in open day by these two insolent merchants?" And now it would seem that if England, on the death of Mehemet Ali, should be so inert, or so squeamish, as not to seize and occupy the famous land of Egypt, her virtuous abstinence will be viewed by Mr. Warburton very much in the same light as that in which the Persian ambassador regarded king George for sparing the silversmiths' shop. We shall presently endeavor towards showing that our national honesty, in leaving the possession of Egypt to its misbelieving owners, may possibly be justified even upon the humble and popular ground of expediency: but first we must speak of Mr. Warburton's book. It is an account of a tour in the Levant, including Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Constantinople, and Greece. The author frankly calls his work the "Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel;" and, to say the truth, the romance is so well imagined, and the reality so well told, that we can hardly affect to distinguish the one from the other. The book is vastly superior to the common run of narratives, and is indeed remarkable for the coloring power and the play of fancy with which its descriptions are enlivened. The writing is of a kind that indicates abilities likely to command success in the higher departments of literature. Almost every page teems with good feeling; and although that "catholic-heartedness" for which the author takes credit permits him to view Mahometan doctrines and usages with a little too much of indifference, yet, arriving in Palestine, he willingly becomes the good pilgrim, and at once gives in his adherence to the "religion of the place" with all the zeal of a pious, though much hurried, Christian. The book, independently of its value as an original narrative, comprises much useful and interesting information, derived from the labors of others, and collated in a manner the very reverse of pedantic. Amongst these materials, and strongly contrasted with the graver and more learned portion of them, is a clever and charmingly madcap letter from Mr. Walpole: it is just what a midshipman's writing should be.

Mr. Warburton's views upon various subjects are thrown out somewhat lightly; but in these portions of his book we do not read him as if he were solemnly conducting a discussion with a view of persuading his readers: it strikes us rather that he uses the seeming argument as a mere vehicle for lively and sparkling composition. Amongst the views thus hazarded is the one to which we have referred respecting the occupation of Egypt:

"Is the Porte," asks our author, "once more to extend its hateful authority over this unhappy country, with all the withering influence which it never ceases to exercise? Shall we replace the ignorant and fanatical followers of the Crescent in the province which became a kingdom through their imbecility, in order that they may interrupt

our commerce here, as they have been allowed to arrest the building of our church at Jerusalem?"

"Heaven forbid! When the old man who has bravely won this fertile province ceases to exist, let his selfish power perish with him. Let England not prostitute her influence to restore emancipated Egypt to the imbecile tyranny of the Porte; but endeavor to infuse into the country of her adoption the principles, together with the privileges, of freedom. Let her lay aside all double-dealing and mock-modesty—as disreputable in the case of nations as of individuals—and boldly assert her "right of way" through Egypt to India, while she leaves unquestioned that of France through Algiers to Timbuctoo.

"English capital and industry would make Egypt a garden; English rule would make the fellah a free man; English principles would teach him honesty and truth: and as to the comparative advantage of Turkish or English politics, let the world be the judge between Asia Minor and North America, between the influences of the Crescent and the Cross."—vol. ii., p. 46.

We will not seriously inveigh against a suggestion put forward as a mere piece of chat in the course of a traveller's narrative, but, thinking that the indulgence of national covetousness at the expense of friendly states is of itself an evil though never actually fulfilled, we would willingly chill this ardor for the spoliation of a Mahometan prince; and in order to inculcate moderation and good faith towards the Sultan, we know no better lesson than that which is to be taught by inviting a glance at the modern history, and the actual results, of French ambition in the Levant. Of course, this partial example of the difficulties and misfortunes that have frustrated the attempts of a particular nation will not of itself be conclusive against the adoption of a similar policy by other states. It will be auxiliary only, and not all-sufficient.

The old policy of Versailles, in reference to the affairs of the Levant, was conservative in its character, and so generally coincided with the views of England that events occurring on the further shores of the Mediterranean rarely furnished the two great rival kingdoms of the West with elements of discord. But all was suddenly changed when Bonaparte invaded Egypt, and coined a new phrase: the invasion failed—but the phrase still exerts its terrible energy; and as long as the relative strength of the great European powers shall remain divided in its present proportions, so long our navy estimates in every year to come will owe a great part of their bulk to the discovery of the "French Lake." It is to the Eastern shores of this famous water, and to their relations with France, that we now are turning our eyes. We will not look back to those remote and simple ages when the "Lake" was distinguished by the barbarous appellation of the "Mediterranean," but will begin with the spring, "year six" of the "one and indivisible republic,"—a time superstitiously described in our almanacs as "1798."

By the intermittent warfare from time to time recurring on the Hungarian frontier and the Lower Danube, the Ottoman empire, though harassed, and now and then thrust back to the foot of the Balcan, had not been made to feel the utmost prowess of even that half-foppish, half-warlike age which ended with the Brunswick Proclamation—still less of the mightier Europe that stood up braced and armed for the exigencies of the

French Revolution. The originally small, but daring, minority of men who resolved to create a republic for France, and maintain it against all foes at home or abroad, thought themselves constrained by the fierce necessity of self-defence to throw away all the old fetters that interfered with the full development of their energies. War had hitherto been a pastime, just dangerous enough to furnish excitement, but rarely menacing the actual existence of great states. Princes moving their armies had found themselves perpetually embarrassed by the supposed necessity of collecting great stores, and establishing magazines and hospitals on the line of march, for the sustenance and care of their soldiery: these troublesome and expensive duties were at once repudiated by revolutionary France; she furnished enthusiasm, heroes, and bayonets—all else was to come from her neighbors—from her foes, if possible; if not, from neutrals and friends.

In order to give full effect to the impetuous forces thus called into action, a commander was wanting who could direct without partaking the national enthusiasm. Frenchmen were too essentially a portion of the torrent to have the power of guiding it. France wanted a chief who could stand aloof from her in feeling, and yet give the nation full swing. Bonaparte had shown that he was the man. Associated with Robespierre's party, and even venturing a pamphlet in its support, he had never shared its fanaticism. At a subsequent period, indeed, he had so far lent himself to the government as to do it the favor of mowing down the insurgent Parisians with great completeness and skill; but his powerful intellect, and his inbred contempt of the French race, had saved him from becoming the obstinate partisan of any faction. Entrusted at length with the command of an immense gang, without jackets or shoes, but ready to fight for both, he had been able to make it into an army; and soon, the briskness with which he discomfited the periwigged lieutenants of the Aulic Council, no less than his unflinching firmness in plundering neutrals and allies, had raised his reputation to an intolerable height—to a height so great that the overshadowed Directory was glad enough to catch at any feasible plan for ridding itself of a too powerful servant. France at this time was at peace with continental Europe. England was the enemy of the young republic, and some persons conceived therefore that England should be the country to be attacked; but this scheme was quickly abandoned, as utterly wanting in originality, besides being dreadfully dangerous.

Now it happened that the youthful conqueror of Italy, fired by a history of Alexander the Great, had been poring over his maps, and had formed what the French gravely call "some gigantic ideas." The Americans say of a piece of news that it is "important if true;" in a like spirit we English habitually comment upon these schemes for wide conquest, and are ready to call them "gigantic," if only we can see that they are practicable. But in France this condition of possibility is less rigorously insisted upon; and when Bonaparte fell to dreaming, there was no one at hand both able and willing to wake him. It seemed to him in these visions that his strength was cramped by the narrow bounds of Europe. He would be an Oriental conqueror; and, accordingly, he went to the Directory, and asked if he might give "a sure blow" to England by attacking Asia and

Africa! Yes, he might. The further he went the better the Directory would be pleased; and whether he formed a junction with Tippoo Sahib or with the Prince of Darkness they did not much care. He seems to have really had *carte blanche* to attack almost any defenceless state. Might he invade the Ottoman empire on the side of Egypt? Certainly; for the friendly relations subsisting between the Porte and the French government rendered it likely that the attack would be wholly unexpected, and therefore, of course, the more sure to succeed. Might he, *en passant*, take Malta? The Directory faintly objected, that Malta had not only done no wrong, but had shown peculiar favor to the French by succoring their cruisers and merchantmen, and giving them opportunities for refitting: the scruple was soon overruled.

From the first conception of the Egyptian expedition up to the time of his failure before Acre, Bonaparte seems to have wavered between two very distant plans: one was to use the Eastern enterprise as a mere *coup d'éclat* for the augmentation of his personal fame, and to return to France after a few months with the view of pushing his fortunes in Europe; the other plan to which he looked was that of allowing himself six years to become an Alexander the Great *à la Française*. The concentrated selfishness of his views, and the ludicrously French contrivances by which he proposed to compass his ends, are well characterized by his own words. When asked how long he should remain in Egypt, his answer was—"Either a few months, or six years: all depends on events. I shall colonize the country, and import thither artistes, workmen of all sorts, women, comedians, &c. I am only now twenty-nine; I shall then be thirty-five; that is no great age; if all succeeds, six years will enable me to reach India." It seems, we think, clear that before the preparations for the expedition were complete, the strong sense of the possible Alexander had begun to disperse his illusory hopes of becoming an Oriental conqueror; and only a short time before the day of departure arrived he made another (his second) bold push for a seat in the Directory. The intrigue, however, failed; and with a somewhat ill grace, "Bonaparte, member of the Institute" was fain to set sail for the East with a well-manned fleet, and a cloud of transports, carrying on board some 36,000 of infantry and unmounted cavalry, besides cooks, actors, dress-makers, and a small brigade of brother-savans.

Malta was seized. In due time the fleet reached the shores of Egypt: a disembarkation was effected without opposition, and in a few hours the French troops were conciliating the natives by killing their wives in the streets of Alexandria. The slaughter was stopped at last by the interference of an Osmanlee, (probably a bachelor,) who negotiated a convention for putting the French in quiet occupation of the city. The main body of the army now crossed the intervening tract of sand by a painful march, reached the Nile, and ascended its left bank to within a short distance of the Ghizeh Pyramids. Here Mourad had hastily collected his resources. He had dragged to the ground some artillery, but without carriages; and in order, therefore, to neutralize the effect of guns thus "sitting in permanence," nothing more was necessary than to keep a little out of their range: the Bey had also a vast rabble of thoroughly useless pedestrians: the only real force which he possessed was a mass of some 9000 well-mounted

Mamelukes—men with no pretension to the qualities of regular cavalry, but agile and bold in their stirrups. With these he bore down on his foe. The French infantry, however, formed in squares, with the artillery at the angles, and the savans in the centre, were not to be broken and crushed by a throng of irregular horse: on the contrary, they mowed down the Mamelukes like grass, and the whole remaining crowd of Egyptians was easily dissipated. Bonaparte adroitly called this affair "The Battle of the Pyramids," and a few days afterwards he crossed the Nile, established himself at Cairo, and wrote to Tipoo Sahib (then nearly succumbing under the Wellesleys) to say he was coming to help him with a countless host of warriors.

A people continually subjected to oppression will generally accept a change of tyrants with a good deal of pleasure in the first instance. It appears certain that until the yoke of the invader began to be felt, the French were not unwelcome in Egypt. Their rapacity, however, soon forced the Egyptians to sigh for even a Mameluke government. All the old machinery of extortion employed by the Beys was seized and adopted by Bonaparte, and was worked with a severity more sure and methodical than that which characterizes the procedure of an Eastern oppressor. The people were vexed, and ground down. In that there was nothing new; but it seemed to them hard to lie under the heels of those odd-looking and seemingly frivolous infidels, instead of the stately and high-mettled tyrants to whom they had long been accustomed.

The success of an Eastern conqueror must depend upon his power of influencing opinion beyond the sphere of his actual military occupation. The tracts over which he must carry his dominion are so vast in proportion to the space physically clutched by an army, that unless its commander can make great conquests by the mere weight of his character, he can make no conquest at all. Bonaparte felt this; and he tried very hard to gain a hold upon the Oriental mind. He failed; partly no doubt by reason of the naval and military reverses which his forces sustained, but partly, too, from a want of the requisite high-mindedness, and from a defective knowledge of the Eastern character.

First and chief amongst the reverses to which we allude was the destruction of the French fleet in the Bay of Aboukir: the force with which this event operated against the fortunes of the invader, both by cutting off his resources and destroying the idea of his complete ascendancy, is too obvious to require illustration. But the event itself is told by Mr. Warburton with so much life and spirit, that we pause to extract his description:

"Having landed Bonaparte and his army, Bruëys lay moored in the form of a crescent, close along the shore. His vastly superior force and the strength of his position (protected towards the northward by dangerous shoals, and towards the westward by the castle and batteries) made him consider that position impregnable. He wrote, on the strength of this conviction, to Paris, to say that Nelson purposely avoided him. Was he undeceived when Hood, in the Zealous, making signal that the enemy was in sight, a cheer of anticipated triumph burst from every ship in the British fleet—that fleet which had swept the seas with bursting sails for six long weeks in search of its formidable foe, and now pressed to the battle

as eagerly as if nothing but a rich and easy prize awaited them?

"Nelson had long been sailing in battle-order, and he now only lay-to in the offing till the rearward ships should come up. The soundings of that dangerous bay were unknown to him, but he knew that where there was room for a Frenchman to lie at anchor," [to swing,] "there must be room for an English ship to lie alongside" [on either side] "of him, and the closer the better. As his proud and fearless fleet came on, he hailed Hood, to ask his opinion as to whether he thought it would be advisable to commence the attack that night; and, receiving the answer that he lounged for, the signal for 'close battle' flew from his mast-head. The delay thus caused to the Zealous gave Foley the lead, who showed the example of leading *inside* the enemy's line, and anchored by the stern alongside the second ship, thus leaving to Hood the first. The latter exclaimed to my informant, 'Thank God, he has generously left to his old friend still to lead the van.' Slowly and majestically, as the evening fell, the remainder of the fleet came on beneath a cloud of sail, receiving the fire of the castle and the batteries in portentous silence, only broken by the crash of spars and the boatswain's whistle, as each ship furled her sails calmly—as a sea-bird might fold its wings—and glided tranquilly onward till she found her destined foe. Then her anchor dropped astern, and her fire burst from her bloody decks with a vehemence that showed how sternly it had been repressed till then.

"The leading ships passed between the enemy and the shore, but when the admiral came up he led the remainder of the fleet along the seaward side—thus doubling on the Frenchman's line, and placing it in a defile of fire. The sun went down after Nelson anchored; and his rearward ships were only guided through the darkness and the dangers of that formidable bay by the Frenchman's fire flashing fierce welcome as each enemy arrived, and hovered along the line, coolly scrutinizing where he could draw most of that fire on himself. The Bellerophon, with gallant recklessness, fastened on the gigantic Orient, and was soon crushed and scorched into a wreck by the terrible artillery of batteries more than double the number of her own. But, before she drifted helplessly to leeward, *she had done her work*—the French admiral's ship was on fire; and, through the roar of battle, a whisper went that for a moment paralyzed every eager heart and hand. During that dread pause the fight was suspended—the very wounded ceased to groan—yet the burning ship continued to fire broadsides from her flaming decks, her gallant crew alone unawed by their approaching fate, and shouting their own brave requiem. At length—with the concentrated roar of a thousand battles—the explosion came; and the column of flame that shot upward into the very sky for a moment rendered visible the whole surrounding scene—from the red flags aloft to the reddened decks below—the wide shore, with all its swarthy crowds—and the far-off glittering sea, with the torn and dismantled fleets. Then darkness and silence came again, only broken by the shower of blazing fragments in which that brave ship fell upon the waters. Till that moment Nelson was ignorant how the battle went. He knew that every man was doing his duty, but he knew not how successfully; he had been wounded in the forehead, and found his

way unnoticed to the deck in the suspense of the coming explosion. Its light was a fitting lamp for eye like his to read by. He saw his own proud flag still floating everywhere, and at the same moment his crew recognized their wounded chief. The wild cheer with which they welcomed him was drowned in the renewed roar of the artillery, and the fight continued until near the dawn.

"Morning rose upon an altered scene. The sun had set upon as proud a fleet as ever sailed from the gay shores of France: torn and blackened hulls now only marked the position they had then occupied; and where their admiral's ship had been, the blank sea sparkled in the sunshine. Two ships of the line and two frigates escaped, to be captured soon afterwards; but within the bay the tri-color was flying on board the Tonnant alone. As the *Theseus* approached to attack her, attempting to capitulate, she hoisted a flag of truce. 'Your battle-flag or none' was the stern reply, as her enemy rounded-to, and the matches glimmered over her line of guns. Slowly and reluctantly—like an expiring hope—that pale flag fluttered down from her lofty spars, and the next that floated there was the banner of Old England."—vol. i., p. 45.

After the battle, Nelson, heroically trustful in the honor of a valiant enemy, restored to the French prisoners all their property, and sent them ashore, to the number of some thousands, upon their word of honor not to bear arms until regularly exchanged: he thus gave to the French commander an opportunity of soiling his name, and lowering (among strangers) the character of the republic. The opportunity was not neglected, for Bonaparte at once set honor aside, and drafted into his regiments the men set free upon parole.

Admitting the vast effect necessarily produced upon the mind of the Orientals by the destruction of the French fleet, we still think that Bonaparte's failure (we speak always of his failure to win over public opinion) arose in great measure, from his own errors of conduct. This is a salutary and pleasant deduction to make. It is delightful to see failure resulting from crime—to see that the guilty being who has just been condemned by all good men on account of his delinquencies, must afterwards stand to be sneered at by the mere politician, because those very delinquencies were blunders in a temporal sense. If we try Bonaparte by the most worldly of all moral standards—namely, by the canon which tests—not the virtue, but the mere personal dignity of a man—we shall find him wanting even there; for not to him belonged those qualities which spring from a high self-respect. All his life long he boasted and lied. That he was callous to the sin of falsehood, we have hardly a right to wonder: that he never shrank from the *meanness* of the vice is a fact fatal to the completeness of his character as a hero—fatal, even, as we believe, in the end to his temporal success. The biographers of Napoleon love to tell how with the imperial diadem there came to him a taste for imperial pastimes—how he, who in his youth had spurned all sorts of recreation, could afterwards delight in the royal *chasse*, and listen to palatial music. But he never became too proud to soil his lips with falsehood. The General, the First Consul, the Emperor, and the "Exile Sublime," (as M. Thiers calls him,) were fair rivals the one to the other in the craft and mystery of lying. In all commanders, no doubt,

warlike feints, and even some sorts of political stratagem are fairly admissible; but it was in far humbler kinds of deception that Bonaparte indulged; and it is our conviction that by thus debasing himself before the Orientals he forfeited the power to rule them.

A sufficient acquaintance with the people of the East would have taught the Corsican Alexander that, in one who seeks to gain an influence over their minds, the most fatal of all possible mistakes would be that of exhibiting symptoms supposed to indicate fear, or doing any act of real or apparent self-humiliation. Now Bonaparte had scarcely set his foot upon the shore of Egypt when he committed both these errors. In his letters to the Grand Signor he contented himself with saying that the French had always been friends of the sultan, "even before they renounced the Messiah;" but immediately upon possessing himself of Alexandria, and even before he could get at the day of the month according to the Mahometan calendar, he dictated his famous proclamation under date of the blank day of the month Muharrem, in the year of the Hegira 1215. This precious appeal to the Oriental mind contained the following passages:—"People of Egypt! they will tell you that I come to destroy your religion. Believe it not! Answer that I come to restore your rights, to punish the usurpers, and that I respect more than the Mamelukes do, God, his prophet, and the Koran. Cadis, sheiks, imaums, scorbudgis tell the people that *we are true Mussulmans*.* Is it not we who have destroyed the pope, who said it was necessary to make war with Mussulmans! Is it not we who have destroyed the Knights of Malta, because those madmen pretended it was the will of God that they should make war against Mussulmans?" And again—"All the Egyptians shall be called on to fill all the offices of state. The wisest, the most instructed, the most virtuous shall govern—and the people shall be happy!"

The ill effect of this proclamation must have been greatly increased when Bonaparte submitted to the personal humiliation of joining in the Mahometan worship. He denied at St. Helena that he had ever gone so far, but upon this point he failed to win belief even from his apologists. Thiers says expressly, that "Bonaparte went to the great mosque, seated himself on cushions cross-legged, like the sheiks, and repeated with them the litanies of the Prophet, rocking the upper part of his body to and fro, and shaking his head. All the members of the holy college were edified by his piety."

It would have been hardly possible to devise a line of conduct better fitted to inspire the natives with a contempt for their invaders. Frenchmen were understood in the East to be really Christians: the effect produced by the encyclopædists and the revolutionary ferment upon the once religious mind of France was not of course understood or even heard of on the banks of the Nile;

* Thus the words are given by Thiers and other historians. According to Bourrienne, however, the words "des vrais Mussulmans" were preceded by "amis—" "We are friends of the true Mussulmans." The interpolation of this word would of course totally alter the purport of the sentence. It seems probable either that Bourrienne (the private secretary of the General) relied on his rough draught of the proclamation, or else that Bonaparte introduced the word "amis" in the French copies merely, with the view of concealing from Europe this shameful profession of faith.

and certainly the whole population of Egypt (especially the Mahometans, who so closely associate apostasy and defeat) must have felt disdainfully towards the invader when they saw him thus faltering in his reliance upon bayonets, seeking a base safety in the renouncement of his fathers' creed, and pretending a humble respect for Mahomet and his rignarole volume.

Then the promise to commit the government of the country to "the most wise, most learned, and most virtuous of the Egyptians!" Why, the attempt to fill one's game-bag by promising the partridges a representative government would be equally successful. As to Bonaparte's schemes for gaining an influence over the natives by interesting and amusing them, these were all of a kind so thoroughly and exclusively French that their failure would have appeared at once absolutely certain to any one conversant with the East. Sometimes a fête would be given, (as, for instance, on the 1st day of the Republican year VII.,) at which "the Mussulman flag was made to float along with the tricolor; the Crescent figured by the side of the Cap of Liberty; the Koran served as a pendant to the Rights of Man." "The Turks," says Bourrienne, whom we are quoting, and who really seems to have had some insight into the Oriental character, "were very insensible to these things." On another occasion Bonaparte called the *savans* to his aid, and endeavored to impress the people by a display of chemical experiments, which M. Berthollet was to perform in the presence of the assembled sheiks. The general waited to enjoy their astonishment; but the simple instinct of the Egyptians disconcerted all his attempts upon their marvelling faculties. The miracles of the Institute—the transformation of liquids—electrical shocks—galvanic batteries—all failed to produce the slightest symptom of surprise. The sheiks looked on with imperturbable coolness and indifference. When M. Berthollet had concluded, the sheik El Bekry said to him, through the interpreter—"All this is very well; but can you so order it as that I may be here and at Morocco in the same instant?" Berthollet answered (of course) with a shrug of the shoulders (*en haussant les épaules.*) "Ah! then," said the sheik, "you are not a complete magician."

So slight was Bonaparte's influence over the minds of the Egyptians, that not many days after the Battle of the Pyramids, parties of Arab horsemen were boldly careering and cutting down French soldiers under the very windows of the commander-in-chief. Some few weeks afterwards the imaums from the top of the minarets, instead of calling the people as usual to their prayers, invited them to rise up and destroy the "infidel dogs." This call was heard; and the revolt of Cairo soon showed that the military successes of the Republican General had brought with them none of that spirit-quelling respect by which they are usually followed in the Eastern world. Bonaparte (whose military genius never perhaps showed itself more decisively than in the perplexing trial of a street battle) put down the insurrection most skilfully, and punished it with unrelenting ferocity. The wholesale massacre by grape and round shot, after continuing for two days and killing 5000 persons, was succeeded by the work of the executioner; and it is curious that in his mode of conducting these in-door operations Bonaparte followed the plan of his old patrons the Terrorists, whom he afterwards abused so industriously. In

both cases the common and every-day orders were, not for the immolation of such and such victims, but for such and such a number of them; the head destroyer in both cases gave in his requisition fixing the quantity of human sheep that he wanted slain, and the task of selection was left to the mere working butchers. Several chiefs were killed daily, but it was not only Hadgi This, or Mustapha That, whom Bonaparte condemned to death; for besides the leaders, "thirty head" ("*une trentaine*") were executed every night. Many women were thus coldly slaughtered. The exact number of the merely obscure victims (the *trentaine*) is expressly stated by Bonaparte in his letter written to General Reynier, six days after the reestablishment of tranquillity. The executions are there spoken of as still continuing. It appears to us that Bonaparte's written account of the numbers thus put to death must be accepted as good proof; but it is fair to say that Bourrienne (deeming it almost impossible for his grandiloquent patron to make *any* unexaggerated statement) suspected that the general displayed some little ostentation in the account of his performances (*qu'il y mettait du luxe.*)

Now and then, of course, opportunities for smaller massacres would occur. On one occasion a Frenchman had been destroyed near a village at some distance from Cairo. Bonaparte, still mimicking Eastern conquerors, would have his revenge, not simply on the guilty person, but on the unfortunate village to which he belonged. Its men were to be all killed; its women and children to be driven away like cattle. Of the women, some sank on the road in the pains of childbirth; some dying by grief, by terror, by weariness. Many children, too, fell down and died. The extirpating force returned; and at four o'clock in the sunny afternoon a string of donkeys that formed part of its train wound along into the principal square of Cairo. There the party stopped—the beasts were unladen—the sacks, when detached from the pack-saddles, were untied—and out were rolled whole scores of ghastly heads; some with beards thickly matted in gore—some youthfully smooth.

It is, we fear, but too true that the Oriental mind is deeply impressible by this kind of wholesale slaughter. Bonaparte then had fulfilled two of the great conditions by which Eastern dominion is attainable; he had achieved splendid and decisive military success—he had perpetrated the requisite amount of atrocities with unshrinking perseverance. Yet his fame was barren—his cruelty wasted. No masses of men declared for him—no fortified places surrendered to the magic of his name. His power stood always limited within the range of his guns.

Now to all who understand the character of the Orientals—who know that strange facility with which they bend under successful violence—the bare fact of a man's winning battles, and yet lacking influence, must seem a most rare phenomenon, well deserving to be explained and accounted for. Upon some of the causes to which this strange result is attributable we have already remarked; but of all the general's errors (with the single exception of his apostasy) there was none perhaps so fatal to his influence in the East as his practice of vain-boasting. He was grossly deceived when he supposed that he would find in the East a credulity comparable to that of the French. The Oriental possesses a quality easily confounded with credulity, but totally distinct from it. The

weakness to which we point is a liability to be extravagantly impressed by a fact, and to deduce from it a greater brood of corollaries and consequences than the cooler judgment of the European would admit. The Orientals, for instance, see (a trifling matter may serve to illustrate national character)—they see an English traveller crossing the wilderness with his handful of ill-armed attendants; they see him maintaining his coolness, his wilful habits, and even perhaps enforcing compliance with many an odd silly whim—and all this in the midst of strange and armed tribes who are the terror of the peaceable natives; instantly they infer far more than the bare fact would warrant; they will not believe that a mere firman from a sultan, or a mere safe-conduct from a chief, could warrant all this assurance—and they therefore impute to the self-protected stranger either some infernal aid, or else the possession of unknown temporal resources that guard him completely from danger. So, again, they see a man, sprung from small beginnings, become, they know not how, the commander of an army; they see him so wielding his force as to confound his enemies, and bring down to the dust some ancient dynasty of kings—dazzled and stupefied, they bow their necks before all this exhibited strength, and acknowledge in the conqueror a being whom none can resist—a "Man of Destiny"—a "King of kings"—a "shadow of God upon earth."

But in neither of these instances is the effect produced by talking. In both it is the witnessed fact that lays hold of the Oriental mind. If either the traveller or the conqueror were to say of himself that which the natives would otherwise be ready enough to say of him—if the traveller were to bawl out that he is powerfully protected,* or the conqueror that he is an irresistible hero—the spell, so far from being thus worked effectually, would be utterly broken. Bonaparte's false nature, and his habit of lying to Frenchmen, carried him headlong into this error. He knew that the Orientals in all ages had been played upon, and he thought that false words (as in France) were the proper tools for deceiving. He accordingly maintained and enlarged his accustomed system of misrepresentation respecting military matters. He did more. He wanted to be thought an invincible hero; a man specially marked out by Providence and fate for the conquest of the East, and therefore—with a naïveté vastly amusing—he began to say of himself just that which he was so anxious for the wondering nations to say of him. Gravely, therefore, and pompously he announced himself to the assembled sheiks of Cairo as the "Man of Destiny," to whom was plainly committed the empire of the East. No one saw the sheiks smile: their beards and moustachios would veil any little play of countenance to which they may have yielded—but, in truth, the Oriental is little prone to the indulgence of humorous scorn. He looks upon weakness and folly as qualities to be freely taken advantage of rather than to be laughed at. So, then, with serious delight, rather than in a spirit of ridicule, the sheiks must have heard this announcement. From such vamping they would rapidly infer that the commander thus pressing vain words into his service could not stand, serenely relying upon his military resources; and, moreover, that he was wanting in that pride and

sense of personal dignity which they associate with the character of a predestined conqueror. Freely, therefore, and gladly enough they would now pretend to honor him with the flattering nickname of Sultan Kebeer, (Sultan Fire,) because they could presently go off to the baths, and there delight their friends with sly and quiet allusions to the weakness of "Sultan Smoke."

No vain-boaster like this is the true Eastern conqueror: he hears his praises sung—not from his own proud lips, but by the voice of prostrate nations. His words are few, ambiguous, pregnant with fate, as the words of an oracle. Of his very frown he is so sparing that, when it comes, its import is death, the razing of a city, the devastation of a province. Not to save half his army, nor all his stores, would he endure to be an utterer of bootless threats, lest men begin to whisper, and say that there are bounds to his power. When this sort of hero advances in eastern lands, the terror of his name stalks darkly before him—the strong places fall as he comes—the armies of his foe break and crumble—Panic sweeps them away in its blast; and whole tribes of warfaring men desert their ancient chiefs that they may follow in the train of a conqueror. No wonder-working renown of this kind was achieved by Bonaparte. When he had passed the desert at the head of all his disposable forces, he found that he could no more procure undisputed occupation of the miserable fortresses lying on the southern frontier of Syria than if he had commanded a mere corporal's guard. He was absolutely forced to "besiege" that wretched El Arish, and gravely "sit down" before Jaffa.

The bare name of Jaffa recalls to every mind the fate of the prisoners there taken. The massacre of those men was at first believed—was afterwards treated as a mere squire's story, incredible except to minds confounded by the din of war, and stupefied by country air. Its truth is now beyond doubt, and the grounds suggested as excusing its perpetration have failed. For the crime there is no palliation: for the chief criminal it is only to be said that his guilt was shared amongst the members of the council of war, who all joined with him in an unanimous vote for the massacre. We advert to this frightful act, not on account of its mere atrocity, but because it was perpetrated under circumstances which bring it within the scope of our observations on Bonaparte's want of faith in dealing with Orientals. The facts stand thus:—When the assault had succeeded, and the town was in the hands of the French soldiery, Bonaparte sent his own aides-de-camp, Eugène Beauharnois and Croisier, into the town, with orders to "appease the fury of the soldiery"—(or, as they stated in the presence of Bonaparte, and with his assent, to "appease the carnage")—"to see what was going on, and come back and give him an account." These officers found that a large portion of the garrison, consisting chiefly of Albanians, had taken refuge in a mass of buildings formerly used as caravanserais: they therefore went thither, each carrying on the arm his aide-de-camp's scarf. The Albanians cried out from the windows, and said that they would surrender if their lives were guaranteed them; if not, they would defend themselves to the utmost, and would shoot the two aides-de-camp. Beauharnois and Croisier, thus menaced, acceded to the terms offered, and brought back the Albanians, to the number of 4000, as prisoners of war. In two days

*Sagacious and experienced dragomen attending upon travellers in the Ottoman empire will never display the firman except in a case of extreme necessity.

These men felt in its bitterness the folly that they had committed in trusting to the word of Bonaparte's aides-de-camp. They were brought out in mass upon the beach, with their hands tied behind them—and into this living and human heap the French troops poured their volleys. All were slain except some few, who, in the agony of coming death, contrived to burst the cords that bound them. These rushed down into the sea, and swam out to the coral rocks which rose above the water at some distance from the beach. The French soldiers—hitherto the mere instruments of their leader's crime—now personally took upon themselves the guilt of fresh treachery and innocent blood. They called out to the prisoners on the rocks, and made them a sign well known in the country implying peace and forgiveness. The wretches, thus enticed, returned to the shore—then were shot.

False men are strangely slow to learn that they have forfeited the privilege of creating belief by word of mouth. Bonaparte still thought that he might promise and vow with success. Some few hours after committing the hateful treachery just related, he repeated his solicitations and promises to Djezzar Pasha, then commanding at Acre. Bonaparte had written to this man before he quitted Egypt, but the fierce old "butcher" (for that is his interpreted name) had met his advances with insult and utter disdain. Yet the mock Alexander—thus scorned and defied—had so scanty a knowledge of the Oriental character, and had so little of the heroic pride and self-respect which might have served him instead of knowledge, that now, at Jaffa, and on the 10th of March, he wrote to the old Turk a sort of begging letter, pressing him to become his "friend." It is, perhaps, almost necessary to know the Oriental character in order to appreciate the exultation with which this proof of weakness must have been received by the Pasha. Djezzar may, probably, have had some difficulty in making his people believe that a letter, involving a political blunder so enormous, was actually genuine; but, supposing that he could succeed in getting the authenticity of the document well credited, its influence in inspiring the garrison with resolution must have been immense. Bonaparte's application was treated, of course, with towering disdain. The unfortunate Frenchman who bore the letter was decapitated—his body given to the fishes—his head kept for amusement; and the fraternizing general now found that, in order to get a glimpse of his long-sought "friend" Djezzar, he must condescend to sit down before Acre, and patiently open his trenches.

There was much slovenliness, ill management, and want of vigor in the conduct of the siege. Just at first, too, Bonaparte had nothing but field artillery; but such of the heavy guns as had escaped the English cruisers at length arrived, and a breach was effected. Meantime, however, an event had occurred which, under ordinary circumstances, would have ensured the fall of the place without an assault. The Turks, collecting an army of some 15,000 cavalry, and a like number of foot, had crossed the Jordan. With a single division Kleber encountered this force, and, throwing his troops into squares, he found himself able to baffle and shatter the masses of cavalry that came down, pouring round him for six successive hours. At the end of that time Bonaparte came up with fresh divisions, and attacked the

Turkish reserves, as well as their front and one of their flanks. Kleber deploying took the offensive, and a brilliant victory was gained—a victory rendered decisive and bloody by Murat's seizure of the only bridge which opened a way for retreat to the eastern side of the Jordan. Now it is a maxim in war that, when a besieging force encounters a relieving army and defeats it, the strong place, however great its resources, will almost certainly fall. But Bonaparte's vain boasting—his display of mean spirit in the application to Djezzar, and other like indications of weakness—had so entirely deprived him of the hero's prestige, that not even victory, splendid though it were, could now carry power along with it.

At this time the French commander, though displaying less than his usual vigor and ability in the conduct of the siege, was fertile enough of "gigantic projects" for taking advantage of the expected capture when effected. "I shall find in the town," said he, "the treasures of the pasha, and arms for three hundred thousand men. I'll raise and arm all Syria, so indignant at the ferocity of Djezzar. I'll march on Damascus and Aleppo. I'll swell my army as I advance in the country with all the malcontents. I'll announce to the people the abolition of slavery and the tyrannical government of the pashas. I shall arrive at Constantinople with armed masses. I'll upset the Turkish empire. I'll found in the East a new and grand empire which shall fix my place in posterity; and perhaps I shall return to Paris by Adrianople and Vienna, after having annihilated *en passant* the House of Austria." Now we believe it would be difficult to assign any limit to the capabilities of a well-disciplined French army rapidly marched through countries without any other defence than that which Asiatic hordes can furnish; but the most superficial acquaintance with the subject would enable any man to see that Bonaparte's prospects of gaining a moral influence over the people were completely illusory. His notion, for instance, of advancing his cause by the abolition of slavery was ludicrous. The measure of course would have been viewed as confiscation by the owners of the slaves; and who would have been the people to profit by the proposed manumission?—Why, a number of black domestics, more fat than pugnacious, and thoroughly unused to arms as well as to freedom, besides a few women from Georgia and Circassia, already rooted to the harems of their owners by all the ties that can make home dear to wives and mothers. It is amusing, too, to see that at this period Bonaparte, having failed to win the respect of the Mahometans, showed some little hankering after the before-despised Christians; but chiefly he seems to have relied upon the Druses, for he fancied that their ambiguous religious position, as men neither good Christians nor good Mahometans, must dispose them to fraternize affectionately with his armed philosophers. Fancy the sympathy between a portly Druse of the Lebanon and a grimacing member of the Institute! And here we may remark (for the topic is not so trivial as it sounds) that the manner and personal appearance of the Frenchman must always obstruct him seriously in his attempts to gain an influence over the Orientals. All Europeans, no doubt, (we of course treat Turkey as Asiatic,) labor to some extent under this inconvenience; their ugly prim dresses, their quick anxious movements, their comparatively awkward gait and humble bearing are fitted.

to draw upon them the contempt of a people who habitually display their self-respect by the external signs of decorous dress, and calm, dignified manner. But a Frenchman is the superlative of all this uncomeliness. As we should show to a child a convict at work in his gaol dress, and say, "that it is to be wicked!"—so a bigoted Mussulman, if he wished to inspire his boy with an early hatred and contempt of Europe and Christianity, would pick out the smartest Frenchman he could find in the streets of Pera and say, "My child, look there!—if ever you were to forget your God and the Prophet, you might come to look like that!" But even supposing that there were no antipathies of this sort to conquer, still nothing could be more vain than to suppose that because Bonaparte's loose conscience enabled him to sham any form of worship he chose, he could therefore procure a religious following either from the Mahometans, or the Christians, or the Druses. It is a phrensy, and not a cold lie, that gathers together an army of fanatics.

A more immediate prospect, which cheered the republican general, whilst waiting for the result of his siege, was the ready surrender of Damascus. He was to have the keys of that place the moment he had hoisted the French flag on the citadel of Acre. Of course he was. It is a proverb in Syria, founded upon the constant result of the many tussles for that country, that whoever wins Acre, wins not only Damascus, but all the cities and all the plains of Syria and Palestine. But Bonaparte's vanity and limited knowledge of the people with whom he was dealing, quite blinded him to the emptiness or waggery of the offer.

A sufficient breach was at last effected, and now the result of the siege would chiefly depend upon the valor and obstinacy of the contending forces. Bonaparte, therefore, in his despatches to Egypt, treated the capture of the place as certain, and even named the day on which it was to receive the republican flag. He was ignorant of the staunch courage which the Ottoman soldier displays when fighting hand-to-hand in the breach. The truth is, that in such situations a brave man for once enjoys those opportunities of displaying individual heroism, from which in the open field he is so often and so provokingly debarred by the European system of discipline. Then too the besieged had their energies directed with admirable skill and judgment by Philippeaux; and, moreover, they found a good comforter in Sir Sydney Smith, who, landing a number of his officers and men, inspired the whole garrison with something of the cheery spirit and boldness that belong to the English seaman. Seven assaults were made, and all failed: at the eighth assault, as many as two hundred Frenchmen gained a footing within the works, and reached the pasha's garden, but not being supported with that vigor and promptitude which could alone bring about success, they were cut to pieces. This was Bonaparte's last attempt. "That man," said he at St. Helena, speaking of Sir Sydney, "made me miss my destiny." However, there was no help for it: the general could not afford to lose more men, and must perforce renounce the Empire of the East. He retreated; and his discomfiture, in the judgment of the natives, brought heavy disgrace upon the French arms. Many a man in Syria, to this day, who never heard of Napoleon the Emperor, yet remembers the vanquished foe

of old Djezzar Pasha. However, the general's power of falsifying rose with the occasion; the disgrace sustained was so great, that triumphant indeed must be the tone of the address to the army:—

"Soldiers!" said this document, "you have accomplished your destiny: after having, with a handful of men, maintained the war in Syria, taken forty pieces of cannon, fifty standards, and six thousand prisoners, razed the fortifications of Gaza, Jaffa, Caffa, and Acre, (!) we are about to reënter Egypt: the season of disembarkation commands it. A few days more, and you would have taken the pasha in the midst of his palace; but at this moment such a prize is not worth a few days' combat."

So the soldiers were to believe that, by having perforated a small aperture in the walls of Acre, they had "razed" its fortifications, and that they had really achieved the grand object of the siege, though they failed to carry the breach! One of the French chroniclers, however, pretends that there were several men in the army so highly gifted in point of good sense and sagacity that they actually detected the falseness, and even the absurdity, of this address.

The elaborate lying of the bulletin was not the only consolation of the retreating general. Before the retrograde movement commenced, Bonaparte had imagined a new atrocity: following up the now familiar line of policy adopted by the French, he determined that if he could not hurt his enemies, he would at all events hurt neutrals or friends. It does not appear that the people of the country along the coast from Acre to the desert had ever seriously harassed or vexed the march of the French troops. The garrisons, indeed, manned by Osmanlis and Arnaouts, had held out, and the warlike and bigoted population in the neighborhood of Naplouse had given some trouble—but it was not on these that the vengeance was to fall. "I'll destroy everything," said Bonaparte, "home to the commencement of the desert. I'll make it impossible for an army to pass in this direction for the next two years. It (i.e. an army) does not live in the midst of ruins." The season of the year (for it was May, the time of ripe grain immediately preceding the harvest) but too well favored this campaign against the fruits of the earth. Destroying parties were organized with as much regularity and system as if they had been formed for foraging: they were armed with torches. Every village—nay, every poor laborer's hut lying upon the condemned tract of country—was destroyed; and across the whole belt of fertile soil that runs parallel with the sea-shore the yellow fields blazed. And day by day this vast conflagration moved steadily on upon the left of the retreating columns; so that when Bonaparte once more set foot upon the verge of the desert, he left the fair province that had fed his army for the last three months now smoking far and near with ruined homes, and black with the ashes of corn.

But whilst devastation thus flanked the march of the French troops, the plague stole into their ranks. This calamity is one that always develops a new source of difference between the Oriental and the European. The former meets the risk of infection with serene composure: the latter, believing plague to be propagated by contact, is perpetually seeking to shun the peril, and is therefore regarded by the Moslem as a poor fugitive, miserably hoping to baffle the will of God by human

shifts and contrivances. The habitual materialism of the Frenchman seems to render him even more alive than other Europeans to the importance of avoiding contact in time of plague. Upon the retreat from Acre this anxiety of the troops to avoid the touch of infected substances grew to such a height as to destroy the bonds of good comradeship. Many a poor fellow, as he lay writhing to death upon the ground, would cry out, piteously—"I am not a *pestifère*—I am only wounded;" and to convince his comrades of this, he would reopen his gashes, or even inflict upon himself fresh wounds. "No one believed him. The men said—He is done for' (*son affaire est faite*)—then passed on, felt to know if their own glands were free from the fatal swelling, and all was forgotten." This abandonment of the sick and wounded must have been viewed with great scorn by the pursuing Turks.

Bonaparte's biographers make much of their hero's resigning his horse to the sick and wounded, and marching on foot. It is almost provoking to see that even this small piece of self-sacrificing heroism was a mere *coup de théâtre*. It was during the halt at Tentoura, on the 20th of May, that the order requiring all beasts of burthen to be given up for the sick and wounded was issued. When the general was about to move on, one of his grooms asked which horse he would ride: he answered by giving the poor servant a violent slash across the face with his whip, swore a fierce oath, and said that he should march on foot. He no doubt did so—perhaps for half an hour, perhaps for a day; but during the night-march of the 23d, (when the want of beasts of burthen must have been just as pressing as it had been on the 20th, and in all probability much more so.) Bonaparte was fired at by a peasant. This event incidentally brings out the fact that the pretended magnanimity of marching on foot had not been persevered in, for we are expressly told that when the shot was fired the general was asleep on his horse.

Another favorite story of Bonaparte's biographers was that of his touching the swellings of the plague-stricken patients in the hospital of Jaffa. This is a fable. The general, indeed, entered the hospital; walked rapidly through the rooms, switching his boot-top with his riding-whip, and desiring that those who were strong enough would get up and march, as the place would soon be occupied by the enemy. The plague-stricken patients were all too far gone to take the least notice of the speech addressed to them. There were not, it seems, more than sixty of them. An order was issued (it is hardly now matter of doubt) for administering to these patients "a potion adapted to accelerate death." A draught of this sort in the terse idiom of England would be called simply "poison." We, however, will not undertake to say that Bonaparte, in giving this direction, was not influenced by a motive which he thought humane. Moreover, it seems highly probable that his order was never complied with, and that the patients were left to their fate. There is much weight in the suggestion of Savary, who observes that the sick were all too far gone to take the potion voluntarily, and that no Frenchman would have incurred the risk of infection by administering it.

The remains of the army passed the desert, and returned in miserable plight to Cairo. Bonaparte heralded his arrival by a bulletin so tran-

scendent in its falsehood that for a moment his very secretary refused the leap, and hesitated to write the dictated words. "I shall bring with me," said the discomfited general in this address—"I shall bring with me a quantity of prisoners, and of flags. I have razed the palace of Djezzar, the ramparts of Acre; there no longer remains one stone upon another; all the inhabitants have evacuated the town by sea. Djezzar is severely wounded." Now every man in Egypt would know in a week that Acre was safe and sound; and every Oriental, comparing the words with the fact, would infer that the father of the lie was Fear.

In the following month the Osmanlis, encouraged by the failure of the French before Acre, landed at Aboukir under cover of the English guns, to the number of 15,000 or 16,000 men. They threw up intrenchments, and prepared to make war in their old-fashioned way. Bonaparte came down and destroyed the whole force.

Here was really a great and decisive victory: but the moment for the great adventurer's departure was now at hand. Mr. Warburton, after a few weeks of sailing and tracking on the Nile, owns to the irresistible longing which he felt for the blessed face of a newspaper. Yet compare the meagre news of the present era with the events of the period we speak of. In these days the deprivation of our newspaper would keep us painfully doubting whether the Rev. Mr. Ward was, or was not to be dressed as a freshman—would even condemn us to ignorance respecting the exact state of the great surplice controversy at Little Lower Churchington—but if a man were without recent tidings in 1799, he knew not to whom belonged the ancient kingdoms of Europe. For ten months the French had lived without certain news from their country; but Sir Sydney Smith (the most courteous of foes) now presented to Bonaparte a file of the "Frankfort Journal." Italy lost! "Les misérables!" cries Bonaparte (alluding to the Directory;) and instantly sees how welcome now to humbled France must be the return of her most fortunate general. He secretly prepares the requisite means—issues false announcements of his purpose in descending the Nile—makes a false appointment with Kleber—leaves behind him a false promise to return—and slips away forever from the shores of Egypt.

Kleber, disgusted at the cool escape of Bonaparte, and angry to find himself saddled with the duty of making the best of a very bad matter, commenced his administration by signing the Convention of El Arish, and provided for the deportation of the French troops to the shores of France, in French or Turkish vessels. The circumstances of this transaction so closely touch the subject with which we are dealing—namely, the good faith of nations—and are, in our view, so clearly stated by Mr. Alison, that we will give them in his words:—

"This convention was not signed by the British Admiral, Sir Sydney Smith; nor was he vested either with express authority to conclude such a treaty, nor with such a command as necessarily implied such a power. It was, however, entered into with his concurrence and approbation; and, like a man of honor, he felt himself as much bound to see it carried into effect, as if his signature had been affixed to the instrument. But the British government had, three months before, sent out orders to Lord Keith, commanding the English fleet in the Mediterranean, not to consent

to any treaty in which it was not stipulated that the French army were to be prisoners of war; and Lord Keith, on the 8th January, a fortnight before the convention of El Arish was signed, had sent a letter from Minorca to Kleber, warning him that any vessels having on board French troops, returning home in virtue of a capitulation other than an unconditional surrender, would be made prisoners of war. The continental historians of every description are loud in their abuse of the English government for what they call their bad faith in refusing to ratify the convention of El Arish. The smallest attention to dates must be sufficient to prove that these censures are totally destitute of foundation. The convention was signed at El Arish on January 24th, 1800, and Lord Keith's letter, announcing that the British government would agree to no capitulation, was dated Minorca, January 8th, 1800, or *sixteen days before the signature of the treaty*. This letter was founded on instructions sent out by the English cabinet to Lord Keith, dated December 17th, in consequence of the intercepted letters of Kleber, which had fallen into their hands immediately after Napoleon's return. Kleber no sooner received Lord Keith's letter than he resumed hostilities, and fought the battle of Heliopolis with his wonted precipitance, without once reflecting on the fact that the letter on which he founded so much was written not only long before intelligence of the treaty reached England, but from Minorca, *sixteen days before the treaty itself was signed*. 'No sooner, however,' said Mr. Pitt, in his place in Parliament, 'was it known in England that the French general had the faith of a British officer pledged to him, and was disposed to act upon it, than instructions were sent out to have the convention executed, though the officer in question had, in fact, no authority to sign it.' Orders accordingly were sent out to execute the treaty, and they arrived in Egypt in May, 1800, long after the battle of Heliopolis; and Kleber had consented to a renewal of the treaty, when it was interrupted by his assassination at Grand Cairo on June 14th, 1800. Sir Sydney Smith had no authority to agree to the convention, nor was he the commanding officer on the station, in whom that power necessarily resided, but a mere commodore in command of a ship of the line and two frigates, Lord Keith being the head of the squadron in the Mediterranean. This conduct—in agreeing, contrary to their obvious interests, to restore the French a powerful veteran army, irrecoverably separated from the Republic at the very time when it most stood in need of its assistance, in consequence of a convention acceded to without authority by a subordinate officer—is the strongest instance of the good faith of the English cabinet; and affords a striking contrast to the conduct of Napoleon soon after, in refusing to ratify the armistice of Treviso, concluded with full powers by his general, Brune; a proceeding which the French historians mention, not only without disapprobation, but manifest satisfaction.'—*Alison's History of Europe*, 5th edit., vol. iv., p. 561.

Lord Keith's instructions not to act upon the convention signed by the French and Turkish commanders were instantly communicated to Kleber by his high-minded foe, Sir Sydney Smith.

"The spirit," says Mr. Warburton, "which dictated the British sailor's act was understood in the deserts—a voice went forth among the tents of the Bedouins and the palaces of the despot, that

England preferred honor to advantage. Battles, since then, have been fought, and been forgotten—nations have come and gone, and left no trace behind them—but the memory of that noble truthfulness remained, and expanded into a national characteristic; and our countrymen may, at this hour, in the streets of Cairo, hear the Arabs swear 'by the honor of an Englishman.'"—vol. i., p. 55.

We do not distinctly understand whether Mr. Warburton means that the Arabs still remember and speak of this transaction, or whether he merely uses a form of speech indicating that an impression was produced upon their minds strongly favorable to the English character for honor. The latter view would probably be the correct one; for we confess we have not been so sanguine as to suppose that facts manifesting the honor and good faith of nations, are specifically understood and treasured up by the masses of the people in any country. Our steady hope of the reward properly belonging to national honesty is not founded upon a belief that any signal act of good faith will be long or accurately remembered by the multitude, but rather upon this firm belief, namely, that a long series of treaties performed and promises fulfilled, in spite of temptation to break them, will always be vaguely summed up in the minds of the nations, until in the end a corresponding amount of confidence is engendered.

It has been seen that Lord Keith's instructions forbade all capitulation, except upon the terms of the French surrendering as prisoners of war. "To such insults," said the heroic and fiery Kleber, "we will answer with battles and victories." And he made good his speech. An army of 40,000 Ottomans had passed the desert, and hung on the eastern frontier of Egypt. The French commander was obliged, therefore, to concentrate his troops; and as he did so, the utility of Bonaparte's attempts to influence the Egyptians was made manifest. Cairo rose, and forced its small garrison of Frenchmen to take refuge in the citadel. Other places followed the example; but meanwhile, on a fair moonlight night, the armies met near the ruins of Heliopolis, and Kleber gained by far the most brilliant victory that had been hitherto achieved by the French arms against the rude masses of the East. The victorious general followed up his military successes by an able civil administration; and a hard, yet steady and judicious pressure upon the resources of the country, soon enabled him to retrieve the financial condition of his army. Now, however, arrived instructions from England, based upon that high sense of honor which induced Pitt to ratify the merely implied approval of an English officer, even although that officer was wholly unauthorized to act. Kleber again signed the convention; but before he could give effect to its stipulations he was assassinated by a fanatical Mussulman.

Menou, the new French commander, repudiated the convention, and prepared to measure his strength with a foe more troublesome than any whom the republicans had hitherto encountered in the land of Egypt. The battle of Aboukir is vividly described by Mr. Warburton; but neither upon this nor upon the subsequent successes of the English arms can we now afford time to dwell. It is more within our purpose to remark that the prestige of French superiority, even over mere Orientals, was at length shaken; for a Turkish

general was persuaded to act in the field with such an astonishing amount of common sense, that he absolutely gained a kind of victory over Belliard, and compelled a French general, with 6000 prime troops, to retreat before scimitars, shouts, and yataghans.

At length a final capitulation was signed. The French (more tenderly used in treaty than in battle) were allowed to depart in peace; troops, artists, savans, and all, taking with them their arms and accoutrements, their collections of antiquities, and their famous drawings of Egyptian monuments.* The guns which they were forced to abandon amounted in number to several hundreds; but in order that, on arriving at Toulon, they might have the air of bringing back their artillery with them, they stipulated for the right of carrying off ten field-pieces. Thus, in almost all the acts of the invaders, from the day when the expedition sailed from France under the name of "The Left Wing of the Army of England," up to the final capitulation of Alexandria, we detect the principle of deception.

The convention of Alexandria must have counteracted, in great measure, the effect produced by our victories upon the public opinion of the East. Orientals habitually distrust the existence of a power which is exerted with anything like charitable, or even politic forbearance; and seeing that the Englishman had been induced to let his old foe escape so easily, they would hardly believe it possible that the latter could have been utterly beaten. If we had erected a handsome pyramid with the skulls of the French soldiers, and had sold all the savans as slaves, we should have conciliated more effectually the love and esteem of the Turks. Still, although our prowess had thus fallen short of perfection, we had done a good deal. The forced evacuation of Egypt by a French army, so lately holding it in military possession, was a fact for men's minds to dwell on. In time of profound peace and professed amity between the governments of the invading and invaded countries, a vast armament had landed on the shores of Egypt—the clear superiority of European discipline and European tactics had been displayed to the full—the invaders had shrunk from no sort or amount of expedient cruelty—they had spared no act of treachery—no form of falsehood, if only it seemed advantageous—they had debased themselves by renouncing their religion (or, if not their own, at least the religion of their forefathers) for the nonsensical forms of mere Orientals—their savans, too, had tried their little arts. And now—with their numbers diminished by nearly one half, their artillery reduced to ten pieces, their character for invincibility and good faith reduced to nothing at all—they passed away to the West like a plague, and, as though in compliance with the prayer of the Mussulmans, to "infest the cities of Christians."

The Ottoman empire now rested from French visitation; but before six years were over, the late general of the republican army in Egypt had become the emperor of the West; and when Se-

bastiani presented his credentials as ambassador at the Porte, he represented, to all seeming, the greatest of earthly potentates. His power, therefore, was great, and he knew how to make it tell. The diplomatist who represents a powerful European state at an Eastern court, must be something more than a mere rounder of periods and softener of phrases. Geographical distance is only one of the many causes which make it impossible to set down in London or Paris minute instructions that can be treated as strictly binding at the Sublime Gate of the Seraglio, or the Heavenly Ark of Tehraun; and where the Foreign Office is impotent to instruct, the ambassador must have power to choose. State events in the East, too, are sudden in their coming—grand in their consequences. By the test of a great emergency Sebastiani was tried, and he showed himself sagacious, decisive, intrepid—intrepid as though he were handling troops against some old-fashioned general, who issued his orders, like Cuesta, from out of a coach-and-six. The influence of Napoleon (we speak merely of his influence upon the court and councils of the Turks) was raised to a height that absolutely excluded the enemies of France from the friendship of the sultan. The English ultimatum was therefore imperious, requiring the Porte to come to an immediate rupture with France, and to join the Anglo-Russian alliance. The Divan replied by a declaration of war; and Admiral Duckworth, with seven ships of the line and two frigates, boldly forced the Dardanelles, sailed through the Marmora, and brought up within sight of the Seraglio point. The city was at this moment defenceless, and the ships of the sultan lay, tempting and easy of capture, in the Golden Horn. The Divan, feeling itself, as it were, in a glass-house, was vastly anxious to avoid being smashed, and fully disposed to give way. But Sebastiani, bold and sanguine, saw grounds of hope in the possible simplicity of the British commander. The full extent of a brave sailor's innocences in diplomacy could never be known until it was fairly tested; and "good Sir John" might perhaps be amused by pretended negotiations until the preparations necessary for resisting an attack could be perfected. At all events the Turks might be persuaded to try the experiment. They tried it. In seven days the defences of the city and the duping of the Devonshire admiral were complete. An attack was no longer practicable. The fleet, returning through the Dardanelles, once more ran the gauntlet of the monster-guns; and before the British commander anchored again off Tenedos, his losses were 250 men killed or wounded; an opportunity of bursting the Franco-Ottoman alliance thrown away; and his character for common sense missing. This brilliant achievement of course raised Sebastiani to the very zenith of diplomatic glory, and proportionately attenuated the resources of British negotiators throughout all Europe. Sir Robert Adair's highly interesting memoir of his embassy shows how keenly the check was felt by him at Vienna.

Pretty closely upon this capital blunder there followed our ill-advised descent (March, 1807) upon the coast of Egypt. The British force successfully established itself in Damietta and Alexandria; but a disaster sustained at Rosetta by a strong detachment of our troops, so discouraged those in command that they were glad to sign an honorable convention providing for the restoration of prisoners and the evacuation of the country.

* All these curiosities and objects of art were to have been delivered up to the English by the terms of the convention. The savans, however, stoutly rebelled against this provision. They declared that, if it were insisted upon, they would destroy all the articles in question, and would throw upon Lord Hutchinson the infamy of becoming a "second Amrou;" and the English commander was so much alarmed or mystified by this threat that he actually surrendered the claim.

Now, considering that at the time of planning the enterprise we were engaged in deadly struggle with an European potentate then fully a match for our strength, we are bound to conclude that, in the conception of this scheme for the invasion of Egypt, there was something of the frivolity which had characterized the French expedition of 1798. We had this, however, to say for ourselves, as honorably contradicting us from the French—namely, that we were at war with the sovereign of the country which we chose to invade.

At this time the alliance between France and the Porte appeared to be firm as the hills. An ambassador was accredited by the Sultan to Napoleon, and he found him where best an "emperor" befits the purple—he found him in arms on the Vistula, in all the pride and strength that is implied by a line of operations as safe as the Champs Elysées, yet more than a thousand miles long. Napoleon, recurring to his favorite Oriental style, told the Ottoman, that sooner should his right arm quarrel with his left than he the Emperor of France with his brother the great Padishah. There is every reason to believe that at this moment Napoleon was sincere; but he thought no more of breaking inconvenient engagements with a Turkish ambassador than if he had spoken his promises to a mere turban and bundle of shawls, without a man in the midst of them. This was soon proved; and we shall presently see that, in a very few months from the utterance of the vow just quoted, the "right arm" quietly agreed to the dismemberment and partition of the unfortunate "left."

In the character of a gifted, high-spirited parvenu, (and our remark applies to the small social ambitions, no less than to the broad arena of public affairs,) a readiness to insult or deal sternly with the older, and more feeble-minded rulers of the earth is often found strangely united with a susceptibility of being cajoled by them. The power and the weakness—the poison and its antidote—grow up together. Of this seeming anomaly in the human character Napoleon stands an example. Until after the battle of Friedland he had been the conqueror—the humbler of princes: now he mounted the raft on the Niemen; and lo!—great joy for the wily Alexander—great joy by-and-by for Europe—he showed his weakness, that weakness which afterwards reduced him from a self-trusting soldier to the mere son-in-law* of a German sovereign. The Great Captain, in short, was cajolable, and he who had been trampling so fiercely on the House of Brandenburg could at once be flattered and talked into meanness by the imperial craft of a Romanoff. Alexander affected to be irresistibly charmed, and even subdued, by Napoleon's style of talking—a style (so Count Munster described it) "half lapidary, half quack-advertisement." By thus seeming to be wheedled himself, the Czar absolutely wheedled Napoleon into engagements for the partition of the Ottoman empire. Contrive that your enemy shall betray his friends, and you gain a long march on him.

* The fatuity with which Napoleon, in 1813 and '14, relied upon the aid of his "beaupère" is made to appear very plainly in Caulaincourt's memoirs. But the most melancholy trait is that told by Bourrienne of the emperor's coolly alluding to some room in the Tuileries as having been decorated in the time "du Roi, mon oncle"—Louis XVI.—husband of poor Maria-Louisa's aunt!

And this march Alexander gained over Napoleon by persuading him to betray the sultan. No obscurity now veils the secret arrangements of Tilsit. Bignon, the appointed defender and diplomatic historian of Napoleon, seems to have thought it necessary to begin by wrapping up his hero's treason in a slightly nebulous phrase, and therefore, instead of saying at once that the dismemberment of the Grand Signor's dominions was decided upon, he tells us that the French emperor was induced to extend towards the czar "a certain tolerance in the direction of Turkey." He is afterwards, however, compelled to give the eighth written article, which formally provided for the partition of the Ottoman empire, in the event of the sultan's refusing or delaying to accept Napoleon's mediation: and, finally, he admits that the emperors did in fact come to an unconditional agreement for dividing between them the whole of European Turkey, except the city of Constantinople and the promontory on which it is situate. In short, the fair provinces of the sultan, to whose government Napoleon had been swearing eternal friendship, were treated as diamond snuff-boxes, and quietly presented by emperor to czar, and czar to emperor, with assurances of "high consideration."

Instantly (that is, even before he departed from Tilsit) Napoleon despatched eager instructions to Marmont, in Illyria, and to Sebastiani, at Constantinople, preparatory to the seizure and enjoyment of the Western Pashalics. But an arrangement for the partition of the Turkish empire, without providing for the appropriation of Constantinople, was illusory. The sultan, retaining only the city itself and the promontory on which it stands, could not have preserved the envied site against the imperial holder of Bulgaria. The amity of the emperors had some duration, and seemed to be prolonged for a while by the conference of Erfurth; but Napoleon, finding at last that he had been duped, (for "tolerance in the direction of Spain" was no fair exchange for "tolerance in the direction of Turkey.") gradually receded from his engagements. This was usual with him. When he made a blunder in war, he denied it; when he blundered in the making of a treaty, he broke it. No partition took place, and the sultan still held his own.

It might seem that because the magnificent gifts offered to the Czar by the French emperor consisted of another man's provinces, and because, too, those gifts were never actually handed over, therefore the concessions of Napoleon cost him but little. They cost him dear indeed. If the engagements of Tilsit had never been entered into, of course the irritation occasioned by Napoleon's breach of them would never have been engendered. And this very irritation was the true virus of that protracted altercation that brought about in due season the fatal invasion of Russia. But Napoleon's ill faith in making the arrangements of Tilsit, no less than his ill faith in evading them, was to the French emperor an element of destruction. The betrayal of the sultan brought its separate punishment upon the faithless ally. And thus it was that retribution came. When Napoleon was preparing for the invasion of Russia, that power, then at war with the Porte, was engaged with a vast portion of her military force on the Lower Danube. Her successes had been slow and insignificant, her failures mortifying, the loss of men occasioned by the insalubrity of the

climate very great; and now that she was to be attacked in the heart of her empire by the great Napoleon in person, at the head of the whole western continent, her hitherto ineffectual efforts on the Danube would necessarily be paralyzed, and the Ottoman, with a very little more of vigor in the conduct of the war, might seriously humble his ancient enemy, recover lost ground, and retrieve the disgraces of half a century. Moreover, the vast seeming greatness of the French emperor at this period must have tended strongly to fascinate the Oriental mind. How then, and by what earthly means, could the Divan be persuaded to resist these attractive forces!—By reminding it of Tilsit. There was nothing to set against the greatness of Napoleon's power, except the greatness of his treachery. The true tenor of the secret arrangements was carefully manifested and explained to the simple Turks; and these men, understanding how coolly their supposed ally had prepared to dismember their empire, were fired with an indignation so strong as actually to supersede the desire of gratifying national selfishness and old national hates. The Porte not only refrained from taking advantage of Russia's predicament by pushing the war with alacrity, but was actually induced to conclude a peace with the czar. Thus Russia was enabled to concentrate all her resources against the French invader. Troops from the Ottoman borders were rapidly drafted northward; and when Napoleon, retreating from Moscow, approached the banks of the Beresina, Tchitchagoff, with a force of some forty thousand men, now freely spared from the Danube, completed that terrible circle which turned the failure and embarrassment of the "grand army" to absolute destruction.

The last great era of ambitious interference by France in the affairs of the Levant is that of 1840. The diplomatic strife of that and the preceding year was waged in two acts: first, the French abandoned the sultan for the sake of madly abetting Mehemet Ali against the four powers; and, secondly, they abandoned Mehemet Ali in order to return to their senses. The history of act the first long since received full noon-day light from Lord Palmerston's admirable despatch of the 31st of August, 1840; but the second phase of the business, and the coolness with which the promises of France to the Pasha of Egypt were made and broken, can never be so plainly made manifest as by quoting the very words of the two Frenchmen who, in 1840, successively held the portfolio for foreign affairs. The four powers had been holding stern language to Mehemet Ali, and had plainly warned him that, if he delayed the surrender of Northern Syria beyond the period fixed upon, they would wrest from him not only that territory, but Acre and Palestine too; and that, if he delayed yet further, they would put a period to his rule even in Egypt. The crafty old Pasha, thus menaced, naturally turned to his volatile protector, and wanted to know how far he might rely upon French aid. M. Thiers instantly despatched M. Walewski (a reputed son of Napoleon, and therefore hereditarily entitled to watch the state of the "French Lake") with instructions to promise great things in the name of France—armed and arming. On the 25th of November, 1840, M. Thiers stood in his place in the chamber of deputies, and spoke these words:—"I proposed to the king, therefore, to arm not 400,000 but 630,000 men of the line, and 300,000 of mo-

bilized national guards. * * * This was what I said to the Pasha—'Do not pass the Taurus; cover well St. Jean d'Acre and Alexandria; demand the mediation of France, and if you can make the war last out—if you can prolong it till the spring—France will then, at the head of all her forces, negotiate for you, and will do so with advantage.' * * * We thought it necessary to add a physical effect to a moral effect—that is to say, to send the French fleet to Alexandria, [this was never done,] and to make the French flag float on the walls of that town [nor this.]" "Yes, gentlemen," said the same statesman, on the 28th, "I would have demanded the modification of the treaty, [the treaty of the 15th of July,] and if it had been refused, although, as a statesman, I know perfectly well how terrible the word *war* is for a country, I would have cried war! war!—and I should have found an echo in France."

These were not the words of a mere sub-editor of a war-crying journal, but of a man who had just delivered up the portfolio of foreign affairs, and who, not two months before, had power to engage for a mighty nation. But whilst M. Thiers was promising, the four powers were performing: they let slip the dashing Commodore Napier upon the coast of Syria. Thiers continued to promise, but he withdrew his fleet—lest (according to the authority of the Prince de Joinville) it should gain a "deplorable victory" over the English, and left the four powers to have their own way on the "Lake": these, accordingly, proceeded to execute their treaty with what the French called a "brutal" exactness. Sidon fell—Caiffa too, and Tyre—Beyrout fell. Acre—famous once more—received for two hours the fire of the allied fleet; but, at four o'clock, sudden darkness burst up through the sunshine—then hung aloft in the air, and canopied all the town. The armed vessels heaved and shook, for the bed of the sea was tremulously lifted beneath them. The principal magazine and the whole arsenal had blown up. "By the explosion," says Sir Charles Smith in his despatch, "two entire regiments, formed in position on the ramparts, were annihilated, and every living creature within the area of 60,000 square yards ceased to exist." Our seamen, they say, for a while stood silent, respectful in their demeanor—as though this end of man's defences had been wrought from on high, or by the chaotic energies of nature. The firing immediately languished—then ceased altogether;—and "cruel, cold, formal man" was shocked into such forgetfulness of his old punctilios, that parleying, and flags of truce, and the downhauling of colors were neglected. No formal surrender took place; but the gates of the town stood open, and the allies were free when they chose to go in among the corpses and ruins.

Thus, whilst Mehemet Ali was listening to M. Walewski's account of the numerous wonders which France could, or should, or would, or might have wrought in his favor, he found himself driven from out of all Syria by a series of those impressive phenomena which our neighbors so quaintly describe by the name of "accomplished facts." Meanwhile, France had found a sane minister, and she now coolly repudiated her engagements with the pasha—as mere lover's vows made in the summer time, and properly broken in autumn. "France," said M. Guizot, "that did not go to war in order to hinder Poland from falling into the hands of Russia, cannot now

do so in order that Syria may remain in the hands of the pasha." And again, in the chamber of peers, on the 18th of November—"We have done all for the pasha, all that our influence could effect, and now we are asked to go to war with him, as if he were a near neighbor whose fate was connected with our own. Gentlemen, this is asking too much—this is impossible. We have, I repeat, done for him all that our influence could do; we were not bound to do more for him, and we cannot undertake to do more for an ally so distant and so uncertain. * * * Gentlemen, do not talk now to France of conquests, of glory, of combat. Let her live in peace, rich, prosperous, and in the bosom of liberty." And these prudent counsels were followed; but is it to be wondered at that, by a course of conduct such as that which we have described, the influence of France in the Levant should be grievously weakened? There are two distinct shafts, one after the other, down which human frailty may fall. A man may fall from innocence to crime, and may then find a lower depth by betraying his guilty comrade. France effected both these descents. She abandoned her ally the sultan to make common cause with his rebellious vassal, and then in his direst need she abandoned her hoary accomplice. Every statesman knew that France, in breaking with the sultan, had not only swerved from her formal engagements, but from the old course of policy which, in times of national sanity, she had always adopted. It was thoroughly necessary for her to retrace her steps; but unhappily the levity with which her minister had been pledging her in the opposite direction made it impossible for her to do so, and yet retain her fair name. For men number these things—vaguely, indeed, yet with enough of tenacity to preclude a new growth of confidence. It is vain to talk and say to a shrewd old soldier like Mehemet Ali that "the ministry of the 1st of March" was displaced by "the ministry of the 29th of October." Mehemet Ali treated not with this or that administration—he treated with France: he was to have the support of a nation that promised to negotiate for him at the head of 930,000 soldiers: he resists accordingly; and then he is told that second thoughts are best, and that his ally can do no more for him because she is determined to "live in peace, rich, prosperous, and in the bosom of liberty!" This abandonment of an ally—even although the engagements made with him had been lawlessly and rashly contracted—could not of course take place without bringing discredit on France. The moral damage which she sustained by throwing over the pasha, is thus set forth by the very man who had been pledging her:—"Do you know," said M. Thiers, on the 25th of November, 1840, in the chamber of deputies, "what will result from such a settlement? France has lost all of her influence in the Mediterranean—and this is not only a physical loss, but it is also a moral one; whereas, if you had been willing, you might have got rid of the treaties of 1815. *Our influence in Europe is lost forever.*"

After glancing at a passage of history like this, it is most gratifying to see and feel assured that, under the practice of our constitution, the honor of England in her dealings with foreign nations is not liable to be thus compromised by changes of administration, or stress of party politics. The admirable working of our political system in this respect may be well illustrated by the events of the very period to which we have been adverting.

Rarely since the revolution has there existed in this country a government so wanting in parliamentary support as that of 1840—never was a government so powerless at home;—yet at that very period England was enabled to take a bold, decisive, and brilliantly successful lead in the affairs of Europe. This she did to the utter confusion of Thiers, who had all along fondly reckoned that the general weakness of the British government must include a paralysis of the Foreign Office. The secret of England's strength, and of her then immense influence, lay in the perfect unanimity of all such of her statesmen as were really conversant with the affairs of Europe, and the high-minded patriotism which enabled them to keep their judgments upon the great concerns of the nation unwarped by party contests. The Duke of Wellington, on the 26th of January, 1841, reviewing in parliament the events of the preceding year, "expressed his approval of the course of foreign policy which had been adopted. He had long viewed with anxiety the dangers that were likely to result from the state of affairs in the Levant, and he rejoiced to think that those dangers would now be averted. * * * As to the late negotiations, he had attended carefully to the whole course of proceeding, but he could discover nothing which France could construe into a cause of offence—he saw nothing on which a difference with France could be grounded; nor could he discover any fault which had been committed on our part." Not at all forgetting how much may be owing to the well-directed abilities of the late secretary for foreign affairs, we repeat that this unanimity of our chief statesmen was the main secret of the high and brilliant position occupied by England in 1840. But whence this unanimity among men opposed to each other in party strife? Was it fortuitous? No; it resulted from this—that the policy adopted by the minister of the day was not founded on the personal whim or newly-conceived opinion of any mere individual, but was, in fact, the old, time-sanctioned policy of England. New events may, from time to time, necessitate variations in our system of foreign policy; whenever this happens there will probably arise divergencies of opinion amongst our statesmen, and the usually consequent symptoms of national indecision; but we are happy to believe that whenever the traditions of the Foreign Office and the course of policy thence deducible can be closely followed, the minister of the day, working out that policy with zeal and ability, may reckon upon the support of all those British statesmen, no matter what their party, who are really initiated in the state-affairs of Europe. Foreign nations, too, know this; that engagements entered into by a British secretary of state for foreign affairs, however strongly disapproved by his successor, will yet be honorably performed. The Duke of Wellington was no strong approver of the Quadrupartite Treaty; yet when he accepted the seals of the Foreign Office, in 1834, he proceeded to execute its stipulations with ready promptitude and zeal.

Addressing ourselves, as we do in this article, merely to the relations of the "Grand Nation" with Eastern potentates, we cannot advert to the system followed by France on the more western coasts of the Mediterranean, except for the mere purpose of remarking that her exertions to gain influence in these quarters have been in some measure like to those which she has made in the Levant. How sounds the French name in Spain!

The Peninsular War—the Trocadero—the unexcused evasion of France from the Quadrupartite Treaty, and her subsequent alliance with mere factions of the state—these are the headings under which modern history chronicles the obligations conferred on Spain by her magnanimous neighbor.

If we look to the Italian shores of the "Lake," we are instantly reminded of the unfortunate Liguria, Roman, Cisalpine, and Parthenopean Republics—of Venice betrayed to Austria at the peace of Campo Formio—of pictures and statues seized by Napoleon, and restored by Wellington—of the enthusiastic insurgents of late years, men perpetually abetted, and never protected, by France. Again, turning to the African coast, we see how successfully the "Grand Nation" with her vaudevilles and her razzias has ingratiated herself with the Algerines—how faithfully she has observed her engagements to abstain from territorial acquisitions.

Meanwhile, and concurrently with all this uneasy ambition, France has been losing the almost exclusive trade which she formerly enjoyed on the coast of Syria. The amount of her commerce in the Mediterranean is now surprisingly small, when considered with reference to her geographical position, and the industry and skill of her people.

And now, by all the blood shed—by all the treasure expended—by all the alliances repudiated—by all the treaties broken—by all the commerce lost for the sake of this coveted influence in the Mediterranean—what amount of solid power has been really acquired by France? In order to answer this question, we cannot have recourse to a much better authority than "La Presse,"—a paper understood to receive part of its wisdom from M. Lamartine, who has bestowed great attention upon all questions affecting the relations of France with the Levant. And thus it is that this journal, so lately as the 14th of last February, described and deplored the position of France upon the shores of her favorite sea:—"There is one phrase of Napoleon's which has often been repeated, but which is nevertheless true, [how naïve!] and it is this—'the Mediterranean is a French lake.' Assuredly this expression was just; and we may be allowed to believe, that if Napoleon had been allowed to remain longer on the throne, and had not been absorbed by inevitable diversions, he would have established it as a truth. Unfortunately, he possessed neither the leisure nor the means; and since the fall of the empire this legitimate wish has not only not been realized, but our influence is daily diminishing in the Mediterranean."

We hope that our retrospect of those failures which have attended both French and English encroachments upon the territories of the sultan may induce a belief that the non-seizure of Egypt by the British government is an excusable piece of remissness. We are far from blinding ourselves to the absolute necessity of maintaining unquestioned and uninterrupted our right of passage to India by way of the Isthmus; but it is precisely because we recognize the importance of this privilege that we would repudiate all notions of territorial aggrandizement in the direction of Egypt. It is in Paris, and not here, that the idea of England's permanently enjoying a free transit by Suez has been perpetually associated with that of her seizing Egypt.

There is really no ground at all for supposing that unjust aggression upon the territories of the

sultan is a condition necessary to our maintaining the right of way. Happily for England, this privilege of free passage across every part of the sultan's dominions has been granted and confirmed to her by a long series of treaties. The first of these was made so early as in the reign of our Queen Elizabeth; and its provisions have been formally ratified and liberally enlarged by numerous later treaties and conventions coming down to our own time. The articles entered into between the sultan and Queen Elizabeth are recited verbatim in the subsequent treaty of 1675.* By the first of these the shores and ports of all the territories under the dominion of the sultan are opened to vessels bearing the English flag. The second article provides "that the said nation" (England) "shall likewise safely and freely go and come by land within the limits of our imperial dominions" (the sultan's territories) "without any injury, molestation, or impediment to the persons, cattle, estates, or effects of the said nation." Both the treaty just quoted (that of Elizabeth) and the treaty of 1675 contain many anxious and carefully-framed provisions for giving force and substantial value to the conceded privileges; and by the last-mentioned act it is formally stipulated that all future imperial mandates under the seal of the sultan shall be absolutely void in such of their provisions as may clash with the words or spirit of the treaties. And these solemn engagements are not vain words, but have been acted upon with remarkable fidelity by the Ottoman government and those in authority under it. We most of us remember the wise forbearance of Mehemit Ali, who, at the very time of our wresting Syria from his military occupation, was safely transmitting our Indian mails across the Isthmus of Suez. This instance, no less than the probabilities fairly deducible from an abstract view of the matter, justify us in inferring that any satrap of the Porte holding the government of Egypt—and whether independent or not—would find it vitally for his interest to keep us unmolested in our passage. His interference with that privilege, or even his failure to secure us from the interruption of others, would speedily work his ruin.

By constant and uninterrupted usage, therefore, no less than by strictly legal ownership, a privilege of free passage through all the sultan's territories belongs to England. Our claim to go unmolested across the Isthmus of Suez is as clear by public law as our right to cross the West Riding; and whoever interfered with the enjoyment of it would take upon himself those responsibilities which attach to an invader of the British dominions.

On the other hand, an invasion and seizure of Egypt, whether by England or by any other of the Great Powers, involves an European war, and this we are invited to brave for the sake of a privilege which we already enjoy unmolested! But, then, it is said that a state of confusion may arise upon the death of Mehemet Ali, and that therefore we must shape our policy with a view to the probable dismemberment of the Ottoman em-

* The style and titles of our merry King Charles II. are thus oddly set forth in the treaty:—"To the Glorious among the Princes of Jesus, revered by the High Potentates of the People of the Messiah, sole Director of the important Affairs of the Nazarene Nation, Lord of the Limits of Decency, and the Honor of Grandeur and Renown, Charles II., King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland."

pire—that in short we must take time by the forelock, and begin to burn down our house at once in order to exclude the possibility of its being burnt down accidentally! This would be carrying precaution too far. The course which it behoves this country to take lies as clear to the sight of the practical statesman as to that of the political moralist: always in the long run is good faith expedient; but brought to bear upon our Eastern policy, it is no less plainly advantageous in its immediate and early results than in its ultimate consequences. We stand deeply pledged to maintain unpartitioned the territories of that very state under which we possess by treaty, and enjoy, in fact, the now precious right of free passage. Our duty, therefore, and our interest are one, and are simply this:—to avoid encroachment ourselves, and to prevent encroachment by others. We can be honest, and yet prosper. We can hold our own—not by snatching a province from our ancient ally, but by keeping his dominions entire.

Perhaps it is well for our country that the weight of France, necessarily so great by reason of her martial prowess and her immense military resources, has not been aggravated by the accession of that vast moral power which she would have inevitably gathered about her, if during the last half century she had respected neutral states—had pursued her foes with steady enmity, and had lent to her friends and allies a constant and faithful support. At all events, we can draw from the experience of our great neighbor a new confirmation of the ancient truth that honesty is the best policy; and when, whether it be in the Levant, or on the banks of the Indus, we are tempted to break faith with men because they are weak in the hour of battle—because they wear turbans, or turn their faces to Mecca—we may strengthen our old love of truth by a glance at the "French Lake," for there and on its shores there broods a history most apt for teaching how halt, lame, and blind is the march of a nation that rests her ambitious hopes on violence and ill-faith.

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On the Physical Facts contained in the Bible compared with the Discoveries of the Modern Sciences.
By MARCEL DE SERRES.

THE greater part of those who have meditated on the Sacred Writings, have turned their attention rather to the religious ideas contained in them, than to the accuracy and importance of the physical facts exhibited in their pages. Finding in these books, superior to all others that have been written, truths essential to the destiny and vocation of man, they did not think that they ought to seek in them light or information respecting the material world, which has been given to us as a subject for our researches and investigations. They have thought the less of this, because in the eyes of some of them such a consideration appeared alike futile and superfluous.

To make amends for this oversight, we shall concentrate our examination on the physical facts contained in the Bible, and which the sciences have made known to us only a short time antecedent to the present. This we are the more called upon to do, because we have here studied the Sacred Writings only in one point of view, namely, with regard to the positive notions they give us respecting the whole of creation. We

cannot too often repeat, that, in the examination on which we are about to enter, we have looked upon Scripture with the eye of a natural philosopher, not of a theologian; the material world has alone attracted our regard.

The most important point, relative to the creation, and of which we have still no knowledge but from the Bible, is the distinction which it establishes between the creation of the universe and its coördination. Thus, in the beginning (*in principio*) all the matter which compose the earth and heavens was created; afterwards, this matter was appropriated and formed the stellar and planetary bodies of the solar system, as well as those of other systems.

We have already shown elsewhere on what grounds this interpretation rests; it appears particularly obvious when we direct our attention not only to the first verse of Genesis, but to those that follow, particularly the 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th verses of the first chapter. It is useless, therefore, to insist longer on this point. We shall merely observe, that physical facts demonstrate the accuracy of this interpretation. Undoubtedly the whole of matter had been created at the beginning of things, and probably no new matter is formed. But it was not coördinated nor organized at the origin of time in its universality; for every day celestial bodies are produced, under our own eyes, which are the result of the condensation of this same matter. It will continue unceasingly to become condensed, and will form stars more or less complete, as long as any of it remains capable of assuming new forms and new dispositions.

If such concretions are still preparing and organizing celestial bodies, it is evident such formations indicate to us that if matter proceeded from nothing at the first, it was not appropriated till a long while after its creation. This process is constantly carried on in the ordinary course of things: far from being completed, many ages will elapse before it has reached its limit. It is with reason, therefore, that the Sacred Writings have distinguished the creation of matter from its posterior arrangement.

The chaos in which Genesis represents all matter to have been at the birth of the world, (and particularly that which afterwards formed the earth,) is a proof that Scripture rightly distinguishes creation and coördination. This matter, at first without form and void, from which the globe we inhabit arose, would appear to have been analogous to those nebulosities, the condensation of which produces, under our own eyes, new celestial bodies. At every period nature has thence derived the elements with which she has formed the celestial bodies composing the wonderful assemblage of the universe. It is likewise from the bosom of these masses of nebulosities, so abundantly diffused through space, that she draws the stellar and planetary bodies.

It is a remarkable fact, that the cosmogony given in Genesis, is the only one that has established this distinction between the primitive creation of all matter and its coördination. Not long since, our knowledge was not sufficiently advanced to enable us to appreciate these great differences in time and in things. Not less than seven thousand years were necessary to enable us to comprehend the reality of such a distinction, and to show that it was founded on the nature of things. We can now follow step by step these transforma-

tions of nebulous matter, and see it pass through different states before producing stellar and planetary bodies analogous to those of the solar system.

This distinction,* established by Scripture, is founded on two orders of facts entirely independent of each other, and which, owing to that circumstance, have their weight and authority increased. The first refers to the transformations which take place, in space, between nebulosities and the new stars produced by their condensation. The second has reference to the space of time necessary for the light of the most distant nebulosities to reach us. This space is so considerable, that, according to the observation of facts, we must refer the first emission of this light to about a hundred thousand years before the appearance of man.

If, then, the luminous rays emitted by nebulosities require so long an interval in order to become visible, the stars which transmit them to us must have been created before the last arrangements were made on the surface of our planet. Now, as these rays require about a hundred thousand years to reach us, and as the final dispositions made on the earth do not go back further than seven thousand or seven thousand five hundred years from the present epoch, the stars to which we owe this blessing must have been created at the commencement of things, or, to use the expression in Genesis, at the beginning—in *principio*. An immense interval must therefore have intervened between the creation of the celestial bodies and their coördination. This interval is still greater when we turn our attention not to the stars of the solar system, but to those which form no part of it. In fact, the former are completely terminated; but it is not so with the others. This work has, however, commenced at an era separated from ours by immense periods, and the succession of ages has not sufficed to complete it.

This coördination of a matter preëxisting since the origin of things, cannot be considered as a true creation. The latter could not take place unless the materials of which the celestial bodies are composed had been derived from nothing by the power and volition of the Creator. No doubt the condensation of the nebulous matter causes that matter to assume new forms; but while acquiring these its nature is not changed; it only passes through different states. This appropriation, and these different dispositions, assumed by a substance already formed, cannot be likened to a real creation.

In this case there is, indeed, a change in the state and form of the original materials, but there is no new production. This production, however, would be necessary, in order that these changes and modifications could properly be regarded as acts emanating immediately from the creative power.

* Not only does Genesis distinguish the creation of matter from its coördination, but the same thing is observable in all the other books of Scripture. Thus we find in Psalm xxxiii., verses 6th, 7th, and 9th, that "By the word of the Lord, were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth. He gathereth the waters of the sea together as an heap; he layeth up the deep in store-houses. He spake and it was done; He commanded and it stood fast." So much for the spontaneity of creation. With regard to the posterior coördination of the objects created at the beginning of time, we read in Psalm viii., verse 3d, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained."

Matter being once created, secondary causes, under the direction of Divine Wisdom, would tend to make it assume determinate forms, and proceed in a regular course. Accordingly, the forces which nature holds in some degree in reserve, in order that they may be brought into action when any disturbing cause threatens to interrupt the order and harmony of created things, she also destines for acts still more important. Their power, essentially conservative, brings the newly produced celestial bodies into a firm and stable condition—a character distinctive of stars arrived at their perfection.

If the proofs of so many facts, the first knowledge of which we owe to Moses, are written in indelible characters on the strata which form the crust of the globe, those of the truth of the first verse of Genesis are traced in characters of fire on the celestial vault. It is there that we discover the confirmation of it, and perceive its perfect accuracy.

When we turn our attention to the immense assemblage of nebulosities and stars sparkling in the firmament, the laws of which the sacred writer has so distinctly perceived, we are less surprised that he has discerned with the same sagacity those which regulate and determine their movements. Moses gives us to understand that the stability of the course of the celestial bodies depends on their mutual gravitation, and the extent of the distance which separates them.

It is true that he has not developed the system of attraction in all its extent; but he has fixed its principles, without expressing it in a scientific language which could not have been understood. He leads us at all times to understand that the law of gravitation regulates the phenomena of the universe, that it is sufficient for all, and maintains in it both order and variety. Emanating from Supreme Wisdom, this law has presided, since the origin of time, over the harmony of created things, and renders all disorder among them impossible.

The discovery which enabled Newton to demonstrate that bodies attract each other in the direct ratio of their mass, and in the inverse ratio of the square of distance, is the noblest triumph of the human mind. At the same time this law is only the reduction of the celestial movements to a mechanical law, the cause of which remains unknown. Newton did not regard it otherwise, since he has employed the word only conditionally, as presenting a sensible image of the phenomena observed, *quasi esset attractio*.

If we represent this universal force as depending on some more general mechanical conception, for example, the existence of an elastic ether diffused throughout the whole universe, there would still remain the *why* of this existence; the second *why* would immediately lead us to another still more remote; and the last of all must remain forever inaccessible, not only to the efforts of our thoughts, but even of our imagination.

When Scripture speaks of the earth, it 'teaches us that God has laid the foundations of it, and that it shall never be shaken; for he has fixed it upon its poles.* It then represents to us the

* See Psalm civ., verses 5—9, "God laid the foundations of the earth that it should not be removed forever. The deep covered it as a garment; the waters stood upon the mountains. At his rebuke they fled; at the voice of his thunder they hasted away. They went up by the mountains; they went down by the valleys unto the

terrestrial globe as having passed, in its earliest ages, through the state of a kind of vapor more subtle than the most attenuated and finest dust. If it speaks of its form, it represents its true spheroidal figure, and compares it to an immense globe or vast sphere.* When it speaks of its position in space, it represents it as suspended on nothing, or on a bottomless space. It also correctly describes its dimensions and size.†

If it directs our attention to the heavens, it designates them by their extent, *rakiah*. Notwithstanding the accuracy of this interpretation, which represents the immensity of the celestial spaces, the Greeks, in the Septuagint version, as well as the Latins, in the Vulgate, have presumed to correct it, because they did not perceive the extent of its import, or because they could not understand it.

The heavens, in the Bible, are the immense, infinite space, through which the nebulous matter, the universal source of all the celestial bodies, is diffused. They constitute the *expansum* or immensity, and not the *firmamentum* of St. Jerome, nor the *σφαίρα* of the Alexandrine interpreters, nor, finally, the eighth heaven of Aristotle and all the ancients, which they represent as firm, solid, crystalline, and incorruptible.

Moses alone has distinguished the primitive light from that whose benefits we derive from the sun. He has represented it to us as an element independent of this luminary, and as anterior by three epochs to that when it received its brilliant atmospheres. This particular in the account of the creation, was long considered as irreconcilable with physical facts. The distinction has brought many reproaches on the author of Genesis: those who uttered them, struck with the splendor of the great luminary which presides over the day, could not conceive that other sources of light existed both for the earth and for the rest of the universe. But the difficulties which have been felt, as to the accuracy of the Mosaic narration, have not kept their ground before the discoveries of science. In fact, an immense quantity of light is produced here below, and developed in an infinite variety of circumstances, altogether foreign from that we derive from the sun. Of this nature is the light emitted by volcanic fires; also that accumulated on the surface of clouds, which is not an intermittent, but continuous light. This light, produced by their phosphorescence, was sufficiently bright, aided especially by temperature, humidity, and electricity, all of which were more considerable in the first ages, to make vegetables grow, before the solar rays had caused their powerful influence to be felt.

Neither does Moses represent the light as created, as biblical commentators have unreasonably supposed; but he represents it as bursting forth at the voice of God. The author of Genesis, therefore, is rather in harmony with the theory of vi-

brations or undulations, generally adopted, than with the theory of emission, which cannot explain the whole of the known facts.

place he had founded for them. He has set a bound that they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth."

* See Job, chapter xxvi., verse 10; Proverbs viii., verse 27; Isaiah xl., verse 22. [Some of M. Marcel de Serres' views regarding certain passages of the Bible, are more fully borne out by Martin Luther's German version than by our English translation.—Ed.]

† The Hebrew text bears that "God has stretched over the void the vault of heaven, (*le septentrion*.) and suspended the earth on nothing, (*al belimah*.)" The Greek reads "Κρεμάτων γῆν ἐπι οὐδενί," (Job xxvi. 7.)

In this point of view, the Hebrew lawgiver would have appeared superior to Newton, if that great genius had not himself been favorable to the hypothesis of vibrations, although, for his explanations and calculations, he adopted the theory of emission. It is in the letter written by him to Boyle that he has endeavored to demonstrate that the vibrations of the ether, determining the phenomena of light, may furnish an explanation founded on those of weight or attraction.

The letter in which this great and beautiful conception appears, has been published by M. Frédérick Maurice, in the *Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève*. This savant there shows how simple it is, and conformable to the laws of nature, to derive the principal and most important phenomena of the physical world, from the preëxistence of a single fluid eminently elastic and subtle. He shows us how, by means of this mystical tie, Newton designed to coördinate all the movements of the great bodies of the universe, and bring together the whole physical facts to that first unity which renders their coördination so admirable and wonderful.*

This same natural philosopher leads us to remark, that, in this reference made by Moses to light, as existing and shining with all its splendor, before there were any luminous bodies destined to shed it in a constant manner on the earth, it is difficult not to perceive a striking proof of the inspiration of the Book which announces such a fact.

While admitting a light independent of the great luminaries placed by the hand of God in the midst of the celestial spaces, Scripture does not fail to direct our attention to the magnificence and splendor of the solar rays. We are informed that man cannot endure their brightness, when the winds have cleared the sky, and when the north wind causes the golden sun to shine.

When Moses turns his attention to the numerous stars which impart to night its magnificence and beauty, his knowledge appears superior to that of the ancient astronomers, who, in their imperfect observations, have classified only about a thousand.† He, on the contrary, multiplies them to infinitude, and regards them as innumerable. Thus, in a single word, he represents to us the immense quantity of stars which compose the milky way, or which are disseminated through the celestial spaces. Continuing the examination, he compares them, as Herschel might have done, to the grains of sand on the sea-shore. We might not, perhaps, have seen anything else in these expressions but a simple figure, had not Scripture added, "God has scattered them with his hand in space like dust," and however great their numbers, "He names them all by their names."

* Newton's letter to the Royal Society of London, written in 1675, has been inserted in the history of that society, published in 1756, by Birch. With regard to that of Newton to Boyle, it has been translated by Pictet, and may be found in the *Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève* for 1822. In this letter Newton admits the propagation of light by means of the vibrations of an ether preëxisting and everywhere diffused.—See the 21st verse of the xxxvii. chapter of the Book of Job.

† According to Hipparchus, there are not more than 1022 stars in the heavens; although the number was a little increased by Ptolemy, they did not amount, in the eyes of the latter astronomer, to more than 1026.

When not speaking of their numbers, but of the order and regularity of their movements, Scripture compares them to an army advancing to battle. It represents this celestial army as incomparable for the multitude of its soldiers, and the perfection of its evolutions. Filled with wonder at the magnificence of the heavens, the sacred writer exclaims, in rapture, "They declare the glory of the Almighty; and, although without words and voice, they do not the less proclaim his power and glory."

However brilliant the stars disseminated through the immensity of space, Scripture never supposes them to be animated, as the ancients imagined. Neither does it assign to them any influence over human affairs. It regards them as bodies called forth out of nothing by the voice of God; as inert pieces of matter, regulated and submissive, proceeding with the order, regularity, and unity, of an army advancing to battle, and executing the decrees of his Supreme Wisdom.

It is thus that the Bible represents to us Him whose majesty is above the heavens, and who humbles himself even when he looks upon the celestial vault. Between the animated representations which it gives us of this Infinite Being, whom the universe cannot contain, and those which have been handed down to us by the greatest geniuses of antiquity, the distance is so great that no comparison can be instituted. It is the same with the notions Scripture gives us and what the ancient theogonies have transmitted respecting God, as with what regards the material world and its formation.

Scripture is not less exact when it describes the different constellations. It represents the Pleiades as owing their lustre to a great number of stars placed close together. It speaks, on the contrary, of the stars of Orion as remote from each other, and in some measure, as it were, dispersed through the celestial vault. In alluding to the brilliant constellation of the Great Bear, it represents it as composed of an infinite number of resplendent stars.

It is not only when considered in relation to these great views, that Scripture appears in harmony with the discoveries of science; the fact is even more conspicuous when we regard the phenomena of the material world in detail. Thus, when it speaks of the air, it represents it as possessing a certain weight, and surrounding the earth in movable layers. In fact, in that admirable song of Solomon's, where he describes the eternity of the Infinite Wisdom, does he not tell us that it existed when God established the air above the earth, when he assigned their equilibrium to the waters of the fountains, and laid the foundations of the earth?*

In like manner, Scripture first informed us, "That God gave to the air its weight, (*mischkal*), and to the waters their just measure."† Yet this property of the æriform fluid which surrounds the earth remained unknown till the time of Galileo and Torricelli. At the most, Aristotle had but a faint idea of it, just as, at a later period, Seneca had some notion of its resilience and elasticity.

This weight attributed to the air, has appeared so extraordinary to all the interpreters of the Book of Job, where it is literally stated, that, from not being able to comprehend it, they have altogether misinterpreted it. All of them have trans-

lated the expression *rouach*, which properly signifies the air or the æriform layer which envisions the globe, by the term *wind*, although they have preserved its true sense to the word *mischkal*, that is to say heaviness or weight.

They have been led to do this, because they were unable to conceive that the air could be heavy; and, knowing from experience that we encounter a certain resistance when moving against its beds or layers in motion, they have ascribed weight to it on account of its strength and power. Instead of following Scripture, and assigning to the air itself a certain weight, they have referred it to the agitation and impetuosity of its movable strata.

The above interpretation once admitted, all commentators who have followed the first translators have adopted the same version, without attempting to ascertain whether it was conformable to the true sense of the Hebrew text.

If the old interpreters had understood the true sense of the 7th verse of the 135th Psalm, they would have found in it an additional proof of Scripture attributing weight to the air. The psalmist there praises God, "Because he maketh lightnings for the rain, and because he causeth the vapors to ascend from the ends of the earth, and bringeth the winds out of his treasures." The ascent of the aqueous vapors in the midst of the air, is the consequence of their lightness being greater than that of the atmospheric strata through which they pass. Both the one and the other of them are, therefore, heavy, and the excess of weight is here in favor of that which, at the first glance, would appear destitute of it.

As they are regarded by Scripture, the aqueous vapors are the source of clouds, whence the waters descend which fertilize the fields, or lay them waste when they are too abundant. They are, therefore, the cause of impetuous rains and storms, when they afford a free passage to the lightnings of thunder. Scripture thus recognizes their density, and that of the æriform stratum which affords them access to the middle of its interstices.

The Bible thus represents to us the aqueous vapors as constantly suspended in the air, and nature, by an admirable system of circulation, as employing these vapors in the production of clouds, the source of the rains which fecundate the earth.* Scripture assigns to the atmosphere and to the upper waters, that is to say, to the aqueous vapors suspended in its bosom, an importance which modern science alone has been able to establish. At least, according to the calculation of the greatest natural philosophers, the force annually employed by nature in the formation of clouds, is equal to an exertion which the whole human species could not accomplish in less than 200,000 years.†

This "separation of the upper waters from the lower waters," has taken place by means of the atmosphere, and not by a solid sphere, as the greater number of the interpreters of Genesis have erro-

* See Job, chap. xxvi. 8; xxxvi. 27; xxxvii. 11 and 12; xxxviii. 25 and 37; Ps. lxxvii. 17; Proverbs viii. 28.

† The reader may consult on this subject the calculations of Leslie and Arago. The latter admits that about 800,000,000 of men form the half of the population of the globe. In the calculation, the result of which is given above, there would only be the half of that number engaged in the work destined for the formation of clouds, (*Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes*, 1835, p. 196.)

neously supposed. In fact, the Hebrew word *rakiah*, which we have rendered by *interval* or *firmament*, is far from having the least relation to anything firm or indurated. It rather designates a vapory space, that is to say, an æriform layer, but by no means a heaven of metal, as Don Calmet has unreasonably imagined.

The Bible here indicates to us the importance of water in the formation of the earth. It further informs us that, besides the water diffused through the atmosphere, or which covers the greater part of the surface of the globe,* there exist quantities, not less considerable, in the interior of the globe. Its solid crust, it is stated, covers a great abyss: from this abyss the waters made a violent eruption at the period of the deluge, as at the time of chaos, and the innumerable ages which had preceded it.†

Thus the Sacred Scriptures, antecedently to modern discoveries, show us the exterior crust of the earth issuing from the bosom of the waters, and this same crust enclosing in its interior an immense quantity of water, in a liquid state.‡ These facts have been confirmed by observation and science. Is it not consistent with common experience, that subterranean waters are almost as abundant as those which flow on the surface of the earth? The globe would appear to contain in its interior, rivers, torrents, lakes, and perhaps even seas. When the Bible speaks of the deluge, it represents it as produced by impetuous and violent rains, the flood-gates of heaven being opened. On the other hand, it describes the waters enclosed in the bowels of the earth, as having gushed up to the surface in torrents. They swelled, at the same time, the exterior waters, which accumulated and overflowed on every side, according to the energetic expression of Job. All these causes united produced this terrible catastrophe, which brought destruction on the human race, and which was followed by their renovation.§ Such facts are still the cause, not indeed of deluges analogous to that the violence of which the Bible describes, but of inundations which afflict and desolate the earth at distant and rare intervals. The waters of the heavens are incapable of producing them, as they were incapable of causing a cataclysm, such as that which occasioned the destruction of man. In fact, the quantity of aqueous vapor diffused through the atmosphere is too inconsiderable to produce deluges resembling that of Noah, the extent of which physical facts sufficiently attest.

* Psalm civ. 25, makes us acquainted with the grandeur of the ocean in these terms: *This great and spacious sea.* Zechariah describes its extent by saying, the Messiah shall reign "from sea to sea;" that is to say, throughout the whole earth; Zechariah ix. 10. See Amos viii. 12; Micah vii. 12: Ps. lxxii. 8.

† See Genesis vii. 11; Ps. lxxvii. i; civ.

‡ According to Ps. cxxxvi. 6, the earth is founded and stretched out above the waters: *Quis firmavit terram super aquas?*—"The Lord has founded the earth upon the seas, and established it upon the floods," Ps. xxiv. 2; "*Les géants gémissent sous les eaux.*" Job xxvi. 5. [The French and German versions of this passage differ from the English translation.—Ed.] Moses wishes for Joseph, "the blessings of the deep that coucheth beneath," that is to say, abundance of spring water; Deut. xxxiii. 13.—[Several references are here made by the author to passages of Scripture, which he regards as corroborating his statements. These references, probably from typographical errors, are, in many cases, obviously incorrect, and are therefore omitted.—Ed.]

§ See Job xxxviii. 8; Genesis vii. 11 (*rupli sunt fontes abyssi et cataractes cæli aperiantur.*)

Scripture does not confine itself to these particulars, in order to enable us to understand that, besides the great masses of water spread over the surface of the globe, there exist others not less considerable in the interior. The earth is founded and stretched out, it informs us, on the subterranean waters: they are there assembled, as in a mass, in the most secret places of its depth, whence they at times escape to impart fertility to the most barren soils.*

Thus, when it describes the riches of the country of Canaan, to which a wonderful exuberance of vegetation is promised for the latter times, it represents it not only as abounding in springs and fountains, but particularly in subterranean waters. It seems thereby to anticipate the process of perforation, by means of which the moderns have succeeded in fertilizing the most barren fields and the most sterile countries.

We find, moreover, in the Scriptures, proofs of the extent of the seas in the early ages; they even contain some succinct details respecting the animals which inhabited them, the greater part of which have preceded the species of the dry and uncovered land. Such facts have required long spaces of time for their operation. In truth, the numerous generations buried in the old strata of the globe, and to which the present existing races have succeeded, must have lived during periods of greater or less duration, in order to fulfil the end of their creation. This circumstance of itself proves that the word *tom*, used in Genesis, and which is translated *day*, means rather indeterminate epochs, the duration of which it is impossible for us to fix.

While enabling us to understand the extent of the seas, Scripture does not fail to declare to us that God has marked out their limits, and has fixed their boundaries and barriers, which they cannot pass over. In its poetical style it exclaims, "Sea, hitherto shalt thou come, and no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

In other places it points out the depth of the sea, and refers to the greatness of its abysses, maintained by the waters which issue from the bosom of the clouds. The rains also quench the parched lands, and cause the grass of the meadow to spring. With regard to the waters, they are sometimes converted into ice, and become hard as a stone: their solidity thus accidentally gives solidity to the surface of the sea.

It represents the frost as spread over the earth like salt, and making the plants rough like the leaves of thistles. When the cold north wind blows, the water becomes as crystal. The frost rests on the whole mass of waters, and renders them like an impenetrable breastplate.

When the snow falls on the earth, it extends itself over it like a multitude of birds of passage lighting upon it in flocks; it spreads itself like hosts of locusts descending from the clouds. The eye admires the brilliancy of its whiteness; but the mind is alarmed at the inundations it threatens. Finally, when the bad weather ceases, the warm and moist winds become felt, and with them the snow and frost disappear. Thus, throughout, and at every step, Scripture indicates to us the influence of the waters diffused through space, and their effects on the earth.

The Bible, in order to give us an idea of the

* See Ps. xxiv. 2; xxxiii. 7.

influence of the central heat, does not confine itself to speaking to us of that which it exercised on the waters of the deluge; it gives us further information, when referring to the interior condition of our planet. In fact, according to it, if the surface of the earth furnishes to man the elements of his nourishment, beneath the solid crust, "The earth is," nevertheless, "on fire, and as it were turned up."* The greater part of its crust, thus inflamed in the interior, is covered with water on the surface. Above this liquid mass, continents and mountains, which are its most elevated points, have risen up to afford an asylum to man, as well as to terrestrial animals and vegetables.

Who, then, has informed Job that the interior of the earth was filled with such a burning heat? Who has taught him the existence of the central fire, the possibility of which Buffon had conceived before the hypothesis had become a demonstrated fact? We do not reply to this question, on account of the point of view under which we have considered the Sacred Books.

We have reason to be surprised at thus finding in the Bible physical truths so long misunderstood, or so long unknown; namely, the weight of the air and the central fire. Notwithstanding the existence of this interior heat, the effects of which it appreciates, Scripture does not fail to admit the extent and thickness of the solid crust of the globe, which encloses immense quantities of water concealed in its depths.

The Sacred Books, it is true, in giving us an idea of these great facts, has not taught us them in the language of natural philosophers. Their language is never that of Copernicus, Newton, Kepler, or Laplace. The reason which has prevented the authors of these admirable books from doing this, is one of the strongest that can be conceived. If they had expressed themselves respecting the scenes of nature, not as these present themselves to our eyes, but according to the notions which philosophers of a future age might form of them, they would certainly not have been understood, even by the most enlightened minds.

Besides, the most advanced language of science is almost in every instance only the language of appearances. The visible and material world is, to a greater extent than is supposed, a scene of illusions and errors. What we call reality is often a mere figure, having a relation to a more hidden reality, or to an analysis carried a further length. Such an expression, in our mouths, has nothing absolute in it; it is a relative term, which we employ in proportion as we believe that we have ascended a new step in the profound scale of our ignorance.

Above all, it was necessary that Scripture should be intelligible to the most vulgar individuals, as well as to the most learned. Let us not, therefore, be surprised that it expresses itself according to the habitual and familiar language of science, and that, with it, it speaks of the stars rising, the equinoxes retiring, the planets advancing and doubling their speed, standing still, and moving backwards. We need no longer be surprised that it speaks of the rising and the setting of the sun, since these modes of expression are

sanctioned and adopted by the *Annuaire* of the bureau of longitudes.

One circumstance may well surprise us, and that is, to find in the Bible mountains distinguished into two classes, very nearly in the same manner as they are distinguished by science into primitive and secondary. Thus, in the 104th Psalm, a composition of incomparable poetical beauty, the prophet gives us an idea of the formation of the earth; he represents it to us as still covered with the waters of the deep as with a garment. The waters stood above all the mountains, but many of these eminences became elevated, and rose above their level; the waters then retired and fled. New mountains then appeared, and valleys and plains, the lowest parts of the globe, were formed at their feet. Two principal epochs, then, must have been in the mind of the prophet, from the time of the rising up of the heights which appear on all parts of the globe; these two epochs correspond to the formation of primitive and secondary mountains.

Thus the prophet (Proverbs viii. 25) in speaking of the elevation of mountains and hills, says that these events, which have singularly modified the relief of the globe, had their separate eras. Further, in the 97th Psalm, Scripture represents the mountains to be melting like wax, nearly as those might have done who had seen the rocks of Auvergne or Cantal in a fluid state, or the basalt of the Giant's Causeway melted like water.

The Bible then represents to us the mass of mountains issuing from the bosom of the earth at the voice of God, and rising above the plains and valleys. It gives us an account of the process of their elevation, in terms which might have been used by a poetical geologist. "The mountains," is the enthusiastic language employed, "the mountains rise above the deep, and the valleys sink to the place which thou hast chosen for them."

Reference is even made to the force by which they have been elevated; it is represented as proportionate to the elevation to which these eminences have been raised, being most powerful when employed in elevating the mountains properly so called, and weaker when its efforts were limited to the raising of the hills above the valleys. In its figurative style, it compares the elevation of the former to the skipping of rams, and that of the second to the leaping of lambs.*

The earth is thus represented as being soft as clay, at the time of these great events. It is then described as having assumed a new face, and having adorned itself with a new garment,† a sort of allusion to the sedimentary deposits with which the superficial crust became covered.

When Scripture speaks of the electric fluid, it represents it to us as resounding throughout the whole space of the heavens, and causing its lightnings to shine even to the remotest parts of the earth. After their light the thunder roars, and its rolling sound is heard. The noise of the thunder, it says, announces that the wrath of God is about to fall on all that aspires to elevate itself. Scarcely has the sound been heard, when the bolt has already struck. Thus God breaks forth in the voice of his thunder; he who works such great and

* The Hebrew word *thakhethejah*, used by Job, chap. xxviii. 5, means *beneath it*. The text runs, "It is from the earth that bread comes; and beneath it, it is turned up, and as on fire."

* See Job xxviii. 4; Psalm xc. 2; xcvi. 5; civ. 6, 8, 9; cxliv. 5; Proverbs viii. 25; Ezekiel xlvii.; Zechariah xiv. 4, 8.

† See Job xxxviii. 14.

mighty wonders, traces his path in the thunder, and regulates the course of the tempests.

Such is the idea which it gives us of this phenomenon, the rapidity of which is even greater than that of light. In fact, according to Mr. Becquerel's experiments on the rapidity of electricity, this fluid traversed ninety thousand leagues in a second. Its velocity is therefore greater than that of light, which is only at the rate of eighty thousand leagues in the same space of time.

The electric fluid not only exhibits the greatest velocity, but it enters in considerable quantity into the composition of the molecules of bodies. This quantity is indeed so immense, that the imagination is startled at it. The elements of a simple molecule of water appear to contain eight hundred thousand charges of an electric battery of eight jars two decimeters (about 8 inches) in height, and six (about 2 feet) in circumference, obtained by thirty revolutions of a powerful electrical machine. If the quantity of electricity accumulated in the elements of a gramme (about 15½ grains) of water, happened to be suddenly set free in the middle of any building, the building would instantly be blown in pieces.

This power, compared with which steam is as nothing, whether we consider it as an extremely subtle matter, or rather as the result of a vibratory movement impressed on the ether, is only employed by nature in maintaining the combinations and molecular constitution of bodies. We ought not, therefore, to be surprised at the importance which Scripture assigns to thunder and lightning, which is one of the not least curious of its effects. There are few natural phenomena in which electricity does not act a part, and which are not more or less dependent upon it. How can it be otherwise, since each material molecule appears to be endowed not only with a certain quantity of heat and light, but also with electricity?

Genesis is not less exact when it calls our attention to the living beings which, by turns, have animated and embellished the surface of the earth. It delineates their succession, it teaches us that they have appeared in distinct generations, and in direct relation to the complexity of their organization. We are surprised to find such a law written in the Bible, a law equally to be traced in indelible characters in the bowels of the globe. This fact, clearly expressed in a Book which has existed from so old a date, has, notwithstanding, been known to us only for half a century. To the general idea thus connected by Moses with the appearance of living beings, this great legislator adds details, the accuracy of which is not less evident in our opinion, although assertions to the contrary have been made by many illustrious naturalists. According to him, terrestrial vegetables preceded the animals which inhabit the dry and uncovered land. In this particular, chemistry confirms the assertion of the sacred writer; but geological observations seem to be opposed to it. Accordingly, certain modern natural philosophers, far from admitting it as real and satisfactory, have regarded it as a manifest error. The question is to determine whether these observations are as conclusive as they are supposed to be, and if, according to the nature of things, vegetables must not have appeared before animals.

The researches by means of which it has been supposed possible to prove that vegetables have not preceded beings endowed with motion, are far from authorizing the inference wished to be de-

duced from them. In fact, while terrestrial vegetables appear in great numbers in the transition formations, this is far from being the case with animals. Only a few individuals of the lower classes of the animal kingdom have been discovered in them; up to the present time the number does not exceed six species at most. And yet the most active researches have been made in all parts of the world to discover a greater number. But even although these beings had been observed in the same terrestrial strata, this would not have been a proof that they lived simultaneously. We are unacquainted with the time which may have been necessary for the precipitation of these ancient strata, as well as for their consolidation. Hence plants, although anterior to such or such species of animal, may have been embedded along with it in the same order of deposit, the latter having required more or less considerable intervals of time for its formation.

There is, therefore, more or less uncertainty with regard to the simultaneity of the period of the appearance of vegetables and animals, if we suppose that both were interred in formations of the same age. It is far from being demonstrated that terrestrial plants are not found in strata more ancient than those in which we discover animal species. Geological facts do not, therefore, contradict the progression indicated by the author of Genesis, in regard to the appearance of different living beings. This assertion of Moses is a geological consequence of high importance, confirmed by the observation of facts, as has been remarked by one of the greatest natural philosophers of our day.*

This consequence is, moreover, a rigorous, because it was a necessary one. Terrestrial animals derive their food from vegetables, even such of them as subsist on living prey. By devouring herbivorous species, they, in fact, support themselves by means of the herbaceous matter which these latter had assimilated and converted into their own substance. If, then, the herbivorous must have existed before the carnivorous races, to which they were to serve as food, both the one and the other must have been preceded by the plants which were to afford them the means of growth and development. By a consequence of the same kind, we may admit that omnivorous animals must have appeared last among living beings.

This conclusion, at which we arrive by a process of simple reasoning, is confirmed by observing the strata of the globe. It is remarkable to find this fact recorded in Genesis, written at least 3500 years ago. This book admits, in like manner, the gradual appearance of vegetables. It makes them commence with the least complicated species, to which succeed herbs, then shrubs, and finally trees. Posterior to all animals the sacred writer places the arrival of man, who crowns and terminates the great work of creation.

Naturalists who have occupied themselves with this question, have not examined it with the view of justifying the author of Genesis; and this very consideration gives their opinion greater weight, for it has been forced on their minds by positive experience.

It is to this part of the subject that Herschel's beautiful thought is more particularly applicable. Struck with the relations which the sciences are every day contracting with revelation, he says;

* M. Dumas.

"that all human discoveries seem to be made only for the purpose of confirming more strongly the truths come from on high, and contained in the sacred writings." This illustrious astronomer has seen in this agreement the most valuable triumph and most noble conquest of intelligence.

This scientific fact may be regarded even in a still more important light. It indicates that the author of Genesis has had just reason to look upon man as the last that appeared of living beings, and to regard him as the limit and completion of the creation. If plants have preceded herbivorous animals, because the latter must derive from these all that serves them for nourishment, herbivorous animals must, in like manner, have appeared before the carnivorous species. In truth, without the herbivorous races, the carnivora must have died of hunger. For similar reasons the omnivorous, or such races as live both on vegetables and animals, must have made their appearance at a later period. Accordingly man, who is omnivorous *par excellence*, must have appeared last among living beings, since he requires the presence of all kinds of nourishment.

On the other hand, when Scripture speaks of the creation of plants, it makes them vegetate and develop themselves before the appearance of the sun, and under conditions of light, heat, and humidity, different from those under which vegetables now flourish. It has thus disclosed to us, thousands of years ago, an order of things which the fossil botanist has found to exist with great exactness, and which he has endeavored to explain by causes different from those whose action is now felt.* Scripture, therefore, has admitted, with reason, that the germination of vegetables commenced before the sun had received the power of shedding his light on the earth; it is thus by motives not less legitimate, and not less real, that it makes plants appear before animals, which they were destined to supply with nourishment. But let us consider whether Scripture has had equal reason for proclaiming the recent appearance of the human species as compared with other living species.

What we have already observed, is in some measure a proof that the arrival of man on the earth must have been posterior to that of the greater part of animals, whether vertebrate or invertebrate. Not many serious difficulties can be formed on this point. The examination of fossiliferous strata proves that the remains of our species do not begin to show themselves till we come amongst diluvial deposits, which are the most recent of those belonging to geological eras. Man has, therefore, formed part of the new generations which have appeared on the surface of the earth; also the greater part of those with which he has been cotemporary have still their representatives among the living races.

But man may be recent, even the newest of beings, and yet the date of his appearance may go so far back as the 7500 years which Scripture assigns to him. Is it necessary to suppose with Scripture, that the last arrangement on the surface of the globe is more recent than the last and terrible catastrophe which laid it waste, a catastrophe followed by the renewal of the human race? Would it be reasonable for all ages, all people, and, in particular, our modern schools, to set

themselves in opposition to a date which assigns so youthful an age to our haughty race? Assuredly not; geological investigations, the researches of history, and the study of monuments, all concur in demonstrating not only the recent date of man's appearance, but particularly that of his renovation.

Here, therefore, Scripture is exact and within the limits of truth. The term it assigns to the cradle of humanity, although not very remote from that in which civilization has arrived at a degree of remarkable splendor, is still sufficient to explain and comprehend the various phases of it. We may include in these 7500 years all that authentic historical traditions have told us respecting the progress of man in the path of civilization.

The Bible has, in like manner, acknowledged the unity of the human species. This truth, for a long time disputed, has been regarded in our own times both by the most illustrious physiologists and most able anatomists as fully established. The intimate acquaintance of both these classes of observers with the proofs which demonstrate it, gives the greatest authority to their opinion.

At some future period, not very remote, this question will probably cease to be open to any dispute. In fact, the black men who, by losing ground and going backwards in the path of civilization, have lost, in a great measure, the beauty of their primitive type, are now returning to the blessings of intelligence, and have established themselves as nations. They show a tendency to remount to the point from which they receded: as the consequence of their progress in knowledge, and the improvement of their mental faculties, they will soon recover the type which they had lost. The development of their brain, the necessary consequence of the exercise of their minds, will make them acquire new forms; and soon they will cease to be distinguishable from the white race from which they sprung. With the advance of their intelligence, their language will become purer; their manners will undergo a corresponding improvement; and these men, not long since so debased, both in moral and physical qualities, will become the most manifest proof of the unity of the human species, as proclaimed by the first and most ancient historian.

This primitive unity must necessarily imply a uniformity in the language of mankind, or in the manner of making themselves understood, and communicating their thoughts to each other. The Bible intimates this; and we can go back with it to the precise period when the confusion of languages took place among the nations. A superficial study of the idioms of the primeval races has appeared, at first view, not very favorable to the idea of their having a common origin; but a more profound examination has shown in what manner all the languages spoken came gradually to differ from each other. (*See note at the end of this article.*)

It is not less deserving of attention that the Bible is the first book in which we find notions of classification, analogous to those which naturalists employ in the study of the different natural bodies. In the 11th chapter of Leviticus, in particular, we find a sketch of a method of distinguishing pure animals from impure, the latter of which the Hebrews were forbidden to eat. God allowed the children of Israel to eat animals which ruminated and had the feet cloven; but they were interdicted from using others. Swine, and even camels,

* See Genesis i. 11 and 12; and our memoir on the Fossil Plants of the Coal Formation of the Polar regions, *Bibl. Univ.*, July, 1834.

were included in the interdict; the former because they did not ruminant, the latter because they had not their feet divided like oxen and sheep.

Birds of prey were also, according to Scripture, impure animals, which the Hebrews were not permitted to use for food. They were allowed to make use only of long legged species (*Grallæ*, Linn.) and those whose feet were adapted for swimming. They might employ for food all the marine and fresh-water fishes provided with scales and fins; but they were not to eat such as were destitute of these appendages. In this ordination there can be no doubt that a great degree of wisdom is shown; for the animals we now use for food belong to pure species; while, with the exception of the hog, those which Moses regards as impure, are, in general, ill-fitted for human consumption. But what is most important to be remarked is, that in this arrangement there can be traced the basis of a natural classification, which is still adopted in the most common systems.

Scripture is not less precise when it turns its attention to the objects of detail relating to living beings. It is, in particular, in delineating the manners of animals, that these writings exhibit an accuracy and conciseness which the greatest naturalists have not surpassed. Its descriptions are so faithful and so precise, that they cannot be mistaken. Thus it represents to us the lioness couched in her cave, watching with a restless eye the prey about to pass, and waiting with the utmost anxiety on her young whelps. When she perceives the prey, we are told how she darts forth with the rapidity of the eagle, carrying her victim in her mouth to appease the hunger of her young ones. Very different from the young lions, the young ravens wander about from one place to another, oppressed by hunger; they call with loud noise on their mother, who finds her greatest delight in supplying them with food.

It indicates to us, in like manner, the time of gestation and delivery of the hinds and wild goats. These animals are represented as bowing themselves when they bring forth, and uttering sorrowful cries. The wild ass is spoken of as being singularly fierce, incapable of being subdued, and answering not to the voice of him who calls himself its master; free, and ranging the mountains as his pasture; his abode is in solitude, and his retreat the desert.

Man, it tells us, cannot subdue the oryx; he cannot force it to remain even for a single night in a stable; still less can he make it submit to the yoke, to open the furrows and harrow the fertile valleys. Notwithstanding his power, the strength of man is incapable of making this untamable animal assist him in his labors. He cannot make use of it to carry his harvests, or to gather them into his barns.*

* See Job xxxix. 1 to 11. We shall make only a single observation on these verses: it relates to the animal which the Hebrews called *Reem*, perhaps the oryx of the Greeks, spoken of by Martial and Oppian. This species appears to be the same as the Oryx antelope of naturalists; it is about the size of a stag, and its horns are slender, from two to three feet long. This antelope, or oryx of Elian, lives in large herds in the interior of Africa, and throughout the whole of Arabia.

M. Rosenmüller, as well as Bochart, has translated the Hebrew term *Reem* by oryx, with so much the more reason, because the notion of the unicorn has been formed from some individuals which had lost one of their horns. This circumstance is the more probable, since the oryx presents this peculiarity, as well as the algazel and

The delineations of the manners of these animals are extremely true, and are expressed with remarkable conciseness. Such is the case with those the Bible gives us respecting the habits of the ostrich, a bird which it represents as void of affection for its young, which are in its eyes as if they were not its own. Forgetting her offspring, the ostrich leaves her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust. A foolish and thoughtless mother, she cares not what may become of them; forgetting that the foot may crush them, or that they may be destroyed by the cruel jaws of the tigers of the desert. But when it is the proper time, she raises her wings into the air; trusting to the strength of her legs, she scorneth the horse and his rider.*

The description of the horse is not less faithful: the Bible represents it to us as full of strength and vigor, and bounding like a grasshopper. His neck is adorned with a flowing mane, and he paweth the earth with his foot. He leaps forward with pride, and goeth forth to meet the armed men. His breathing scatters terror; he mocketh at fear, neither turneth he back from the sword. When the quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield, he swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage. If he hears the sound of the trumpet, he exclaims, Let us advance; he smell-eth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting.†

At the command of the Eternal, Scripture states, the hawk darts into the air, and extends her wings towards the south. At His voice, the eagle rises to the clouds, and places her nest on the top of the mountains. This bird inhabits the hollows of the rock, and dwells in the most inaccessible cliffs of the crag. From these elevated heights the eagle watches her prey; her piercing eyes discover it afar off. When she has seized it, she carries it to her young, who drink its blood. Under the guidance of their mother, the young eaglets soon descend to the places where the carcass lies. Images of death, these birds bear, in some degree, its livery on their plumage.‡

Scripture often makes mention of the migrations undertaken by so many animals, particularly birds and fishes. It often compares the rapidity of birds

leucoryx antelopes: all of these animals frequently become unicorn.

However this may be, the details which Scripture gives us respecting the animal which it calls *Reem*, agree perfectly with the Oryx antelope. See our *Observations on the Unicorn of the ancients (Mém. de la Société Linné de Bordeaux.)*

* See Job xxxix. 13 to 18. The description of the ostrich in the book of Job is remarkable for its extreme truthfulness, as may be seen by perusing the passage referred to. It is singular to see in so ancient a book this habit of ostriches noticed, of raising their wings into the air when they wish to run before the wind. They know, by instinct, that their wings, under such circumstances, will act as sails or oars.

† See Job xxxix. 19 to 25. This description of the horse is superior to all others that have since been written.

‡ See Job xxxix. 26 to 30. The Hebrew word *nescher* (eagle) is derived from the verb *schour*, which properly signifies to contemplate. The authors of the Bible were not ignorant that the eagle could fix its eyes on the sun. The prophets had also correctly observed that when the eagle moults he loses almost all his feathers (Micah i. 16.). Scripture is not less correct, when it speaks of the manners of animals. See, for example, Proverbs xxx. 25 to 28; Isaiah xxiv. 14 and 15. The Proverbs contain details not less curious on inanimate bodies. Ezekiel (iii. 9, and x. 1) had remarked, that the diamond was the hardest of stones, as the sapphire was one of the most brilliant. Zechariah, likewise, when wishing to describe

of passage, as they cross the seas, to the speed of vessels using their large sails as if they were huge wings. It shows to us the extensive journeys performed by these light inhabitants of the air, their immense numbers, their fatigues, the consequence of their lengthened flight, and the promptitude with which they alight when they reach the end of their journey. Everything, in the delineation of the manners of these birds of passage, is rapid and animated as the movements themselves of the beings which people the aerial ocean.*

We have enumerated some of the principal physical facts contained in the Bible; we have endeavored to show the relations they bear to those with which science has recently made us acquainted. It seems that nothing now remains for us to ascertain. There is, however, one essential point of which we have omitted to speak, and with this we shall terminate our researches. The Book of Wisdom, after having said that the almighty hand of God made the world out of nothing, adds, that he disposed all things by number, weight, and measure. By this we are led to understand, that we ought to consider natural bodies under three aspects; that is to say, under that of their extent, their weight, and the number of atoms or molecules which compose them. Perhaps it was thus meant to specify the principal modes of regarding bodies, or the principal branches of natural sciences. Physics would, in this way, be represented by measure, the mathematical sciences by number, and chemistry by weight.

Scripture describes, in a few words, the principal properties of bodies, and how we may sum up their different appearance and different characters. Thus God asks Job where he was when he laid the foundations of the earth, and when He established the measures thereof? where he was when He enclosed the sea with barriers, when it broke forth as a child which comes from the womb of its mother? or when, enveloping the clouds as with a garment, He surrounded it with darkness like the swaddling-bands of infancy? Has man ever known the paths of light, or the place of darkness?

The details into which we have entered seem to prove, with some degree of evidence, that the physical truths most essential to the knowledge of the material world, are almost all indicated in the first books of the Bible. They are never, indeed, fully developed, because Moses and his successors were not called upon to write scientific treatises. While speaking of God, and the works which proclaim his power, they have, as if in spite of themselves, allowed some gleams of their superior knowledge to break through. Their object, and almost their sole object, has been to point out their duties to the people they were called upon to direct, and, particularly, to fill their minds with the fear of the Lord. It was sufficient to unveil to them the principal facts of this visible world, to convince them of the wisdom of the Most High, so clearly imprinted on the works he has produced.

the impenitence of the Hebrews, says that they have hardened their heart like the diamond (vii. 12.) This prophet was also acquainted with the mode of trying gold and purifying silver (xiii. 9.) The 28th chapter of Job contains interesting details on the metals and precious stones.

* See Isaiah xlvi. 11; lx. 8; Hosea xi. 11; Joel ii. 28; also the Psalms.

Explaining them, accordingly, with an admirable conciseness, the greater part of these facts have escaped the notice of the first interpreters of Scripture, who, from inability to comprehend them, have not given to the sacred books all the importance they now possess in our eyes. Their errors, altogether involuntary, are so much the less to be wondered at, since the Bible contains particulars for which we cannot yet assign a reason in the present state of our knowledge. The constant progress of human science will soon render them intelligible. This is not the least of the advantages of the sciences, nor the least valuable inheritance we can leave to our descendants. They will not forget, more than we, that Scripture is a treasure open to all; and that it is the only book from which those that borrow run no risk of being accused of plagiarism. The ideas which they may draw from it have already belonged to millions of intelligences; but if they extend them, if they understand them better than their predecessors, they will so much the more belong to them, since they shall have been the first to perceive them.

Note.—We read, in Genesis xi. 1, *Erat autem terra labii unius et sermonum eorundem*, which may be translated thus:—"There was then upon the earth only one language and one speech." The unity of the primeval language is perhaps more difficult to establish than that of the human species. In fact, we are without the most essential data for solving the question. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to a few observations.

If all the varieties or different races of men are derived from one stock, it follows, almost as a necessary consequence, that this must also have been the case with their language, however diversified it may be. Now, it is almost demonstrated that the white race is the most ancient. We ought, therefore, to find among the idioms used by this race this preëminently primitive language—the mother of all the rest.

The proof of the primitive unity of language is to be found, not only in the unity of the human species, but also in the confusion of languages which took place at the building of the tower of Babel. If confusion took place then, it could not have existed before.

The history of the human race informs us, that at its origin there was only one speech (*unus sermo.*) But it is difficult for us now to go back to that primitive stock, from which have sprung the various idioms which the different nations of the earth employ to express their ideas. All that is proved by the study of their characters, structure, and construction, is, that the most diverse among them have a family air and resemblance, which reveals a common origin.*

If we assert the contrary, we shall be forced to establish as many human races as there are idioms without analogy or mutual connection; that is to say, we should have to establish hundreds. This consequence would not be very philosophical; it would oblige us, at least, to multiply the races almost in the inverse ratio of the number of individuals who formed part of them. In fact, the

* The knowledge of this primitive language is of no consequence to Scripture; it only interests philosophers. The Bible, accordingly, contains no details in regard to it.

smallest tribes, and the most subdivided of savage nations, often present the most notable and strongly marked differences in their languages. As the consequence of this state of things, the interior of Africa, or the unexplored regions of Australia, would contain a greater number of races than the whole of Europe or Asia. The same thing would hold true of America, where, however, it appears to be demonstrated, that the numerous languages of the natives are derived from a common stock, these having been subjected to the laws of other families of spoken languages.

The most recent researches on the construction of different idioms, seem to have rendered it probable, that, after the violent separation of the human species, they formed themselves into groups, or, if the term be preferred, into families. These groups daily tend to approach each other, and thus more and more indicate their paternity and mutual affinities. They thus present the best proof of their first and single point of departure; they divide the human species into certain great characteristic families, the subsequent divisions of which come within the domain of history. These analogies and relations will become more and more apparent, in proportion as the philosophical study of nations, and the knowledge of their diverse idioms, acquire greater certainty and fuller development.

The languages which form the Semitic branch, in which may be included Hebrew, Chaldee, Phœnician, Syriac, Abyssinian, and Arabian, have been long recognized as having a common origin, and composing a great family.

The same thing may be said of the Chinese and Indo-Chinese languages, which compose a single group, in which all the monosyllabic languages of the east may be included.

With regard to the idioms known under the name of Indo-European, they compose a great family, including the Sanscrit or ancient and sacred language of India; the ancient and modern Persian, which was at first considered to be a Tartar dialect; the Teutonic, with its diverse dialects, such as the Slavonic, Greek, and Latin, with its numerous derivatives. The Celtic dialects, which, according to Prichard, have the closest relation to the Indo-European languages, must be arranged in this group.

Although the Sanscrit may appear, at first sight, to be a mother language, and to have only remote analogies with those which are somewhat modern, we arrive at another conclusion when we compare, with some attention, the Sanscrit and the Greek, for example. This examination is found to prove that numerous relations exist between these two idioms, which would at first appear to have nothing in common. Some curious details on this point will be found in a notice placed at the head of Burnout's Greek Grammar.* Similar analogies are observable between the Sanscrit, the Persian, and all the old and new dialects of the north; as is also found to be the case between the first of these languages and the Hebrew. We shall find the proof of this assertion in the excellent German work published by Bopp. This skilful philologist has there compared all these languages with the Sanscrit. Now, as the Greek also appears to be derived from it, judging from the great number of words common to the two idioms,

it will follow, that all are derived from one and the same language.

The same thing would appear to be the case with the most ancient languages, such as the Hebrew, the Chaldee, the Phœnician, the Syriac, the Abyssinian, and the Arabic; among which may be included the Egyptian, the affinity of which to the Hebrew is not less manifest. The analogies of all these idioms are so numerous, that, according to M. Cellérier, a great number of modes of speech and foreign terms of expression, principally Arabian, are to be found in the Book of Job. He assures us that he has counted eighty-five words in that book which are not to be met with in any other of the Old Testament books. He has also noticed in it twelve Syriac expressions, eighteen Chaldean, and fifty-three Arabian. This observation, however, applies only to the poetical part; the prologue and epilogue are written in Mosaic Hebrew, and in the ordinary narrative style. (*Introduction to the Old Testament*, p. 494.)

The Latin, which, like the Greek, has a close relationship to the Sanscrit, is evidently a derivative and secondary idiom. The greater part of those of Europe, such as the Italian, Spanish, English, and French, are derived from it. At least, they exhibit such striking resemblances, and such numerous agreements, that it is easy to recognize in them the traces of the language from which they have been derived.

It is difficult, therefore, in the actual state of things, to go back to the primitive stock from which all spoken languages have sprung. All that can be done, is to recognize affinities, more or less strongly marked, between them, and to detect, as it were, distinct groups or families. Notwithstanding the great differences observable between certain idioms, we conclude, after an attentive examination, by discovering in them certain characters which reveal a common origin, and a primary and single stock.

The exertions of the most illustrious philologists of our times, have been directed to this important point in the history of language. Their researches on the signs, the structure, and construction of the numerous idioms which mankind have employed to communicate their thoughts, have proved, beyond a doubt, that these constitute distinct groups and many great families. Yet, they have found in them, considered collectively, too close analogies, and too obvious affinities, to admit of regarding them otherwise than as all derived from a single and primitive stock, or a mother language.

This appears so much the more probable, when we consider that we often discover stronger resemblances between the idioms spoken by nations situate at great distances from each other, than between those used by neighboring tribes. This occurs at times, even between nations who have no historical connection, and who, accordingly, can afford us no reason for affinities existing between their respective languages. Klaproth, in his Asiatic Memoirs,* has mentioned numerous examples of these singular resemblances.

If, as the most eminent scientific individuals have supposed, the origin of language depends on the faculty given to man to express his thoughts by means of words and particular characters, this faculty must be indefinite. It would, in fact, be

* See page 10 of the 37th edition. Paris, 1842.

* Paris, 1824, tome i., p. 214.

pear to be so. This circumstance may permit us to conceive the numerous alterations and modifications which language has undergone; modifications of such a nature that often the words of one idiom belong to one class, and its grammar to another. Even a new language sometimes results from this, differing from that whence it is derived, and further distinguished from it by the adoption of new grammatical forms altogether peculiar to itself.*

From the Examiner.

The Life of the Rev. Joseph Blanco White, written by himself; with Portions of his Correspondence. Edited by JOHN HAMILTON THOM. Three vols. Chapman.

THIS book is properly described by its editor as the materials of an autobiography, rather than the completed work. It is in three parts. The first strictly autobiographical, containing a narrative of events, and addressed to the writer's friend, Doctor Whateley. The second, entitled "A Sketch of my Mind in England," going over much of the ground of the autobiographical sketch, and shaped into a history of the writer's religious experience. The third, and most extensive, made up of journals, note-books, and correspondence. Mr. Thom has discharged his duty to his friend with manifest care and affection; and though the arrangement tends to a little confusion and repetition now and then, the subject of the book is from first to last very faithfully reflected. The omission of occasional redundancies, and the intrusion of editorial matter, would not in this respect have improved it.

Blanco White was a name well known in London and Oxford society twenty years ago. It was never doubted, we believe, that he was a sincere man; though he passed for a very "crotchety" one. This book will improve his reputation. There is much in the peculiar construction of his mind—in its close union of the moral with the intellectual faculties, and in its restless desire for truth—which may remind the reader of Doctor Arnold. Both have, in an unusual degree, what the French call *caractère*: a word of more meaning than the analogous one in English.

The outline of Blanco White's life is curious. He was a Spaniard; his father of an Irish stock, his mother Andalusian; and born in 1775, at Seville, at that time the most bigoted town of Spain. His family were engaged in mercantile affairs, and formed a sort of small Irish colony in Seville; but misfortunes overtook them, and his mother, a religious enthusiast, took Blanco from the merchant's desk and devoted him to the Roman Catholic church. This false step colored his future life. Strongly disinclined to religious discipline, his mother's influence prevailed against repeated attempts to disengage himself from it. He took priest's orders in the Colegio Mayor, was elected rector of his college, and became one of the chaplains of the Chapel Royal of St. Ferdinand. But by the time he had attained this rank in his church, its degrading influences were so bitterly felt by him, as well for other members of his family as himself, that he saw no alternative between infidelity or flight. He chose the latter, and came to England in 1810.

* From the *Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève*, No. 106, 1814, pp. 321-356.

He was imperfectly acquainted with the language, was without resources, (the political troubles of Spain having further involved his family affairs,) and without a friend. But he had known Lord Holland in Spain, and that generous nobleman became his active patron. He was enabled to establish a Spanish journal; conducted it till the expulsion of the French in 1814; and received a pension of 250*l.* a year from the foreign office. Then he seems to have set himself to that arduous task of reëducating himself in English, which gives peculiar interest to his life. He literally *recast* his mind in an English mould; in a few years never thought but in English; and wrote an admirable English style, strong and simple.

But having for this purpose fixed his residence in Oxford, a sort of evil religious destiny awaited him there. In the High Protestant Oxford party, his vehement southern temperament recognized what he thought the temple of his youth's religion renovated and purified; the priest revived in him; he set himself to new examination of the Christian religion, and became an ardent member of the English Protestant Church. We observe at this time the affectionate care and forethought of Lord Holland, in an effort to bring him back to the quieter paths of literature. His friendly kindness forced him into Holland House with the office of tutor to the present lord; but after two years he flung off the generous restraint, and threw himself headlong into religious controversy. He wrote the *Dobledo Letters*, assailed Charles Butler's *Book of the Church*, and in a work called *Internal Evidences against Roman Catholicism*, declared himself against Catholic Emancipation. Southey exulted, and Allen grieved. Keswick bid him God-speed in his glorious efforts; while Holland House reproached him that after all his efforts to divest himself of the rage of Popery, the mantle of Father Torquemada should be still cleaving like the shirt of Nessus.

It is very evident, however, that no man could have been more sincere than Blanco White at this time. He wrote what he plainly felt; and without care of what its help to bigotry, or to his own fortune, might be. He seems unaffectedly amazed when Oxford straightway creates him a master of arts, and the Duke of York gives him a commission for his son, (whose birth is one of the mysteries unexplained in the volumes.) He became a clergyman of the English church, and preached both in London and Oxford.

We suspect that Blanco's first grave doubt of the course he had taken came with his unlooked-for worldly rewards. His nature was not suspicious of others; but it was querulous to a painful degree in things affecting itself; and sensitively alive to what the world might think, and people say. Nor did he mend his position by voting, four years later, for Peel's reelection at Oxford. But there seems no reason to doubt that his Oxford life was a reasonably happy one. He made friendships in the common room of Oriël which survived the changes of his after life. He corresponded with Southey and Coleridge; explained the Roman Catholic breviary to Pusey and Froude; had a high and earnest delight in intercourse with Newman and Whateley; started a review of his own because Murray was starving his *Quarterly* contributors; and was cheered in its failure, as in every other failure or calamity he met with, by the un-failing kindness of his friends at Holland House, and their delicate and generous sympathy. It was

a remark of his when near the close of his life, that he could not see the mere handwriting of Lord Holland without a sudden expansion of his heart.

Blanco White left Oxford when Whately went to Dublin. The archbishop prevailed with him to accept a home in his family, and during this happy residence with the Whatelys he published his well-known answer to Moore's *Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion*. But what he saw of the Protestant clergy in Dublin was not of a kind to settle a wavering faith; doubts recurred he could not cope with; and in the course of remonstrance with a friend who had turned Unitarian, he turned Unitarian himself. A question of his absolute sincerity cannot be raised. He proved it by the most painful sacrifices; by what we must even call heroism, of a noble and touching kind. The truth was that his mind had never recovered the first shock of the Jesuit discipline of Spain; it had rushed to a compromise, and compromises only last for a time. He left the friends who were so dear to him; and passed the remaining five years of his life at Liverpool, among strangers who became friends.

Here his health, always feeble, gave way completely, and he was seldom free from grievous suffering. It is due to him to say that no mental conflict increased its pains. Of his new faith he had no doubt or misgiving; it sustained and kept him hopeful to the last. His letters to his old Oxford friends are beautiful: particularly those to Newman and Hawkins, (Arnold's friend, the provost of Oriel.) Still more beautiful is the conduct of the best of his old friends to him. By whomsoever these volumes may be read, the name of Whately will hereafter be less associated with logic, rhetoric, and learning, than with those noble and delightful traits of personal character which, connecting and elevating the whole human race, warm and endear us all to each other. To nothing of this was Blanco insensible; and in spite of his pains, and of a sort of desire to cleave to martyrdom, the kindness of his Whatelys, Baden Powells, and Lord Hollands, true and unswerving to the end, gave him not a few happy days in his last five years at Liverpool. He wrote to John Mill and for the *London and Westminster Review*. He published *On Heresy*, and everywhere avowed his change of belief. He maintained a long and regular correspondence with Doctors Norton, Tuckerman, and Channing, of America. He waited steadily for death, and met the awful change with cheerful resignation. Among his last prayers was one that God would relieve the world from all established priesthoods. He died in 1840.

We have left ourselves no space to illustrate this sketch by extracts from the volumes at present; but we will take another opportunity of showing the character of their contents, and the occasional passages of criticism and reflection which relieve their more prominent details.

MRS. CAUDLE'S DEAR MOTHER.

"Is your cold better to-night, Caudle! Yes; I thought it was. 'T will be quite well to-morrow, I dare say. There's a love! You don't take care enough of yourself, Caudle, you don't. And you ought, I'm sure; if only for my sake. For whatever I should do, if anything was to hap-

pen to you—but I won't think of it; no, I can't bear to think of *that*. Still, you ought to take care of yourself; for you know you're not strong, Caudle; you know you're not.

"Wasn't dear mother so happy with us, to-night! Now, you need n't go to sleep, so suddenly. I say, was n't she so happy! *You don't know!* How can you say you don't know! You must have seen it. But she always is happier here than anywhere else. Ha! what a temper that dear soul has! I call it a temper of satin; it is so smooth, so easy, and so soft. Nothing puts her out of the way. And then, if you only knew how she takes your part, Caudle! I'm sure, if you'd been her own son ten times over, she could n't be fonder of you. Don't you think so, Caudle! Eh, love! Now, do answer. *How can you tell!* Nonsense, Caudle; you must have seen it. I'm sure, nothing delights the dear soul so much as when she's thinking how to please you.

"Don't you remember Thursday night, the stewed oysters when you came home! That was all dear mother's doings! 'Margaret,' says she to me, 'it's a cold night; and don't you think dear Mr. Caudle would like something nice before he goes to bed?' And that, Caudle, is how the oysters came about. Now, don't sleep, Caudle: do listen to me, for five minutes; 't is n't often I speak, goodness knows.

"And then, what a fuss she makes when you're out, if your slippers arn't put to the fire for you. *She's very good!* Yes—I know she is, Caudle. And has n't she been six months—though I promised her not to tell you—six months, working a watch-pocket for you! And with *her* eyes, dear soul—and at *her* time of life!

"And then what a cook she is! I'm sure, the dishes she'll make out of next to nothing! I try hard enough to follow her: but, I'm not ashamed to own it, Caudle, she quite beats me. Ha! the many nice little things she'd simmer up for you—and I can't do it; the children, you know it, Caudle, take so much of my time. I can't do it, love: and I often reproach myself that I can't. Now, you shan't go to sleep, Caudle; at least, not for five minutes. You must hear me.

"I've been thinking, dearest—ha! that nasty cough, love!—I've been thinking, darling, if we could only persuade dear mother to come and live with us. Now, Caudle, you can't be asleep; it's impossible—you were coughing only this minute—yes, to live with us. What a *treasure* we should have in her! Then, Caudle, you never need go to bed without something nice and hot. And you want it, Caudle. *You don't want it!* Nonsense, you do; for you're not strong, Caudle; you know you're not.

"I'm sure, the money she'd save us in house-keeping. Ha! what an eye she has for a joint! The butcher does n't walk that could deceive dear mother. And then, again, for poultry! What a finger and thumb she has for a chicken! I never could market like her: it's a gift—quite a gift.

"And then you recollect her marrow-puddings! *You don't recollect 'em!* Oh, fie! Caudle, how often have you flung her marrow-puddings in my face, wanting to know why I could n't make 'em! And I would n't pretend to do it after dear mother. I should think it presumption. Now, love, if she was only living with us—come, you're not asleep, Caudle—if she was only living with us, you could

have marrow-puddings every day. Now, don't flag yourself about and begin to swear at marrow-puddings; you know you like 'em, dear.

"What a hand, too, dear mother has for a pie-crust! But it's born with some people. What do you say? *Why was n't it born with me?* Now, Caudle, that's cruel—unfeeling of you; I would n't have uttered such a reproach to you for the whole world. People can't be born as they like.

"How often, too, have you wanted to brew at home! And I could never learn anything about brewing. But, ha! what ale dear mother makes! *You never tasted it!* No, I know that. But I recollect the ale we used to have at home: father never would drink wine after it. The best sherry was nothing like it. *You dare say not?* No, it was n't indeed, Caudle. Then, if dear mother was only with us, what money we should save in beer! And then you might always have your own nice, pure, good, wholesome ale, Caudle; and what good it would do you! For you're not strong, Caudle.

"And then dear mother's jams and preserves, love! I own it, Caudle; it has often gone to my heart that with cold meat you have n't always had a pudding. Now, if mother was with us, in the matter of fruit puddings, she'd make it summer all the year round. But I never could preserve—now mother does it, and for next to no money whatever. What nice dogs-in-a-blanket she'd make for the children! *What's dogs in a blanket?* Oh, they're delicious—as dear mother makes 'em.

"Now, you *have* tasted her Irish stew, Caudle! You remember that! Come, you're not asleep—you remember that! And how fond you are of it! And I never can have it made to please you! Now, what a relief to me it would be if dear mother was always at hand that you might have a stew when you liked. What a load it would be off my mind.

"Again, for pickles! Not at all like anybody else's pickles. Her red cabbage—why it's as crisp as biscuit! And then her walnuts—and her all sorts! Eh, Caudle! You know how you love pickles; and how we sometimes tiff about 'em! Now if dear mother was here, a word would never pass between us. And I'm sure nothing would make me happier, for—you're not asleep Caudle!—for I can't bear to quarrel, can I, love!

"The children, too, are so fond of her! And she'd be such a help to me with 'em! I'm sure, with dear mother in the house, I should n't care a fig for measles, or anything of the sort. As a nurse, she's such a treasure!

"And at her time of life, what a needlewoman! And the darning and mending for the children, it really gets quite beyond me now, Caudle. Now with mother at my hand, there would n't be a stitch wanted in the house.

"And then when you're out late, Caudle—for I know you must be out late, sometimes; I can't expect you, of course, to be always at home—why then dear mother could sit up for you, and nothing would delight the dear soul half so much.

"And so, Caudle, love, I think dear mother had better come, don't you! Eh, Caudle! Now, you're not asleep, darling; don't you think she'd better come! You say *No!* You say *No* again! *You won't have her,* you say. *You won't, that's flat!* Caudle—Cau-Cau-dle—Cau—dle—"

"Here, Mrs. Caudle," says Mr. C. in his

MS., "suddenly went into tears; and I went to sleep."—*Punch*.

NEWSPAPER REPORTS OF MURDERS.

LARGE sheets are as unfavorable to newspaper literature as large theatres have proved to dramatic art. In both cases excessive space has necessarily led to coarseness of execution.

To the excessive size of our newspapers may in no slight degree be attributed the want of artistical handling in their reports of murders. It is useless to complain of the prominence given to such topics. The public will have them. The monotony of orderly business-life begets an irresistible craving for such strong stimulants. Even those who cry out against such pandering to a vitiated taste cannot resist reading. But the same cause which has driven our newspapers to reprint parliamentary reports and foreign office protocols entire, instead of presenting their readers with a manageable analysis—the necessity of *filling up*—obliges them to enter into all the revolting minutæ of every act of butchery.

For some weeks back, Hocker and Tawell have duly occupied their couple of columns or more in the morning prints. Some other culprits preceded them in this unenviable notoriety; and the anonymous miscreant in St. Giles' promises to succeed them. It is consolatory to reflect that gross crimes must be comparatively few in number, when so much is made of those that do occur; but this scarcely compensates for the nausea occasioned by being crammed day after day by wire-drawn narratives of revolting transactions, stuffed out with maudlin and mawkish commentary.

Not the least mischievous consequence of this spinning-out system is its tendency to introduce a knowledge of the practices of low habitual depravity, where otherwise such knowledge never could have intruded. There is nothing contaminating in the contemplation of strong passion—the death-struggles of sudden passion or undying vindictiveness. But when—as in the cases of Hocker and the murderer of the unhappy woman in St. Giles'—minute details of the crime and criminal lay bare the habitual demoralization of the very outcasts of society, the mind is familiarized with images which can scarcely be entertained without affecting its purity. The female mind in Great Britain owes much to the care with which it is kept even from the knowledge of some classes of vice and vicious characters; and the male mind of Great Britain is kept comparatively pure by being constantly reminded of the necessity of respecting this ignorance. This is the characteristic of British domestic life to which the superior purity of the domestic morals of Britain is mainly owing. Its permanence will be seriously endangered, if the loathsome details of brute and squalid sensuality are to be smuggled into the family circle under the mask of a tale of murder.—*Spectator*.

From Chambers' Journal.

BOOKSELLING AFTER THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

SOME time between the years 1430 and 1445, there lived in Mayence a rich goldsmith, whose name was John Fust or Faust, the first man who sold a printed book. His name has always been associated with that of Guttenberg and Schoeffer as one of the inventors of printing; but, as is reasonably to be inferred, erroneously; for in all the evidence with which the annals of typography supply us, he appears as the capitalist by whose pecuniary advances Guttenberg was able to bring his art into practical operation. Having vainly endeavored to produce good print in Strasburg, after expending a fortune, Guttenberg returned to his native town, Mayence, and opened his mind to Faust. The goldsmith—manifestly a shrewd man of business—saw, from the progress his fellow-citizen had made in his new method of producing books, that the thing was likely to turn out a good speculation, and warmly embarked in it. A partnership was speedily entered into, and in 1445 a printing-press was set up in Mayence, for taking impressions from the wooden blocks with which Guttenberg commenced his art. The goldsmith and his associate worked in secret, and for some time without success; till Peter Schoeffer, an illuminator of manuscripts, and a confidential person in their employ, hit upon the expedient of making movable metal types by means of punches and matrices. Faust was so delighted with Schoeffer for his ingenuity, that he not only took him into partnership, but gave him his daughter in marriage. This happened in 1452. Much patience and capital were expended even after this advance in the art made by Peter Schoeffer. The first book they tried the new system on was the Latin Bible, and before twelve sheets of it had been printed, Guttenberg and Faust had expended upwards of 4000 florins. Still they persevered, and after three years of laborious exertion, the Bible was completed.* A good number of this—the first of all first editions—having been struck off ready for the market, the next thing was to devise means for disposing of them, and it was determined that Faust should travel with copies, calling them manuscripts. "It is certain," says Lambinet, "that Faust, Schoeffer, and their partners, sold or exchanged in Germany, Italy, France, and the most celebrated universities, the books which they had printed."† This was a matter of very great difficulty and delicacy. The process by which the books were produced was a secret, which every person whom Guttenberg or Faust took into their employ was bound by oath not to divulge; to say that the bibles were produced otherwise than by the usual plan, would have partly divulged the secret, and it was for that reason that the whole of their work was executed in exact imitation of writing. The Bible was printed on parchment, the capital letters

* This Bible—the first perfect printed book which ever was issued—was a folio, in two volumes, consisting of 637 leaves, printed in large Gothic or German characters. It has no date, and is known by biblioplists as the "Mazarine Bible," a copy of it having been discovered, long after it was printed, in the library of Cardinal Mazarine, in the *Collège des Quatre Nations*. Several other copies have since turned up. It is executed with wonderful accuracy and neatness, considering it was the first specimen of the press.

† "*Recherches sur l'Origine de l'Imprimerie*"—(Researches on the Origin of Printing.)

illuminated with blue, purple, and gold, after the manner of ancient manuscripts, and they were sold as such at manuscript price—namely, sixty crowns.

About the year 1463, Faust set out on a book-selling expedition through Italy, Germany, and finally to Paris, with a stock in trade, consisting chiefly of bibles and psalters. In each place there is every reason to believe he not only busied himself in selling his bibles and psalters, but organized agencies for the sale of his wares in his own absence. Having disposed of as many of his folios as he could to the Parisians at sixty crowns, he—unwisely perhaps—reduced their price, first to forty, and then to twenty crowns. This naturally excited the apprehension and the ire of the librarians and scribes, of whom Paris was at that period the head quarters, there being no fewer than six thousand persons who subsisted by copying and illuminating manuscripts. It was not in nature that this large and important body—who held their privileges under the university—should sit tamely by and see a man selling for twenty crowns what they got from sixty to a hundred for. The rapidity with which Faust produced his pseudo-manuscripts, so as to supply the constant demands which his low charges produced on his stock, gave rise to a suspicion that he dealt with the Evil One. This suspicion was strengthened when the transcribers—who were principally monks—set about comparing the various copies of Faust's bibles. They found a degree of resemblance in each of the books—even to the minutest dot—which they concluded could only have been produced by supernatural means. The enmity of the scribes against Faust as an underselling bookseller, now threatened to become a religious persecution. The fraud once discovered, however, Faust's case was taken up by the civil power, and he was obliged to fly from Paris, to escape the officers of justice. He returned to Mayence, but found no rest there; wherever he had sold his books, he had of course practised deception, and the agents of justice were equally clamorous for him in his native town. He withdrew to Strasburg.

In the mean while, Mayence was taken by storm by Adolphus of Nassau. By this event Faust and Schoeffer's journeymen were dispersed, and deeming themselves absolved from their oath of secrecy, they carried the invention into various parts of Europe, many of them setting up presses of their own. Then, and not till then, Faust made a merit of necessity, and wrote and circulated a work in which he described the whole process by which his books were executed. That there should be no further doubt or ambiguity as to whether the productions of himself and partners were manuscripts or print, he placed at the end of his little book the following colophon or inscription:—"This present work, with all its embellishments, was done, not with the pen and ink, but by a newly invented art of casting letters, printing, &c., by me, John Faust, and my son-in-law, Peter Schoeffer, in the famous city of Mentz upon the Rhine." In this, as in every other instance, honesty proved to be the best policy; for now that Faust had cleared up the mystery, he was no longer pursued as an impostor; and ultimately we find him in 1466 in Paris, making arrangements for establishing a permanent agency for the sale of the productions of his own and his son-in-law's press. This, as we shall presently see, he effected. In the midst of his labor, how-

ever, death overtook him. In that year the plague raged in the French capital, and John Faust fell a victim to it, far away from his home and his friends.

Such is a bare outline of the career of one of the parents of printing, and the sole father of modern bookselling. John Faust (otherwise John *Haad*) was the very reverse of such a necromancer and personal friend of the Evil One as tradition and error have succeeded in picturing him. The truth is, he is often confounded with Jean-Frederic Faust, a charlatan and almanac-maker, who lived about a century after the goldsmith's death, and upon whose history Goethe, the German poet, constructed his celebrated play. Nothing could be more opposite than the characters of the two men: the one a plodding, yet withal liberal and far-sighted tradesman; the other a quack, but one, we may mention, not quite unconnected with the mysteries of the book-trade. To insure his almanacs a large sale, he advertised them as having been annually dictated to him by Beelzebub. The confounding of the two men took its rise most likely from the cunning of the monks, after the Reformation; of which, there is no question, the diffusion of the Bible, by means of the press, was the primary cause. They therefore owed John Faust no good-will for the part he unwittingly took in destroying their system, and tried to defame his memory by mixing up his life with that of a mountebank.

The venerable goldsmith, printer and bookseller, did not depart this life till he had placed the Paris agency on a secure footing. The name of the agent he employed was Herman de Statten, and the agency was carried on at the house of one John Guymier, as we learn from a curious document found in a copy of Faust and Schoeffer's edition of the Latin Bible. It is a deed of sale of the book to Tourneville, Bishop of Angiers, and runs thus;—"I, Herman, a German, workman of the honest and discreet John Guymier, sworn bookseller of the university of Paris, acknowledge to have sold to the illustrious and learned master William, of Tourneville, archbishop and canon of Angiers, my most respectable lord and master, a Bible printed at Mentz (Mayence) upon vellum, in two volumes, for the price and sum of forty crowns, which I have absolutely received, which also I ratify by these presents, promising to abide by the same, and guaranteeing my lord, purchaser of the said Bible, against any one who would dispossess him. In ratification of which I have hereunto affixed my seal, this fifth day of the month of April, in the year of our Lord M.CCCCLXX. Herman."* By this we perceive that since they first came into Paris, the printed bibles were elevated in price.

It happened, unfortunately, that Herman of Statten failed to obtain any legal instrument of naturalization in France; and when he died—which he did a few years after his master, Faust—his effects were confiscated as the property of a foreigner. The books intrusted to him by Schoeffer, and amounting in value to 1100 francs, were included in the confiscation. Schoeffer, however, obtained restitution through the liberality of Louis XI. It is a striking illustration of the value and scarcity of money at that period, that the King of France found it inconvenient to pay the sum—equal only to £45, 6s. 8d.—at once; but did so in two yearly instalments!

*Dr. Dibdin's *Bibliotheca Spenceria*, vol. i., page 16, note.

The distribution of Faust, Schoeffer, and Company's workmen at the siege of Mayence in 1462, began by this time (1470) to operate throughout Europe, by supplying printers to various continental cities. At this early time most printers sold their own books; and if we state the different periods at which printing was introduced into various countries, we shall show also when books of print began to be sold in each place. The first introduction of this invention into Italy was at Subbiaco, in 1465; into Paris, in 1469; into England, (Westminster,) in 1474; into Spain, (Barcelona,) in 1475; into Abyssinia, in 1521; into Mexico in 1550; into the East Indies, (Goa,) in 1577; into Peru, (Ilima,) in 1586; into North America, (Cambridge, Boston and Philadelphia,) in 1640. One of the most active of the German printers and booksellers, between 1473 and 1513, was Ant. Kober, at Nuremberg, who had 24 presses and nearly 100 workmen in his employ, and kept open shops at Frankfort, Leipsic, Amsterdam, and Venice, all conducted with the greatest regularity and order. He had on sale not only works of his own publication, but also works of other publishers. At Ulm and Basle there were likewise several booksellers carrying on an extensive trade. The many pilgrimages (Wallfahrten) to holy places in the interior of Germany—which were then as much frequented as the sacred shrines in India, and are so still in some Roman Catholic countries—offered them good opportunities for disposing of their books, particularly of those having a religious tendency, which were printed on cheap linen paper, instead of the expensive parchment formerly in use.

Wherever we turn, we shall find that, once introduced into a country, the press was kept in extraordinary activity, and books were spread in all directions. There were in England, from the time of Caxton to 1600, no fewer than three hundred and fifty printers. Ames and Herbert have recorded the titles of ten thousand different works printed here in the same interval; the yearly average number of distinct works issued and sold in the hundred and thirty years was seventy-five. The number of copies of each was, however, in all probability small, for the early booksellers were cautious. Even Grafton only printed 500 copies of his complete edition of the Scriptures (that of 1504;) and yet so great was the demand for the English Bible, that there are still extant copies of 326 editions of it which were printed between 1526 and 1600.

In Italy the works of the old classic Roman authors were rapidly printed, when means for doing so were introduced. In Switzerland, especially at Geneva and Basle, a great number of books, chiefly of a religious character, were printed and sold immediately after presses were set up. Indeed, the trading talent of the Swiss manifested itself in the beginning of the sixteenth century very prominently in relation to books, for they supplied booksellers even to Germany—to which we must now return.

In the dawn of literary commerce, wholesale trade, in whatever article, was chiefly conducted at fairs, which took place once, twice, or thrice a-year. To these great meetings manufacturers and agriculturists brought such produce as was of a perishable character, and which was purchased by retailers, who either came from different parts of the country, or employed local agents to purchase on their account. Amongst other

manufacturers, the printers brought their goods, which were bought by retailers, and distributed by them throughout the country. At first the greatest quantity of booksellers' stalls was assembled at the Frankfort fairs, where multitudes of strangers and merchants met. Ant. Kober of Nuremberg, Ch. Plantin of Antwerp, and Stephanus (Etienne) of Paris, are recorded as booksellers visiting the Frankfort fair as early as the year 1473. From this period Frankfort gradually became the great book-mart. In 1526 Christopher Froschauer, from Basle, wrote to his principal, Ulrich Zwingli, informing him of the rapid and profitable sale of his books at Frankfort, to persons who had sent for them from all parts. In 1549 Operin of Basle, publisher of the classics, visited Frankfort, and made a profitable speculation. At this period appeared Luther, the great champion of the Protestant world, protesting loudly and openly, both in speech and in writing, against the many abuses that had crept into the church of Rome; and the great cause of the Reformation, while it derived great assistance from the printing-press, repaid this benefit by contributing largely to its development and extension. Saxony, with its enlightened universities, (Wittenberg and Leipsic,) now became the seat and central point of free theological discussion and investigation, and the booksellers soon found it worth their while to visit also the Leipsic fair. Besides, the literary intercourse in that country was free and unfettered, whilst at Frankfort it had to contend, in later years, with several difficulties, arising from the peculiar situation of a smaller state, and the restrictions and vexations of an imperial Board of Control (Kaiserliche Bücher Commission) established by the German emperor, through the influence of the Catholic clergy. Archbishop Berthold, of Mayence, had previously (in 1486) established a similar censorship in his dominions. The chief object of that board was to watch and visit the book-shops—which, in Frankfort, were all situated in one street, still called the Buchgasse—seizing forbidden books, claiming the seven privilege copies ordered by law to be presented to the universities, and, in fact, exercising the power of a most troublesome police. Against this the booksellers often remonstrated, but without success.* At length the principal part of the book-trade withdrew to Leipsic, where general fairs were held thrice every year, and where, next to Frankfort, the greatest number of books was sold.

The earliest accurate information obtained respecting the sale of books at Leipsic fair refers to 1545, when we find the printers Steiger and Boskopf, both of Nuremberg, repairing thither with their "wares." A few years later, the fame of this market as a place of sale for books spread over the rest of the continent, and in 1556 it was visited by the Paris bookseller Clement, and in 1560 by Pietro Valgrisi from Venice. From the accidental mention of these visits and names in the annals of the Leipsic fair, we may infer that booksellers from other parts of the world also frequented it habitually, although no record of their presence has been made. The different languages which they spoke had little effect upon the sale of their books, the greater part of which, wherever printed, was in Latin. In 1589, the

number of *new works* brought to Leipsic was 363, of which 246, or 68 per cent., were in the Latin language. The literary tastes of that time may be guessed from the fact, that of the whole number of these literary novelties, 200 were on theological subjects, 48 on law and jurisprudence, and 45 on philosophy and philology.

The trade in books carried on in Leipsic increased so rapidly, that it banished traffic in other articles from the fair. No fewer than fourteen printers and booksellers had, by 1616, taken up their residence in the city. The names of these individuals have become dear to the modern bibliomaniac, from the rarity of the works, bearing their respective imprints.* These "publishers" (for by this period the wholesale bookseller was distinguished from the retailer by that expression) brought to the Easter fair of 1616 no less than 153 new works, the productions of their own presses. Of other publishers in various parts of Germany, eight resided at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, seven belonged to Nuremberg, four to Jena, three to Ulm, and the same number to Hamburg; Wittenberg, Strasburg,† Gotha, Colonge, Breslau, had each two, and Lübeck, Goslar, Heidelberg, Rostock, and Luneburg, one.

The Easter fair held at Leipsic was now exclusively devoted to books. The booksellers had already organized a system, by which they were enabled to print a catalogue of every new work that was to be sold at the fair, so that purchasers had no difficulty in making their selection; and Leipsic Easter fair became the great book-mart for the whole continent.

Having brought our notices of "the trade" in Germany down to the great era in its existence, the establishment of the Leipsic book-fair, and in England to the unhappy time when our country was torn by civil war, and the book, with all other trades was in a struggling and depressed condition, we shall, in succeeding articles, offer some interesting facts concerning the modern system of book-selling, as practised in various countries where any very considerable literary commerce is carried on.

EDMUND BURKE AND CHARLES TOWNSHEND.—Ready as Burke's wit was, it appeared artificial when set by that of Charles Townshend, which was so abundant, that in him it seemed a loss of time to think. He had but to speak, and all he said was new, natural and yet uncommon. If Burke replied extempore, his very answers, that sprang from what had been said by others, were so painted and artfully arranged, that they wore the appearance of study and preparation: like beautiful translations, they seemed to want the soul of the original author. Townshend's speeches, like the satires of Pope, had a thousand times more sense and meaning than the majestic blank verse of Pitt; and yet, the latter, like Milton, stalked with a conscious dignity of preëminence, and fascinated his audience with that respect which always attends the pompous but often hollow idea of the sublime.—*Walpole's George III.*

* The chief amongst them were James Apel, Joh. Boerner, Elias Rehfeld, Joh. Eyering, Christ. Ellinger, Henning Grosse and his father, Abr. Lamberg, Caspar Kloseman, Bartholomew Voigt, and John Perfect.

† Strasburg and Alsace belonged at that time to Germany.

* Quarterly Journal of the Statistical Society, vol. ii., page 164.

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From Punch.

THE POSITION OF THE PREMIER.

THE position of Peel between the Maynooth and Anti-Maynooth parties—the former applauding him on the one hand, while the latter are condemning him on the other—may be compared to the situation of the heroes in the Greek tragedies, whose proceedings were the subject of alternate abuse and praise from the chorus; the right of a chorus to criticise is founded on the old constitutional doctrine that the people may give their opinion, and there can be no doubt that this mode of giving votes in a song has some affinity to the vote by ballot, or vote by ballad, as some have been in the habit of calling it. The Maynooth and Anti-Maynooth expressions of opinion may be likened to the strophe and anti-strophe of the chorus, of which we furnish a specimen.

MAYNOOTH STROPHE.

Go on, great premier, in thy way,
No matter what the Tories say;
It surely can be no disgrace
For you to try and keep your place.
They say that, by the Maynooth Grant,
To keep your place is all you want;
It is a wise and cunning plan—
The premier is a wondrous man!

ANTI-MAYNOOTH ANTI-STROPHE.

How wonderful is Peel!
He changes with the time;
Turning and twisting like the eel,
Ascending through the slime.
He gives whate'er they want
To those who ask with zeal,
He yields the Maynooth Grant
To the clamor for repeal.

MAYNOOTH STROPHE.

'T is true he is a rat,
But what of that?
Tory he used to be,
But now a Liberal he!

Shall we for soaring high
The altered premier snub?
Who in the butterfly
Would recollect the grub?
Cheer him as up he springs,
Borne on his new-found wings;
He holds complete dominion.
Supported by o-pinion.
Then let us sing with zeal,
Success to Premier Peel.

ANTI-MAYNOOTH ANTI-STROPHE.

He has baffled our every hope:
He's surely in league with the pope!
We thought him the friend of the church,
He is leaving her now in the lurch.
I'll bet that he shortly obtains
A cardinal's hat for his pains.
To punishment let us denounce him;
Will nobody venture to trounce him!

[The two parties approach each other, singing their respective choruses, one against the other, and the curtain falls.]

A NATIONAL MELODY.

Air—" *Lesbia hath a beaming eye.*"

INGLIS is a tory high,
But no one cares for what he seemeth;
Right and left his speeches fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.
Better 't is to look upon
The tory premier when he rises;
Few his plans, but every one
By some new light the house surprises.
Oh, my tory premier dear,
My artful dodging tory premier;
Many glide
From side to side,
But you're on both, my tory premier.

Ingles wears his coat of old,
But prejudice so tight has lac'd it,

That each idea of tory mould
 Must stay where obstinacy plac'd it.
 Oh, my premier's coat for me,
 Mov'd by agitation's breezes,
 Leaving every action free
 To twist and turn where'er he pleases.
 Yes, my tory premier dear,
 My artful dodging tory premier;
 Nature's views
 Have different hues,
 And so have yours, my tory premier.

Inglis has a speech refin'd,
 But when its sounds are o'er us creeping,
 Who can tell if it's designed
 To wake us up, or set us sleeping?
 Mesmerized by Robert's art,
 Poor Britannia drowsy waxes,
 Eyes sealed up—the horrid part—
 Is but the paying of the taxes.
 Oh, my tory premier dear,
 My cool, my crafty tory premier;
 Whigs, who'd learn
 The time to turn,
 Should ask of you, my tory premier.

PUNCH FOR HEAD PACIFICATOR.

DURING centuries Ireland, to speak metaphorically, has been in a perpetual broil; though perhaps we might more happily compare the state of things Irish to a stew. Peel confessed that Ireland was his chief difficulty; and he might also have confessed that he did not know what to do with her. It is quite clear that he does not understand her case. He began by antiphlogistic treatment—to wit, the state prosecutions—and now he is trying the Maynooth Soothing Syrup, which some call Bobby's Elixir. This is mere empiricism; no better than what might be expected from Holloway or Old Parr. Let the premier practise on principle, if he knows what that is. But in fact, the case of Ireland would puzzle any statesman but *Punch*, who, amongst many other notions, has one for her pacification, which he hereby offers to the conservatives and all others whom it may concern, if they will have it. His suggestion is as follows:—

He would advise them to get up a Joint Stock Company, for the purpose of negotiating with Mr. Daniel O'Connell, a sale of the whole Irish people. As the repeal agitation cannot last forever, and as it may be difficult to get up any other humbug, a good round sum in the lump may prove an adequate temptation. Instead, therefore, of voting money to Maynooth, vote a "consideration" to Daniel O'Connell. So sure will this plan for the tranquillization of Ireland be to answer, that *Punch* considers that by merely proposing it, he has cut Tom Steele out, and will therefore trouble that gentleman to return to him the title of "Head Pacificator of Ireland."

A NEW CABINET LIBRARY.

MINISTERS intend shortly, we understand, issuing a series of volumes on various subjects, for the purpose of enlightening the people, to be called the New Cabinet Library. The work will be written chiefly by the ministers themselves, so that there will be great variety in the style, and in the mode of treating the various topics handled.

The following will be a few of the volumes that will shortly appear:—

1. The Curiosities of Literature, chiefly selected from intercepted correspondence. By Sir James Graham.
2. How to live on Fourteen Thousand a year. By the Lord Chancellor.
3. Three Experiments of Living; or, Three Livings at Once, by way of Experiment. By the Bishop of Exeter.
4. The Outcast; The Exile's Return; and other Poems. By Lord Ellenborough.
5. Natural Magic, including several new tricks; with an Essay on Gammon and Backgammon. By Sir R. Peel.
6. Miscellaneous Essays. By Lord Brougham.
7. The Pauper's Cookery Book; including ten thousand economical recipes, amongst which will be found five hundred different modes of dressing oatmeal, and a plan for roasting a fowl before the fire, in such a way as to make chicken-broth of the shadow. By the Poor Law Commissioners.
8. Confessions of an English Opium Eater. By One who has swallowed all the dull speeches that have been spoken in the House of Commons for the last ten years.

Too BAD.—The following announcement has appeared in various papers:—"The Rev. W. Dealtry, D. D., Chancellor of the Diocese. Canon of the Cathedral Church of Winchester, Prebendary of Southwell, and Rector of the parish of Clapham, Surry, has been appointed, by the Lord Bishop of Winchester, to the Archdeaconry of Surrey, void by the elevation of the venerable Samuel Wilberforce to the deanery of Westminster."

Poor Dr. Dealtry! We feel for him deeply. How will he ever get through the work which he will now have to do? He was already laden with four several offices in the church, and saddled with the obligation of being in three different places at once. He had to pray, preach, exhort, console, convert, and go about visiting the sick and doing good at Winchester, Southwell, and Clapham; besides all which, he had his chancellor's business to attend to. And now, in addition, an archdeaconry is clapped upon his shoulders.

Really, this is working a willing horse to death. There is not, we are persuaded, a negro in all Kentucky fagged to the extent that Dr. Dealtry will be. What has the poor clergyman done to deserve such treatment? How, we would wish to know, would the Bishop of Winchester like it himself? It is much more like a Turk than a bishop to make a fellow-creature toil in this way. We say it is a great deal too bad of his lordship, and recommend him to be more considerate in future. We shall be told that Dr. Dealtry will be well paid for his labor. Yes; but what has that to do with the matter? What pay can compensate a man for exertions which must necessarily kill him!

LITERARY PEERS.—It is, we believe, in contemplation by the English government to follow the example of France, and raise a few writers to the peerage. The following will, we are told, be among the earliest elevations:—

Mr. W. H. Ainsworth, to be *Baron of Bluestin*.
 Mr. Benjamin D'Israeli, to be *Marquis of Coningsby*.
 Mr. James Grant, to be *Earl of Cornhill, in the Great Metropolis, and Baron of Hey-down-hey-down-derry, in Ireland*. Other titles will, it is expected, be soon conferred, but the above are all at present decided on.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE WOLVES OF ESTHONIA.

There is a kind of savage luxury, however gorgeous and costly, which perfectly assimilates with savage life, and where the eye may pass at one glance, from the pampered inmate of the palace to the wild beast in the woods, without any sense of inconsistency to the mind. This may be remarked, more or less, with all Oriental nations. The Indian prince is in keeping with the tiger in his jungle, the Russian noble with the bear in his forests. But it is a different and very strange sensation to find yourself in a country where inward and outward life are at variance; where the social habits of the one by no means prepare you for the rude elements of the other; where nature is wild, and man tame. This is conspicuously the case in the northwestern part of Russia, where a German colony, although lords of the soil for hundreds of years, are still as foreign to it as they were at first; having originally brought a weak offset of civilized life into a country for which only the lineal descendants of the savage were fitted, and having since then rather vegetated upon the gradually impoverishing elements they transplanted with them than taken root in the gradually improving soil around them. Life, therefore, in this part of the world passes with a monotony and security which remind you of what, in point of fact, it really is, viz., a remote and provincial state of German society of the present day. Both the inclinations and occupations of the colonists confine them to a narrow range of activity and idea. The country is too wild, the population too scattered, the distances too great, the impediments, both of soil and season, too many for them to become acquainted with the secrets of the wild nature around them; or rather, not without a trouble which no one is sufficiently interested to overcome. They travel much, from place to place, upon roads bad enough, it is true, but always beaten; they have no pursuit but mere business or mere pleasure, and no interest except in what promotes the one or the other; and, in short, know as little of what goes on in the huts of the native peasantry, or in the forest and morass haunts of the native animals, as if they were strangers in the land, instead of its proprietors. It is, therefore, as we before remarked, a strange and most unpleasant feeling, while spending your days in a state of society which partakes of the security and ease of the present day, to be suddenly reminded by some accidental circumstance of a state of nature which recalls the danger and adventure of centuries back.

It was early in the spring, after a long and very severe winter, when the earth was just sufficiently softened to admit its stock of summer flowers, though not sufficiently warmed to vivify them, that the garden belonging to a country-house situated in this part of Russia had become the scene of great activity. Hundreds of leafless plants and shrubs, which had passed their winter in the darkness and warmth of the house-cellar, were now brought out to resume their short summer station, and lay strewed about in various groups, roughly showing the shape of the bed or border they were to occupy. The balmy air had also summoned forth the lovely mistress of the mansion, a delicate flower, more unsuited to this wintry land even than those which lay around her, who went from one plant to another, recognizing in the leafless

twigs the beautiful flowers which had been, or were to be, and shifting and reshifting their places on the fresh bare earth till they assumed that position which her taste or fancy approved—just as a fine London or Paris lady may be seen in a jeweller's shop shifting her loose diamonds upon a ground of purple velvet into the order in which they are to be finally set. A younger lady was with her—a cousin by birth and a companion by choice—one of those "friends who sticketh closer than a brother," and who had recently joined her, after a long separation, in a home foreign to each. Her two children were there also, beautiful and happy creatures; the elder one glad to be of use, the younger one delighted to think herself so; while Lion, an enormous dog, the living image, in size, color, and gentleness, of Vandyk's splendid mastiff in his picture of the children of Charles I., lazily followed their steps, putting up his huge head whenever a child stooped hers, and laying himself invariably down exactly where a flower was to be planted.

After spending some time in this occupation, and having at length marked out the summer garden to their satisfaction, the party turned their steps towards the house, where some beds, close under the windows, had been planted the preceding evening.

"Lion, Lion!" exclaimed the eldest child, "you should know better than to come across the fresh-raked beds," showing us a track of large, clumsy footmarks, which had gone directly over it. "Yes, look at the mischief you have done, old dog, and be ashamed of yourself; but keep off now! keep off!" for Lion was pressing forward with all his weight, snuffing at the prints with quick-moving nostrils. The lady stooped eagerly over the animal.

"These are no dog's footprints," she said; and then, pointing to more distant traces further on, "No, no. Oh, this is horrible! And so fresh, too. A *wolf* has been here!"

She was right; the footmarks were very different from a dog's—larger and coarser even than the largest dog's, longer in shape, and with a deeper indentation of the ball of the foot. It was truly a painful and a fearful feeling to look at that bed, on which the hand of man had been so recently employed, now tracked over by the feet of one of the most savage animals that exist; and the lady drew back shuddering. And Louisa, for that was the cousin's name, shuddered too, if not with so real a sense of fear, yet with a much more unlimited impression of terror. She was a stranger as much to the idea as to the sight, and, as she looked up at the window just above—her own bedroom window—with its peaceful white curtains and swallow's nest at the corner, and remembered that she had been sleeping within while the wild-beast was trampling beneath, she felt as if she should never rest easily there again. As for the children, they both looked terrified at first, chiefly because their elders did, and then each acted according to the character within her—Olga, the elder, holding quietly by her mother's hand, and afraid even to look at the footprints, though approaching them docilely when she was bidden; while little Miss Constance, unscrewing her rosy face from its momentary alarm, trotted with great glee over the fresh-raked bed, delighted to make the most of a privilege usually forbidden her, and discovered new wolf's steps in all directions as fast as Lion made them.

They now called some of the workmen, who instantly confirmed their verdict.

"This is an old wolf, *Prauer*," said a rough, long-haired shrewd-looking old peasant, scrutinizing the tracks with Indian-like closeness and sagacity—"this is an old wolf, he walked so heavily; and here's a wound he has got to this paw, who knows when, from some other wolf, or maybe from Lion—I dare say they are acquainted," pointing out to the party a slight irregularity in the print of one of the hind feet, as if from a distorted claw. "He was here the beginning of the morning, that I can see."

"But where was Lion?" said the lady, eagerly. "I went to the mill, *Prauer*, at sunrise, and took Lion with me, and by the time we got back the beast must have been off. I saw the old dog snuffing about, but the heavy dew would stop any scent. The wolves are hungry now; the waters have driven them up together, and the cattle are not let out yet. He is not far off, either; we must keep a sharp look-out. An old wolf like this will prowl about for days together round the same place till he picks up something."

"Heavens! how dreadful! Constance, come back this moment," said the young mother, with an expression of anxiety which would have touched the roughest heart. "Who knows where the creature may be now?"

"Never fear, *Prauer*; he's off to the woods by this time—plenty of his footmarks to be found there, I warrant," pointing to a low, dismal-looking tract of brushwood, which formed the frontier to an immense morass, about a werst off. "Never fear, old Pertel and old Lion will take care of the little *Preins*. *Polle üchtige*! nothing at all, not a hair on their heads, shall be hurt, bless them!"

"Yes, yes, good Pertel," said the lady, with a nod and a smile, to the rough creature, "I know that. But under our very windows!—I never knew them come so near before."

"*Dreist wie ein wolf*—bold as a wolf," said the phlegmatic head-gardener, a German; "that's an old proverb."

They now returned to the house with minds ready to take alarm at any sight or sound. The cousin knew not how much there was or was not to fear; and, though the lady did, the voice of her maternal anxiety amply made up for all the silence of her imagination. The children, of course, were not slow in catching the infection; and, what with fear and what with fun, there was no end to the wolves that were seen in the course of the next four-and-twenty hours. Any and every object served their turn: sheep, foals, and calves; old men and old women; stunted trees in the distance, and round grey stones near; not to mention innumerable articles of furniture in various corners of the house, all stood for wolves; not only successively, but over and over again. Lion, however, was the greatest bugbear of all, and the good old dog could not push open the door, and come lazily in, with all his claws rattling on the smooth *parquette* floor, without setting the children screaming, and startling the two ladies much more than they liked to confess.

But this state of things was too inconvenient to last. A succession of false alarms is the surest cure for false fears; and, to quote the fable for once in its literal sense, they were weary of hearing "Wolf!" called. Nevertheless, they did not undertake long walks without protection, and

never at all in the direction of the morass; the children were not allowed to wander a step alone; doors and windows, which otherwise, at this time of the year, are very much left to please themselves by night as well as by day, were now every evening punctiliously closed; and one door especially, next Louisa's bedroom, at the end of a long corridor which communicated with an unfinished addition to the house then in progress, was always eyed with great distrust. It had no means of shutting whatsoever. Nightly a bar was talked of, and daily forgotten; but "*Dreist wie ein wolf!*" sounded in Louisa's ears, and she pushed a heavy box firmly against it.

Several days passed away, and the episode of the wolf's footprints was almost forgotten, when suddenly a scream and a shout were heard from a kind of baking-house within view of the windows. Lion started up from the cool drawing-room floor, where he lay stretched at full length, and leaped out of the open window. Workmen from the new building rushed across the lawn, each with such implements in their hands as they had been working with; and out of the baking-house, followed by a lad, sprung an immense wolf. At first, he bounded heavily away, and was evidently making for the wood; but Lion came close upon him, overtook him in a few seconds, and attacked him with fury. The wolf turned, and a struggle began. For awhile the brave dog was alone: each alternately seemed to hang with deadly gripe upon the other, and yells, and snorts, and sharp howls, filled the air. But now the foremost of the pursuers reached the spot; dog and wolf were so rolled together, that at first he stayed his blows; but soon a terrible stroke with the hatchet was given—another, and another. The animal relinquished the dog, tried to turn upon the man, and soon lay dead at his feet.

Meanwhile, the ladies from the mansion were also hurrying forward, full of horror for the scene, and of anxiety for Lion, but unable, in the excitement of the moment, to keep back. There lay the animal, the ground ploughed up violently around it, a monstrous and terrific sight. Death had caught it in the most savage posture—the claws all extended—the hind feet drawn up, the fore ones stretched forward—the head turned sharp round, and the enormous jaws, which seemed as if they would split the skull asunder, wide open. Nature could hardly show a more repulsive-looking creature—one which breathed more of the ferocity of the wild beast, or excited less of the humanity of man; and, as Louisa looked down at the lifeless carcass, all lean, starved, and time-worn, with ghastly gashes, where late every nerve had been strained in defence of that life which God had given it, entangling doubts came over her mind of the justice of that Power which could make an animal to be hated for that which His Will alone had appointed it to be. But, fortunately for her, she came from a land where, with all its faults, the stone of sophistry is not given for the bread of faith; quickly, therefore, came that antidote thought, which all who seek will find—the sole key to all we understand not in the moral world—leaving only a pardonable pity for a creature born to hunt and be hunted, ordained neither to give nor to find quarter, and to whom life had apparently been as hard as death had been cruel. Poor beast! It was a savage wolf all over; rough, coarse, clumsy, and strong; the hair, or rather bristles, dusky, wiry, and thin; and not one

beauty about it, except, perhaps, those long, white, sharp teeth, which had drawn so much blood, and were now tinged with that of the fine old dog. Lion lay panting beside his dead enemy, the blood trickling down his throat, on which the wolf had fixed a gripe which life could not long have sustained.

The whole history was now heard from the lad. There had been baking that morning in the out-house, and he went in to light his pipe. As he blew up the ashes, he saw a great animal close beside him. In the dark, he mistook it for Lion, and put out his hand; but it rose at once against him with an action not to be mistaken by a native of these climes, on which he screamed as loud as he could, for his breath stood still, the poor boy assured them, with fright; and the creature, taking alarm, rushed out of the door.

"The *Præter* may let the little ladies run about now," said old Pertel. "That's the same wolf that crossed the bed last Thursday; I know him by this left hind foot;" and he held up a grim limb where an old wound had turned the claw aside. "He got this in some of his battles; many a foal yet unborn would have felt it this summer." And the old man stroked the dead animal with satisfaction.

They now all left the scene of battle, and refreshments were given to those who had assisted at it. Olga proposed giving the boy, who was still all trembling with fright, a glass of sugar and water, this being what the ladies of this country invariably take when their nerves are shaken; but her mother suggested that a glass of brandy would be much more to his taste; and accordingly he received a dose, which not only restored the courage he had lost, but lent him a large temporary stock in addition. Lion, too, was well cared for, and immensely pitied. The wound on his throat, which was too close under his own long tongue to be reached by it, was washed with certain balsams with which this country abounds; after which, the old dog employed himself in slobbering over various rents and scratches in more accessible parts of his body, and finally went fast asleep, which the children hoped would do him much good, and, for about two minutes, spoke over him in whispers, and went round him on tiptoe.

Since the day of the footprints, the lady and her cousin had carefully refrained from any subject connected with wolves, or wild beasts in general; for the children's imaginations required to be studiously tranquillized, and even their own were quite lively enough without additional stimulus. But now nothing else was discussed; everything was *à propos* of wolves; and some acquaintances from a distant part of the country, coming in for the evening, the whole time was passed in telling wolf anecdotes.

The fact of the animal being discovered in the baking-house was soon explained; for it appeared that the wolf, like the bear, is excessively fond of bread, and that after the smell of fresh blood, that of fresh baking is surest to attract him. A peasant woman, who had drawn her hot rye loaves out of the oven, quitted her cottage for a few minutes, leaving her two young children playing at the same bench on which the smoking bread was laid. Scarcely had she turned her back, when an enormous wolf sprang in, took no notice of the screaming children, but snatched a loaf from the bench. The mother, hearing screams, hastened back, and as she reached the door the wolf bounded out of it

with the hot bread in his jaws. "I have heard the old woman often tell the tale," said the speaker; "and she invariably added, 'And so I lost my biggest loaf, but never was there a guest more welcome to it.'"

Another time, a kitchen-maid, whose office it is to bake the common rye bread, was carrying the hot loaves, towards night, across the court, when she met a large animal whom she mistook in the dark for one of the huge cattle-dogs. But it rose upon her, and she felt the claws upon her bare arm, ready, at the next moment, to slit the skin, as is their wont, and rend her down. In her terror, she crammed a loaf into the creature's jaws, and he made off with the sop, perfectly content.

Upon the whole, it is very difficult to procure information about the wolf's habits, or even tidings of its depredations. The common peasant, who alone knows anything about the animal, is withheld by superstition from even mentioning the name of *wolf*; and, if he mentions him at all, designates him only as the "old one," or the "grey one," or the "great dog," feeling, as was also the case in parts of Great Britain with regard to the fairies, that to call these animals by their true name is a sure way to exasperate them. This caution may be chiefly attributed, however, to the popular and very ancient belief in the "*vår wolf*;"* not a straightforward, open-mouthed, plain spoken beast, against which the cattle may plunge, and fight, and defend themselves as best they may, and which either wounds or kills its prey in a fair and ferocious way; but that odious combination of human weakness and decrepitude, with demoniacal power and will, which all nations who have believed in have most unjustly persecuted and most naturally hated—in other words, a bad, miserable old woman leagued body and soul with Satan, who, under the form of a *vår wolf*, paralyzes the cattle with her eye, and from whom the slightest wound is death. Be this as it may, the superior intelligence of the upper classes is to this day occasionally puzzled to account for the fate of a fine young ox, who will be found in the morning breathing hard, his hide bathed in foam, and with every sign of fright and exhaustion, while, perhaps, only one trifling wound will be discovered on the whole body, which swells and inflames as if poison had been infused, the animal generally dying before night. Nor does the mystery end here; for, on examining the body, the intestines will be found to be torn as with the claws of a wolf, and the whole animal in a state of inflammation, which sufficiently accounts for death.

This same superstition also favors the increase of this dreadful animal, for the peasant has a strong feeling against destroying a wolf; says that, if you disturb them, they will disturb you, and generally attributes the loss of his foal, or of foal and mother together, (a too frequent occurrence,) to the plunder of a wolf's nest by his less superstitious neighbor. Nevertheless, the destruction of their young is the only way in which an efficient warfare with the wolf can be carried on, and the

* "This mysterious and widely spread superstition—the *vår wolf* of England, the *loup garron* of France—was especially current in Germany, where many tales of its terror still exist. Two warlocks were executed in the year 1810, at Liege, for having, under the form of *vår wolves*, killed several children. They had a boy of twelve years of age with them, who completed the Satanic trio, and, under the form of a raven, consumed those portions of the prey which the warlocks left."—Grimm's *Deutsche Sagen*.

provincial government of this part of Russia wisely bestows a small reward in money for every pair of wolf's ears that is brought to the magistrate of the district; thus setting up one powerful passion in the human breast against another. But superstition has the best of it at present, and, perhaps, in the long run, is the better thing of the two.

The wolves make their nests usually deep in the morasses, a few sticks being dragged together in a small hollow, or under a juniper-bush, where the young wolves lie with great jaws, which open wide at the slightest noise, like the bill of a young bird, and equally disproportionate to their size. It is at this season that the wolves are the most rapacious and dauntless, defying danger, and facing daylight to provide prey for their young. In old times, if tradition is to be believed, the abduction of peasant children for the young wolves was a thing of no uncommon occurrence, so that the father of a former day had as little chance of rearing all his children as the farmer of the present his foals. But now, with the culture of the land, and the gradual increase of farming stock, a favorable change has taken place, and the recent introduction of sheep especially has proved a great accommodation to both parties. Nevertheless, the wail of a poor peasant mother for a missing child is still raised from time to time, though the widely scattered population, and the remote situation of single villages, on that account more exposed to such depredations, allow only the occasional echo of such distress to reach the ears of the upper classes. The peasant also is an uncommunicative being; the slave of one set of foreigners, the subject of another, and oppressed by both, he shuts up his mouth and his heart, and cares little to divulge the more sacred sorrows of his life to those who are the authors of almost every other.

The evening visitors, however, related a wonderful instance which had occurred under their own knowledge:—A peasant child, just able to trot alone, and as such left to trot just where it pleased, was carried off unperceived and unhurt by a she-wolf to her nest at some distance. The young wolves, however, had just consumed some larger and commoner prey, and knew when they had had enough; so they let the child lie among them, and saved it up for another day. The little creature remained thus through the night, when the old one quitting the nest again, and the young ones probably sleeping, it crawled gradually away, as unintentional of escape as it had been unconscious of danger, and at length reached the fence of a remote field, where it was picked up by a laborer, and brought to the house of the narrator. But the innocent child had suffered terribly, and bore upon its tender body such marks of the wolf's den as would, so long as it lived, sufficiently attest an otherwise almost incredible fact. The young wolves had forborne to devour their prey, but they had *tasted* it! the skin of the forehead was licked raw, all the fingers were more or less injured, but two of them were sucked and mumbled completely off!

This tale was now followed by another more tragic and equally true, having taken place only the summer before upon a neighboring estate, so that the lady of the house, her beautiful brow contracted, and her voice lowered, related it herself to the party. A woman, whose husband, being a bailiff or something of the kind, lived in a more comfortable way than the usual run of peasants,

though still classing as a peasant, was washing one day before the door of her house, with her only child, a little girl of four years old, playing about close by. Her cottage stood in a lonely part of the estate, forming almost an island in the midst of low, boggy ground. She had her head down in the wash-tub, and, hot and weary, was bending all her efforts to complete her task, when a fearful cry made her turn, and there was the child, clutched by one shoulder, in the jaws of a great she-wolf, the other arm extended to her. The woman was so close that she grasped a bit of the child's little petticoat in her hand, and with the other hand, screaming frantically, beat the wolf with all her force to make it let go its hold. But those relentless jaws stirred not for the cries of a mother—that gaunt form cared not for the blows of a woman. The animal set off at full speed with the child, dragging the mother along, who clung with desperation to her grasp. Thus they continued for two or three dreadful minutes, the woman only just able to hold on. Soon the wolf turned into some low, uneven ground, and the woman fell over the jagged trunk of a tree, tearing in her fall the piece of petticoat, which now only remained in her hand. The child hitherto had been aware of its mother's presence, and, so long as she clung, had not uttered a scream; but now the little victim felt itself deserted, and its screams resounded through the wood. The poor woman rose in a moment, and followed over stock and stone, tearing herself pitifully as she went, but knowing it not; but the wolf increased in speed, the bushes grew thicker, the ground heavier, and soon the screams of the child became her only guide. Still she dashed on, frantic with distress, picked up a little shoe which the closing bushes had rubbed off, saw traces of the child's hair and clothes on the low, jagged boughs, which crossed the way; but oh! the screams grew fainter, then louder, and then ceased altogether!

“The poor mother saw more on her way, but I can't tell what that was,” said the lady, her voice choked with horror, and her fair face streaming with tears. Her hearers did not press to know, for they were chilled enough already. “And only think,” she continued, “of the wretchedness of the poor afflicted creature when her husband returned at night and asked for the child. She told me that she placed the piece of petticoat and the little shoe before him, but how she told him their great misery God only knows! she has no recollection. And now you don't wonder,” she added, “that I shuddered at seeing those footprints;” and she shuddered again. “Sometimes I am in terror when my children are longer out of my sight than usual, and fancy every person that approaches me is charged with some dreadful announcement; but God avert this! mistrust is wrong.”

With these words the circle broke up. The long *droschky*, like a *chaise-longue* put upon wheels, came to the door, and the guests drove off. It was one of those exquisite nights peculiar to these climes, which the French aptly term *les nuits blanches*—a night, light without moon, a day shaded without clouds, the last glow of evening, and the first grey of morning melted together; a period when all the luminaries of the heavens seem to rest their beams without withdrawing them. The cousins stood at the door, hand in hand, gazing in the direction which their guests had taken; and a

looker-on might have imagined they were envying them that calm, cool drive. But they envied them not; they honored all that was good in this strange land, and prized all who were good to them; but a sense of solitude hung heavily upon them in the society of others, which only the solitude of their own could dispel. They had much, also, to say to one another, which a native of these climes could not comprehend, or would not like. Not that they said ought that was strange, or wrong, or unkind; but they spoke as they thought, and they thought unlike all the world around them. So they lingered beneath that beautiful light, talking calmly of what was peculiar in their lot, yet not complaining of the evil, but rather extracting the good; and they spoke, too, as those speak who have no time to lose, but rather much to recover, plainly, earnestly, and touchingly, because so truly; each seeking to give knowledge of her own mind, and comfort to that of her companion. And from that which concerned their own hearts individually, they soon passed on to that which concerns every heart that beats; and thoughts came which all have heard, but not all have listened to—thoughts which are locked to some, checked to others, and not even breathed freely to the most kindred spirit, except at those moments, few and fleeting, which favor their utterance and suit their sacredness. They discoursed on the wonderful economy of happiness in a world full of woe; how, the fewer the joys, the higher the enjoyment, till the last and highest of all, true peace of mind, is found to contain every other. And they then spoke of the blessing of sorrow and the mystery of sin, and turning to her companion that angel's face, more angelic still in the soft light, and with a transition of expression peculiar to herself, the lady added—

"And sin brought the wolves too, dear one!"

"True, true," said Louisa; "I thought of that when the poor beast lay dead at our feet today."

And so they turned and went into the house.

They now took their usual last look at the children, who slept in opposite cots in the same room. Each lay the sleeping effigy of her waking self. The eldest, composed, cool, and orderly; with pale cheek and smooth hair; the limbs straight, the head gently bent, the bed-clothes lying unruffled upon the regularly heaving chest; all that was beautiful, gentle, and meek; looking as if stretched out for a monumental effigy. On the other side, defying all order and bursting all bounds, was the little Constance, flushed, tumbled, and awry; the round arms tossed up, the rosy face flung back, the bed-clothes pushed off, the pillow flung out, the nightcap one way, the hair another; all that was disorderly and most lovely by day.

"Come, my lovely one, mamma will set all to rights!" And, with a few magical movements, which the young mother's hand best knows, the head was raised up, the limbs smoothed down, the little form adjusted into a fresh position, and, with sighs and smiles, and a few murmuring sounds, the blooming creature was fast asleep again.

"Only think, that poor woman's child was the age of Constance!"

"Don't think of it," said Louisa, "it will haunt your sleep;" and she led her cousin to her room through the children's, where they parted for the night.

"You need not shut the children's door, nor any as you go along; the house is oppressively warm, and Constance is hot."

Louisa came through two halls and down the corridor, looked at the door into the new building, and remembered that the bar had again been forgotten; pushed the box again up, and then went into her own room and shut the door.

The night, as we have described, was one of those which seem too good to be passed in sleep. Louisa was sad and serious, and all without and within tempted her to watch. But so long as the heaviness of the heart can yield to that of the head, there is not much that is amiss in either. By the time, therefore, that she had fully resolved to lie awake, recalling old griefs and conjuring up new, past and future, with their cares and fears, had vanished away, and of the present she knew as little as the children she had left in their cots.

How long this lasted she knew not, some hours it seemed, when she was roused by a sound in the adjoining unfinished building. At first the drowsy senses paid little attention, and dozed on; but again she was roused louder and louder, and, starting up, she shook off sleep, flew out of bed, and, opening the door, looked into the dark passage. To her astonishment the door into the new building was half open; she advanced to shut it, when again a noise made her turn her head in the opposite direction; and there—oh, heavens! the poor girl's blood froze in her veins—there, stealing down the passage, its back towards her, was—a wolf! An exclamation of horror, which burst from her lips, disturbed the animal; it turned, and the light from the half-open door shone on its green eyes and white teeth as it sprang upon her. With one convulsive bound Louisa cleared the threshold, dashed her door to, locked it, barred it, flung a chair against it, and, this done, stood in a state of agony for which no words exist. She seemed to see all in a moment; herself safe, but those children—those children! not a door closed between them and those dreadful jaws! She was stupified with terror; and a strange, dinning sound, like her heart's own throbbing, filled her ears, and shut out every other sense. "*Dreist wie ein Wolf!—Dreist wie ein Wolf!*" she repeated twice, mechanically; and then, forcing herself from the fainting, trance-like feeling that oppressed her, she thought for one moment that she would follow the wild beast. Her hand was on the lock, but she looked round for some weapon of defence. There was not a thing she could use—not a stanchion to the window, not a rod to the bed. Then she listened at the door, and distinctly heard the trampling claws on the boards. The animal was still close to her door, and there was time, if she could keep her senses together, to consider some means of help. Oh, if she could but have stopped that dinning sound in her ears! but it came again, beating louder and louder, and perfectly paralyzed her. The effort to open the window restored her. How she got out she knew not, but there she was on the damp ground, alone in the open garden. And now there was no time to be lost; she had to get round the end of the house which was half closed up with bushes, half blocked up with building materials, stones, and timber. But the night had grown darker; she could not see the path; she knew that she was losing time, and yet that all depended on her haste; she felt fevered with impatience, yet torpid with terror. At length she disengaged herself from the broken, uneven

ground, and struggled forward. There were the windows of the children's and her cousin's rooms; she had fancied that she could open them with her own hands, and call to those within; but how confused was her head! they belonged to a later part of the house, and were much higher than her own. She called and called, but her voice failed, and no one answered; she stooped for a stone or something to throw up, but only soft grass or moist leaves came into her hand. Suddenly a scream was heard, it was Constance's voice—scream over scream. Frantic with terror, Louisa now dashed to another part of the house where the servants slept. As she reached it, a figure came towards her. Thank Heaven, it was old Pertel! But those screams!—they reached her louder and louder! She could only ejaculate, "*Weiche Preilns!—Weiche Preilns!*"—"The little ladies—the little ladies!" But he seemed neither to heed her words, nor the thrilling sounds that impelled them, and took her hand, in peasant fashion, to kiss it. "*Weiche Preiln!—Weiche Preiln!*" she reiterated; but again he took her hand. She struggled, but he held it firm. She looked down, and there was the fairest, softest hand locked round hers; she looked up, and there was the sweetest, gentlest face bent laughing over her.

"I must say, darling, you speak better Esth-nish in your sleep than you do when you are awake. What has made you sleep so late? Olga has been knocking twice at your door—she would not come in unbidden for the world—and Constance has been screaming, in one of her fits of play, till the whole house heard her. And when I came at last, and took your hand to waken you, you only knocked it aside, and ejaculated, '*Weiche Preiln!*' with such a pitiable expression, that I woke you with my laughing. How sound you have slept!"

"Slept!" said Louisa, "indeed I have—such a sleep as I never wish for again! But I see it all; the wolf of yesterday—Olga's knocking—Constance's screaming—your hand!" And so she related her dream.

The cousins laughed together, but also thanked God together that such scenes only exist in dreams. For wolves neither jump up to windows nor open doors, nor walk up and down corridors. Nevertheless, a bar was put on to that door before night.

From Fraser's Magazine.

BON GAULTIER'S BOOK OF BALLADS.*

FUN! fun! fun! is a common weekly motto now-a-days for the contents of some singularly dull journal. The author of this volume does not adopt the fashionable motto, but in his sparkling pages he gives us the real thing. Since our introduction in boyhood to Colman's *Broad Grins*, we have met with no volume of sportive verses which has afforded us half so much laughter. Let it not be imagined, however, that there is any similarity between the two works, except in their potential power over the nerves and muscles of the risible animal. Colman's book is a collection of comic tales in flowing verse, glittering with puns, and rich with *double entendre*. Bon Gaul-

* The Book of Ballads. Edited by Bon Gaultier, and Illustrated by Alfred Crowquill. London, 1845. W. S. Orr and Co., Amen Corner.

tier, on the other hand, presents us with a genuine bundle of ballads, various in form and character, and each and all parodistic of the style and the characteristic effusions of some one or other of our lyric writers, either recently dead or still flourishing, amongst articulately speaking men, after his peculiar fashion, and according to his capability. But let him speak for himself:—

"L' Envoy.

"Come, buy my lays, and read them if you list;
My pensive public, if you list not, buy.
Come, for you know me. I am he who sung
Of Mister Colt, and I am he who framed
Of Widdicombe the wild and wondrous song.
Come, listen to my lays, and you shall hear
How Wordsworth, battling for the laureate's
wreath,
Bore to the dust the terrible Fitzball;
How N. P. Willis for his country's good,
In complete steel, all bowie-knived at point,
Took lodgings in the Snapping Turtle's womb.
Come, listen to my lays, and ye shall hear
The mingled music of all modern bards
Floating aloft in such peculiar strains,
As strike themselves with envy and amaze;
For you 'bright-harped' Tennyson shall sing,
Macaulay chant a more than Roman lay,
And Bulwer Lytton, Lytton Bulwer erst,
Unseen amidst a metaphysic fog,
Howl melancholy homage to the moon;
For you once more Montgomery shall rave
In all his rapt rabidity of rhyme,
Nankeened Cockaigne shall pipe its puny note,
And our Young England's penny trumpet blow."

The ballads are of all sorts, except bad and indifferent; that is to say, they are of all sorts of climate and country,—English, Scotch, American, German, Spanish, French, Turkish, and finally, Utopian. Taken in one aspect, they give evidence of Bon Gaultier's wonderful command over our language, and his exquisite facility of versification; while in another they show how plastic are his powers of imitation, and how perfect his apprehension of the very spirit of the writer whose verses he parodies; and, be it observed, that nothing can be farther from his intention than to disparage the effusions of those worthy children of the Muse with whose productions he deals; his sole object is to disport his fine powers in merriment, and to make his readers share that frank and genial merriment in which he revels. His is not the soul that could be insensible to the glories which crown the lays of Wordsworth and Southey, of Lockhart and Macaulay. His is not the hand that would tear one leaf of laurel from their honored brows; and, with respect to the feebler children of song, if there be any under-current of bitter ridicule in his ludicrous imitations, it could not well be avoided, as it consists chiefly in the fact, that the parody is more vigorous and harmonious than the original. He cannot conquer quite the difficulty of writing down to an imitation of the effusions of these small fry of literature; the fiery spirit unconsciously flashes forth ever and anon; the stalwart hand discloses its powers through the ruffie in which he wraps it. Tom Moore sings,—

"Where bright eyes so abound, boy,
'T is hard to choose, 't is hard to choose."

And we say to our readers, Where good and right

funny ballads abound, boys, 't is hard to choose. But for our love for the thundering versification of Lockhart's *Spanish Ballads*, and from many pleasant reminiscences of drollest Andrew Ducrow and his theatre—the true national theatre; for there alone is it we have our national achievements presented in dramatic form to stir the hearts and minds of future Nelsons and Wellingtons—we will turn, in the first instance, to "The Lay of Don Fernando Gomersalez."

It is unnecessary to point out the fine lay of Lockhart's of which it is a parody. But, for the sake of such of our readers as have never had the good fortune to see the grand equestrian and dramatic spectacles at Astley's—our readers, for example, bred in the seclusion of the country, or born in our Indian empire or our distant colonial possessions—it is requisite we should state that Mr. Gomersal has been for many years the representative of the foreign heroes in the wars waged on the Astleian boards. Ducrow, who now, alas!

"Sleeps the sleep
That knows no waking,"

but, still true to his vocation, sleeps, melodramatically, in his grand mausoleum in the cemetery at Kensal Green, was too great a patriot not to reserve to himself the personation of all our native heroes, (to say nothing of our patriot saint, the good knight St. George,) from the Sir Lancelots, and Sir Percivals, and Sir Gawains, of the Table Round, to the Marquess of Anglesea and the Duke of Wellington, of our living chivalry. But Gomersal was, and delighted are we to say is, the embodiment in the flesh of the mighty warriors who have fallen before British prowess, and especially of the greatest of them all, Napoleon Bonaparte. Indeed, his likeness to the emperor is so marvellous, that, in the strictest sense of the words, he may be said to double his part when he appears upon the field of Waterloo, *en petit chapeau et redingote gris*, with the *petite épée* by his side, in white smalls and long jacks, grim with despair as he sees that the stupid English *will not* find out that they are beaten; and fiercely taking snuff as he orders charge after charge, in whirlwind vehemence, against the serried ranks of "that astonishing infantry." It will now be understood how appropriately is Gomersal made the hero of this lay of foreign "derring do." Mr. Widdicombe, it must next be told, is the urbane, the witty, the accomplished, and the venerable master of the ring. Great in his professional career, still greater as the oracle of the neighboring hostelry, where he is reverentially regarded as the writer of the principal leaders in the *Times*. With this explanation we may pass on to the story of the ballad. It will be remembered on a day of high triumph and solemnity "in Grenada's royal town," the Moorish king, hurt in his pride, as he presides at the tournament, at the praises by his minister of a captive Spanish knight, causes him to be released from his dungeon, and promises him life and liberty if he can overthrow in combat three Moorish champions before the sun has sunk below the horizon. Then quoth Don Fernando Gomersalez to the monarch Al-Widdicombe:—

"Give me but the armor, monarch, that I wore
within the field,
Give me but my trusty helmet, give me but my
dinted shield,

And my old steed, Bavioca, swiftest courser in
the ring,
And I rather should imagine that I 'll do the busi-
ness, king!"

Then they carried down the armor from the garret
where it lay,
Oh, but it was red and rusty, and the plumes were
shorn away;
And they led out Bavioca, from a foul and filthy
van,
For the conqueror had sold him to a Moorish
dogs'-meat man.

When the steed beheld his master, then he whin-
nied loud and free,
And, in token of subjection, knelt upon each
broken knee;
And a tear of walnut largeness to the warrior's
eyelids rose,
As he fondly picked a beanstraw from his cough-
ing courser's nose.

'Many a time, O Bavioca, hast thou borne me
through the fray!
Bear me but again as deadly through the listed
ring this day;
Or if thou art worn and feeble, as may well have
come to pass,
Time it is, my trusty charger, both of us were
sent to grass!"

Then he seized his lance, and, vaulting in the sad-
dle, sat upright,
Marble seemed the noble courser, iron seemed the
mailed knight;
And a cry of admiration burst from every Moorish
lady—
'Five to four on Don Fernando!' cried the sable-
bearded cadi.

Warriors three from Alcantara burst into the
listed space,
Warriors three, all bred in battle, of the proud
Alhambra race:
Trumpets sounded, coursers bounded, and the
foremost straight went down,
Tumbling, like a sack of turnips, just before the
jeering clown.

In the second chieftain galloped, and he bowed to
the king,
And his saddle-girths were tightened by the master
of the ring;
Through three blazing hoops he bounded ere the
desperate fight began—
'Don Fernando! bear thee bravely!—'t is the
Moor Abdorrhoman!

Like a double streak of lightning, clashing in the
sulphurous sky,
Met the pair of hostile heroes, and they made the
sawdust fly;
And the Moslem spear so stiffly smote on Don Fer-
nando's mail,
That he reeled, as if in liquor, back to Bavioca's
tail.

But he caught the mace beside him, and he griped
it hard and fast,
And he swung it starkly upwards as the foeman
bounded past;
And the deadly stroke descended through the skull
and through the brain,
As ye may have seen a poker cleave a cocoa-nut
in twain.

Sore astonished was the monarch, and the Moorish warriors all,
 Save the third bold chief, who tarried and beheld his brethren fall;
 And the clown, in haste arising from the footstool where he sat,
 Notified the first appearance of the famous Acrobat?

Never on a single charger rides that stout and stalwort Moor,
 Five beneath his stride so stately bear him o'er the trembling floor;
 Five Arabians, black as midnight, on their necks the rein he throws,
 And the outer and the inner feel the pressure of his toes.

Never wore that chieftain armor: in a knot himself he ties,
 With his grizzly head appearing in the centre of his thighs;
 Till the petrified spectator asks, in undisguised alarm—
 Where may be the warrior's body?—which is leg, and which is arm?

'Sound the charge!' the coursers started; with a yell and furious vault,
 High in air the Moorish champion cut a wondrous somersault;
 O'er the head of Don Fernando like a tennis-ball he sprung,
 Caught him tightly by the girdle, and behind the crupper hung.

Then his dagger Don Fernando plucked from out its jewelled sheath,
 And he struck the Moor so fiercely, as he grasped him beneath,
 That the good Damascus weapon sunk within the folds of fat,
 And, as dead as Julius Cæsar, dropped the Gordian Acrobat.

Meanwhile fast the sun was sinking—it had sunk beneath the sea,
 Ere Fernando Gomersalez smote the latter of the three;
 And Al-Widdicombe, the monarch, pointed, with a bitter smile,
 To the deeply darkening canvass—blacker grew it all the while.

'Thou hast slain my warriors, Spaniard! but thou hast not kept thy time;
 Only two had sunk before thee ere I heard the curfew chime;
 Back thou goest to thy dungeon, and thou may'st be wondrous glad,
 That thy head is on thy shoulders for thy work to day, my lad!

Therefore all thy boasted valor, Christian dog, of no avail is!
 Dark as midnight grew the brow of Don Fernando Gomersalez;—
 Stiffly sat he in his saddle, grimly looked around the ring,
 Laid his lance within the rest, and shook his gauntlet at the king.

'O, thou foul and faithless traitor! wouldst thou play me false again?
 Welcome death and welcome torture, rather than the captive's chain;

But I give thee warning, caitiff! Look thou sharply to thine eye—
 Unavenged, at least in harness, Gomersalez shall not die!

Thus he spoke, and Bavioca like an arrow forward flew,
 Right and left the Moorish squadron wheeled to let the hero through;
 Brightly gleamed the lance of vengeance—fiercely sped the fatal thrust—
 From his throne the Moorish monarch tumbled lifeless in the dust.

Speed thee, speed thee, Bavioca! speed thee faster than the wind!
 Life and freedom are before thee, deadly foes give chase behind:
 Speed thee up the sloping spring-board; o'er the bridge that spans the seas;
 Yonder gauzy moon will light thee through the grove of canvass trees.

Close before thee Pampeluna spreads her painted pasteboard gate!
 Speed thee onward, gallant courser, speed thee with thy knightly freight—
 Victory! the town receives them!—Gentle ladies this the tale is,
 Which I learned in Astley's Circus, of Fernando Gomersalez."

We must give one more extract from this portion of the work—the Spanish ballads. But that which we quote reminds us not alone of the Spanish, but of an ode, with the slenderest possible materials for a story, on which Shelley has lavished the most wonderful pomp of melodious diction, and poured forth a multitude of epithets as rich in gorgeous illustration as the Greek tongue itself could supply. The pursuit of Arethusa by Alpheus will spring to the reader's mind. We quote a passage from the exquisite version of the old Greek fable in startling contrast with the mimic lay about the pursuit round the ring of Miss Woolford by Mr. Gomersal:—

"Arethusa arose
 From her couch of snows
 In the Acroceraunian mountains,
 From cloud and from crag,
 With many a jag,
 Shepherding her bright fountains.
 She leapt down the rocks
 With her rainbow locks
 Streaming among the streams,
 Her steps paved with green
 The downward ravine
 Which slopes to the western gleams:
 And, gliding and springing,
 She went ever singing
 In murmurs as soft as sleep;
 The earth seem'd to love her,
 And heaven smiled above her,
 As she linger'd towards the deep."

Well, Alpheus pursues, and the chase, to a dull utilitarian, would seem as bootless and fantastical as that in the ring at Astley's; but how charming the music of the story:—

"The beard and the hair
 Of the river-god were
 Seen through the torrent's sweep
 As he followed the light
 Of the fleet nymph's flight

To the brink of the Dorian deep.
 'Oh, save me! oh, guide me!
 And bid the deep hide me,
 For he grasps me now by the hair.'
 The loud ocean heard
 To its blue depths stirr'd
 And divided at her prayer;
 And under the water
 The earth's white daughter
 Fled like a sunny beam.
 Behind her descended
 Her billows, unblended
 With the blackish Dorian stream.
 Like a gloomy stain
 On the emerald main
 Alpheus rush'd behind,
 As an eagle pursuing
 A dove to its ruin
 Down the streams of the cloudy wind.
 Under the bowers,
 Where the ocean powers
 Sit on their pearly thrones;
 Through the coral woods
 Of the weltering floods;
 Over heaps of unvalued stones;
 Through the diu beams
 Which amid the streams
 Weave a network of color'd light;
 And under the caves
 Where the shadowy waves
 Are as green as the forest's night;
 Outspeeding the shark
 And the swordfish dark
 Under the ocean foam,
 And up through the rifts
 Of the mountain cliffs,
 They pass'd to their Dorian home."

We now quote the Astleian-Spanish ballad:—

"The Courtship of our Cid."

"What a pang of sweet emotion
 Thrill'd the Master of the Ring,
 When he first beheld the lady
 Through the stabled portal spring:
 Midway in his wild grimacing
 Stopp'd the piebald-visaged clown,
 And the thunders of the audience
 Nearly brought the gallery down.
 Donna Inez Woolfordinez!
 Saw ye ever such a maid,
 With the feathers swailing o'er her,
 And her spangled rich brocade?
 In her fairy hand a horsewhip,
 On her foot a buskin small;
 So she stepr'd, the stately damsel,
 Through: the scarlet grooms and all.
 And she beckon'd for her courser,
 And they brought a milk-white mare;
 Proud, I ween, was that Arabian
 Such a gentle freight to bear:
 And the master moved towards her,
 With a proud and stately walk,
 And in reverential homage,
 Rubb'd her soles with virgin chalk.
 Round she flew as Flora flying
 Spans the circle of the year;
 And the youth of London, sighing,
 Half forgot the ginger-beer—
 Quite forgot the maids beside them;
 As they surely well might do,

When she raised two Roman candles
 Shooting fireballs red and blue!
 Swifter than the Tartar's arrow,
 Lighter than the lark in flight,
 On the left foot now she bounded,
 Now she stood upon the right.
 Like a beautiful Bacchante,
 Here she soars, and there she kneels;
 While amid her floating tresses,
 Flash two whirling Catherine wheels!

Hark! the blare of yonder trumpet!
 See, the gates are open'd wide!
 Room, there, room for Gomersalez—
 Gomersalez in his pride!
 Rose the shout of exultation,
 Rose the cat's triumphant call,
 As he bounded, man and courser,
 Over master, clown, and all!

Donna Inez Woolfordinez!
 Why those blushes on thy cheek?
 Doth thy trembling bosom tell thee,
 He hath come thy love to seek?
 Fleet thy Arab—but behind thee
 He is rushing, like a gale;
 One foot on his coal-black's shoulders,
 And the other on his tail!

Onward, onward, panting maiden!
 He is faint and fails—for now
 By the feet he hangs suspended
 From his glistening saddle-bow.
 Down are gone both cap and feather,
 Lance and gonfalon are down!
 Trunks, and cloak, and vest of velvet,
 He has flung them to the clown.

Faint and failing! Up he vaulteth,
 Fresh as when he first began;
 All in coat of bright vermilion,
 'Quipped as Shaw the Life-Guardsman!
 Right and left his whizzing broadsword,
 Like a sturdy flail he throws;
 Cutting out a path unto thee,
 Through imaginary foes.

Woolfordinez! speed thee onward!
 He is hard upon thy track—
 Paralyzed is Widdicombez,
 Nor his whip can longer crack;
 He has flung away his broadsword,
 'T is to clasp thee to his breast.
 Onward! see, he bares his bosom,
 Tears away his scarlet vest,

Leaps from out his nether garments,
 And his leathern stock unties—
 As the flower of London's dustmen,
 Now in swift pursuit he flies.
 Nimble now he cuts and shuffles,
 O'er the buckle, heel and toe!
 And, with hands deep in his pockets,
 Winks to all the throng below!

Onward, onward rush the coursers,
 Woolfordinez, peerless girl,
 O'er the garters lightly bounding,
 From her steed with ziry whirl!
 Gomersalez, wild with passion,
 Danger—all but her—forgets;
 Wheresoe'er she flies, pursues her,
 Casting clouds of somersets!

Onward, onward rush the coursers,
 Bright is Gomersalez' eyes;

Saints protect thee, Woolfordinez,
For his triumph, sure, is nigh!
Now his courser's flanks he lashes,
O'er his shoulders flings the rein,
And his feet aloft he tosses,
Holding stoutly by the mane!

Then, his feet once more regaining,
Doffs his jacket, doffs his smalls:
And in graceful folds around him
A bespangled tunic falls.
Pinions from his heels are bursting,
His bright locks have pinions o'er them;
And the public sees with rapture
Maia's nimble son before them.

Speed thee, speed thee, Woolfordinez!
For a panting god pursues;
And the chalk is very nearly
Rubbed from thy white satin shoes!
Every bosom throbs with terror,
You might hear a pin to drop;
All was hush'd save where a starting
Cork gave out a casual pop.

One smart lash across his courser,
One tremendous bound and stride,
And our noble Cid was standing
By his Woolfordinez' side!
With a god's embrace he clasped her,
Raised her in his manly arms;
And the stables' closing barriers
Hid his valor and her charms!"

For the sake of exhibiting the ludicrous contrast, we cannot refrain from setting beside the conclusion of this ballad the closing lines of Shelley's *Arethusa* :—

"And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale, where the Morning basks,
Like friends once parted
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.
At sunrise they leap
From their cradles steep
In the cave of the shelving hill,
At noontide they flow
Through the woods below
And the meadows of asphodel;
And at night they sleep
In the rocky deep
Beneath the Ortygian shore,
Like spirits that lie
In the azure sky,
Where they love but live no more."

Whoever has marked the soldierly attitude, heard the short, sharp, abrupt sentences, and the military tones of the Great Duke in addressing the House of Lords, cannot fail to be much amused with the following :—

"*Sonnet to Britain.*

"BY THE D— OF W—.

"Halt! Shoulder arms! Recover! As you were!
Right wheel! Eyes left! Attention! Stand at ease!

O Britain! O my country! Words like these
Have made thy name a terror and a fear
To all the nations. Witness Ebro's banks,
Assaye, Toulouse, Nivelle, and Waterloo,

Where the grim despot muttered, 'Saave qu'peut!'

And Ney fled darkling.—Silence in the ranks!
Inspired by these, amidst the iron crash
Of armies, in the centre of his troop
The soldier stands—unmovable, not rash,
Until the forces of the foemen droop;
Then knocks the Frenchmen to eternal smash,
Pounding them into mummy. Shoulder, hoop!"

Here is a specimen of an imitation of the roll of Macaulay's long lines :—

"*Fytte the First.*

"What news, what news, thou pilgrim gray,
What news from southern land!
How fare the bold conservatives, how is it with Ferrand?
How does the little Prince of Wales? how looks our lady queen?
And tell me is the gentle Brough once more at Windsor seen?"

'I bring no tidings from the court, nor from St. Stephen's hall!
I've heard the thundering tramp of horse and the trumpet's battle-call;
And these old eyes have seen a fight, which England ne'er hath seen,
Since fell King Richard sobbed his soul through blood on Bosworth Green.'

Here are next two right funny specimens of the absurd facility of Tennysonian verse :—

"*Caroline.*

"Lightsome, brightsome, couain mine!
Easy, breezy Caroline!
With thy locks all raven shaded,
From thy merry brow up-braided,
And thine eyes of laughter full,
Brightsome cousin mine!
Thou in chains of love hast bound me—
Wherefore dost thou sit around me,
Laughter-loving Caroline!"

When I fain would go to sleep
In my easy-chair,
Wherefore on my slumbers creep!
Wherefore start me from repose,
Tickling of my hooked nose,
Pulling of my hair!
Wherefore, then, if thou dost love me,
So to words of anger move me,
Corking of this face of mine,
Trickey cousin Caroline!"

When a sudden sound I hear,
Much my nervous system suffers,
Shaking through and through—
Cousin Caroline, I fear,
'T was no other hand but you
Put gunpowder in the snuffers,
Springing such a mine!
'T was no other but yourself,
Wicked-trickéd, little elf,
Naughty cousin Caroline!"

The second specimen is entitled,

"*The Biter Bit.*

"The sun is in the sky, mother, the flowers are springing fair,
And the melody of woodland birds is stirring in the air;

The river, smiling to the sky, glides onward to
the sea,
And happiness is everywhere, oh, mother, but
with me !

They are going to the church, mother—I hear
the marriage bell ;
It rises o'er the upland, it haunts me like a knell ;
He leads her on his arm, mother, he cheers her
faltering step,
And she clings closely to his side, she does, the
demirep !

They are crossing by the stile, mother, where we
so oft have stood—

The stile beside the thorn at the corner of the
wood ;

The boughs, that oft have echoed back the words
that won my ear,

Now bend their blossoms o'er him as he leads his
bridal fere.

He will pass beside the stream, mother, where
first my hand he pressed,

By the meadow where, with quivering lip, his
passion he confessed ;

And down the hedgerows where we've strayed
again and yet again ;

Yet he will not think of me, mother, his broken-
hearted Jane !

He said that I was proud, mother—he said I
looked for gold ;

He said I did not love him—that my words were
few and cold ;

He said I kept him off and on, in hopes of higher
game—

And it may be that I did, mother—but who has n't
done the same !

I did not know my heart, mother—I know it now
too late ;

I thought that I without a pang could wed some
nobler mate ;

But no nobler suitor sought me, and he has gone
elsewhere,

And my heart is gone, and I am left to wither in
despair.

You may lay me in my bed, mother, my head is
throbbing sore ;

And mother, prithee let the sheets be duly aired
before ;

And, if you would do pleasure to your poor de-
pending child,

Draw me a pot of beer, mother, and, mother,
draw it mild !

One more extract, and then we have done. It
is from "The Queen in France; an Ancient
Scottish Ballad:"—

"They hadna sailed a league, a league—
A league, but barely twa,

When the lift grew dark, and the waves grew wan,
And the wind began to blow.

'O weel, weel may the waters rise,
In welcome o' their queen ;

What gars ye look sae white, Albert,
What makes your e's sae green ?"

' My heart is sick, my heid is sair,
Gie me a glass o' the gude brandie :
To set my foot on the braid green sward,
I'd gie the half o' my yearly fee.

' It's sweet to hunt the sprightly hare
On the bonny slopes o' Windsor lea,
But O, it's ill to bear the thud
And pitching o' the saut, saut sea ! "

In conclusion, it is scarcely necessary for us
to remark that the effusions of Bon Gaultier in
this volume are merely the results of high spirits
and a few leisure hours of one of the first scholars
of the day, and one of the very best original writ-
ers in prose and verse.

But though we have spoken the farewell to our
gentle reader, the word that ever has been and
must be, let us claim to be allowed the Hibernian
privilege of one word more, and it will be to show
the versatility of Bon Gaultier's genius, frolick-
some and ludicrous, without the stain of ribaldry,
or the plague-spot of ill-nature. He who tells us
in *l'Envoy* to this *Book of Ballads*—

" I am he who sang
Of Mr. Colt, and I am he who framed
Of Widdicombe the wild and wondrous lay,"

is, at the same time, one of the best translators of
the loose and passionate gentleman Catullus, the
mystic Goëthe, and the towering Schiller ; and he
has even dealt with Dante with a fervor, and
energy, and vigor, which clearly point him out as
a man who might prove himself a capable and
worthy translator of the mighty Florentine's
works into our vernacular : " Si illi ullum tribu-
eretur vacuum tempus et liberum : neque enim
occupatâ operâ, neque impedito animo, res tanta
auscipi potest : utrumque opus est et curâ vacare
et negotio." We give one specimen, a short one,
from a canzone of Dante's, of Bon Gaultier's per-
fect mastery of pure, rich, old English, ere it be-
came *mountebanked by sesquipedalia verba*, founded
on the stilted Latin of the orators—of his perfect
and peculiar familiarity with and capability of
adopting in our tongue the rhythm of Dante, and
of his power of entering into the depths of Dante's
soul, and giving utterance to its inspirations :—

" Yes, Beatrice is gone to yonder heaven,
To realms where angels dwell and are in peace ;
You ladies hath she left with them to stay,
She was not hence like other mortals riven,
By chill or calenture, or such disease,
But for her mighty worth was borne away.
For her meek nature shed so bright a ray,
It beamed to heaven, and with a light so blest,
As woke amaze in the Eternal Sire,
And kindled sweet desire
To call a soul so lovely to his rest.
Then made He it from earth to Him to aspire,
Deeming this life of care and sorrowing
Unworthy of so fair and pure a thing."

INCOME TAX.—The number of persons who
return themselves to the income tax as having
150*l.* per annum and no more, is 200,000. Thus,
then, one fifth of the five millions is paid to this
odious tax by exactly the very class who can least
afford it.

From Chambers' Journal.

BOOKSELLING ABROAD.

In treating of any subject respecting books, it is difficult to get away from Germany. There modern literature first took root, and, nurtured by the press, branched off into the "utmost corners of the earth." There also literary commerce has been reduced to a system more complete and effectual than in any other country in which "the trade" flourishes. It is to Germany, therefore, that our present notices of the book-trade must be for a while confined.

Piracy and fraud are as old as bookselling itself. The ingenious devices of the dishonest kept pace with the extensive development of the book-trade by the printer's art; and as soon as a publisher became famous for the correctness and legible neatness of his editions, his name and "marks" were fraudulently forged by inferior typographers, to insure a readier sale for works than their own merits would have procured. We must here digress for a moment, to say a word concerning the symbols adopted by the old booksellers, who were (and by the book-fancier still are) so well known by the devices they placed on their title-pages, that neither their name nor place of residence was necessary. Of these marks, the best known are as follows:—The anchor, the sign adopted by Raphelengius of Leyden; an anchor, with a dolphin twisted round it, was the symbol of the Mavutti of Venice and Rome. The Stephenses of Paris and Geneva put forth the olive-tree; and the Elzevirs of Amsterdam adopted the same symbol. The signs of the Zodiac were likewise appropriated as marks by some publishers; while others constructed rebuses. Thus, Richard Harrison, an English printer, who died in 1562, printed on his title-pages a *hare*, a sheaf of *rye*, and a representation of the *sun*. William Norton, who, besides a bookseller, was treasurer of Christ's Hospital, (1593,) had a "sweet *William*" growing out of a *tun*, inscribed with the word *nar*. Others equally puerile might be cited. The literary pirates, who forged the marks of the best booksellers, chiefly resided in Geneva and Vienna. In the last-named city, one J. Thomas Edler Von Trattner made himself as famous in the book-trade by the daring boldness of his piracies, as the Saltee rovers did amongst the shipping interests of the civilized world. No sooner had a printer put forth a carefully-prepared edition of some valued classic, than these forgers set their presses to work, and produced an exact imitation of it at a much lower price. This system had risen by the year 1765 to a pitch so ruinous to the regular trade, that the German publishers entered into a confederacy to put a stop to it. Erasmus Reich, one of the partners in the Weidmannsche Buchhandlung, (an extensive publishing concern,) called a meeting at Frankfurt, and proposed certain laws and regulations, the chief object of which was to tie down the booksellers of Germany not to sell any copies of the spurious editions. To this agreement fifty-nine booksellers subscribed. By the year 1797, the association spread its influence throughout the country, and ever since the latter year, no person can sell a book without being a member of the German booksellers' association (Deutschen Buchhändler Verein) of Leipsic, to which place the book-trade has since been concentrated. By means of this concentration, improvements have gradually been made in the organization of the

book-trade, until formed into the system it is at present—an explanation of which will be found interesting.

The book-trade of Germany is divided into three distinct branches—1st, That of the publisher (Verlagsgeschäft); 2d, The booksellers' business (Sortimentshandel); 3d, The agencies (Commissionsgeschäft). The first two branches are frequently united, and often all three are carried on together. The business of the publisher needs little description. He buys the manuscript from the author, and gets it printed, either by his own presses, or by other parties for his account, and sends copies to such booksellers as he thinks likely to sell the work. The invoice is fastened on the outside of the parcel, half folded up, so that only the head, bearing the name of the bookseller to whom it is directed, and the name of the publisher from whom it comes, is to be seen. The parcels are all put in one bale, and sent to the publisher's agent in Leipsic, who distributes them to the different agents in that town. Every respectable bookseller of Germany employs an agent in Leipsic. Such copies of new works are called "Nova;" on the invoice is put "pr. Nov." (*pro Novitate*.) They are sent "on condition," (*à condition*,) that is, with the option to keep them or to send them back. The returned books are properly called *remittiren*, though more frequently and jocosely *kræbe* (crabs.) By such conditional consignments, private persons have the advantage of being able to look into the merit of a work before they are called upon to buy it, whereby new publications get to all parts of the country, and at the same price as at the place of publication—a system which is quite peculiar to the German book-trade, and which has certainly contributed much to the diffusion of knowledge in Germany. The prices are put down either at the *shop price* or *net price*. On the shop price (ordinary) a discount of one third, or thirty-three and one third per cent., is usually allowed by the publishers to "the trade" for books, and for prints and journals one fourth, or twenty-five per cent. Books which have been published for some time are seldom sent out "on condition," but must be ordered, which is done by sending a small slip of paper (*Verlagszettel*)—containing the name of the publisher, the name of the bookseller who orders, and the title of the work—to the agent of the publisher, who transmits the work by the first opportunity, and, if quickly wanted, by post. Every publisher of note sends some copies of his publications to his agent in Leipsic, in order that he may execute without delay any orders which may come in; so that the shortest and cheapest way of procuring a work is generally by sending to Leipsic for it.

At the New Year, at Easter, and at Michaelmas, the fairs before alluded to* are held at Leipsic, exclusively devoted to the sale of books. Of the three, however, the grand concentration of the trade takes place at Easter (*Jubilatemesse*); for that is the time when all accounts are, or should be, closed between the booksellers of various parts of Germany, who either attend the fair personally for that purpose, or send some confidential clerk.

Although the book-trade of Germany is centralized in Leipsic, yet it must not be supposed that it is exclusively conducted at the fairs. New publi-

* See p. 392 of our last number.

cations, though usually first issued at them, are occasionally forwarded for general distribution in the monthly parcels, of which many thousand bales annually arrive, and are sent away. Thus, wherever a book may be printed, it is invariably published or issued in Leipsic; where every local *Sortimentshändler* has his *commissionär*, or agent. Instead, therefore, of applying directly to the local publisher for a new work, he sends to this commissioner in Leipsic, and through him the order reaches its destination. If a bookseller of Berlin, for instance, has ordered books from Vienna, Strassburg, Munich, Stuttgart, and a dozen other places, they are all transmitted to his Leipsic agent, who then forwards them in one mass much more cheaply than if each portion had been sent separately and directly to Berlin.

The censorship of the press, which is exercised in every state belonging to the German confederation, opposes a great and important hindrance to the prosperity of literature, especially in a commercial point of view. Each journal and publication under twenty sheets, whatever be the subject of which it treats—politics, literature, arts, or science—must be sent in manuscript to the censor, who strikes out what he thinks proper before the printing of it is allowed. The delay, and frequently arbitrary or capricious interference arising from this system, are evident; nor can it be denied that much bad feeling and discontent are thereby created. Moreover, not only all German books published in the country are subject to this censorship, but in some of the states all books imported from other states belonging to the German confederation are similarly treated. In Austria, for instance, all books coming from Prussia, or from the minor states of Germany, are considered as foreign books, and are subject to a second censorship in that country. They are either admitted free by the word “*Admittitur*,” or admitted with the restriction not to be advertised (“*Transeat*”); sometimes they are to be delivered only to certain persons to whom the censorship has given special leave to receive them (“*Erga schedam*”); or they are totally prohibited (“*Damnatur*.”) In Prussia, all books printed out of Germany in the German language must be laid before the college of Upper Censorship (*Ober Censur Collegium*) before the sale of them is allowed. These separate interests and separate laws prove very efficacious in encouraging piracy. In Germany, neither author nor publisher has much chance of making a fortune; each state of the confederation having its own law of copyright, and the protection it affords of course only extends over the territory itself; hence, no sooner does a work of merit appear in one state than it is pirated by the next, and as the same language is common to the whole confederation, nothing more is wanted than a mere reprint. This practice affords an explanation of several peculiarities which attach to German bookselling. The most prominent of which are, firstly, the cheapness of literary labor; for a publisher cannot be expected to give much for a work which, if it be bad, has no sale, and if good, is forthwith stolen. Secondly, the frequency of publications by subscription; for there is no other method by which even authors of the greatest genius can secure a reasonable profit. Thirdly, the coarseness of paper and types for which German books are distinguished; for the publisher has no chance of competing with the pirate except by making his own edition too cheap to be undersold.

Despite these hindrances, however, “the trade” flourishes. The number of German booksellers has so much increased within the last twenty years, that many of those who have been long established are complaining of underselling and other irregularities; but in that respect the older members of the trade may be said to suffer no more than their compeers in other branches of commerce, whose profits and modes of doing business are interfered with from competition set up through the demands of an augmenting population. The number of booksellers in Leipsic in 1839 was 116; the total number in Germany was 1233, who resided in 337 towns. Besides these, were 49 booksellers belonging to German-Switzerland, and 99 foreigners who regularly do business at the Leipsic fairs.* Since 1839, however, the number of foreign houses in connection with Leipsic has increased, especially those of Great Britain. Several firms, both in London and Edinburgh, regularly attend at least one of the fairs yearly.

Having disposed of the book-trade of Germany, we now proceed to glance at that of Russia. Here the dawning of literature began with Peter the Great. The first book ever printed in the country was struck off at St. Petersburg in 1713, and the first newspaper in the year following. Now there are 25 booksellers and printers at St. Petersburg, besides several others at Moscow, Riga, Dorpat, Reval, Warsaw, and Wilna. Among the number are many German establishments, which supply that part of the population who speak the German language, and such of the natives as are fond of German literature, who are pretty numerous. In 1837, the number of new works published in Russia was 866, of which 740 were original, and 122 translated works. There were also 48 periodicals treating of politics and literature. The censorship of the press is extremely rigid.

Of the book-trade carried on in the more southern portions of Europe, Paris is the head-quarters: we shall therefore treat of French bookselling in this place. In France there is no such organization of the book-trade as in Germany. Paris is the great central point where almost all works of any renown are printed, and where the most distinguished men of letters, artists, and authors, are to be found. The booksellers of the departments, it is true, have also their agents in Paris, but they do not maintain such a regular and constant intercourse as those in Germany. Besides, the publishers (*Editurs Libraires*) seldom send their publications “*à condition*;” the booksellers (*Marchands Libraires*) must order, and generally pay for them in cash. Sometimes, however, a credit of three, four, or six months is granted. The trade allowances are regulated not as in other countries, by the sale price, but by the subjects of the works. The discount on historical, critical, and elementary books, is twenty-five per cent.; that on mathematical and strictly scientific works, is from ten to fifteen per cent.; while upon romances, tales, and literature of the lighter order, it is often as high as fifty per cent. Literary censorship was early introduced into France, and exercised most severely. Charles IX. published an edict in 1563, by which he forbade printers to issue unauthorized works “under pain of hanging or strangulation.” The censorship continued to be enforced down to the

* See the Quarterly Journal of the Statistical Society, vol. iii.

reign of Charles X., whose unfortunate ordinance of the 27th July, 1830, by which he would have further circumscribed the liberty of the press, produced the last revolution. From that time the censorship was abolished; but a sort of substitute for it remains, in the very stringent laws against libel. In the year 1830, there were in France 620 printers, residing in 283 towns, and 1124 booksellers and stationers; all of whom are obliged to be *brevetés*, that is, licensed, and sworn to abide by certain prescribed rules. A Paris paper states that their press had produced within the last year as many as 6377 works in the dead and living languages, 1398 prints and engravings, 100 musical works, 54 maps and charts; whilst the copies of newspapers struck off amounted in number to 34,750,000.

In Italy there is no regular intercourse whatever among booksellers. It is only with the greatest trouble and expense that a work published in any part of Italy can be procured in a remote town not belonging to the same government. The counterfeiting of books is so prevalent, that one printed at Milan is counterfeited at Florence, and *vice versa*. The censorship also presses heavily on all kinds of publications, much more so than in Germany. The customs' duty on foreign works is so enormous, that it is cheaper to pirate popular books than to import them. In the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, each octavo volume has to pay 3 carlini, or 1s. entrance duty; a quarto volume 6 carlini; and a volume in folio 10 carlini, or 3s. 4d.

In Holland, the chief seat of the book-trade is Amsterdam, which boasts of 80 booksellers, who have adopted the German system in dealing with their provincial brethren, of whom there are 101. In 1828 there were published in Holland 770 new books. In Belgium, Brussels is almost the only town where works of any note are published. They consist principally of republications of French and English works, which are much in demand, on account of their neatness and cheapness. There are several extensive printing establishments at Brussels, and also a joint company of publishers, whose open and avowed aim is the counterfeiting of good French and English works, published often at the same time as the original edition, or very soon after. By the constitution of 25th February, 1831, Belgium enjoys an extensive freedom of the press. In the year 1838, there appeared in Belgium 84 periodicals, of which 40 were published at Brussels.* In other continental countries, the trade carried on in books is almost nominal.

Before we glance at the book-trade at home—which we shall do in a concluding article—we must notice the increasing demand for foreign books which has recently taken place in Great Britain. From the continental peace, which, happily, has not been disturbed since 1815, the importation into this country of foreign works has steadily augmented. Free commercial intercourse once established with our continental brethren, intellectual and literary intercommunion followed; and to render this the more effectual, the French, German, and Italian languages have been of late extensively studied. Books in those languages (especially in the two former) have therefore been eagerly read, and a demand for them increases daily. Five-and-twenty years ago, there was no

* See the Quarterly Journal of the Statistical Society, vol. iii.

English bookseller who confined his trade exclusively to foreign books; now, there are at least fifty German, French, and Italian booksellers in London alone. In Edinburgh, there are three of "the trade" who make the sale of foreign works a prominent feature in their business. During the last ten years, an average of £8000 has been annually paid for duties on foreign works imported into Great Britain.* The value of such books imported in 1843 was £132,019.

The Power of the Soul over the Body, considered in relation to Health and Morals. By GEORGE MOORE, M. D., &c.

THE first apparent purpose of Dr. Moore is to prove that the soul is immaterial and has an existence separate from the body, with an action apart from the brain, and depending as a medium rather upon the nervous system. With this object he goes over a large extent of ground, physiological, metaphysical, and physical—in the sense of the disease or ill effects induced by disordered action or disordered emotions. During this long survey, he brings together a great number of curious facts relative to the operations of the mind in health, in disease, and in the abnormal states of insanity, mesmerism, and somnambulism; but without inducing conviction in his main object; since, if thought, or rather mental volition, is impossible to matter, then is the mind of brutes immaterial. We are not sure that Dr. Moore might deary this conclusion; but if it be admitted, no religious results can be deduced from immateriality. Something of the same logical defect may be visible in the practical conclusions aimed at. We all know the power of the mind; how the health and the functions of the body are controlled by it; how one passion or emotion is subdued by another more powerful. The difficulties lie in the discovery and application of the proper stimuli, so as to act not at random but by rule, and safely as well as regularly; for intense emotion may not only injure health but destroy life, as some of Dr. Moore's instances show. Proper nutriment and proper exercise are the true principles for a healthy human being, if we could but apply them; though, perhaps, the *mens sana in corpore sano* requires a good basis to proceed upon. If, however, Dr. Moore's conclusions are not altogether convincing, his book is curious, and attractive from the number of curious facts he has collected together.

PLAYING CHESS BY TELEGRAPH.—A novel and amusing game of chess was yesterday played by the electric telegraph of the South Western Railway, between Mr. Staunton at one end of the railway, and Mr. Walker, the well-known writer on chess, at the other. The players, though thus separated nearly one hundred miles apart, played, through the rapid and accurate communication afforded by the telegraph, with the greatest ease and facility. After an unusually long contest, in which both gentlemen well maintained their established repute, the game was declared to be a drawn one, each party being left with one rook and three pawns on the board.

* This duty was, on books printed previous to 1801, 17. per cwt.; on those printed after, 51. By the new tariff of 1843, the latter item is reduced to 21. 10s. per cwt.

From Fraser's Magazine.

RHYMES OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

I.

THE HAUNTED TARN ON THE MOOR.

THERE lies a lonely mountain tarn
On Albyn's wildest ground,
Scarce known but to the heather bee
On homeward errand bound,
Or to the wearied shepherd boy
Who seeks his charge around.

It is a solitary moor,
Girt by a giant band
Schihallion throned, like Jove on high,
With his thunders in his hand;
While a hundred lesser mighty ones
In glory 'neath him stand.

From either side, below the tarn,
Two vales together blend;
Loch Tummel and Loch Rannoch stretch
Their arms from end to end;
Down to their margins from the steep
The yellow birches bend.

Hamlets and wooded knolls are there,
And fields of plummy grain,
And troops of happy villagers
Work busy in the plain;
But tillage on this mountain moor
Were all bestowed in vain.

No plough has torn its clotted moss,
No foliage waves in sight,
Save one dark clump of ragged pines
On a small barren height—
A fearful place it were to pass
On a gusty winter night!

A tale is told of battle fought
'Twixt clans a feud that bare:
The Robertsons, by Stewarts chased
From Rannoch's forest lair,
Turned by the lonely tarn at bay,
And took them unaware.

Then had the Robertsons revenge,
Their foes were rash and few;
The waters gurgled red with blood
Their mossy basin through,
Nor was a Stewart left to tell
What hand his clansmen slew.

Down in the vale beside her fire,
The wife of one there slain
Sang to the babe was at her breast
That could not sleep for pain;
When, hush! a sound is at her door
Of neither wind nor rain.

Nor sound of foot, though shape of man,
Pale, shadowy, blood-defiled,
Withouten latch or turn of hinge
Stood by her and her child,
Then glided back with hand outstretch'd
Towards the gloomy wild.

She sprang and call'd her sister dear,
A maiden fresh and young,
"I pray thee tend my little child,
I shall be back ere long;
I fear me lest the Robertsons
Have done my husband wrong."

She kissed the babe whose downy limbs
Lay folded in her breast,
She gave it to her sister's charge
From its maternal nest;
Then, with her plaid about her clasp'd,
Unto the moorland press'd.

The shadowy wraith beside her stood
Soon as she closed the door,
And, as she pass'd by kirk and wood,
Still flitted on before,
Guiding her steps across the burn,
Up, up, unto the moor.

The moon was hid in weeds of white,
The night was damp and cold,
The wanderer stumbled in the moss,
Bewildered on the wold,
Till suddenly the clouds were rent,
The tarn before her roll'd.

The heather with strange burdens swell'd—
On every tuft a corse,
On every stunted juniper,
On every faded gorse;
The woman sank, and on her lids
Her weak hands press'd with force.

Again she was constrain'd to gaze,—
Lo! on each dead man's brow,
A tongue of flame burn'd steadily,
Though there was breeze enow
To shake the pines that overhead
Waved black, funereal bough.

And, dancing on the sullen loch,
A ghostly troop there went,
Whose airy figures floated high
On the thin element;
And grimly at each other's forms
Their mock claymores they bent.

One brush'd so near, she turn'd her gaze,
She stood transfix'd to stone;
It was the face of him she sought,
Close pressing on her own,
And fell upon her straining ear
One deep and awful moan.

She started back with madden'd shriek—
Shriek echoed by the dead;
She gave a hurried pray'r to heaven,
Then o'er the moorland fled;
Until she reach'd the village kirk,
She dared not turn her head.

Not long her thread of life endured,
Not long her infant hung
Upon that bosom terror-dried,
That mouth no more that sung.
She died, and ever since the tarn
Is shunn'd by old and young.

For still the gusty breezes raise
The phantom's anguish'd cry,
Still on the water's brim they flit
When winter storms are high;
Still flames, nor wind nor wave can quench,
Are ever burning nigh.

Nay, if you doubt it, wend your way,
In twilight's deepening blue,
And watch beneath those spectral pines—
One stormy midnight through;
And, if your courage fail you not,
You shall behold them too!

II.

CULLODEN.

There was tempest on the waters, there was
darkness on the earth,
When a single Danish schooner struggled up the
Moray Firth;
Far and grim the Ross-shire mountains loom'd
Unfriendly on its track,
Shriek'd the wind along their gorges like a suf-
ferer on the rack,
And the utmost deeps were shaken by the stun-
ning thunder-peal,—
'T was a sturdy hand, I trow ye, that was needed
at the wheel!

Though the billows flew about them till the mast
was hid in spray,
Though the timbers strain'd beneath them, still
they bore upon their way,
Till they reached a fisher village, where the ves-
sel they could moor;
Every head was on its pillow when they landed on
the shore,
And a man of noble presence bade the crew,
"Wait here for me;
I will come back in the morning, when the sun
has left the sea."

He was yet in manly vigor, though his lips were
ashen white;
On his brow were early furrows, in his eyes a
clouded light;
Firm his step withal, and hasty, through the
blinding mist so sure,
'That he found himself by dawning on a wide and
barren muir,
'Only marked by dykes and heather, bare alike of
house and wood,
But he knew the purple ridges—'t was Culloden
where he stood!

He had known it well aforetime, not as now, so
drear and quiet;
'Then astir with battle's horror, drunken with
destruction's riot;
Now so peaceful and unconscious, that the or-
phan'd and exiled
Was unmann'd to see its calmness, weeping
weakly as a child:
And a thought arose of madness, and his hand
was on his sword,
But he crush'd the coward impulse, and he spoke
the bitter word:

"I am here, O sons of Scotland, ye who perish'd
for your king;
In the misty wreaths before me I can see your
tartans swing;
I can hear your slogan, comrades, who to Saxon
never knelt,—
Oh, that I had died among ye with the fortunes
of the Celt!

"There he rode, our princely warrior, and his
features wore the same
Pallid shape of deep foreboding as the First one
of his name,—
Ay, as gloomy was his sunset, though no Scot his
life betray'd,
Better plunge in bloody glory, than go down in
shame and shade.

"Stormy hills, did ye protect him, that o'erlook
Culloden's plain,

Dabbled with the heather blossoms, red as life-
drops of the slain!
Did ye hide your hunted children from the ven-
geance of the foe,
Did ye rally back the flying for one last despair-
ing blow!
No! the Saxon holds dominion, and the humbled
clans obey,
And their bones must rot in exile who disdain
usurpers' away.

"He is sunk in wine's oblivion, for whom High-
land blood was shed,
Him the kerns most wretched sheltered with a
price upon his head;
Beaten down like hounds by whipping, crouch we
from our master's sight;
And I tread my native mountains like a robber in
the night;
Spite of tempest, spite of danger, hostile man and
hostile sea,
Gory field of sad Culloden, I have come to look on
thee!"

So he plucked a tuft of heather that was blooming
at his foot,
That was nourished by dead kinsmen and their
bones were at its root;
With a sigh he took the blossom, striding quickly
to the strand,
Where the Danish crew awaited 'mong a curious
fisher band;
Brief his parley, swift his sailing with the tide,
and ne'er again
Saw the Moray Firth that stranger or the schooner
of the Dane.

III.

THE BALLAD OF EVAN DRU.

As swarming bees upon the wing,
The people crowded o'er the hill;
And now the bell had ceased to ring,
The village kirk had ceased to fill.

The mountain burn that washed the graves
Murmured a hymn while running by;
And with the solemn chime of waves
A hundred voices clomb the sky.

The sunbeams through the open door
Came streaming in across the place,
And, messengers of gladness, bore
Heaven's radiance to each humble face.

On upturned foreheads, sage and good,
They lingered with seraphic smile,
When in the darkened doorway stood
A stranger man, and paused awhile.

His raiment had a foreign air,
His brow was burnt by foreign skies;
And there was fierceness in his stare
That suited ill devotion's eyes.

He looked around with changing cheek,
Then hurried to the nearest pew,
As one whose heart, too full to speak,
Those time-worn stairs and benches knew

The preacher eyed him as he went,
Remembrance on his features shone;
His pleading waxed more eloquent,
A warmer pity fired his tone.

"Why will ye die who know full well
Your sentence just, our warning true!
The Lord our God is terrible,
And yet the Lord hath bled for you!

"Whate'er your weakness, e'er your guilt,
His fountains wash the blackest crime;
Ah! not in vain his blood was spilt!
Turn, sinners, in th' Accepted Time!"

The stranger stirred, as ill at ease,
And shunned the preacher's earnest gaze;
When, strong as wind that shakes the trees,
Up swelled the stately Paraphrase:

"As long as life its term extends
Hope's blest dominion never ends;
For, while the lamp holds on to burn,
The greatest sinner may return."

From lisping child and tuneful girl
The glorious measure rolled on high;
Ah, Evan Dhu, the battle's whirl
Ne'er sent such dimness to thine eye!

Oft on the lawless Spanish main,
When pirate colors shamed thy mast,
The voice of that reproving strain
At midnight o'er thy slumbers passed!

Oft heaving on the southern swell,
A thousand watery leagues from land,
Thy village kirk's familiar bell
Rang through the stillness, close at hand.

"Hope's blest dominion!" for those years,
Thy reckless youth, thy hardened prime!
The stricken wretch arose in tears,
And fled as from pursuing crime.

The hymn sank down, the singers' eyes
Each other sought in wondering dread,
Until an old man spake, with sighs,
"My son is living who was dead!"

"Yes, 't is the son whom I have wept
As false to God, and lost to me;
But he whose hand the wanderer kept,
Will set the slave of Satan free."

With tears upon his visage old,
The trembling father sought his son,
Who, flung upon the heathy mould,
Embraced his mother's burial-stone.

A woman sat beside the tomb;
Her youth was fled, her eyes were dim;
For she had lived away her bloom
In agonizing thoughts of him.

Ah, Evan Dhu! beloved of yore,
Thy wooing met no coy denial;
But pleasure gilt a foreign shore,
And she was left to faith and trial!

Thou, all unworthy of her love,
Debased thy heart to low desires;
She was a star that watched above
The marshes' false, uncertain fires.

Long watched, long waited, till, at last,
Her soul was from its anchor driven;
And reason was by love o'ercoast,
And every link of memory riven.

With inexpressive sweetness smil'd
Her eyes, that knew not friend from friend,
While, harmless as a gentle child,
Her daily steps would church-ward tend.

Ah, Evan Dhu! beside thee sat
This idol of thy boy romance;
Ah, Evan Dhu! return'd too late
To wilder'd brain and vacant glance!

She knew him not, but chanted low
An ancient lay of love and sorrow,
And aye its sad returning flow
Was "Smile to-day, grief comes to-morrow."

But many years were yet for him,
A penitent, heart-broken man,
To drain a cup that o'er the brim
With bitter juice of memory ran—

Long years for him to tend the maid,
Whose restless eyes still turn'd away,
Who spoke his name but to upbraid
With tender plaints the Far-away.

Dire was his penance, by her side,
To mark the wreck, to feel the shame,
She never knew him, though she died
Calling on his beloved name.

IV.

THE OLD HOUSE OF URRARD.

Dost fear the grim brown twilight?
Dost care to walk alone
When the firs upon the hill-top
With human voices moan!
When the river in his channel
Doth twist through craggy linn,
Like one who cannot sleep o' nights
For evil thoughts within!
When the hooting owls are silent
The ghostly sounds to hark
In the ancient house of Urrard,
When the night is still and dark!

There are graves about old Urrard,
Huge mounds by rock and tree,
And they who lie beneath them
Died fighting by Dundee.
Far down along the valley,
And up along the hill,
The fight of Killiecrankie
Has left a story still;
But thickest show the traces,
And thickest throng the sprites,
In the woods about old Urrard
On the gloomy winter nights.

In the garden of old Urrard,
Among the bosky yews,
Upstairs a turf hillock,
Refresh'd by faithful dew;
Here died the Highland captain,
By charmed silver ball,
And all the might of victory
Dropp'd nerveless in his fall;
Last hope of exiled Stuart—
Last heir of chivalrie—
In the garden of old Urrard
He fell, the great Dundee!

In the ancient house of Urrard
There's many a hiding den—

The very walls are hollow
 To succor flying men ;
 For not e'en lady's chamber
 Barr'd out the fierce affray,
 And couch and silken hainging
 Were stain'd with blood that day :
 From yonder secret passage
 Hack'd sword, and skull, and bone,
 Were brought to light in Urrard,
 When years had pass'd and gone.

If thou sleep alone in Urrard,
 Perchance in midnight gloom
 Thou'lt hear behind the wainscot
 Of that old haunted room
 A fleshless hand that knocketh,
 A wail that cries on thee,
 And rattling limbs that struggle
 To break out and be free.
 It is a thought of horror,
 I would not sleep alone
 In the haunted rooms of Urrard,
 Where evil deeds were done.

Up in the dusty garrets,
 That stretch along the roof,
 Stand chests of ancient garments,
 Of gold and silken woof.
 When men are lock'd in slumber
 The rustling sounds are heard
 Of dainty ladies' dresses,
 Of laugh and whisper'd word,
 Of waving wind of feathers,
 And steps of dancing feet,
 In the garrets of old Urrard,
 Where the winds of winter beat.

By the ancient house of Urrard
 Its warder mountain sits ;
 Whene'er those sounds arouse him
 His cloudy brow he knits ;
 For he the feast remembers,
 Remembers too the fray,
 And to him flee the spectres
 At breaking of the day.
 There under mossy lichen
 They couch with hare and fox,
 Near the ancient house of Urrard,
 'Mong Ben-y-Vrachy's rocks.

E. A. H. O.

From Hood's Magazine.

MOLOCH, OR THE SONG OF THE FURNACE.

BY EDWARD JOHN SELWYN.

"The Fire that saith not, 'It is enough.'"
 Prov. xxx. 16.

HEAP on the coal ! my masters !
 Stint not the food I love ;
 I need no banquet-tasters,
 Its wholesomeness to prove.
 Heap on ! with hand unsparing,
 And scuttle and shovel light :
 I'll sing ye songs worth hearing !
 Deem ye me dumb to-night ?
 Mine is a mirthful story,
 Though haply sad to you—
 Say, would ye wot of glory ?
 Then list—my tale is true !

Whilom, this spot was meadow,
 Where now I roar at night ;
 O'er the greensward, sun and shadow
 Danc'd in succession bright.

Here came the gay fawn, bounding
 Its dappled dam to greet ;
 Heard they my rude roar sounding,
 Methinks their hoof were fleet.
 Here rose the lark at morning,
 The blythe thrush warbled here ;
 Saw they my black throat yawning,
 They'd tumble in with fear !
 Hither came Youth and Beauty,
 Light steps and laughter gay ;
 Methinks her face were sooty,
 Who gaz'd too near to-day.
 But lo ! with axe on shoulder,
 The skilful artisan—
 Surely, there is none bolder
 Than that strange creature, man—
 He came, and hew'd the forest—
 He dug beneath the soil—
 His toil was of the sorest,
 Yet he reck'd not of his toil.
 Daily and nightly—deeper
 Beneath the earth he div'd—
 Woe ! to the ling'ring sleeper !
 Woe ! to the newly-wiv'd.
 Why bor'st thou, thou that borest !
 Delver, why delv'st thou so !
 Above ye grew the forest—
 Seek ye fresh groves below !
 They had hewn wood in the meadow,
 They found more wood below ;
 For beneath that pit's dark shadow,
 Thick trunk on trunk did grow.
 'T was coal, they said—rich treasure !
 And, faith, right glad were they.
 They found great store—"No measure
 Can mete it out," they say.
 Coal ! 't is the diamond's brother !
 Strange speech, I ween, yet true ;
 Of one substance and one mother,
 Diverse enough their hue !
 This coal I feed on nightly—
 Coal, I devour by day :—
 Heap, heap on ! the more brightly
 I burn, the more I'll say.
 And lo ! in other places
 They delv'd beneath the sod,
 And cheer'd grew their faces,
 And with lighter step they trod.
 "Ho ! ho ! black iron," they shouted,
 "Great luck is ours to-day !"
 They laughed. "What dullard doubted
 There was treasure in this clay !
 Erewhile, men said, earth riches
 Wave with the golden corn ;
 Our darksome pits and ditches
 The cravens laugh'd to scorn.
 Say, will they laugh, when, clashing
 Farmer with artisan,
 In banded conflict dashing
 Black iron against red grain
 Shall fill the world with anguish,
 Tumult, and wild dismay,
 Till the grim ore shall vanquish
 Grain's bonded knavery !"
 Then took they brick, and daily
 Made me more tall and strong—
 (Ye must ply my fire more gaily,
 An ye would hear my song.)
 Then took they fire, and taught me
 On all that burns to feed :
 I ate up all they brought me,
 Nor knew I ought of need.
 Days, nights, weeks, months, yea longer,

Than one of you can tell,
 Stronger I've wax'd and stronger,
 As I remember well.
 From out the earth's dark treasure,
 They've brought me coal for food:
 How my black jaws glow with pleasure,
 When I roar my thanks, "'T is good!"
 From out the earth's cold bosom,
 They've brought the hard black ore:
 It has withered like some blossom
 My scorching blast before.
 I've laugh'd and gleam'd, how brightly!
 To see the white stream glow,
 When the tanks are open'd nightly,
 That the molten flood may flow.
 But louder far my laughter,
 When they hurl in coal and ore:
 Should he who hurls fall after,
 He never stints me more.
 But draw ye somewhat nearer;
 I've a little tale to tell:
 'T will somewhat thrill the hearer,
 But ye may bear it well.
 So heap the fuel—ay, faster—
 I hunger. Telling tales
 Is hung'ring work, good master;
 The hungry memory fails.
 If ye would hear my story,
 Then feed me—aa ye may—
 Ye know not what's before ye,
 If your feeding hand ye stay.

'T is long ago—I heed not
 How long the time may be—
 There liv'd a maid—ye read not
 Of a lovelier maid than she.
 Though humbly faring, healthy;
 With earth's lore ill endow'd:
 In every good gift wealthy,
 In conscious virtue proud.
 Years brought at length a lover,
 Her maiden heart to prove;
 (I'd be last one to reprove her,
 But I know not what is love.)
 He lov'd her well—and pleaded
 As a lover only can:
 Provision small they needed,
 Blest woman with blest man!
 He wed her, and she bore him
 One lovely child—men tell:
 But woe was hanging o'er him—
 'T was winter—wages fell—
 And work grew scarcer daily—
 And his heart sank cold within—
 His eye's bright fire wan'd palely,
 And his frame grew weak and thin.
 Yet he toil'd on, though labor
 Grew cheaper, day by day;
 Till each whisper'd to his neighbor,
 "Where get we bread, I pray!"
 Yet did that lovely maiden,
 Because her love was strong,
 Pale, hung'ring, sorrow-laden,
 Endure in silence long.
 At length, one day, he left her,
 Yet not in wrath but love:
 Ne'er had he thus bereft her,
 Save for her weal to rove.
 "For," said he, "while I linger,
 Wages more scarce become;
 By search, 'chance, I may bring her
 To some more prosp'rous home."
 He went, and long he wander'd—

And sought—but all in vain;
 "Woe! woe!" whene'er he ponder'd,
 On his return again.
 Meanwhile he sicken'd—sorrow
 Had wrought on him full sore.
 Sad each day—sad each morrow—
 Hopeless his evermore.
 He died—heart broken. Sadness
 Had laid the husband low—
 Grief wrought the wife to madness,
 (At least men deemed it so.)
 For one night, when the curtain
 Of darkness veiled the sky,
 She heard a voice uncertain,
 A long, low, dismal cry—
 "'T was the furnace wrought this sorrow—
 Let the furnace have his fill—
 Thy dearest—e'er to-morrow—
 Else'"—then the voice was still!
 She listen'd—'t was repeated—
 And thrice she heard the same—
 Till each madden'd sense was cheated,
 And her brain seem'd all on flame.
 From her humble couch she started,
 And along the path she sprung—
 Unclad—her hair, loose-parted,
 To the chill night-breeze she flung—
 And in her arms, half-waken'd,
 Her shiv'ring child she bore,
 To where my tall form blacken'd,
 To my glare, and smoke, and roar.
 "My child," she cried, "what ail'st thou?
 Is the night dark and chill!
 Haply from terror quail'st thou
 That I shall work thee ill!
 Hush thee, my child—grim voices
 Have call'd us, and we go;
 Yea, my sad heart rejoices
 To have been summon'd so.
 Soon will thy father greet thee,
 Thy father, lost so long!
 With his own kind smile he'll meet thee—
 Fear'st thou he'll do thee wrong?
 No, my child—warm is the pillow
 Where thou shalt lay thy head;
 Whelm'd 'neath yon fiery billow
 Thou'lt pine no more for bread.
 And I, too, soon shall follow—
 Without thee, what were I?
 Hear'st thou again that hollow—
 Ah me!—that dismal cry!
 Then clasp thee closer, dearest!
 Hush thee! 't will soon be o'er!
 Fear not—I know thou fearest
 Thou wilt never see me more.
 Nay—my love—where thou goest
 I straight shall follow too:
 How small a part thou knowest
 Of what I go to do!
 Farewell! farewell! one instant—
 And we shall meet again.
 Thou'lt fare better there, sweet infant:
 One pang—then no more pain!"
 Once and again she kiss'd him—
 Sure, since the babe saw light,
 Sweeter kiss ne'er had bless'd him,
 Than she gave that dismal night.
 Then once again—then leapt she
 Where ye hurl in the ore—
 There she hurl'd him—nor wept she
 That she ne'er should meet him more.
 Nay—had she wept, I reckon
 Her tears had soon been dry,

For surely, ne'er war-beacon,
 Flam'd half so fierce as I.
 It had done ye good, to have listen'd
 How the child's flesh crack'd and fizz'd,
 And seen how my fierce eyes glisten'd,
 And the wild sparks round it whizz'd.
 She mark'd it all—and screaming
 Asked, "Hast thou now thy fill?
 Sure 't was thou call'dst—no dreaming
 Had wrought me half this ill;
 But since thou hast the baby,
 Take now the wife as well:
 Thou lov'st rich food—and may be,
 Much of it: who can tell?"
 Then down the op'ning hollow,
 With a rending shriek, and wild,
 She sprang, right glad to follow,
 Where she had hurl'd her child.
 Thus, I had slain the father—
 For I caus'd his want of bread.
 But I knew he would die rather,
 In his wife's and infant's stead;
 So I call'd the mother to me,
 And bade her burn the child;
 Now which of ye can show me
 Mirth half so gay and wild?
 And, but that ye've been filling
 My throat with what I lov'd,
 While I my tale was telling,
 Ye too my mirth had prov'd.
 Now each good sprite that hovers,
 Would ye do me a good turn,
 Send me plenty of young lovers,
 To wed, and starve, and burn.

From the New York Churchman.

Plato against the Atheists; or the Tenth Book of the Dialogue on Laws, accompanied with critical notes, and followed by extended dissertations on some of the main points of the Platonic Philosophy and Theology, especially as compared with the Holy Scriptures. By TAYLER LEWIS, LL. D., Professor of the Greek Language and Literature in the University of the City of New York. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1845.

It is with us an axiom that no reconstruction of our philosophical systems, (not to say ethical and political,) will to any extent deserve success, which is not thoroughly pervaded with the Platonic spirit. For this reason we are glad to see an awakening interest taken in the study of Plato, and facilities afforded thereto by such editions of parts of his writings as will best meet the wants of our scholars. Little, however, had been done of which we are aware, till an edition of the *Gorgias*, by Professor Woolsey of Yale College, appeared in 1842, than which, by the way let us remark, no one edition of any classic has ever appeared in this country better fitted for a text-book in universities. That, however, *did* aim at being a text-book, and by its clear analytical introduction as well as its accurately critical annotations, has laid us under a deep sense of its value as a means of providing some knowledge of the text of Plato. Professor Lewis' volume is of a different kind; his aim has been to make it a text-book not so much of the Greek language as of Platonic philosophy, a starting point for his various excursions into regions of thought now seldom visited. Why he deems such investigations important will be best stated in his own language:—

"We believe that in this age there is a peculiar call for a deeper knowledge of Plato. Some acquaintance with his doctrine of ideas seems needed as a corrective to the tendency, so widely prevalent, to resolve all knowledge into an experimental induction of facts, not only in physical, but also in ethical and political science. If the Good, to adopt our author's own style, is something more than pleasure or happiness, either present or anticipated—if the True is something higher than past, present or future facts—if the Beautiful is something more than a generalization from pleasing individual sensations—if the Just and the Right involve inquiries far above those endless logomachies and questions of casuistry which form the main features of modern ethics—if the State is a reality transcending a present aggregation of flowing and perishing individuals—if Law is a spiritual power distinct from the muscular force of a majority of present wills—if God is something more than gravitation, or the eternal development of a physical fate, which is only another name for an eternal succession of inexplicable phenomena—if there is a real foundation for the *moral* and religious, as distinct from, and not embraced in, the *natural*; or, in other words, if penalty and retribution are terms of far more solemn import than the modern jargon about physical consequences—then surely is it high time that there should be some disturbance of this placid taking for granted of the opposing views; then surely should Plato be studied, if for no other purpose, as a matter of curiosity, to see if there may not possibly be some other philosophy that this noisy Baconianism, about which there is kept up such an everlasting din, or that still more noisy because more empty transcendentalism, which some would present as its only antidote. In place of all this, we want the clear, simple, *common sense* philosophy of Plato, commending itself, when rightly understood, to all the *zoiai* *tyvota*, or universal ideas of the race, in distinction from that miscalled *common sense* which is only the manufactured public opinion of the moment—a philosophy most religious—most speculative and yet most practical—most childlike in its primeval simplicity, and yet most profound. We speak with confidence on this point. The young man who is an enthusiastic student of Plato can never be a sciolist in regard to education, a quack in literature, a demagogue in politics, or an infidel in religion."—*Introduction*, pages 11–13.

With such earnestness and vigor we feel sure that the task which has been undertaken cannot fail of enlisting the warm admiration and approbation of those who long for some higher system of philosophy than those prevalent. Especially will the unsparing attacks made on those pursuits dignified by the name of Natural Philosophy, meet the yearnings of those whose sentiments of reverence for God cannot away with the theories by which "imponderable agents" are virtually substituted for the Providence which governs all things, the Being who is essential (not wisdom merely, but) goodness, mercy and truth relieved of these attributes one after the other till nothing is left but a simple intelligence, and which in effect would substitute for Him in whom we live, move, and have our being, a principle more sluggish and unconcerned than the gods of Epicurus. That to some such conclusion as to our present state all will come who fairly survey the tendencies and developments of modern science, we cannot doubt.

With a subtle semi-atheism influencing our learned men and a bold rationalizing indifference leavening the conceit of half-learned men, while practical immorality issues in the lower classes, it is surely time that a higher standard were set for all ranks.

But we have no wish to inflict any more of our own ideas on these points upon our readers. Our pen will be better employed, and their time more profitably spent, in some account of the work before us. It opens with an enthusiastic introduction, of which we have given a specimen. Then follows the statement of the argument, and next to it the Greek text, accompanied by critical and explanatory notes. References to the more extended notes and dissertations occur here, which occupy the rest of the volume. It is here, that Professor Lewis has put forth his strength, discussing fully every point connected with the text, the main object being the same with Cudworth's well known work, viz., the confutation of atheism. The dissertations are seventy-five in number, and abound in most apposite illustrations from the other Platonic writings. To give any idea by way of abstract of the contents of these dissertations is utterly out of our power: their compactness denying further compression. One or two features we may notice, and conclude with an extract from the 34th excursus.

In excursus the 60th we find Professor Lewis almost adopting the view of those who have thought Plato in some sense under Divine guidance in his writings, but on the whole adopting a more enlarged and philosophical theory, for which we refer to the volume. Again: in more than one place expressions are used which will do anything but conciliate the favor of geologists and physical inquirers in general. But this we imagine will give the author but little concern. The extract which we give needs no exponent of its meaning. After one or two explanations of the way in which Plato's doctrine of θεοὶ was consistent with his belief in the Divine Unity he thus continues:—

"We may even go still further in our apology, and maintain that if he did hold that the heavenly bodies were animated, or that they were severally under the care of distinct spirits, there was, in the latter opinion at least, no serious error even when viewed in the light of revelation itself. The Bible not obscurely teaches that the personal destinies of individual men are, in a measure, under the direction and guardianship of supernatural beings. Churches are said to have their guardian angels according to Rev. ii. 1, which we prefer to take in this literal sense, rather than to adopt any other interpretation which has been forced upon it in the controversy respecting ecclesiastical government. The same doctrine is pretty clearly intimated in respect to nations, Daniel x. 20, 21, where Greece and Persia are said each to have their invisible champion, whether of a good or evil nature. There is also a remarkable passage, Deuteronomy, xxxii. 8, which, if taken according to the Septuagint version, would directly establish the same doctrine. 'When the Most High divided the nations, when he separated the sons of Adam, he appointed the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel,' as it is in the Hebrew, but, 'according to the number of the angels of God,' κατὰ ἀριθμὸν ἀγγέλων θεοῦ, as it stands in the Greek of the Septuagint. We cannot account for the difference, but it certainly

seems as though the Greek version was more consonant with the context which follows, and which asserts that 'Israel is the Lord's peculiar inheritance,' in distinction from the other nations which seem to have been left to the subordinate care of other directing powers. This very passage, too, it should be remarked, is quoted by Eusebius, *Præp. Evang.* xi. 26, to prove that Plato obtained his doctrine of the δαίμονες from Moses. That such an idea prevailed among the heathen nations, especially the Persians, is evident from Herodotus vii. 53, θεοὶ τοὶ Παρσίδαι γῆν ἐκλόγχασι.

"The Bible teaches us also that even the ordinary causes of physical events are under the controlling agency of angelic beings. 'He maketh his angels winds, his ministers a flaming fire;' as the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews renders it. Science with all its modern boasting can affirm nothing in opposition to this. It is a view which interferes not at all with the regularity and the apparent laws of physical phenomena, and, as we have seen, the Bible quite plainly reveals it. Nay more, may there not be found some countenance then to this very doctrine of Plato? If individuals and churches and nations and every department in nature have their presiding invisible powers, why not the heavenly bodies, why not an angel of the sun, of the moon and of each planet? Did the ancient Hebrew writers mean only physical instead of psychical powers, when they spoke of the *Hosts of Heaven*, and used that most sublime epithet, *Jehovah Tsebaoth*, or *Lord of Hosts*? The Septuagint, by rendering it κτίσις δυνάμεων, have seemed to refer it to physical rather than spiritual agencies;* but it is a serious question whether much more than this is not contained in the Hebrew. Was it simply a sublime personification when it was said, 'He bringeth out their host by number; he calleth them all by name?' or when we are told that, at the creation of our earth, 'the stars of the morning sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?' We have no hesitation in preferring this, extravagant as it may appear, to that modern extreme which would leave such an immense unanimated solitude between man and the Deity, instead of filling it up as the old Patristic theology did, with δαίμονες, angels, thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers:—

With helmed Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim,

and all that array of invisible beings whose existence the Bible does seem to take for granted, although some in former times may have carried it to an extravagant extent.

"Surely we may still maintain the precious Protestant doctrine, that no one but the Supreme Lord of Hosts is entitled to any the least species of religious adoration, and yet believe in many an order of being, which, although of far higher rank, yet constitute, with man, an immense brotherhood of created intelligences, all intended for the manifestation of the glory of Him, by whom, and for whom, all things were created whether visible or invisible, whether in the earth or in the heavens. There is some reason to fear that Protestants, under the guise of a hyperspirituality, have gone too

* We cannot see that δυνάμις is any more unfavorable to the idea of spiritual agencies than the corresponding Hebrew word; certainly there are passages which are more favorable to these than to physical, e. g. Tob. i. 6, Rom. i. 20, and many others.

far in the opposite direction to what is really a materializing and physical hypothesis. When we discover a disposition to banish in our minds all intermediate spiritual agencies, and, by magnifying natural causes, to place the Deity at the most remote distance possible, it does really seem as though, if we could or durst, we would dispense with *His* presence also in the regulation of the universe. In all ages, a tendency to that Sadducism which barely saves the doctrine of the soul's existence in another state, has been held, and justly held, to be near of kin to infidelity, if not to downright atheism. Far better to believe too much on this subject than too little, even if we cannot agree, with Plato, that there is a presiding spiritual superintendence assigned to each celestial body." Pages 231—3.

We must close our notice of this work; one which we regard as perhaps the most valuable accession to the cause of learning and religion combined which our country has produced. We earnestly hope that it may be introduced into all colleges and seminaries where Christianity is professed as a basis of education.

It remains but to add that the publishers have risen with the value of the publication so far as mechanical execution is concerned. The volume is one of the neatest ever issued from their press and the typography correct.

THE NEW GLASS MOSAICS.

Mr. DICKSEE has exhibited specimens at the soirées of most of the scientific institutions of the metropolis of his patent mosaics, which have likewise been approved by the royal commission on fine arts; and as mosaic decorations are becoming so popular, in consequence of the attention bestowed upon the subject by the royal commission on fine arts, some notice of this new and beautiful description of mosaic will be interesting.

The material employed is glass, and the method of producing the tessere is by a process of moulding by pressure. For this purpose a small machine is used, from which the tessere are produced of all shapes and sizes, perfectly formed, at a rapid rate and trifling cost.

The superiority of glass to pottery, and all substances used for mosaic purposes, has been universally admitted; but the immense cost of its manufacture into the required forms by the old methods has prevented its universal adoption.

Glass, as a material, is cheap; and the patentee is of opinion that when the duty is removed, he will be able to compete with pottery in price.

Glass excels all other materials employed for mosaic purposes, inasmuch as it can be obtained of any color, or tone of color, to suit the light in which it is to be used. It is imperishable, and will never corrode. It may be used with the fire polish natural to it, or the surface may be dulled or polished. Should the surface get scratched, the dirt will easily wash out;—such is not the case with porcelain or marble.

It combines all the effects that can be produced in all other mosaic materials; and the most costly marbles, pebbles, &c., are imitated with precision, and at no more cost than the plain colors. These imitations, when formed into slabs for table-tops, &c., have a most beautiful effect. Another description, which is applicable to mural decorations,

is that with figures pressed upon the surface, the figures may be of different color to the ground, and the surface may be coated with transparent glass, to make it even, and preserve the figures from dust.—*Polytechnic Review*.

PUNCH IN THE COUNTRY.—At this delightful season of the year, the aspect of nature, in her rustic guise, is peculiarly suggestive to the London mind of home associations. The lark warbling aloft, reminds us of Grisi; the lamb, skipping in the meadows, of Cerito; the bright blue sky, of that uniform which is worn by the guardians of the public peace. Analogy connects the light breeze with the street squabble, and the mist of the valley with that fog which forms the largest element of our native atmosphere. The verdant fields bid us think of those green ones whose innocence is the dupe of the quack and the swindler: the woods, of that pavement now laid down in our principal thoroughfares. The sparkling rill takes us to Trafalgar Square and its fountains; the rustic garden to that of Covent. The sunlight, turned on in its glory, awakens thoughts of gas, with especial reference to the Bude Light; and the whole joyous countenance of Dame Nature recalls us to those laughs which explode around the festive board at the joke of the humorist.

THE MYSTERY OF MEDICINE.

We perceive that Mr. Muntz has given notice of a motion requiring all medical practitioners to write their prescriptions in English, and to put plain English on their gallipots. If this proposal is adopted, the dignity of medicine is gone, for on the principle of *omne ignotum pro magno*, people fancy that a prescription must do them a wonderful deal of good if they cannot understand the meaning of it. Who will have any faith in medicine when he knows the ingredients!

There is something mysterious in *Duo pilluh facti cum pane*, but when we come to know that it means nothing more than "two bread pills," the senses revolt against the idea of deriving any benefit from taking them. Besides, when a medical man is in a hurry, and does not know exactly what to prescribe, he can always with safety scribble down *Aq.—Coleh.—pan.—Sen.—Mag.—Cort.*, and the apothecary, if he has any tact, will send in something harmless, with directions—at his own discretion—about the mode and period of taking it.

But if all prescriptions are to be in English, what on earth is a medical man to do when he wants to prescribe nothing at all, but a dose quite at the discretion of the chemist. We knew a facetious general practitioner who used to jot down *quod—plac—mi—form—car*, which looked very well in abbreviated Latin, but which was in short—or rather in full—*quodcumque places, mi formose care*—(whatever you please, my pretty dear;) a prescription the chemist always understood to mean water with a dash of senna in it, to be taken at bed-time. We entreat Mr. Muntz to pause before he strips medicine of that mystery which gives it half its importance in the eyes of the multitude. As to anglicizing the gallipots we defy the best linguist on earth to translate into English those mystic syllables which are painted at random with a view to variety, and without the remotest attempt at meaning.—*Punch*.

From the Edinburgh Review.

Gregoire VII. ; St. François d'Assise, St. Thomas D'Aquin. Par E. J. Delécluze. Two volumes. 8vo. Paris: 1844.

He had been a shrewd, if not a very reverent observer of human life, who bowed to the fallen statue of Jupiter, by way of bespeaking the favor of the god in the event of his again being lifted on his pedestal. Hildebrand, the very impersonation of papal arrogance and of spiritual despotism, (such had long been his historical character,) is once more raised up for the homage of the faithful. Dr. Arnold vindicates his memory. M. Guizot hails him as the Czar Peter of the Church. Mr. Voight, a professor at Halle, celebrates him as the foremost and the most faultless of heroes. Mr. Bowden, an Oxford Catholic, reproduces the substance of Mr. Voight's eulogy, though without the fire which warms, or the light which irradiates, the pages of his guide. M. Delécluze, and the *Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève*, are elevated by the theme into the region where rhetoric and poetry are conterminous; while M. l'Abbé Jager absolutely shouts with exultation, to witness the subsidence, at the voice of Protestants, of those mists which had so long obscured the glory of him, by whom the pontifical tiara was exalted far above the crowns of every earthly potentate. Wholly inadequate as are our necessary limits to the completion of such an inquiry, we would fain explore the grounds of this revived worship, and judge how far it may be reasonable to join in offering incense at the shrine of this reinstated *Jupiter Ecclesiasticus*.

Except in the annals of Eastern despotisms, no parallel can be found for the disasters of the Papacy during the century and a half which followed the extinction of the Carolingian dynasty. Of the twenty-four popes who during that period ascended the apostolic throne, two were murdered, five were driven into exile, four were deposed, and three resigned their hazardous dignity. Some of these Vicars of Christ were raised to that awful preëminence by arms, and some by money. Two received it from the hands of princely courtisans. One was self-appointed. A well-filled purse purchased one papal abdication; the promise of a fair bride another. One of those holy fathers pilaged the treasury, fled with the spoil, returned to Rome, ejected his substitute; and mutilated him in a manner too revolting for description. In one page of this dismal history, we read of the disinterred corpse of a former pope brought before his successor to receive a retrospective sentence of deposition; and in the next we find the judge himself undergoing the same posthumous condemnation, though without the same filthy ceremonial. Of these heirs of St. Peter, one entered on his infallibility in his eighteenth year, and one before he had seen his twelfth summer. One again took to himself a coadjutor, that he might command in person such legions as Rome then sent into the field. Another, Judas like, agreed for certain pieces of silver to recognize the Patriarch of Constantinople as universal bishop. All sacred things had become venal. Crime and debauchery held revel in the Vatican; while the afflicted church, wedded at once to three husbands, (such was the language of the times,) witnessed the celebration of as many rival masses in the metropolis of Christendom. To say that the gates of hell had prevailed against the seat and centre of Catholi-

cism, would be to defy the Inquisition. But Baronius himself might be cited to prove that they had rolled back on their infernal hinges, that thence might go forth malignant spirits, commissioned to empty on her devoted head the vials of bitterness and wrath.

How, from this hotbed of corruption, the seeds of a new and prolific life derived their vegetative power, and how, in an age in which the Papacy was surrendered to the scorn and hatred of mankind, the independence of the Holy See on the imperial crown became first a practical truth, and then a hallowed theory, are problems over which we may not now linger. Suffice it to say, that in the middle of the eleventh century, Europe once more looked to Rome as the pillar and the ground of the truth; while Rome herself looked forth on a long chain of stately monasteries, rising like distant bulwarks of her power in every land which owned her spiritual rule.

Of these, Clugni was the foremost in numbers, wealth, and piety; and at Clugni, towards the end of the year 1048, a priest, arrayed in all the splendor, and attended by the retinue of a pontiff elect, demanded both the hospitality and the homage of the monks. His name was Bruno. His office, that of the Bishop of Toul. But at the nomination of the Emperor Henry the Third, and in a Germon synod, he had recently been elected to the vacant Papacy, and was now on his way to Rome, to take possession of the Chair of Peter. The prior of the house was distinguished above all his brethren by the holiness of his life, the severity of his self-discipline, and by that ardent zeal to obey which indicates the desire and the ability to command. He was then in the prime of manhood, and his countenance (if his extant portraits may be trusted) announced Hildebrand as one of those who are born to direct and subjugate the wills of ordinary men. Such a contest he achieved over him on whose brows the triple crown was then impending. An election made beyond the precincts of the Holy City, and at the bidding of a secular power, was regarded by the austere monk as a profane title to the seat once occupied by the Prince of the Apostles. At his instance, Bruno laid aside the vestments, the insignia, and the titles of the pontificate; and, pursuing his way in the humble garb of a pilgrim to the tomb of Peter, entered Rome with bare feet, and a lowly aspect, and with no attendant (or none discernible by human sense) except the adviser of this politic self-abasement. To Bruno himself indeed was revealed the presence of an angelic choir, who chanted in celestial harmonies the return of peace to the long-afflicted people of Christ. Acclamations less seraphic, but of less doubtful reality, from the Roman clergy and populace, rewarded this acknowledgment of their electoral privileges, and conferred on Leo the Ninth (as he was thenceforth designated) a new, and, as he judged, a better title to the supreme government of the church. The reward of this service was prompt and munificent. Hildebrand was raised to the rank of a cardinal, and received the offices of sub-deacon of Rome, and superintendent of the church and convent of St. Paul.

Not less assiduous to soothe, than they had been daring to provoke, the resentment of the emperor, the pope became once more a courtier and a pilgrim, while the cardinal remained in Rome to govern the city and the church. Thrice Bruno visited the German court, bringing with

him papal benedictions to Henry, and papal censures on Henry's rebellious vassals. So grateful and so effective was the aid thus rendered to the monarch, that on his last return to Italy, Leo was permitted to conduct thither a body of Imperial troops, to expel the Norman invaders of the papal territory. At Civitella, however, the axes of Humphrey and Robert, brothers of William of the Iron-hand, prevailed over the sword and the anathemas of Peter. Whether Hildebrand bore a lance in that bloody field, is debated by his biographers. But no one disputes that he more than divided the fruits of it with the conquerors. To them were conceded the three great fiefs of Calabria, Apulia, and Sicily—to the Holy See the suzerainty over them. Humiliated and broken-hearted by his defeat, Bruno pined away and died. Strong in this new feudal dominion, and in the allegiance of these warlike vassals, Hildebrand directed his prescient gaze to the distant conflicts and the coming glories in which they were to minister to him. The auspicious hour was not yet come. His self-command tranquilly abided the approach of it.

Gebhard, Bishop of Eichstadt, enjoyed the unbounded confidence and affection of Henry. He had ever lent the weight of his personal advice, and the sanction of his episcopal authority, to sustain his friend and master in his opposition to papal encroachments. Yet Gebhard was selected by the discerning cardinal, as of all men the best qualified to succeed to the vacant papacy. Presenting himself in the emperor's presence, Hildebrand implored his acquiescence in a choice in which he must perceive (such was the language of the cardinal) that his feelings, his interests, and his honor, had all been anxiously consulted. The thoughtful German detected the net spread for him by the wily Italian. He struggled to avoid it, but in vain. He suggested many other candidates. To each Hildebrand had some conclusive objection. He urged that, by the favor and the testimony of Henry himself, Gebhard, and he alone, had been raised to an eminence unassailable by reproach, and beyond the reach of suspicion. Importuned and flattered, his affections moved but his understanding unconvinced, the emperor at length yielded. If our own second Henry had studied this passage of history, the darkest page of his own had perhaps never been written.

Gebhard became pope, assumed the title of Victor the Second, adopted, even to exaggeration, the anti-imperial principles of Hildebrand, and rewarded his services by a commission to act as his legate *a latere* in the kingdom of France. By Victor, this high employment was probably designed as an honorable exile for a patron to whom he had contracted so oppressive a debt of gratitude. But the new legate was not a man on whom any dignity could fall as a mere unfruitful embellishment. He cited before him the bishops and ecclesiastical dignitaries, subjected to his legantine power, and preferred against the whole body one comprehensive charge of simony. Of the accused, one alone stoutly maintained his innocence. "Believest thou," exclaimed the judge, "that there are three persons of one substance?" "I do." "Then repeat the doxology." The task was successfully accomplished, until the prelate reached the name of him whose gifts Simon Magus had desired to purchase. That name he could not utter. The culprit cast himself at the legate's feet, confessed his guilt, and was deposed. More than eighty of

his bretheren immediately made the same acknowledgment. The rumor spread on every side, that the papal emissary was gifted with a preternatural skill to discern the presence in the human heart of any thoughts of Satanic origin. Popular applause followed the steps of the stern disciplinarian, and the wonder of the ignorant was soon rivaled by the admiration of the learned and the great. Such was the fame of his wisdom, that the claim of Ferdinand of Castile to bear the imperial title, was referred to his legantine arbitrement by the Spanish and the German sovereigns. He awarded that exclusive privilege to Henry and to his heirs. Ill had Henry divined the future. Rashly had he consented to hold the honors of his crown by the judicial sentence of a man, who, within twenty years, was to pluck that crown with every mark of infamy from the brows of his only son and successor.

When that son ascended the throne of his progenitors, and assumed the kingly title of Henry the Fourth, he was yet a child. Agnes, his widowed mother, became the regent of his dominions, and Victor the guardian of his person. But the pope soon followed the deceased emperor to the grave, and another papal election placed Frederick of Lorraine on the apostolic throne. In appearance, the choice was the undesigned and hasty result of a mere popular tumult. In reality, it was effected by the influence, as it promoted the designs, of Hildebrand.

Frederick was the brother of Godfrey, who, in right of his wife Beatrice, and during the minority of her daughter Matilda, exercised the authority and enjoyed the title of Duke of Tuscany. This promotion cemented the alliance between the Holy See and the most powerful of the Italian states, by which the northern frontier of the papal territories might be either defended or assailed. Nor were the clamor and confusion which attended it, really unpremeditated. For so flagrant a disregard of the rights of the infant emperor, some excuse was necessary, and none more specious could be found than that which was afforded by the turbulence of popular enthusiasm. By what informing spirit the rude mass had been agitated, was sufficiently disclosed by the first act of the new pontiff. He had scarcely assumed the title of Stephen the Ninth, before he conferred on Hildebrand the dignities of Cardinal-Archdeacon of Rome, and of Legate at the Imperial court.

After a reign of eight months, Stephen, conscious of the approach of death, left to the Romans his last injunction to postpone the choice of his successor, until the return from Germany of this great dispenser of ecclesiastical promotions. The command was obeyed. The cardinal-archdeacon reappeared, bringing with him the consent of the empress-regent to the choice of Gerard, Bishop of Florence, another adherent of the dual house of Tuscany. He accordingly ascended the chair of St. Peter. Like each of his three immediate predecessors, he sat there at the nomination of Hildebrand—the one great minister of his reign, and director of his measures. At his instance, Nicholas the Second (so was he now called) summoned a council at which was first effected, in the year 1059, a revolution, the principle of which, at the distance of eight centuries, still flourishes in unimpaired vitality. It, for the first time, conferred on the college of cardinals the exclusive right of voting at papal elections. It set aside not only the acknowledged rights of the emperor to con-

firm, but the still more ancient privilege of the Roman clergy and people to nominate their bishop. But Hildebrand was now strong enough in his Norman alliance, to defy a power before which so many churchmen had trembled. At his summons, Robert Guiscard broke down the fortresses of the Roman counts and barons, who, with their retainers, had been accustomed, in the comitia of papal Rome, to rival the exploits of Clodius and his gladiators. Their authority was arrested forever, and from that period their name ceases to appear in the history of pontifical elections. The title of duke and a recognition of his sovereignty, over all the conquests which he had made, or should ever make, rewarded the obedience of the Norman freebooter.

This service rendered to the cause of sacerdotal independence, Nicholas died. It was a cause which, however much advanced by the profound sagacity and promptitude of Hildebrand, could, as he well knew, triumph over the hostility of its powerful antagonists by no means less hazardous or less costly than that of open and protracted war. During the minority of Henry such a conflict could hardly be commenced, still less brought to a decisive issue. The rights of the royal child derived from his very weakness a sanctity in the hearts, and a safeguard in the arms, of his loyal German subjects. The time of mortal struggle was not yet come. The aspiring cardinal judged that by again resigning to another the nominal conduct, he could best secure to himself the real guidance, of the impending controversy.

To obtain from the empress-regent an assent to the observance by the Sacred College of the new electoral law, was the first object of the conclave which assembled after the death of Nicholas at the command of Hildebrand. At his instance an envoy was dispatched to the Imperial court, with the offer that the choice should fall on any ecclesiastic whom Agnes might nominate, if she would consent that the cardinals alone should appear and vote at the ceremonial. The compromise was indignantly rejected. A synod of imperialist prelates was convened at Basil, and by them Cadolous, Bishop of Parma, (the titular Honorius the Second,) was elevated to the vacant Papacy. To this defiance the cardinal-archdeacon, and his brethren, answered by the choice of Anselm, Bishop of Lucca, afterwards known in history as Alexander, the second of that name. After a brief but sanguinary conflict in the open field, each of the rival popes, at the mediation of Godfrey, retired to his diocese, there to await the judgment of a future council on their pretensions. But Alexander did not quit the city until he had acknowledged and rewarded the services of the head and leader of his cause. Hildebrand now received the office of Chancellor of the Holy See, the best and the highest recompense which he could earn, by raising others to supreme ecclesiastical dominion. Two successive councils confirmed the election of Alexander, who continued during twelve years to rule the church with dignity, if not in peace.

The time had at length arrived when Hildebrand was to receive the high and hazardous reward which his unflinching hopes had so long contemplated, and his self-controlling policy so often declined. Leo, Victor, Stephen, Nicholas, and Alexander, had each been indebted to his authority for the pontificate, and to his councils for the policy with which it had been administered. Successively cardinal, deacon, archdeacon, legate, and

chancellor of the apostolic see, one height alone was yet to be scaled. In the great church of the Lateran the corpse of Alexander was extended on the bier. A solemn requiem commended to the Supreme Judge the soul of the departed, when the plaintive strain was broken by a shout, which, rising as it seemed spontaneously and without concert from every part of the crowded edifice, proclaimed that, by the will of the holy Peter himself, the cardinal-chancellor was pope. From the funeral procession Hildebrand flew to the pulpit. With impassioned gestures, and in a voice inaudible amidst the uproar, he seemed to be imploring silence; but the tempest was not to be allayed until one of the cardinals announced, in the name of the Sacred College, their unanimous election of him whom the apostle and the multitude had thus simultaneously chosen. Crowned with the tiara, and arrayed in the gorgeous robes of a pope-elect, Gregory the Seventh was then presented to the people. Their joyous exultation, and the pomp of the inaugural ceremonies, blended and contrasted strangely with the studied gloom and the melancholy dirge of the funeral rites.

That this electoral drama was a mere improvisation, may be credited by those before whose faith all the mountains of improbability give way. But thus to reach the summit of sacerdotal dominion as if by constraint; and thus, without forfeiting the praise of severe sanctity, to obtain the highest of this world's dignities; and thus to anticipate and defeat the too probable resistance of the imperial court; and thus to afford the cardinals the opportunity and the excuse for the prompt exercise of their yet precarious electoral privilege—was a combination and a coincidence of felicities such as fortune, unaided by policy, seldom, if ever, bestows even on her choicest favorites. He who had nominated five popes, was, assuredly, no passive instrument in his own nomination. His letters, written on the occasion, would alone be sufficient to prove, if proof were wanting, that a career thus far guided by the most profound sagacity, was not abandoned at its crisis to the caprice of a dissolute multitude. To several of his correspondents he addressed pathetic descriptions of his alarm and sorrow, but with an uniformity of terms so remarkable as to suggest the belief, that the elegiac strain was repeated as often as necessary by his secretaries, with such variations as their taste suggested. To the emperor he breathed nothing but submission and humility. The most unimpeachable decorum presided over the whole ceremonial that followed. Envoys passed and re-passed. Men of grave aspect instituted tedious inquiries. Solemn notaries attested prolix reports; and in due time the world was informed, that of his grace and clemency Henry, king of Germany and Italy, calling himself emperor, had ratified the election of his dearly-beloved father, Gregory the Seventh; the world, meanwhile, well knowing that despite the emperor's hostility, the pope was able and resolved to maintain his own; and that, if his power had seconded his will, the emperor would have driven the pope from Rome, as the most dangerous of rebels and the most subtle of usurpers.

But Henry was ill prepared for such an effort. During the first six years of his reign, the affairs of his vast hereditary empire had been conducted by his widowed mother. She was formed to love, to reverence, and to obey. In an age less rude, or in a station less exalted, her much long-

suffering, her self-sustaining dignity, and the tenderness of her gentle spirit, might have enabled her to win even obedience. But her mind was ductile, her conscience enfeebled by a morbid sensibility, and her character formed by nature and by habit for subservience to any form of superstitious terror. She was surrounded by rapacious nobles whom no sacrifices could conciliate, and by lordly churchmen, who at once exacted and betrayed her confidence. Though severely virtuous, she was assailed by shameless calumnies. Her female rule was resented by the pride of Teutonic chivalry, and fraud and violence combined to inflict the deepest wound on her rights as a sovereign, and her feelings as a mother.

At Kaiserworth, on the Rhine, Agnes and her son, then in his thirteenth year, were reposing from the fatigues of an imperial progress. A galley, impelled by long lines of oars, and embellished with every ornament which art and luxury could command, appeared on the broad stream before them. Attended by a train of lords and servitors, Anno, the Archbishop of Cologne, descended from the gallant barge, and pressed the royal youth to inspect so superb a specimen of aquatic architecture and episcopal magnificence. Henry gladly complied, and, as the rowers bent to their oars, he enjoyed with boyish delight the rapidity with which one object after another receded from his view, till, turning to the companions of what had hitherto seemed a mere holiday voyage, he read in the anxious countenances of the commanders, and the vehement efforts of the boatmen, that he was a prisoner, and more than ever an orphan. With characteristic decision, he at once plunged into the water, and endeavored to swim to shore; but the toils were upon him. A confederacy, formed by the Archbishops of Cologne, and Mentz, and supported by the Dukes of Bavaria and Tuscany, consigned their young sovereign to a captivity at once sumptuous and debilitating. They usurped the powers, and plundered the treasures of the crown. They bestowed on themselves and their adherents forests, manors, abbeys, and lordships. But to the future ruler of so many nations, they denied the discipline befitting his age, and the instruction due to his high prospects. They encouraged him, and with fatal success, to enervate by ceaseless amusement, and to debase by precocious debauchery, a mind naturally brave and generous. Anno has been canonized by the see of Rome. By the same ghostly tribunal, the monarch whom he kidnapped, betrayed, and corrupted, was excluded from the communion of the church when living, and from her consecrated soil when dead. Impartial history will reverse either sentence, and will reserve her anathemas rather for St. Anno, by whom the princely boy was exposed to the furnace of temptation, than for him in whose young mind the seeds of vice, so unsparingly sown, sprung up with such deadly luxuriance.

The heart of youth was never won by habitual indulgence. As Henry advanced towards manhood, the Archbishops of Cologne and Mentz discovered that they were the objects of his settled antipathy, and that they had to dread the full weight of a resentment at once just, vindictive, and unscrupulous. To avert that danger they transferred the charge of the royal youth to Adalbert, Archbishop of Bremen, rightly judging that his skill in courtly arts (for he had lived on affectionate terms with the deceased emperor) might

enable him to win his pupil's regard, but erroneously believing that his ecclesiastical zeal (for it seemed the master-passion of his soul) would induce him to employ that advantage in the defence and service of the hierarchy.

Adalbert, whose life is written in the church history of Adam of Bremen, was a man whose character was so strangely composite, and whose purposes were so immutably single, that he might have suggested portraits to Scott, epigrams to Young, antitheses to Pope, an analysis to Dryden, or to Shakspeare himself some rich and all-reconciling harmony. According to the aspect in which he was viewed, he might with equal justice be regarded as a saint or a man of pleasure, as a scholar or a courtier, as a politician or a wit. Now washing the feet of beggars, eloquently expounding Christian truth, or indignantly denouncing the sins of the rich and the great, the shifting scenes exhibited him amidst a throng of actors, jugglers, and buffoons, or as the soul and centre of a society where lords and ambassadors, prelates and priests of low degree, met to enjoy his good cheer, to partake of his merriment, and to endure his relentless sarcasms. At the very moment when, with irresistible address, he was insinuating himself into the favor of some potent count or bishop, the approach of another dignity would rouse him to bitter and unmeasured invective. From the laughing playfellow of his companions he would pass at once into their fierce assailant, and then atone for the extravagance of his passion by a bounty not less extravagant. But whether he preached or gave alms, whether philosophy, or fun, or satire, was his passing whim, he still enjoyed one luxury which habit had rendered indispensable. Parasites were ever at hand to confirm his own conviction, that Adalbert of Bremen was an universal genius, and that, under his fostering care, the see of Bremen was destined to become the northern capital of the universal church.

Nor was it strange that he believed them. Of the countless victims of self-idolatry, few have had so many seductions to that intoxicating worship. A military as well as an ecclesiastical prince, he witnessed the extension of his archiepiscopal dominion far along the shores of the Elbe and the Baltic. Kings solicited his personal friendship. Sweden and the empire accepted him as the mediator of peace. Envoys from every state in Europe, not excepting Constantinople, thronged his palace. He was at once the confidential adviser of the pope and the chief minister of the emperor, and even boasted (with whatever truth) that he had declined the papacy itself. But this earlier Wolsey, like his great antitype, longed for some imperishable monument of his glory. Bremen was the Ipswich of Adalbert; the site selected, but in vain, for perpetuating to the remotest ages the memory of an ambition less ennobled by the greatness of its aims, than debased by an insatiable vanity. To aggrandize his diocese, he builded and fortified, negotiated and intrigued, became by turns a suitor and an oppressor, conciliated attachments and braved enmities, and lived and died the imaginary patriarch of the imaginary patriarchate of the German and Scandinavian nations.

Brightly dawned on the young Henry the day which transferred the change of his person and of his education from the austere Anno to the princely Adalbert. The Archbishop of Cologne had rebuked the vices he indulged. The conscience of the Archbishop of Bremen demanded no

such soothing compromise. He fairly threw the reins on the neck of his royal charge, who invoked the aid of young and profligate companions to use or to abuse this welcome indulgence. His tutors had sown the wind; his people were now to reap the whirlwind. Of the domestic life of the young emperor, the dark tale recorded by the chroniclers of his age would not be endured by the delicacy of our own. His public acts might seem to have been prompted by the determination to exasperate to madness the national pride, the moral sense, and the religious feelings of his subjects. Yet even when thus provoked, their resentment slumbered. A popular address, a noble presence, and the indulgence so liberally yielded to the excesses of the great, the prosperous, and the young, gave scope for the full expansion of his crimes and follies. At the Lateran the influence of his personal qualities was unfelt. Roused to a just indignation by the frequent intelligence of a life so debauched, and of a reign so impious, Alexander cited the emperor to appear at Rome, there to answer in person to the apostolic throne for the simony and the other offences imputed to him. The voice was Alexander's voice, but the hand was the hand of Gregory.

Between the day on which Hildebrand conducted Leo the Ninth into Rome as a simple pilgrim, to the time of his own tumultuary election, the quarter of a century had intervened. During the whole of that period he had been the confidential minister and guide of the Papacy. In each of the five pontificates which he had nominally served and really governed, the holy see had pursued the same aggressive policy with a steadfastness indicating the guidance of one far-seeing mind gifted with patience to await, with promptitude to discern, and with courage to seize the moments of successful advance. When, therefore, the citation of Henry was issued in the name of the dying pope, none doubted that this audacious act, then without a parallel in history, had been dictated by the same stern and unrelenting councillor. When tidings reached the imperial court that the voice of the people and the votes of the cardinals had placed in Gregory's hands the mysterious keys and the sharp sword of Peter, none doubted the near approach of the conflict which was to assign the supreme dominion over the Christian world, either to the German sceptre, or to the Roman crossier. That, after ages of war and controversy, they should peacefully exercise a concurrent yet divided rule, would have seemed an idle dream to a generation whose feudal theory of government had for its basis the principle of various gradations of dependency on some one common head, or suzerain.

With a life unstained by any sensual or malignant crime, (a praise of which his contemporary and rancorous biographer, Cardinal Benno, is the reluctant and unconscious witness,) and self-acquitted of any selfish ends, (for except as the champion of the church he neither obtained nor sought any personal aggrandizement,) Pope Hildebrand surrendered himself freely to the current of those awful thoughts which have peopled the brain of each of the successors of Peter in his turn, the basest and the most impure scarcely excepted. A mystery to himself, he had become the supreme vicar of Christ on earth; the predestined heir of a throne among those saints who should one day judge the world; the mortal head of an immortal dynasty; the depository of power delegated yet

divine; the viceroy to whom had been entrusted by God himself the care of interests, and the dispensation of blessings and of curses, which reduced to inappreciable vanities all the good and evil of this transitory world. Resolute as he was, he appears to have trembled at the contrast between the weakness of his human nature and the weight of these majestic responsibilities. With the abbots of Clugni and of Monte Cassino he maintained a relation, as much resembling friendship as was compatible with the austerity of his nature and his habits; and to them he depicted the secret tumults of his mind, in terms of which it would be impossible to deny either the sincerity or the eloquence.

Before his prophetic eye arose a vast theocratic state, in which political and religious society were to be harmonized, or absorbed into each other. At the head of this all-embracing polity, the Bishop of Rome was to assert his legitimate authority over all the kings and rulers of the earth. In immediate dependence on him was to be ranged the circle of his liege spiritual lords—some residing at the seat of empire as electors, councillors, and ministers to the supreme potentate; others presiding over the fraternities, the provinces, and the sees of which his empire was composed. At the capital of this hierarchal state were to be exercised the various powers of government—legislative, administrative, and judicial. There also were to be held the occasional meetings of the extraordinary or ecumenical legislature. To the infallible sovereign of this new Jerusalem were to be assigned prerogatives limited only by his own conscience, and restrained by no power but that of God himself. To the emperor, the kings, the dukes, and counts, his feudatories, was to be entrusted a ministry subordinate and auxiliary to his. They were to maintain order, to command armies, to collect revenues, to dispense justice. But they were to hold their crowns or coronets at the pleasure of the autocrat; to justify to him the use of their inferior authority, and to employ it in support of that power, which, derived from heaven itself, could acknowledge no superior, equal, or competitor on earth. But woe—such woe as vengeance, almighty and unrelenting, could inflict—on him who should impiously wield the pontifical sceptre, in the name of Christ, in any spirit, or for any ends, not in accordance with these awful purposes which once made Christ himself a sojourner among men! Heathen Rome had been raised up to conquer and to civilize. To Christian Rome was appointed a far loftier destiny. It was here to mediate between hostile nations, to reconcile sovereigns and their people—to superintend the policy, restrain the ambition, redress the injustice, and punish the crimes of princes—to render the apostolic throne the source and centre of a holy influence, which, diffused through every member of the social body, should inform, and animate, and amalgamate the whole, and realize the inspired delineation of that yet unborn age, when the lion and the lamb should lie down together, with a little child their leader.

Sublime as were the visions which thus thronged on the soul of Gregory the Seventh, and which still shed a glowing light over his three hundred and fifty extant letters, life was never, for a single day, a state of mere visionary existence to him. Before him lay the impending struggle with Henry, with Honorius, with the ecclesiastics of

Lombardy, with the German people, whose loyalty had so long survived the sorest provocation, and with many even of the German prelates, who ascribed to the successor of Charlemagne and of Otho the same rights which these great monarchs had exercised over the Pontiffs of an earlier generation. Nor was he unconscious that the way for his theocracy must be paved by reforms, so searching as to convert into inexorable antagonists many of those on whose attachment to his person and his laws he might otherwise have most implicitly relied.

Yet it was with no faint auguries of success that he girded himself for the battle. His Norman feudatories to the south, his Tuscan alliance to the north, promised security to the papal city. Disaffection was widely spread among the commonalty of the empire. The Saxons were on the verge of revolt. The Dukes of Swabia, Carinthia, and Bavaria, were brooding over insufferable wrongs. From the young and debauched emperor, it seemed idle to dread any resolved or formidable hostility. From the other powers of Europe, Henry could expect no succor. From every region of Christendom a voice, addressed and audible to the supreme pontiff, invoked a remedy for the traffic in holy things, and for the fearful pollutions beneath which the church was groaning; and that heavenly voice promised to him, when he should have strangled those monsters of iniquity, every honor which man could confer, and every benediction which God bestows on his most favored servants. He heard, and he obeyed it.

From the most remote Christian antiquity, the marriage of clergymen had been regarded with the dislike, and their celibacy rewarded by the commendation, of the people. Among the ecclesiastical heroes of the four first centuries, it is scarcely possible to point to one who was not, in this respect, an imitator of Paul rather than of Peter. Among the ecclesiastical writers of those times, it is scarcely possible to refer to one by whom the superior sanctity of the unmarried to the conjugal state is not either directly inculcated or tacitly assumed. This prevailing sentiment had ripened into a customary law, and the observance of that custom had been enforced by edicts and menaces, by rewards and penalties. But nature had triumphed over tradition, and had proved too strong for councils and for popes.

When Hildebrand ascended the chair first occupied by a married apostle, his spirit burned within him to see that marriage held in her impure and unhallowed bonds a large proportion of those who ministered at the altar, and who handled there the very substance of the incarnate Deity. It was a profanation well adapted to arouse the jealousy, not less than to wound the conscience, of the pontiff. Secular cares suited ill with the stern duties of a theocratic ministry. Domestic affections would choke or enervate in them that corporate passion which might otherwise be directed with unmitigated ardor towards their chief and centre. Clerical celibacy would exhibit to those who trod the outer courts of the great Christian temple, the impressive and subjugating image of a transcendental perfection, too pure not only for the coarser delights of sense, but even for the alloy of conjugal or parental love. It would fill the world with adherents of Rome, in whom every feeling would be quenched which could rival that sacred allegiance. From every monas-

tery might be summoned a phalanx of allies to overpower the more numerous, but dispersed and feeble antagonists of such an innovation. In every mitred churchman it would find an active partisan. The people, ever rigid in exacting eminent virtue from their teachers, would be rude but effective zealots of a ghostly discipline from which they were themselves to be exempt.

With such anticipations, Gregory, within a few weeks from his accession, convened a council at the Lateran, and proposed a law, not, as formerly, forbidding merely the marriage of priests, but commanding every priest to put away his wife, and requiring all laymen to abstain from any sacred office which any wedded priest might presume to celebrate. Never was legislative foresight so verified by the result. What the great Council of Nicæa had attempted in vain, the bishops assembled in the presence of Hildebrand accomplished, at his instance, at once, effectually, and forever. Lamentable indeed were the complaints, bitter the reproaches, of the sufferers. Were the most sacred ties thus to be torn asunder at the ruthless bidding of an Italian priest! Were men to become angels, or were angels to be brought down from heaven to minister among men! Eloquence was never more pathetic, more just, or more unavailing. Prelate after prelate silenced these complaints by austere rebukes. Legate after legate arrived with papal menaces to the remonstrants. Monks and abbots preached the continency they at least professed. Kings and barons laughed over their cups at many a merry tale of compulsory divorce. Mobs pelted, hooted, and besmeared with profane and filthy baptisms the unhappy victims of pontifical rigor. It was a struggle not to be prolonged—broken hearts pined and died away in silence. Expostulations subsided into murmurs, and murmurs were drowned in the general shout of victory. Eight hundred years have since passed away. Amidst the wreck of laws, opinions, and institutions, this decree of Hildebrand's still rules the Latin Church, in every land where sacrifices are offered on her altars. Among us, but not of us—valuing their rights as citizens, chiefly as instrumental to their powers as churchmen—ministers of love, to whom the heart of a husband and a father is an inscrutable mystery—teachers of duties, the most sacred of which they may not practise—compelled daily to gaze on the most polluted imagery of man's fallen heart, but denied the refuge of nature from a polluted imagination—professors of virtue, of which, from the death of the righteous Abel down to the birth of the fervent Peter, no solitary example is recorded in Holy Writ—excluded from that posthumous life in remote descendants, the devout anticipation of which enabled the patriarchs to walk meekly, but exultingly with their God—sacerdotal caste still flourishes in every Christian land, the imperishable and gloomy monument of that far-sighted genius which thus devised the means of papal despotism, and of that short-sighted wisdom which proposed to itself that despotism as a legitimate and laudable end.

With this Spartan rigor towards his adherents, Gregory combined a more than Athenian address and audacity towards his rivals and antagonists. So long as the monarchs of the West might freely bestow on the objects of their choice the sees and abbeys of their states, papal dominion could be but a passing dream, and papal independency an empty boast. Corrupt motives est-

ally determined that choice; and the objects of it were but seldom worthy. Ecclesiastical dignities were often sold to the highest bidder, and then the purchaser indemnified himself by a use no less mercenary of his own patronage; or they were given as a reward to some martial retainer, and the new churchman could not forget that he had once been a soldier. The cope and the coat-of-mail were worn alternately. The same hand bore the crucifix in the holy festival, and the sword in the day of battle. Episcopal warriors and abbatial courtiers thus learned to regard themselves rather as feudatories holding of their temporal lord, than as liegemen owing obedience to their spiritual chief. In the hands of the newly consecrated bishop was placed a staff, and on his finger a ring, which, received as they were from his temporal sovereign, proclaimed that homage and fealty were due to him alone. And thus the sacerdotal proconsuls of Rome became, in sentiment at least, and by the powerful obligation of honor, the vicegerents, not of the Pontifex Maximus, but of the Emperor.

To dissolve this *trinoda necessitas* of simoniacal preferments, military service, and feudal vassalage, a feebler spirit would have exhorted, negotiated, and compromised. To Gregory it belonged to subdue men by courage, and to rule them by reverence. Addressing the world in the language of his generation, he proclaimed to every potentate, from the Baltic to the Straits of Calpé, that all human authority being holden of the divine, and God himself having delegated his own sovereignty over men to the Prince of the Sacred College, a divine right to universal obedience was the inalienable attribute of the Roman pontiffs, of whom, as the supreme earthly suzerain, emperors and kings held their crowns, patriarchs and bishops their mitres, and held them not mediately through each other, but immediately as tenants *in capite* from the one legitimate representative of the great apostle.

In turning over the collection of the epistles of Hildebrand, we are everywhere met by this doctrine asserted in a tone of the calmest dignity and the most serene conviction. Thus he informs the French monarch that every house in his kingdom owed to Peter, as their father and pastor, an annual tribute of a penny, and he commands his legates to collect it in token of the subjection of France to the Holy See. He assures Solomon the King of Hungary, that his territories are the property of the Holy Roman Church. Solomon being incredulous and refractory, was dethroned by his competitor for the Hungarian crown. His more prudent successor, Ladislaus, acknowledged himself the vassal of the pope, and paid him tribute. To Corsica a legate is sent to govern the demesnes of the Papacy in the island, and to recover the rest of it from the Saracens. To the Sardinians an account is despatched of her title to their obedience, with menaces of a Norman invasion if it should be withheld. On Demetrius, Duke of Dalmatia, we find him conferring the kingly title, reserving a yearly payment of two hundred pieces of silver "to the holy Pope Gregory, and his successors lawfully elected, as supreme lords of the Dalmatian kingdom." Among the visitors of Rome was a youth described in one of these epistles as son of the King of Russia. The letter informs the sovereign so designated, that, at the request of the young prince, the pontiff had administered to him the oath of fealty to St.

Peter and his successors, not doubting that "it would be approved by the king and all the lords of his kingdom, since the apostle would henceforth regard their country as his own, and defend it accordingly." From Sweno the Dane he exacted a promise of subjection. From the recently converted Polanders he demanded, and received, as sovereign lord of the country, an annual tribute of an hundred marks in silver. From every part of the European continent, bishops are summoned by these imperial missives to Rome, and there are either condemned and deposed, or absolved and confirmed in their sees. In France, in Spain, and in Germany, we find his legates exercising the same power; and the correspondence records many a stern rebuke, sometimes for their undue remissness, sometimes for their misapplied severity. The rescripts of Trajan scarcely exhibit a firmer assurance both of the right and the power to control every other authority, whether secular or sacerdotal, throughout the civilized world.

There was, however, one memorable exception. Robert the Norman conqueror of Sicily, and William the Norman conqueror of England, steeped in blood and sacrilege, were the most shameless and cruel of usurpers. The groans and curses of the oppressed cried aloud for vengeance against them. But the apostolic indignation, though roused by the active vices of the emperor, and the apathetic depravity of Philip of France, had for these tyrants no menaces of ghostly wrath, no exhortations to repentance. Robert was embraced and honored as the faithful ally of Rome. William was addressed in the blandest accents of esteem and tenderness. "You exhibit towards us" (such is the style) "the attachment of a dutiful son, yea, of a son whose heart is moved by the love of his mother. Therefore, my beloved son, let your conduct be all that your language has been. Let what you have promised be effectually performed." The injunction was not disobeyed, for even of promises the grim conqueror of the north had been sufficiently parsimonious. As Duke of Normandy he remitted to the pope the amount of certain dues. As King of England he indignantly refused the required oath of fealty. "I hold my kingdom of God and of my sword," was his stern and decisive answer. Something the papal legate dared to mutter of the worthlessness of gold without obedience; but the gold was accepted and the disobedience endured. These were not the days of John, surnamed Lackland; and for Innocent the Third was reserved by his great predecessor the glory of receiving, from an English sovereign on his bended knee, the crown which, on the head of William, challenged equal honors with the papal tiara. For concessions favorable to his hopes of unlimited dominion, the pontiff turned to a sovereign whose crimes no triumphs had sanctified, and no heroism redeemed.

Alexander's citation had been despised by Henry, and was not revived by Hildebrand. Every post from Germany brought fresh proof that, without the use of weapons so hazardous, the emperor must, ere long, be reduced to solicit the aid of Rome on such terms as Rome might see fit to dictate. Dark as were the middle ages, the German court had light enough (if we may credit the chronicles) to anticipate our own enlightened Irish policy. The ancient chiefs of Saxony were imprisoned, their estates confiscated, and granted to absent lords and prelates. Tithe proctors hov-

ered like birds of prey over the Saxon fields. A project was formed for driving the ancient inhabitants into a Saxon pale, and for converting the land into a great Swabian colony. Castles frowned on every height. Their garrisons pillaged and enlaved the helpless people. Alliances were formed with the Bavarian and the Dane to crush a race hated for their former preëminence, and despised for their recent sufferings. Nothing was wanting to complete the parallel but discord and dejection amongst the intended victims.

Groaning under the oppressions, and penetrating the designs of their sovereign, the Saxons solicited for their leaders an audience at Goslar. The appointed day arrived. The deputies presented themselves at the palace. Henry was engaged at a game of hazard, and bade them wait till he had played it out. A stern and indignant demand for justice repelled the insult. A second time, in all the insolence of youth, Henry returned a contemptuous answer. In a few hours he found himself blockaded at his castle of Hartzburg by a vast assemblage of armed men, under the command of Otho of Nordhim, the Tell or Hofer of his native land.

Escaping with difficulty, the emperor traversed Western Germany to collect forces for crushing the Saxon insurgents. But the spell of his Imperial name and of his noble presence were broken. The crimes of a defeated fugitive were unpardonable. His allies made common cause with the Saxons, whom they had so lately leagued to destroy. Long repressed resentment burst out in the grossest indignities against the recreant sovereign. Unworthy to wear his spurs or his crown, (so ran the popular arraignment,) he descended at a step from the summit of human greatness almost to the condition of an outcast from human society. A Diet had been summoned for his deposition. His sceptre had been offered to Rudolf of Swabia. A few days more, and his crown, if not his life, had been forfeited, when an opportune illness and a rumor of his death awakened the dormant feelings of reverence and compassion. Haggard from disease, abject in appearance, destitute, deserted, and unhappy, he presented himself to the citizens of Worms. The ebbing tide of loyalty rushed violently back into its wonted channels. Shouts of welcome ran along the walls. Every house-top rang with acclamations. Women wept over his wrongs. Men-at-arms devoted their lives, rich burghers their purses, to his cause. The Diet was dissolved. Rudolf fled, and it remained for Henry to practise, on his recovered throne, the lessons he had learned in the school of adversity.

Those lessons had been unfolded and enforced by the parental admonitions of Gregory. The royal penitent answered by promises of amendment, "full" (as the pope declared) "of sweetness and of duty." Nor was this a mere lip homage. To prove his sincerity, he abandoned to the pope the government of the great see and city of Milan, the strongest hold of the Imperialists in Italy. A single desire engrossed the heart of Henry. No sacrifice seemed too costly which might enable him to inflict an overwhelming vengeance on the Saxon people; no price excessive by which he could purchase the aid, or at least the neutrality, of Hildebrand in the impending struggle. The concessions were accepted by the pope, the motive understood, and the equivalent rendered. With gracious words to the emperor

and to Rudolf, with pacific councils and vague promises to the Saxons, the pope retired from all further intervention in a strife of which it remained for him to watch the issue and to reap the advantage.

It was in the depth of a severe winter that Henry, hoping to surprise the insurgents, marched from Worms at the head of forces furnished by the wealth and zeal of that faithful city. Drifts of snow obstructed his advance. The frozen streams could no longer turn the mills on which he depended for subsistence. Meteors blazed in the skies, and the dispirited soldiers trembled at such accumulated omens of disaster. In that anxious host, one bosom only was heedless of danger, and unconscious of suffering. He, who had hitherto been known only as a profligate and luxurious youth, now urged on his followers through cold, disease, and famine, to the Saxon frontier. But there Otho awaited him at the head of a large and well-disciplined army. The Imperialists declined the unequal encounter. Again Henry was reduced to capitulate. Humbled a second time before his subjects, he bound himself to dismantle his fortresses, to withdraw his garrisons, to restore the confiscated fiefs, to confirm their ancient Saxon privileges, and to grant an amnesty unlimited and universal.

The treaty of Gerstungen (so it was called) was dictated by animosity and distrust, and was carried into execution by the conquerors in the spirit of vindictive triumph. They expelled from his residence at Goslar their dejected king and his household, and destroyed the town of Hartzburg with its royal sepulchre, where lay the bones of his infant son, and of others of his nearest kindred. The graves were broke open, and their ghastly contents exposed to shameful and inhuman contumelies—a wild revenge, and a too plausible pretext for a fearful and not distant retribution.

Henry returned to his Rhenish provinces to meditate vengeance. Reckless of any remoter danger in which the indulgence of that fierce passion might involve him, he invoked the arbitrement of Hildebrand, and called on him to excommunicate the sacrilegious race who had burned the church and desecrated the sepulchres of his forefathers. Gregory watched the gathering tempest of civil war, received the appeals of the contending parties, and answered both by renewed injunctions of obedience to himself. To the Saxons he sent homilies, to the emperor an embassy, graced by the name and the presence of his mother, Agnes. She bore a papal mandate to her son to enforce the celibacy of the clergy, and to restore to its lawful channels the patronage of the church. Henry promised obedience. The legates then convoked a national Synod, to be held in Germany under their own presidency. To this encroachment also, Henry submitted. A remonstrance against it from the Archbishop of Bremen was answered by a legantine sentence suspending him from his see. Still the emperor was passive. Another sentence of the papal ambassadors exiled from the court and presence of Henry, five of his councillors whom Alexander had excommunicated. No signal of resistance was given by their insulted sovereign. Edicts for the government of the Teutonic Church were promulgated without the usual courtesy of asking his concurrence. They provoked from him no show of resentment. Their work accomplished, the legates then returned to Rome, the messengers of successes more important

than any former pope had ventured to contemplate over the authority of the Cæsar. Applause, honors, preferments rewarded her associates; while to Agnes herself were given assurances of celestial joy, and of a distinguished place among the choristers of heaven.

Her less aspiring son fed his mind with hopes of vengeance, rendered as he thought more sure by all his concessions to the Roman Pontiff. Twice, indeed, he had recoiled ignominiously from the Saxon frontier. But from defeat itself he might draw the means of victory. By the great feudatories of the empire, the spectacle of armed peasants and wealthy burghers imposing terms of peace on the successor of Charlemagne, had been regarded with proud scorn and indignation. They resented the rising fame and influence of Otho. He and his followers might become strong enough to resume by arms the estates they had lost by confiscation. Rumors were already rife of such designs. To fan these flames, and deepen these alarms, to excite among restless chiefs and predatory bands the appetite for war and plunder, became the easy and successful labor of the impatient emperor. At Henry's summons, the whole strength of Germany collected on the Elbe to crush in his quarrel the power they had so lately aided to depose him. There were to be seen the crucifix of the Abbot of Fulda, and there the sacred banner of the Archbishop of Mentz. There Guelph, the Bavarian, raised his ducal standard to reconquer the broad lands restored to their former owners by the treaty of Gerstungen. There, surrounded by the chivalry of Lorraine, and restored by the emperor to that forfeited principality, Godfrey repaid the boon by the desertion of the alliance, conjugal as well as political, which bound him to the House of Tuscany. There appeared the King of Hungary, lured by the hope of new provinces to be assigned to him on the dismemberment of Saxony. And there, in the centre of countless pennons, came Rudolf, to prove his loyalty to the prince whose throne he had so recently endeavored to usurp.

The tide of war rolled on towards the devoted land. It had been saved, if penitence, humility, and prayer were of the same power in the courts of earth as in those of heaven. It had been saved, if courage gathered from despair, and guided by patriotism, could have availed against such a confederacy of numbers and of discipline. But prayer was vain, and patriotism impotent. A long summer's day had reached its close, when, under the command of their great leader Otho, the Saxon lines approached the Unstrut. On the opposite banks of that stream the imperialists had already encamped. Neither army was aware of the vicinity of the other, and Henry had retired to rest, when Rudolf roused him with the intelligence that the insurgent forces were at hand, unarmed, and heedless of their danger, the ready prey of a sudden and immediate attack. The emperor threw himself into a transport of gratitude at the feet of his adviser, and leaping on his horse, led forward his forces to the promised victory.

In this strange world of ours, tragedies, of which the dire plot and dark catastrophe might seem to be borrowed from hell, are not seldom depicted by historical dramatists, in colors clear and brilliant as those which may be imagined to repose over Paradise. One of the mitred combatants has sung, and Lambert, the chronicler of Aschafnaburg, has narrated, the battle of the Unstrut. The bishop's

hexameters have all the charm which usually belongs to episcopal charges. But Lambert is among the most graphic and animated of historians. His picture of the field glows with his own military ardor, and is thronged with incidents and with figures which might well be transferred to the real canvass. Among them we distinguish the ill-arranged Saxon lines broken, flying, and again forming at the voice of Otho, as it rises above the tumult, and then rushing after him with naked swords, and naked bosoms, on the main battle of the triumphant invaders. And still the eye follows Otho wherever there are fainting hearts to rally, or a fierce onslaught to repel;—and we seem almost to hear the shrill Swabian war-cry from the van of the Imperial host, where by a proud hereditary right they had claimed to stand;—and Rudolf their leader, the very minister of death, is ever in the midst of the carnage, himself, as if in covenant with the grave, unharmed;—and in the agony and crisis of the strife, Henry, the idol to whom this bloody sacrifice is offered, is seen in Lambert's battle-piece, leaping at the head of his reserve on his exhausted enemies, sweeping the whole ranks into confused masses, and amidst shrieks, and groans, and fruitless prayers, and fruitless curses, immolating them to his insatiable revenge.

The sun went down on that Acelanda amidst the exultations of the victorious allies. It rose on them the following morning agitated by grief, by discord, and by disaffection. Many nobles who had fought the day before under the imperial banner, were stretched on the field of battle. The enthusiasm of the Saxons had proved at how fearful a price, if at all, the selfish ends of the confederacy must be attained. They mourned the extinction of one of the eyes of Germany. Silently but rapidly the armament dissolved. Godfrey alone remained to prosecute the war. With his aid it was brought to a successful issue. A capitulation placed Otho and the other leaders in the emperor's power. With their persons secured, their estates forfeited, and their resources destroyed, he returned to join with the loyal citizens of Worms in chanting the "Te Deum laudamus." The same sacred strain had but a few days before celebrated at Rome a still more important and enduring victory.

Gregory had rightly judged, that while the rival princes were immersed in civil war, he might securely convene the princes of the church to give effect to designs of far deeper significance. The long aisles of the Lateran were crowded with grave canonists and mitred abbots, with bishops and cardinals, with the high functionaries, and the humble apparitors of the papal state. Proudly eminent above them all, sat the vicar and vicergerent of the King of kings. Masses were sung, and homilies were delivered, and rites were performed, of which the origin might be traced back to the worship of the Capitoline Jove; and then was enacted by the ecclesiastical senate, a law, not unlike the most arrogant of those which eleven centuries before had been promulgated in the capitol. It forbade the kings and rulers of the earth to exercise their ancient right of investiture of any spiritual dignitary, and transferred to the pope alone a patronage and an influence more than sufficient to balance within their own dominions all the powers of all the monarchs of Christendom. In the darkest hours of imperial despotism, the successors of Julius had never enjoyed or demanded an authority so wide or so absolute. Even the

daring spirit by which it had been dictated, drew back from the immediate publication of such a decree. The pope intimated to the German court and prelates the other acts of the council, but passed over in silence the great edict for which they had been assembled, and by which they were to be immortalized. It reposed in the papal chancery as an authority to be invoked at a more convenient season, and in the mean time as a text for the devout to revere, and for the learned to interpret. To Hildebrand it belonged neither to expound nor to threaten, but to act.

The Bishop of Lucca was dead: the pope nominated his successor. The Bishop of Bamberg was accused of simony: the pope suspended him. The Archbishop of Bremen still denied the right of papal legates to preside in a German synod: the pope deprived him of his see and of the holy sacraments. The Bishops of Pavia, Turin, and Placentia adhered to Honorius: the pope deposed them. Henry's five exiled councillors gave no signs of repentance: the pope again excommunicated them. The Normans invaded the Roman territory: the pope assailed them by a solemn anathema. Philip of France continued to indulge himself, and to pillage every one else: the pope upbraided and menaced him. Thus with maledictions, sometimes as deadly as the Pomptine miasma, sometimes as innocuous as the Mediterranean breeze, he waged war with his antagonists, and exercised in reality the powers which he yet hesitated to assert in words.

To the conqueror of Saxony these encroachments and anathemas of the pontiff appeared more offensive than formidable. He retaliated rather by scorn than by active hostility. He heaped favors on his own excommunicated councillors—sent one of his chaplains to ascend the vacant throne—nominated an obscure and scandalous member of his own household for the princely mitre of Cologne, and forbade his Saxon subjects to appeal to Rome even in cases exclusively ecclesiastical. To Henry, the pontiff seemed an angry, arrogant, vituperative, old man, best to be encountered by contempt. To Gregory, the emperor appeared as the feeble and unconscious agent in a providential scheme for subjecting the secular to the spiritual dynasty. To such as could read the signs of the times, it was evident that, on either side, this contempt was misplaced, and that a long and sanguinary conflict drew near, by which the future destinies of the world would be determined.

Events hurried rapidly onward to that crisis. Complaints were preferred to the Holy See of crimes committed by Henry against the Saxon church which cried for vengeance, and of vices practised by him in private, which rendered him unfit for communion with his fellow Christians. Gregory cited the emperor to appear before him to answer these charges. The emperor, if we may believe the papal historians, answered by an attempt to assassinate the author of so presumptuous a citation.

On Christmas eve, in the year 1075, the city of Rome was visited by a dreadful tempest. Not even the full moon of Italy could penetrate the dense mass of superincumbent clouds. Darkness brooded over the land, and the trembling spectators believed that the day of final judgment was about to dawn. In this war of the elements, however, two processions were seen advancing to the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. At the head of one was the aged Hildebrand, conducting a few priests to worship at the shrine of the Virgin

Deipara. The other was preceded by Cencius, a Roman noble. His followers were armed as for some desperate enterprise. At each pause in the roar of the tempest might be heard the hallelujah of the worshippers, or the voice of the pontiff pouring out benedictions on the little flock which knelt before him—when the arm of Cencius grasped his person, and the sword of some yet more daring ruffian inflicted a wound on his forehead. Bound with cords, stripped of his sacred vestments, beaten, and subjected to the basest indignities, the venerable minister of Christ was carried to a fortified mansion within the walls of the city, again to be removed at daybreak to exile or to death. Women were there with women's sympathy and kindly offices, but they were rudely put aside, and a drawn sword was already aimed at the pontiff's bosom, when the cries of a fierce multitude threatening to burn or batter down the house, arrested the arm of the assassin. An arrow, discharged from below, reached, and slew him. The walls rocked beneath the strokes of the maddened populace, and Cencius, falling at the prisoner's feet, became himself a suppliant for pardon and for life.

In profound silence and undisturbed serenity, Hildebrand had thus far submitted to these atrocious indignities. The occasional raising of his eyes towards heaven alone indicated his consciousness of them. But to the supplication of his prostrate enemy he returned an instant and a calm assurance of forgiveness; he rescued Cencius from the exasperated besiegers, dismissed him in safety and in peace, and returned amidst the acclamations of the whole Roman people to complete the interrupted solemnities of Santa Maria Maggiore.

That Henry instigated this crime, is a charge of which no proof is extant, and to which all probabilities are opposed. But it was current at the time; and the contest thenceforward assumed all the bitterness of personal animosity. To the charges of sacrilege, impurity, and assassination, preferred against the emperor, his partisans answered by denouncing the pope himself, at a synod convened at Worms, as base-born, and as guilty of murder, simony, necromancy and devil worship, of habitual, though concealed, profligacy, and of an impious profanation of the Eucharist. Fortunately for the fame of Gregory, his enemies have written a book. Cardinal Benno, one of the most inveterate, has bequeathed to us a compendium of all those synodal invectives. The guilt of a base birth is established; for Hildebrand's father was a carpenter in the little Tuscan town of Saone. The other imputations are refuted by the evident malignity of the writer, and by the utter failure, or the wild extravagance, of his proofs.

Such, however, was not the judgment of the synod of Worms. A debate of two days' continuance, closed with an unanimous vote that Gregory the Seventh should be abjured and deposed. Henry first affixed his signature to the form of abjuration. Then each archbishop, bishop, and abbot, rising in his turn, subscribed the same fatal scroll. Scarcely was the assembly dissolved, before imperial messages were on their way to secure the concurrence of other churches, and the support of the temporal princes. On every side, but especially in Northern Italy, a fierce and sudden flame attested the long mouldering resentment of the priests whom the pope had divorced

from their wives; of the lords whose simoniacal traffic he had arrested; of the princes whose Norman invaders he had cherished; of ecclesiastics whom his haughty demeanor had incensed; of the licentious whom his discipline had revolted; and of the patriotic whom his ambition had alarmed. The abjuration of Worms was adopted with enthusiasm by another synod at Placenza. Oaths of awful significance cemented the confederacy. Acts of desperate hostility bore witness to their determination to urge the quarrel to extremities. Not a day was to be lost in intimating to Gregory that the apostolic sceptre had fallen from his hands, and that the Christian Church was once more free.

It was now the second week in Lent, in the year 1078. From his throne, beneath the sculptured roof of the Vatican, Gregory, arrayed in the rich mantle, the pall, and the other mystic vestments of pontifical dominion, looked down the far-receding aisle of the sacred edifice on the long array of ecclesiastical lords and princes, before whom "Henry, King of Germany and Italy, calling himself emperor," had been summoned to appear, not as their sovereign to receive their homage, but as a culprit to await their sentence. As he gazed on that new senate, asserting a jurisdiction so majestic—and listened to harmonies which might not unfitly have accompanied the worship of Eden—and joined in anthems which in far distant ages had been sung by blessed saints in their dark crypts, and by triumphant martyrs in their dying agonies—and inhaled the incense symbolical of the prayers offered by the Catholic church to her eternal Head—what wonder, if, under the intoxicating influence of such a scene and of such an hour, the old man believed that he was himself the apostolic rock on which her foundations were laid, and that his cause and person were sacred as the will, and invincible as the power, of heaven itself. The "Veni Creator" was on the lips of the papal choir, when Roland, as envoy from the synods of Worms and Placenza, presented himself before the assembled hierarchy of Rome. His demeanor was fierce, and his speech abrupt. "The king and the united bishops both of Germany and Italy," (such was his apostrophe to the pope,) "transmit to thee this command:—Descend without delay from the throne of St. Peter. Abandon the usurped government of the Roman Church. To such honors none must aspire without the general choice and the sanction of the emperor." Then addressing the conclave—"To you, brethren," he said, "it is commanded, that at the feast of Pentecost ye present yourselves before the king my master, to receive a pope and father from his hands. This pretended pastor is a ravenous wolf." A brief pause of mute astonishment gave way to shouts of fury. Swords were drawn, and the audacious herald was about to expiate his temerity with his blood. But Gregory descended from his throne, received from the hands of Roland the letters of the synods, and resuming his seat, read them in a clear and deliberate voice to the indignant council. Again the sacred edifice rang with a tempest of passionate invective. Again swords were drawn on Roland, and again the storm was composed by the voice of the pontiff. He spoke of prophecies fulfilled in the contumacy of the king and in the troubles of the faithful. He assured them, that victory would reward their zeal, or divine consolations soothe their defeat; but whether victory or

defeat should be their doom, the time, he said, had come when the avenging sword must be drawn to smite the enemy of God and of his church.

The speaker ceased, and turned for approbation, or at least for acquiescence, not to the enthusiastic throng of mitred or of armed adherents, but to one who, even in that eventful moment, divided with himself the gaze and the sympathy of that illustrious assemblage. For by his side, though in an inferior station, sat Agnes the empress-mother, brought there to witness and to ratify the judgment to be pronounced on her only child, whom she had borne amidst the proudest hopes, and trained for empire beneath the griefs and anxieties of widowhood. She bore or strove to bear herself as a daughter of the church, but could not forget that she was the mother of Henry, when, in all the impersonated majesty of that holy fellowship, Hildebrand, raising his eyes to heaven, with a voice echoing, amidst the breathless silence of the synod, through the remotest arches of the lofty pile, invoked the holy Peter, prince of the apostles, to hear, and "Mary the mother of God," and the blessed Paul and all the saints to bear witness, while for the honor and defence of Christ's church, in the name of the sacred Trinity, and by the power and authority of Peter, he interdicted to King Henry, son of Henry the emperor, the government of the whole realm of Germany and Italy, absolved all Christians from their oaths and allegiance to him, and bound him with the bond of anathema, "that the nations may know and acknowledge that thou art Peter, and that upon thy rock the Son of the living God hath built his church, and that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

When intelligence of the deposition of Henry first astounded the nations of Europe, the glories of papal Rome seemed to the multitude to have been madly staked on one most precarious issue. Men foretold that the emperor would promptly and signally punish a treason so audacious, and that the Holy See would, ere long, descend to the level of the Patriarchate of Constantinople. Nor did the wisest deem such anticipations unreasonable. They reflected that Henry was still in the very prime of life—that he possessed a force of will which habitual luxury had not impaired, and a throne in the hearts of his people which the wildest excess of vice and folly had not subverted—that he reigned over the fairest and the wealthiest portion of the continent—that he commanded numerous vassals, and could bring into the field powerful armies—that he had crushed rebellion among his subjects, and had no rival to dread among his neighbors—and that the papacy had flourished under the shelter of the imperial crown, the authority of which had been so arrogantly defied, and the fierce resentment of which was now inevitably to be encountered. But in the seeming strength of the imperial resources, there was an inherent weakness, and in the seeming weakness of the papal cause, a latent but invincible strength. Even Teutonic loyalty had been undermined by the cruelties, the faithlessness, and the tyranny of the monarch, and the doom of the oppressor was upon him. The cause of Gregory was, on the other hand, in popular estimation, the cause of sanctity and of truth, of primeval discipline and traditional reverence, and the pope himself a martyr, who, in all the majesty of superhuman power, was resolved either to repel the spoiler

from the Christian fold, or to lay down his life for the sheep. That these high and lofty purposes really animated the soul, or kindled the imagination of him to whom they were thus ascribed, it would be presumptuous to deny. But whatever may have been his reliance on the promises of Heaven, he certainly combined with it a penetrating insight into the policy of earth. He summoned to his aid his Norman feudatories, and invoked the succor of his Tuscan allies. She who now reigned in Tuscany might be supposed to have been called into being for the single purpose of sustaining, like another Deborah or Judith, the fainting hopes of another Israel.

On the death of Boniface, Duke and Marquis of Tuscany, in 1054, his states descended to his only surviving child, who, under the title of "The Great Countess," ruled there until her own death in 1116, first in tutelage, then in conjunction with her mother Beatrice, and, during the last thirty-nine years of that long period, in her own plenary and undivided right. Though she married Godfrey of Lorraine in her youth, and Guelph of Bavaria in her more mature age, neither the wit and military genius of her first husband, nor the wisdom and dignity of his successor, could win the heart of Matilda. Her biographer has entered into an elaborate inquiry to establish the fact, that, notwithstanding her nuptial vows with two of the most accomplished princes of that age, she lived and died as in a state of celibacy. Even they who cannot concur with him in pronouncing the sacrifice sublime, will admit that it was at least opportune. While persuading the clergy to put away their wives, she herself repudiated both her husbands. The story, indeed, is not very tractable. Schools for scandal preceded, as they have survived, all the other schools of modern Italy; and whoever has read Goldasti's "Replication for the Sacred Cæsarean and Royal Majesty of the Franks," is aware that if Florence had then possessed a comic stage and an Aristophanes, he would have exhibited no less a personage than the great Hildebrand in the chains of no meaner an Aspasia than the great Countess of Tuscany. But large as is the space occupied by this charge, and by the refutation of it, in the annals of those times, it may safely be rejected as altogether incredible and absurd. At that period, the anatomists of the human heart seem not to have described, if indeed they had detected, that hieropathic affection so familiarly known among ourselves, of which the female spirit is the seat, and the ministers of religion the objects—a flame usually as pure as it is intense, and which burned as brightly in the soul of Matilda eight centuries ago, as in the most ardent of the fair bosoms which it warms and animates now. She was in truth in love, but in love with the papacy. Six aged popes successively acknowledged and rejoiced over her, at once the most zealous adherent of their cause, and the most devoted worshipper of their persons. And well might those holy fathers exult in such a conquest. Poets in their dreams have scarcely imaged, heroes in the hour of their triumph have rarely attained, so illustrious a trophy of their genius or of their valor.

The life of Matilda is told by Donnizone, a member of her household, in three books of lamentable hexameters, and by Fiorentini, an antiquarian and genealogist of Lucca in the seventeenth century, in three other books scarcely less

wearisome; though his learning, his love of truth, and his zeal for the glory of his heroine, secure for him the respect and the sympathy of his readers. That she should have inspired no nobler eulogies than theirs, may be ascribed partly to her having lived in the times when the Boethian had subsided into the Bœotian age of Italian literature, and partly to the uninviting nature of the ecclesiastical feuds and alliances in which her days were consumed. Otherwise, neither Zenobia, nor Isabella, nor Elizabeth, had a fairer claim to inspire and to live in immortal verse. Not even her somnolent chaplain, as he beat out his Latin doggerel, could avoid giving utterance to the delight with which her delicate features, beaming with habitual gaiety, had inspired him. Not even her severe confessor, Saint Anselm of Lucca, could record without astonishment, how her feeble frame sustained all the burdens of civil government, and all the fatigues of actual war; burdens indeed, which but for a series of miraculous cures wrought for her at her own intercession, she could not (he assures us) have sustained at all.

Supported, either by miracle, or by her own indomitable spirit, Matilda wielded the sword of justice with masculine energy in the field against the enemies of the Holy See, or in the tribunal against such as presumed to violate her laws. He who knew her best, regarded these stern exercises of her authority but as the promptings of a heart which loved too wisely and too well to love with fondness. In the camp, such was the serenity of her demeanor, and the graceful flow of her discourse, that she appeared to him a messenger of mercy, in the garb of a Penthesilea. On the judgment-seat he saw in her not the stern avenger of crime, but rather the compassionate mother of the feeble and the oppressed.

Nor did she allow to herself any of the weak indulgence she denied to others. In a voluptuous age she lived austerely, subduing her appetites, and torturing her natural affections with the perverse ingenuity which her ghostly councillors inculcated and extolled. In a superstitious age she subdued her desire for the devotional abstractions of the cloister; and with greater wisdom, and more real piety, consecrated herself to the active duties of her princely office. In an illiterate age, her habits of study were such that she could make herself intelligible to all the troops among whom she lived, though levied from almost every part of Europe, and especially to the Italian, French, and German soldiers, whose tongues she used with equal facility. Donnizone assures us, that, though he was ever at hand as her Latin secretary, she wrote with her own pen all her letters in that language to the pontiffs and sovereigns of her times—a proof, as his readers will think, of her discernment no less than of her learning. On his testimony, also, may be claimed for her the praise of loving, collecting, and preserving books; for thus he sings—

"Copia librorum non deficit huic ve bonorum;
Libros ex cunctis habet artibus atque figuris."

How well she understood the right use of them, may be inferred from her employment of Werner, a jurist, to revise the "Corpus Jura Civilis," and of Anselm, her confessor, to compile a collection of the "Canon Law," and to write a commentary on the "Psalms of David." Such, indeed, was her proficiency in scriptural knowledge, that her versifying chaplain maintains her

equality in such studies with the most learned of the bishops, her contemporaries.

Warrior, ascetic, and scholar as she was, the spirit of Matilda was too generous to be imprisoned within the limits of the camp, the cell, or the library. It was her nobler ambition to be the refuge of the oppressed, and the benefactor of the miserable, and the champion of what she deemed the cause of truth. Mortifying the love of this world's glory, she labored with a happy inconsistency to render it still more glorious. At her bidding, castles and palaces, convents and cathedrals, statues and public monuments, arose throughout Tuscany. Yet, so well was her munificence sustained by a wise economy, that to the close of her long reign, she was still able to maintain her hereditary title to the appellation of "the rich," by which her father, Boniface, had been distinguished. She might, with no less propriety, have been designated as "the powerful;" since, either by direct authority, or by irresistible influence, she ruled nearly the whole of Northern Italy, from Lombardy to the Papal States, and received from the other monarchs of the West, both the outward homage and the real deference reserved for sovereign potentates.

Matilda attained to the plenary dominion over her hereditary states at the very crisis of the great controversy of her age, when Henry had procured and promulgated the sentence of the Synod of Worms for the deposition of Gregory. Heedless, or rather unconscious, of the resources of that formidable adversary, he had made no preparation for the inevitable contest; but, as if smitten by a judicial blindness, selected that critical moment for a new outrage on the most sacred feelings of his own subjects. He marched into Saxony; and there, as if in scorn of the free German spirit, erected a stern military despotism, confiscated the estates of the people, exiled their nobles, imprisoned their bishops, sold the peasants as slaves, or compelled them to labor in erecting fortresses, from which his mercenary troops might curb and ravage the surrounding country. The cry of the oppressed rose on every side from the unhappy land. It entered into the ears of the Avenger.

As Henry returned from this disastrous triumph to Utrecht, the imperial banner floated over a vast assemblage of courtiers, churchmen, vassals, ministers of justice, men-at-arms, and sutlers, who lay encamped, like some nomad tribe, round their chief, when the indignant bearing of some of his followers, and the alarmed and half-averted gaze of others, disclosed to him the awful fact, that a pontifical anathema had cast him down from his imperial state, and exiled him from the society of all Christian people. His heart fainted within him at these dismal tidings as at the sound of his own passing bell. But that heart was kingly still, and resolute either to dare or to endure, in defence of his hereditary crown. Shame and sorrow might track him to the grave, but he would hold no counsel with despair. The world had rejected him—the church had cast him out—his very mother deserted him. In popular belief, perhaps in his own, God himself had abandoned him. Yet all was not lost. He retained, at least, the hope of vengeance. On his hated adversary he might yet retaliate blow for blow, and malediction for malediction.

On Easter-day, in the year 1076, surrounded by a small and anxious circle of prelates, William

the Archbishop of Utrecht ascended his archiepiscopal throne, and recited the sacred narrative which commemorates the rising of the Redeemer from the grave. But no strain of exulting gratitude followed. A fierce invective depicted, in the darkest colors, the character and the career of Hildebrand, and with bitter scorn the preacher denied the right of such a pope to censure the Emperor of the West, to govern the church, or to live in her communion. In the name of the assembled synod, he then pronounced him excommunicate.

At that moment the summons of death reached the author of this daring defiance. While the last fatal struggle convulsed his body, a yet sorer agony affected his soul. He died self-aborred, rejecting the sympathy, the prayers, and the sacraments with which the terrified bystanders would have soothed his departing spirit. The voice of Heaven itself seemed to rise in wild concert with the cry of his tortured conscience. Thunderbolts struck down both the church in which he had abjured the Vicar of Christ, and the adjacent palace in which the emperor was residing. Three other of the anti-papal prelates quickly followed William to the grave, by strange and violent deaths. Godfrey of Lorraine fell by the hand of an assassin. Universal horror was awakened by such accumulated portents. Each day announced to Henry some new secession. His guards deserted his standard; his personal attendants avoided his presence. The members of the Synod of Worms fled to Rome, to make their peace with the justly irritated pontiff. The nobles set free the Saxon prisoners who had been confined to their custody. Otho appeared once more in arms to lead a new insurrection of his fellow-countrymen. The great princes of Germany convened a council to deliberate on the deposition of their sovereign. To every eye but his own, all seemed to be lost. Even to him it was but too evident that the loyalty of his subjects had been undermined, and that his throne was tottering beneath him. A single resource remained. He might yet assemble the faithful or the desperate adherents of his cause—inspire dread into those whose allegiance he had forfeited—make one last strenuous effort in defence of his crown—and descend to the tomb, if so it must be, the anointed and acknowledged Chief of the Carolingian Empire.

With a mind wrought up to such resolves, he traversed the north of Germany to encounter the Saxon insurgents—published to the world the sentence of Utrecht—and called on the Lombard bishops to concur in the excommunication it denounced. He reaped the usual reward of audacity. Though repelled by Otho, and compelled to retrace his march to the Rhine, he found every city, village, and convent, by which he passed, distracted with the controversy between the diadem and the tiara. Religion and awakening loyalty divided the empire. Though not yet combining into any definite form, the elements of a new confederacy were evidently at work in favor of a monarch who thus knew how to draw courage and energy from despair.

Yet the moral sentiment of the German people was as yet unequivocally against their sovereign. The imperialists mournfully acknowledged that their chief was justly condemned. The papalists indignantly denied the truth of the reproaches cast on their leader. In support of that denial,

Gregory defended himself in epistles addressed to all the greater Teutonic prelates. Among them is a letter to Herman, bishop of Metz, which vividly exhibits both the strength of the writer's character and the weakness of his cause. Although (he says) such as, from their exceeding folly, deny the papal right of excommunicating kings hardly deserve an answer, (the right to *depose* kings was the real point in debate,) yet, in condescension to their weakness, he will dispel their doubts. Peter himself had taught this doctrine, as appeared by a letter from St. Clement, (in the authenticity of which no one believes.) When Pepin coveted the crown of Childeric, Pope Zachary was invited by the mayor of the palace to give judgment between them. On his ambiguous award the usurper had founded the title of his dynasty. Saint Gregory the Great had *threatened* to depose any monarch who should resist his decrees. The story of Ambrose and Theodosius rightly interpreted, gave proof that the emperor held his crown at the will of the apostle. Every king was one of the "sheep" whom Peter had been commanded to feed, and one of the "things" which Peter had been empowered to bind. Who could presume to place the sceptre on a level with the crosier? The one the conquest of human pride, the other the gift of divine mercy: the one conducting to the vain glories of earth, the other pointing the way to heaven. As gold surpasses lead, so does the episcopal transcend the imperial dignity. Could Henry justly refuse to the universal bishop that precedence which Constantine had yielded to the meanest Prelate at Nicæa? Must not he be supreme above all terrestrial thrones, to whom all ecclesiastical dominations are subordinate?

To employ good arguments, one must be in the right. To make the best possible use of such as are to be had, is the privilege of genius, even when in the wrong. Nothing could be more convincing to the spiritual lords of Germany, nothing more welcome to her secular chiefs, than this array of great names and sonorous authorities against their falling sovereign. To overcome the obstinate loyalty of the burghers and peasantry to their young and gallant king, religious terrors were indispensable; and continual reinforcements of pontifical denunciations were therefore solicited and obtained. At length, in the autumn of 1076, appeared from Rome a rescript which, in the event (no longer doubtful) of Henry's continued resistance to the sentence of the last papal council, required the German princes and prelates, counts and barons, to elect a new emperor, and assured them of the apostolical confirmation of any choice which should be worthily made. These were no idle words. The death-struggle could no longer be postponed. Legates arrived from Rome, to guide the proceedings of the diet to be convened for this momentous deliberation. It met during the autumn at Tribur.

The annals of mankind scarcely record so solemn or so dispassionate an act of national justice. On every adjacent height some princely banner waved over the mature vintage, and joining in that pleasant toil, and in the carols of that gay season, groups of unarmed soldiers might be traced along the furthest windings of the neighboring Rhine. In the centre, and under the defence of that vast encampment, rose a pavilion, within which were collected all whose dignity entitled them to a voice in that high debate. From the only extant

record of what occurred, and of what was spoken there, it may be inferred that Henry's offences against the church were regarded lightly in comparison with the criminality of his civil government. Stationed on the opposite bank of the river, he received continued intelligence of the progress and tendency of the discussion. The prospect darkened hourly. Soldiers had already been dispatched to secure him; and unknighly indignities inflicted on his person, might forever have estranged the reverence borne to him by the ruder multitude, when he attempted to avert the impending sentence by an offer to abdicate all the powers of government to his greater feudatories, and to retreat from the contest as the merely titular head of the Teutonic Empire.

Palpable as was the snare to the subtle Italian legates, the simple-minded Germans appear to have nearly fallen into it. For seven successive days, speech answered speech on this proposal, and when men could neither speak nor listen more, the project of a nominal reign, shorn of all substantial authority, was adopted by the diet; but (in modern phrase) with amendments obviously imposed by the representatives of the sacerdotal power. The pope was to be invited to hold a diet at Augsburg in the ensuing spring. He was meanwhile to decide whether Henry should be restored to the bosom of the church. If so absolved, he was at once to resume all his beneficial rights. But if the sun should go down on him, still an excommunicate person, on the 23d of February, 1077, his crown was to be transferred to another. Till then he was to dwell at Spire, with the imperial title, but without a court, an army, or a place of public worship.

The theocratic theory, hitherto regarded as a mere Utopian extravagance, had thus passed into a practical and a sacred reality. The fisherman of Galilee had triumphed over the conqueror of Pharsalia. The vassal of Otho had reduced Otho's successor to vassalage. The universal monarchy which heathen Rome had wrung from a bleeding world, had been extorted by Christian Rome from the superstition or the reverence of mankind. The relation of the papacy and the empire had been inverted, and churchmen foretold with unhesitating confidence the exaltation of their order above all earthly potentates, and the resort to their capital of countless worshippers, there to do homage to an oracle more profound than that of Delphi, to mysteries more pure than those of Eleusis, and to a pontificate more august than that of Jerusalem. Strains of unbounded joy resounded through the papal city. Solitude and shame and penitential exercises attended the past crimes and the abject fortunes of the exile of Spire.

But against this regimen of sackcloth and fasting, the body and the soul of Henry revolted. At the close of the Diet of Tribur, he had scarcely completed his twenty-sixth year. Degraded, if not finally deposed, hated and reviled, abandoned by man, and compelled by conscience to anticipate his abandonment by God, he yet in the depths of his misery retained the remembrance and the hope of dominion. Youth could still gild the future. He might yet retrieve his reputation, resume the blessings he had squandered, and take a signal vengeance on his great antagonist. And amidst the otherwise universal desertion, there was one faithful bosom on which to repose his own aching heart. Contrasted with the guilt and the baseness

of her husband's court, Bertha is disclosed to us as the pure surrounded by the licentious, the faithful by the false. Her wrongs had been such as to render a deep resentment nothing less than a duty. Her happiness and her honor had been basely assailed by the selfish profligate to whom the most solemn vows had in vain united her. But to her, those vows were a bond stronger than death, and never to be dissolved or weakened by all the confederate powers of earth and hell. To suffer was the condition—to pardon and to love, the necessity—of her existence. Vice and folly could not have altogether depraved him who was the object of such devoted tenderness, and who at length returned it with almost equal constancy, after a bitter experience had taught him the real value of the homage and caresses of the world.

In her society, though an exile from every other, Henry wore away two months at Spire in a fruitless solicitation to the pope to receive him in Italy as a penitent suitor for reconciliation with the church. December had now arrived; and in less than ten weeks would be fulfilled the term, when, if still excommunicate, he must, according to the sentence at Tribur, finally resign, not the prerogatives alone, but the title and rank of head of the empire. To avert this danger, no sacrifice could be declined; and history tells of none more singular than those to which the heir of the Franconian dynasty was constrained to submit. In the garb of a pilgrim, and in a season so severe as during more than four months to have converted the Rhine into a solid mass of ice, Henry and his faithful Bertha, carrying in her arms their infant child, undertook to cross the Alps, with no escort but such menial servants as it was yet in his power to hire for that desperate enterprise. Among the courtiers who had so lately thronged his palace, not one would become the companion of his toil and dangers. Among the neighboring princes who so lately had solicited his alliance, not one would grant him the poor boon of a safe-conduct and a free passage through their states. Even his wife's mother exacted from him large territorial cessions as the price of allowing him and her own daughter to scale one of the Alpine passes, apparently that of the Great St. Bernard. Day by day, peasants cut out an upward path through the long windings of the mountain. In the descent from the highest summit, when thus at length gained, Henry had to encounter fatigues and dangers from which the chamois-hunter would have turned aside. Vast trackless wastes of snow were traversed, sometimes by mere crawling, at other times by the aid of rope-ladders or still ruder contrivances, and not seldom by a sheer plunge along the inclined steep; the empress and her child being enveloped on those occasions in the raw skins of beasts slaughtered on the march.

The transition from these dangers to security, from the pine forests, glaciers, and precipices of the Alps, to the sunny plains of the south, was not so grateful to the wearied travellers as the change from the gloom of Spire to the rapturous greetings which hailed their advance along the course of the Po. A splendid court, a numerous army, and an exulting populace, once more attested the majesty of the emperor; nor was the welcome of his Italian subjects destitute of a deeper significance than usually belongs to the pæans of the worshippers of kings. They dreamed of the haughty pontiff humbled, of the see of Ambrose exalted to civil and ecclesiastical supremacy, and

of the German yoke lifted from their necks. Doomed as were these soaring hopes to an early disappointment, the enthusiasm of Henry's partisans justified those more sober expectations which had prompted his perilous journey across the Alps. He could now prosecute his suit to the pope with the countenance and in the vicinity of those zealous adherents, and at a secure distance from the enemies towards whom Hildebrand was already advancing to hold the contemplated diet of Augsburg. In personal command of a military escort, Matilda attended the papal progress: and was even pointing out to her guards their line of march through the snowy peaks which closed in her northern horizon, when tidings of the rapid approach of the emperor at the head of a formidable force induced her to retreat to the fortress of Canossa. There, in the bosom of the Apennines, her sacred charge would be secure from any sudden assault. Nor had she anything to dread from the regular leaguer of such powers as could in that age have been brought to the siege of it.

Canossa was the cradle and the original seat of her ancient race. It was also the favorite residence of the great countess; and when Gregory found shelter within her halls, they were crowded with guests of the highest eminence in social and in literary rank. So imposing was the scene, and so superb the assemblage, that the drowsy muse of her versifying chaplain awakened for once to an hyperbole, and declared Canossa to be nothing less than a new Rome, the rival of that of Romulus. Thither, as if to verify the boast, came a long line of mitred penitents from Germany, whom the severe Hildebrand consigned on their arrival to solitary cells with bread and water for their fare; and there also appeared the German emperor himself, not the leader of the rumored host of Lombard invaders, but surrounded by a small and unarmed retinue—mean in his apparel, and contrite in outward aspect, a humble suppliant for pardon and acceptance to the communion of the faithful. Long centuries had passed away since the sceptre of the West had been won in Cisalpine fields fought by Italian armies; and Henry well knew that, to break the alliance of patriotism, cupidity, and superstition, which had degraded him at Tribur, it was necessary to rescue himself from the anathema which he had but too justly incurred. And Hildebrand! fathomless as are the depths of the human heart, who can doubt that, amidst the conflict of emotions which now agitated him, the most dominant was the exulting sense of victory over the earth's greatest monarch! His rival at his feet, his calumniator self-condemned, the lips which had rudely summoned him to abdicate the apostolic crown now suing to him for the recovery of the imperial diadem, the exaltation in his person of decrepid age over fiery youth, of mental over physical power, of the long-enthralled church over the long-tyrannizing world, all combined to form a triumph too intoxicating even for that capacious intellect.

The veriest sycophant of the papal court would scarcely have ventured to describe, as a serious act: of sacramental devotion, the religious masquerade which followed between the high priest and the imperial penitent; or to extol as politic and wise, the base indignities to which the pontiff subjected his prostrate enemy, and of which his own pastoral letters contain the otherwise incredible record. Had it been his object to compel Henry to drain to

its bitterest dregs the cup of unprofitable humiliation—to exasperate to madness the emperor himself, and all who would resent as a personal wrong an insult to their sovereign—and to transmit to the latest age a monument and a hatred alike imperishable, of the extravagances of spiritual despotism, he could have devised no fitter course.

Environed by many of the greatest princes of Italy who owed fealty and allegiance to the emperor, Gregory affected to turn a deaf ear to his solicitations. His humblest offers were spurned; his most unbounded acknowledgments of the sacerdotal authority over the kings and kingdoms of the world were rejected. For the distress of her royal kinsman, Matilda felt as women and as monarchs feel; but even her entreaties seemed to be fruitless. Day by day, the same cold stern appeal to the future decisions of the diet to be convened at Augsburg, repelled the suit even of that powerful intercessor. The critical point, at which prayers for reconciliation would give way to indignation and defiance, had been almost reached. Then, and not till then, the pope condescended to offer his ghostly pardon, on the condition that Henry would surrender into his hands the custody of the crown, the sceptre, and the other ensigns of royalty, and acknowledge himself unworthy to bear the royal title. This, however, was a scandal on which not even the proud spirit of the now triumphant priest dared to insist, and to which not even the now abject heart of the emperor could be induced to submit. But the shame which was spared to the sovereign was inflicted with relentless severity on the man.

It was towards the end of January, the earth was covered with snow, and the mountain streams were arrested by the keen frost of the Apennines, when, clad in a thin penitential garment of white linen, and bare of foot, Henry, the descendant of so many kings, and the ruler of so many nations, ascended slowly and alone the rocky path which led to the outer gate of the fortress of Canossa. With strange emotions of pity, of wonder, and of scorn, the assembled crowd gazed on his majestic form and noble features, as, passing through the first and the second gateway, he stood in the posture of humiliation before the third, which remained inexorably closed against his further progress. The rising sun found him there fasting; and there the setting sun left him stiff with cold, faint with hunger, and devoured by shame and ill-suppressed resentment. A second day dawned, and wore tardily away, and closed, in a continuance of the same indignities, poured out on mankind at large in the person of their chief by the vicar of the meek, the lowly, and the compassionate Redeemer. A third day came, and still irreverently trampling on the hereditary lord of the fairer half of the civilized world, Hildebrand once more prolonged till nightfall this profane and hollow parody on the real workings of the broken and contrite heart.

Nor in the midst of this outrage on every natural sentiment and every honest prejudice, was he unwarned of the activity and the strength of those feelings. Lamentations, and even reproaches, rang through the castle of Canossa. Murmurs from Henry's inveterate enemies, and his own zealous adherents, upbraided Gregory as exhibiting rather the cruelty of a tyrant than the rigor of an apostle. But the endurance of the sufferer was the only measure of the inflexibility of the tormentor; nor was it till the unhappy monarch

had burst away from the scene of his mental and bodily anguish, and sought shelter in a neighboring convent, that the pope, yielding at length to the instances of Matilda, would admit the degraded suppliant into his presence. It was the fourth day on which he had borne the humiliating garb of an affected penitence, and in that sordid raiment he drew near on his bare feet to the more than imperial majesty of the church, and prostrated himself in more than servile deference before the diminutive and emaciated old man, "from the terrible grace of whose countenance," we are told, "the eye of every beholder recoiled as from the lightning." Hunger, cold, nakedness, and shame, had for the moment crushed that gallant spirit. He wept and cried for mercy, again and again renewing his entreaties, until he had reached the lowest level of abasement to which his own enfeebled heart, or the haughtiness of his great antagonist, could depress him. Then, and not till then, did the pope condescend to revoke the anathema of the Vatican.

Cruel, however, were the tender mercies of the now exulting pontiff. He restored his fallen enemy at once to the communion and to the contempt of his Christian brethren. The price of pardon was a promise to submit himself to the future judgment of the apostolic see; to resign his crown if that judgment should be unfavorable to him; to abstain meanwhile from the enjoyment of any of his royal prerogatives or revenues; to acknowledge the validity of the release of his subjects from their allegiance; to banish his former friends and advisers; to govern his states, should he regain them, in obedience to the papal counsels; to enforce all papal decrees, and never to revenge his present humiliation. To the observance of the terms thus dictated by the conqueror, the oaths of Henry himself, and of several prelates and princes as his sponsors, were pledged; and then, in the name of Him who had declared that his kingdom was not of this world, and as the successor of him who had forbidden to all bishops any lordship over the heritage of Christ, the solemn words of pontifical absolution rescued the degraded emperor from the forfeit to which he had been conditionally sentenced by the confederates at Tribur.

Another expiation was yet to be made to the injured majesty of the tiara. He in whom the dynasties of Cæsar, of Charlemagne, and of Otto had their representative, might still be compelled to endure one last and galling contumely. Holding in his hand the seeming bread, which words of far more than miraculous power had just transmuted into the very body which died and was entombed at Calvary—"Behold!" exclaimed the pontiff, fixing his keen and flashing eye on the jaded countenance of the unhappy monarch—"behold the body of the Lord! Be it this day the witness of my innocence. May the almighty God now free me from the suspicion of the guilt of which I have been accused by thee and thine, if I be really innocent! May He this very day smite me with a sudden death, if I be really guilty!" Amidst the acclamations of the bystanders, he then looked up to heaven, and broke and ate the consecrated element. "And now," he exclaimed, turning once more on the awe-stricken Henry that eye which neither age could dim nor pity soften; "if thou art conscious of thine innocence, and assured that the charges brought against thee by thine own opponents are false and calumnious,

free the church of God from scandal, and thyself from suspicion, and take as an appeal to heaven this body of the Lord."

That in open contradiction to his own recent prayers and penances, the penitent should have accepted this insulting challenge, was obviously impossible. He trembled and evaded it. At length when his wounded spirit, and half-lifeless frame could endure no more, a banquet was served, where, suppressing the agonies of shame and rage with which his bosom was to heave from that moment to his last, he closed this scene of wretchedness, by accepting the hospitalities, sharing in the familiar discourse, and submitting to the benedictions of the man who had in his person given proofs till then unimagined, of the depths of ignominy to which the temporal chief of Christendom might be depressed by an audacious use of the powers of her ecclesiastical head.

The Lombard lords who had hailed the arrival of their sovereign in Italy, had gradually overtaken his rapid advance to Canossa. There, marshalled in the adjacent valleys, they anxiously awaited from day to day intelligence of what might be passing within the fortress, when at length the gates were thrown open, and attended only by the usual episcopal retinue, a bishop was seen to descend from the steep path which led to their encampment. He announced that Henry had submitted himself to the present discipline and to the future guidance of the pope, and had received his ghostly absolution; and that on the same terms his holiness was ready to bestow the same grace on his less guilty followers. As the tidings of this papal victory flew from rank to rank, the mountains echoed with one protracted shout of indignation and defiance. The Lombards spurned the pardon of Hildebrand—an usurper of the apostolic throne, himself excommunicated by the decrees of German and Italian synods. They denied the authority of the emperor, debased as he now was by concessions unworthy of a king, and by indignities disgraceful to a soldier. They vowed to take the crown from his dishonored head, to place it on the brows of his son, the yet infant Conrad; to march immediately to Rome, and there to depose the proud churchman who had thus dared to humble to the dust the majesty of the Franconian line and of the Lombard name.

In the midst of this military tumult, the gates of Canossa were again thrown open, and Henry himself was seen descending to the camp, his noble figure bowed down, and his lordly countenance overcast with unwonted emotions. As he passed along the Lombard lines, every eye expressed contempt, and derision was on every tongue. But the Italian was not the German spirit. They could not at once despise and obey. Following the standard of their degraded monarch, they conducted him to Reggio, where, in a conclave of ecclesiastics, he instantly proceeded to concert schemes for their deliverance, and for his own revenge.

Within a single week from the absolution of Canossa, Gregory was on his way to Mantua to hold a council, to which the emperor had invited him, with the treacherous design (if the papal historians may be credited) of seizing and imprisoning him there. The vigilance of Matilda rescued her holy father from the real or imaginary danger. From the banks of the Po she conducted him back, under the escort of her troops, to the shelter of her native mountain fastness. His faith in

his own infallibility must have undergone a severe trial. The imperial sinner he had pardoned, was giving daily proof that the heart of man is not to be penetrated even by papal eyes. Henry was exercising, with ostentation, the prerogatives he had so lately vowed to forego. He had cast off the abject tone of the confessional. All his royal instincts were in full activity. He breathed defiance against the pontiff—seized and imprisoned his legates—recalled to his presence his excommunicated councillors—became once more strenuous for his rights—and was recompensed by one simultaneous burst of sympathy, enthusiasm, and devotedness, from his Italian subjects.

To balance the ominous power thus rising against him, Gregory now received an accession of dignity and of influence on which his eulogists are unwilling to dwell. The discipline of the church, and the fate of the empire, were not the only subjects of his solicitude while sheltered in the castle and city of the Tuscan heroine. The world was startled and scandalized by the intelligence, that his princely hostess had granted all her hereditary states to her apostolic guest, and to his successors forever, in full allodial dominion. By some sage of the law, who drew up the act of cession, it is ascribed to her dread of the emperor's hostility. A nobler impulse is ascribed to the mistress of Liguria and Tuscany in the hobbling verses of her more honest chaplain. Peter, he says, bore the keys of heaven, and Matilda had resolved to bear the Etrurian keys of Peter's patrimony in no other character than that of doorkeeper to Peter. With what benignity the splendid inheritance was accepted, may also be learned from the worthy versifier. At this hour Pope Gregory the sixteenth holds some parts of his territorial dominion in virtue of this grant. Hildebrand is one of the saints of the church, and one of the heroes of the world. He, therefore, escapes the reproach of so grave an abuse of the hospitality of the great countess, and of the confidence she reposed in her spiritual guide. The coarser reproach in which it has involved them both, will be adopted by no one who has ever watched the weaving of the mystic bonds which knit together the female and the sacerdotal hearts. It was the age of feudalism, not of chivalry. Yet, when chivalry came, and St. Louis himself adorned it, would he, if so tried, have resisted the temptation under which St. Gregory fell? It is, probably, well for the fame of that illustrious prince that his virtue was never subjected to so severe a test.

Canossa, the scene of this memorable cession, was, at the same time, the prison of him to whom it was made. All the passes were beset with Henry's troops. All the Lombard and Tuscan cities were in Henry's possession. His reviving courage had kindled the zeal of his adherents. He was no longer an outcast to be trampled down with impunity, but the leader of a formidable host, with whom even the Vicar of Christ must condescend to temporize.

In the wild defiles of the Alps, swift messengers from the princes to the pope hurried past solemn legates from the pope to the princes—they urging his instant appearance at Augsburg—he exhorting them to avoid any decision in his absence. Mired emissaries also passed from Gregory to the emperor, summoning him to attend the diet within a time by which no one unwasted by wings or steam could have reached the place, and requesting from him a suicidal safe-conduct for his pontifical judge. The pope was now confined to the weapons with

which men of the gown contend with men of the sword. His prescience forebode a civil war. His policy was to assume the guidance of the German league just far enough to maintain his lofty claims, not far enough to be irrevocably committed to the leaguers. A plausible apology for his absence was necessary. It was afforded by Henry's rejection of demands made only that they might be rejected.

To Otho and to the aspiring Rudolf such subtleties were alike unfamiliar and unsuspected. Those stout soldiers and simple Germans knew that the pope had deposed their king and had absolved them from their allegiance. They doubted not, therefore, that he was bound heart and soul to their cause. Or if, in the assembly which they held at Forcheim, a doubt was whispered of Italian honor or of pontifical faith, it was silenced by the presence there of papal legates, who sedulously swelled the tide of invective against Henry. At first, indeed, they dissuaded the immediate choice of a rival sovereign. But to the demand of the princes for prompt and decisive measures, they gave their ready assent. They advised them, it is true, to confer no hereditary title on the object of their choice. Yet when, in defiance of that advice, the choice was made, they solemnly confirmed it in the name, and by the authority, of Gregory. They did not, certainly, vote for the election of Rudolf; but, when the shouts of the multitude announced his accession to the Teutonic throne, they placed the crown on his head. That Hildebrand did not disavow these acts of his representatives, but availed himself of the alliances and aids to be derived from them, appeared, to these downright captains, abundantly sufficient to bind him in conscience and in honor. That the pope had not the slightest intention of being so bound, unless it should chance to suit his own convenience, is, however, past dispute. Even in the nineteenth century he has found, in M. l'Abbé Jager, an apologist who absolves him from all responsibility for the acts of his legates at the Diet of Forcheim, because they were adopted without awaiting his own personal arrival. The diet might just as reasonably have awaited the arrival of the millennium.

The decretals of Rome, of Tribur, of Canossa, and of Forcheim, were now to bear their proper fruits—fruits of bitter taste and of evil augury. At the moment when the cathedral of Mentz was pouring forth the crowds who had just listened to the coronation oath of Rudolf, the clash of arms, the cries of combatants, and the shrieks of the dying, mingled, strangely and mournfully, with the sacred anthems and the songs of revellers. An idle frolic of some Swabian soldiers had kindled into rage the sullen spirit with which the partisans of Henry had gazed on that unwelcome pageant; and the first rude and exasperated voice was echoed by the thousands who learned, from those acclamations, the secret of their numbers and their strength. The discovery and the agitation spread from city to city, and roused the whole German people from the Rhine to the Oder. Men's hearts yearned over their exiled king. They remembered that, but twelve short years before, he had been basely stolen from his mother by churchmen who had yet more basely corrupted him. They commemorated his courage, his courtesy and his munificence. They pardoned his faults as the excesses of youth, and resented, as insults to themselves, the indignities of Canossa and the treason of Forcheim. In this reflux of

public opinion, the loyal and the brave, all who cherished the honors of the crown, and all who desired the independence of the state, were supported by the multitudes to whom the papal edicts against simony and clerical marriages were fraught with calamity, and by that still more numerous body who at all times lend their voices and their arms to swell the triumph of every rising cause. To this confederacy Rudolf had to oppose the alliance of the princes, secular and ecclesiastical, the devoted zeal of the Saxon people, and the secret support, rather than the frank and open countenance, of the pope. The shock of these hostile powers was near and inevitable.

In the spring of 1077, tidings were spread throughout Germany of the emperor's arrival to the northward of the Alps. From Franconia, the seat of his house, from the fruitful province of Burgundy, and from the Bohemian mountains, he was greeted with an enthusiastic welcome. Many, even of the Bavarians and Swabians, revolted in his favor. His standard once more floated over all the greater citadels of the Rhine. He who, six months before, had fled from Spire, a solitary wanderer, was now at the head of a powerful army, controlling the whole of southern Germany, laying waste the territories of his rivals, and threatening them with a signal retribution.

Amidst the rising tempest the voice of Gregory was heard; but it was no longer trumpet-tongued and battling with the storm. The Supreme Earthly Judge, the dread avenger, had subsided into the pacific mediator. In the name of Peter he enjoined either king to send him a safe-conduct, that he might, in person, arbitrate between them and stop the effusion of Christian blood. A safe but an impracticable offer; an indirect but significant avowal of neutrality between the sovereign he had so lately deposed, and the sovereign whom, by his legates, he had so lately crowned. Thus ignobly withdrawing from the contest he had so precipitately kindled, Hildebrand returned from Canossa to the papal city. The great countess, as usual, attended as the commander of his guard. Rome received in triumph her new Germanicus, and decreed an ovation to his ever-faithful Agripina.

While the glories of Canossa were thus celebrated by rejoicings in the Christian capital, these were expiated by blood in the plains of Saxony. Confiding in the solemn acts of the pope and his legates, the Saxons had thronged to the defence of the crown of Rudolf, and they had sustained it undauntedly. But the bravest quailed at the intelligence that Gregory had disowned the cause of the church, and of their native land; and that, even in the palace of the Lateran, the ambassadors of Henry were received with honors and with a deference denied to the humbler envoys of his rival. Sagacity far inferior to that of Hildebrand, could, at that time, have divined that the sword alone could decide such a quarrel—that the sword of Henry was the keener of the two—and that, by the cordial adoption of the cause of either, the pope might draw on himself the vengeance of the conqueror. To pause, to vacillate, and to soothe, had, therefore, become the policy of the sovereign of the papal states; but to be silent or inactive in such a strife, would have been to abdicate one of the highest prerogatives of the papacy. Pontifical legates traversed Europe. Pontifical epistles demanded the submission of the combatants. Pontifical warnings denounced woes on the disobedient.

But no pontifical voice explained who was to be obeyed or who opposed, what was to be done or what forborne. Discerning readers of these mandates understood them as an intimation that, on the victorious side, (whichever that side might be,) the pontifical power would ultimately be found.

The appeal from these dark oracles to the unambiguous sword was first made by the rival kings in the autumn of 1078. They met on the banks of the Stren, on the plains of Melrichstadt. Each was driven from the field with enormous loss; Henry by his inveterate antagonist Otho; Rudolf by Count Herbard, the lieutenant of Henry. Each claimed the victory. An issue so indecisive could draw from the circumspect pontiff nothing more definite than renewed exhortations to rely on the Holy Peter; and could urge him to no measure more hazardous than that of convening a new council at the Lateran. There appeared the imperial envoys with hollow vows of obedience, and Saxon messengers invoking some intelligible intimation of the judgment and purposes of the apostolic see. Again the pope listened, spoke, exhorted, threatened, and left the bleeding world to interpret, as it might, the mystic sense of the Infallible.

To that brave and truth-loving people, from whom, at the distance of four centuries, Luther was to rise for the deliverance of mankind, these subtleties appeared in their real light. The Saxon annalist has preserved three letters sent by his countrymen on this occasion to Gregory, which he must have read with admiration and with shame. "You know, and the letters of your holiness attest" (such is their indignant remonstrance) "that it was by no advice nor for any interest of ours, but for wrongs done to the holy see, that you deposed our king, and forbade us, under fearful menaces, to acknowledge him. We have obeyed you at great danger, and at the expense of horrible sufferings. Many of us have lost their property and their lives, and have bequeathed hopeless poverty to their children. We who survive are without the means of subsistence, delivered over to the utmost agonies of distress. The reward of our sacrifices is, that he who was compelled to cast himself at your feet has been absolved without punishment, and has been permitted to crush us to the very abyss of misery. After our king had been solemnly deposed in a synod, and another chosen in virtue of the apostolic authority, the very matter thus decided is again brought into question. What especially perplexes us simple folk is, that the legates of Henry, though excommunicated by your legates, are well received at Rome. Holy father, your piety assures us that you are guided by honorable, not by subtle views; but we are too gross to understand them. We can only explain to you that this management of two parties has produced civil war, murder, pillage, conflagration. If we helpless sheep had failed in any point of duty, the vengeance of the holy see would have overtaken us. Why exhibit so much forbearance, when you have to do with wolves who have ravaged the Lord's fold! We conjure you to look into your own heart, to remember your own honor, to fear the wrath of God, and for your own sake, if not for love of us, rescue yourself from the responsibility for the torrents of blood poured out in our land."

To these pathetic appeals Gregory answered

slowly and reluctantly; by disavowing the acts of his legates at Forcheim; by extolling his own justice, courage, disinterestedness; by invoking the support of all orders of men in Germany; and by assuring them, in scriptural language, of the salvation of such "as should persevere to the end." But the hour for blandishments had passed away. The day of wrath and the power of the sword had come.

The snow covered the earth, and the frost had chained the rivers, when in the winter of 1079-80, the armies of Henry and Rudolf were drawn up, in hostile lines, at the village of Fladenheim near Mulhausen. Henry was the assailant, but, though driven with great loss from the field, Rudolf was the conqueror; for in that field the dreaded Otho again commanded, and by his skill and courage a rout was turned into a victory.

The intelligence arrived at Rome at the moment when Gregory was presiding there in the most numerous of the many councils he had convened at the Lateran. Long-suppressed shame for his ignoble indecision, the murmurs of the assembled prelates, a voice from heaven, audible, as we are told, to his sense alone, and above all the triumphant field of Fladenheim, combined to overcome his long-cherished but timid policy. Rising from his throne with the majesty of his earlier days, the pope, in the names of Peter and of Paul, "of God and of his holy mother Mary," excommunicated Henry, took from him the government of his states, deprived him of his royal rank, forbade all Christian people to receive him as their king, "gave, granted, and conceded," that Rudolf might rule the German and Italian empire, and with blessings on Rudolf's adherents, and curses on his foes, dissolved the assembly. Then moved, as he believed, by a divine impulse, he proceeded to the altar, and uttered a prediction, that ere the church should celebrate the festival of the prince of the apostles, Henry, her rebellious outcast, should neither reign nor live to molest her.

A perilous prophecy. Henry was no longer the exile of Tribur nor the penitent of Canossa. His own rage, on hearing of this new papal sentence, did not burn so fiercely as the wrath of his adherents. With the sanction of thirty bishops, a new anti-pope, Guibert of Ravenna, was elected at Brixen; and, at every court in Europe, imperial embassies demanded support for the common cause of all temporal sovereigns. In every part of Germany troops were levied, and Henry marched at their head to crush the one Cisalpine power in alliance with Rome. But that power was still animated by the Saxon spirit, and was still sustained by the claims of Rudolf and by the genius of Otho.

On the bright dawn of an autumnal day, his forces, drawn up on the smiling banks of the Elster, raised the sacred song of the Hebrews, "God standeth in the congregation of princes; he is a judge among Gods;" and flung themselves on the far extended lines of Henry's army; who, with emulous devotion, met them with the hardly less sublime canticle, "Te Deum laudamus." Cries more welcome to the demons of war soon stilled these sacred strains—cries of despair, of anguish, and of terror. They first rose from one of Henry's squadrons, which, alarmed by the fall of their captain, receded, and, in their retreat, spread through the rest a panic, a pause, and a momentary confusion. That moment was enough

for the eagle glance of Otho. He rushed on the wavering imperialists, and, ere that bright sun had reached the meridian, thousands had fallen by the Saxon sword, or had perished in the blood-stained river. The victory was complete, the exultation rapturous. Shouts of glory to the God of battles, thanksgivings for the deliverance of Saxony, pæans of immortal honor to Otho, the noblest of her sons, soothed or exasperated the agonies of the dying, when the triumph was turned into sudden and irremediable mourning. On the field which had, apparently, secured his crown, Rudolf himself had fallen. He fell by an illustrious arm. Godfrey of Bouillon, the hero of the *Jerusalem Delivered*, struck the fatal blow. Another sword severed the right hand from the arm of Rudolf. "It is the hand," he cried, as his glazing eye rested on it, "with which I confirmed my fealty to Henry my lord." At once elevated by so signal a victory, and depressed by these penitent misgivings, his spirit passed away, leaving his adherents to the mercy of his rival.

The same sun which witnessed the ruin of Henry's army on the Elster, looked down on a conflict, in which, on that eventful morning, the forces of Matilda in the Mantuan territory fled before his own. He now, once more, descended into Italy. He came, not, as formerly, a pilgrim and an exile; but at the head of an army devoted to his person, and defying all carnal enemies and all spiritual censures. He came to encounter Hildebrand, destitute of all Transalpine alliances, and supported, even in Italy, by no power but that of Matilda: for the Norman Duke of Apulia was far away attempting the conquest of the Eastern capital and empire. But Henry left, in his rear, the invincible Saxons and the hero who commanded them. To prevent a diversion in that quarter, the emperor proposed to abdicate his dominion in Saxony in favor of Conrad, his son. But Otho (a merry talker, as his annalist informs us) rejected the project with the remark, that "the calf of a vicious bull usually proved vicious." Leaving, therefore, this implacable enemy to his machinations, the emperor pressed forward; and before the summer of 1080, the citizens of Rome saw, from their walls, the German standards in hostile array in the Campagna.

In the presence of such danger, the gallant spirit of the aged pope once more rose and exulted. He convened a synod to attest his last defiance of his formidable enemy. He exhorted the German princes to elect a successor to Rudolf. In letters of impassioned eloquence, he again maintained his supremacy over all the kings and rulers of mankind. He welcomed persecution as the badge of his holy calling; and, while the besiegers were at the gates, he disposed (at least in words) of royal crowns and distant provinces. Matilda supplied him with money, which, for a while, tranquillized the Roman populace. He himself wrought miracles to extinguish conflagrations kindled by their treachery. In language such as martyrs use, he consoled the partners of his sufferings. In language such as heroes breathe, he animated the defenders of the city. The siege, or blockade, continued for three years uninterrupted, except when Henry's troops were driven, by the deadly heats of autumn, to the neighboring hills. Distress, and, it is alleged, bribery, at length subdued the courage of the garrison. On every side clamors were heard for peace; for Henry demanded, as the terms of peace, nothing

more than the recognition of his imperial title, and his coronation by the hands of Gregory. The conscience, perhaps the pride, of Gregory revolted against the proposal. His invincible will opposed and silenced the outcries of the famished multitudes; nor could their entreaties, or their threats, extort from him more than a promise that, in the approaching winter, he would propose the question to a pontifical synod. It met, by the permission of Henry, on the 30th November, 1082. It was the latest council of Gregory's pontificate. A few bishops, faithful to their chief and to his cause, now occupied the seats so often thronged by mitred churchmen. Every pallid cheek and anxious eye was turned to him who occupied the loftier throne in the centre of that agitated assembly. He rose, and the half-uttered suggestions of fear and human policy were hushed into deep stillness as he spoke. He spoke of the glorious example, of the sacred duty, of the light affliction, and of the eternal reward, of martyrs for the faith. He spoke, as dying fathers speak to their children, of peace, and hope, and of consolation. But he spoke also, as inspired prophets spake of yore to the Kings of Israel, denouncing the swift vengeance of Heaven against his oppressors. The enraptured audience exclaimed that they had heard the voice of an angel, not of a man. Gregory dismissed the assembly, and calmly prepared for whatever extremity of distress might await him.

It did not linger. In the spring of 1084 the garrison was overpowered, the gates were thrown open to the besiegers, and Gregory sought a precarious refuge in the Castle of St. Angelo. He left the great Church of the Lateran as a theatre for the triumph of his antagonist and his rival. Seated on the apostolic throne, Guibert, the anti-pope of Brixen, was consecrated there by the title of Clement the Third; and then, as the successor of Peter, he placed the crown of Germany and of Italy on the brows of Henry and of Bertha as they knelt before him.

And now Henry had in his grasp the author of the shame of Canossa, of the anathemas of the Lateran, and of the civil wars and rebellions of the empire. The base populace of Rome were already anticipating, with sanguinary joy, the humiliation, perhaps the death, of the noblest spirit who had reigned there since the slaughter of Julius. The approaching catastrophe, whatever might be its form, Gregory was prepared to meet with a serene confidence in God, and a haughty defiance of man. A few hours more, and the castle of St. Angelo must have yielded to famine or to assault, when the aged pope, in the very agony of his fate, gathered the reward of the policy with which he had cemented the alliance between the papacy and the Norman conquerors of the south of Italy. Robert Guiscard, returning from Constantinople, flew to the rescue of his Suzerain. Scouts announced to Henry the approach of a mighty host, in which the Norman battle-axe and the cross were strangely united with the Saracenic cimeter and the crescent. A precipitate retreat scarcely rescued his enfeebled troops from the impending danger. He abandoned his prey in a fever of disappointment. Unable to slake his thirst for vengeance, he might allay it by surprising the Great Countess, and overwhelming her forces, still in arms in the Modenese. But he was himself surprised in the attempt by her superior skill and vigilance. Shouts for St. Peter and

Matilda roused the retreating imperialists by night, near the Castle of Sorbaria. They retired across the Alps with such a loss of men, of officers, and of treasure, as disabled them from any further enterprises.

The emperor returned into Germany to reign undisturbed by civil war; for the great Otho was dead, and Herman of Luxemburg, who had assumed the imperial title, was permitted to abdicate it with contemptuous impunity. Henry returned, however, to prepare for new conflicts with the papacy—to drain the cup of toil, of danger, and of distress—and to die, at length, with a heart broken by the partricial cruelty of his son. No prayers were said, and no requiem sung, over the unhallowed grave which received the bones of the excommunicated monarch. Yet they were committed to the earth with the best and the kindest obsequies. The pity of his enemies, the lamentation of his subjects, and the unbidden tears of the poor, the widows, and the orphans, who crowded round the bier of their benefactor, rendered his tomb not less sacred than if blessed by the united prayers of the whole Christian Episcopacy. Those unbribed mourners wept over a prince to whom God had given a large heart and a capacious mind; but who had derived from canonized bishops a corrupting education, and from too early and too unchecked prosperity the development of every base and cruel appetite; but to whom calamity had imparted a self-dominion from which none could withhold his reverence, and an active sympathy with sorrow to which none could refuse his love.

With happier fortunes, as, indeed, with loftier virtues, Matilda continued, for twenty five years, to wage war in defence of the apostolic see. After a life which might seem to belong to the province of romance rather than of history, she died at the age of seventy-five, bequeathing to the world a name second, in the annals of her age, to none but that of Hildebrand himself.

To him the Norman rescue of the papal city brought only a momentary relief. He returned in triumph to the Lateran. But, within a few hours, he looked from the walls of that ancient palace on a scene of woe such as, till then, had never passed before him. A sanguinary contest was raging between the forces of Robert and the citizens attached to Henry. Every street was barricaded, every house had become a fortress. The pealing of bells, the clash of arms, cries of joy, and shrieks of despair, assailed his ears in dismal concert. When the sun set behind the Tuscan hills on this scene of desolation, another light, and a still more fearful struggle, succeeded. Flames ascended at once from every quarter. They leaped from house to house, enveloping and destroying whatever was most splendid or most sacred in the edifices of mediæval Rome. Amidst the roar of the conflagration they had kindled, and by its portentous light, the fierce Saracens and the ruthless Northmen revelled in plunder, lust, and carnage, like demons by the glare of their native pandemonium. Gregory gazed with agony on the real and present aspect of civil war. Perhaps he thought with penitence on the wars he had kindled beyond the Alps. Two thirds of the city perished. Every convent was violated, every altar profaned, and multitudes driven away into perpetual and hopeless slavery.

Himself a voluntary exile, Gregory sought, in the castle of Salerno, and under the protection of

the Normans, the security he could no longer find among his own exasperated subjects. Age and anxiety weighed heavily upon him. An unwonted lassitude depressed a frame till now incapable of fatigue. He recognized the summons of death, and his soul rose with unconquerable power to entertain that awful visitant. He summoned round his bed the bishops and cardinals who had attended his flight from Rome. He passed before them, in firm and rapid retrospect, the incidents of his eventful life. He maintained the truth of the great principles by which it had been governed from the commencement to the close. He named his three immediate successors in the papacy. He assured his weeping friends of his intercession for them in heaven. He forgave, and blessed, and absolved his enemies, though with the resolute exceptions of the emperor and the anti-pope. He then composed himself to die. His faltering lips had closed on the transubstantiated elements. The final unction had given assurance that the body, so soon to be committed to the dust, would rise again in honor and in incorruption. Anxious to catch the last accents of that once oracular voice, the mourners were bending over him, when, struggling in the very grasp of death, he collected for one last effort, his failing powers, and breathed out his spirit with the indignant exclamation—"I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity, and therefore I die in exile."

It was not permitted, even to the genius of Hildebrand, to condense, into a single sentence, an epitome of such a life as his. It was a life scarcely intelligible to his own generation, or to himself, nor indeed to our age, except by the light of that ecclesiastical history in which it forms so important an era.

It had ill beseemed the inspired wisdom of the tent-maker of Tarsus, and of the Galilean fishermen, to have founded on any other than a popular basis a society destined to encounter the enmity of the dominant few by the zeal of the devoted many. From the extant monuments of their lives and writings, it accordingly appears that they conceded to the lay multitude an ample share in the finance, the discipline, and the legislation of the collective body. The deacons were the tribunes of the Christian people. This was the age of Proletyism.

In the sad and solemn times which followed, ecclesiastical authority became austere and arbitrary, and submission to it enthusiastic. Martyrs, in the contemplation of mortal agonies and of an opening paradise, had no thoughts for the adjustment and balancing of sacerdotal powers. They who braved the wild beasts of the amphitheatre, or the ascetic rigors of the wilderness, were the heroes of the church. The rest sunk into a degraded caste. But all laid bare their souls at the confessional. All acknowledged a dominion which, discountenanced by the state, sustained itself by extreme and recondite maxims of government. In virtue of such maxims, the episcopal order encroached on every other. The vicarious attributes of Deity were ascribed to those who ministered at the altar. There, and at the font, gifts of inestimable price were laid, in popular belief, at the disposal of the priest, whose miracles, though unattested by sense or consciousness, threw into the shade the mightiest works of Moses and of Christ. This was the age of Persecution.

Heretics arose. To refute them from the sacred text was sometimes difficult, always hazardous.

It was easier to silence them by a living authority. The bishops came forth as the elect depositories of an unwritten code. Tradition became the rule of the Christian world. It might crush the errors of Arius—it might sustain the usurpations of Ambrose. This was the age of Controversy.

Constantine saw the miraculous cross, and worshipped. He confirmed to the Christian hierarchy all their original and all their acquired powers. This was the age of the Church and State Alliance.

The seat of empire was transferred from the Tiber to the Bosphorus. The Roman bishop and clergy seized on the vacant inheritance of abdicated authority. The pope became the virtual sovereign of the Roman city. The Greeks and Latins became ecclesiastical rivals. Then was first heard the Roman watch-word and rallying cry of the visible unity of the church. This was the age of Papal Independence.

Goths, Vandals, Huns, Bulgarians, Franks, and Lombards, conquered the dominions of Cæsar. But they became the converts and tributaries of Peter. The repulse of the Saracens by Charles Martel gave to Europe a new empire, to the church a second Constantine. This was the age of Barbaric Invasion.

Europe became one vast assemblage of military states. The lands were everywhere partitioned by the conquerors among their liegemen, who, having bound themselves to use their swords in their lords' defence, imposed a similar obligation on their own tenants, who, in turn, exacted it from their subordinate vassals. This was the age of Feudalism and of Hildebrand.

He ascended the apostolic throne, therefore, armed with prescriptions in favor of the loftiest claims of the hierarchy, thus reaching back almost to the apostolic times. But he found in the papal armory other weapons scarcely less keen, though of a more recent fabric. Of these the most effective were the intimate alliance of the Roman See with the monastic orders, and the reappearance, in theological debate, of that mystic word which, seven centuries before, had wrought such prodigies at Nicæa. He who first taught men to speak of a hypostatic change beneath unchanging forms, may have taught them to talk nonsense. But though he added little or nothing to the received doctrine of the church, he made an incalculable addition to the sacerdotal power.

To grasp, to multiply, and to employ these resources in such a manner as to render the Roman pontiff the suzerain of the civilized world, was the end for which Hildebrand lived—an unworthy end, if contrasted with the high and holy purposes of the gospel—an end even hateful, if contrasted with the free and generous spirit in which the primitive founders of the church had established and inculcated her liberties—yet an end which might well allure a noble spirit in the eleventh century, and the attainment of which (so far as it was attained) may be now acknowledged to have been conducive, perhaps essential, to the progress of Christianity and civilization.

To the spiritual despotism of Rome in the middle ages may, indeed, be traced a long series of errors and crimes, of wars and persecutions. Yet the papal dynasty was the triumphant antagonist of another despotism the most galling, the most debasing, and otherwise the most irremediable, under which Europa had ever groaned. The centralization of ecclesiastical power more than balanced the isolating spirit of the feudal oligarchies.

The vassal of Western, and the serf of Eastern Europe, might otherwise, at this day, have been in the same social state, and military autocracies might now be occupying the place of our constitutional or paternal governments. Hildebrand's despotism, with whatever inconsistency, sought to guide mankind, by moral impulses, to a more than human sanctity. The feudal despotism with which he waged war, sought, with a stern consistency, to degrade them into beasts of prey or beasts of burden. It was the conflict of mental with physical power, of literature with ignorance, of religion with injustice and debauchery. To the popes of the middle ages was assigned a province, their abandonment of which would have plunged the church and the world into the same hopeless slavery. To Pope Gregory the Seventh were first given the genius and the courage to raise himself and his successors to the level of that high vocation.

Yet Hildebrand was the founder of a tyranny only less odious than that which he arrested, and was apparently actuated by an ambition neither less proud, selfish, nor reckless, than that of his secular antagonists. In the great economy of Providence human agency is ever alloyed by some base motives; and the noblest successes recorded by history, must still be purchased at the price of some great ultimate disaster.

To the title of the Czar Peter of the Church conferred on him by M. Guizot, Hildebrand's only claim is, that by the energy of his will he moulded her institutions and her habits of thought to his own purposes. But the Czar wrought in the spirit of an architect who invents, arranges, and executes his own plan: Hildebrand in the spirit of a builder, erecting by the divine command a temple of which the divine hand had drawn the design and provided the materials. His faith in what he judged to be the purposes and the will of Heaven, were not merely sublime but astounding. He is everywhere depicted in his own letters the habitual denizen of that bright region which the damps of fear never penetrate, and the shadows of doubt never overcast.

To extol him as one of those Christian stoics whom the wreck of worlds could not divert from the straight paths of integrity and truth, is a mere extravagance. His policy was imperial: his resources and his arts sacerdotal. Anathemas and flatteries, stern defiance and subtle insinuations, invective such as might have been thundered by Genserich, and apologies such as might have been whispered by Augustulus, succeed each other in his story, with no visible trace of hesitation or of shame. Even his professed orthodoxy is rendered questionable by his conduct and language towards Berengarius, the great opponent of transubstantiation. With William of England, Philip of France, and Robert of Apulia, and even with Henry of Germany, he temporized at the expense of his own principles as often as the sacrifice seemed advantageous. "Nature gave horns to bulls:" to aspiring and belligerent churchmen she gave dissimulation and artifice.

Our exhausted space forbids the attempt to analyze or delineate the character of the great founder of the spiritual despotism of Rome. His acts must stand in place of such a portraiture. He found the papacy dependent on the empire: he sustained her by alliances almost commensurate with the Italian Peninsula. He found the papacy electoral by the Roman people and clergy: he left

it electoral by a college of papal nomination. He found the emperor the virtual patron of the Holy See: he wrested that power from his hands. He found the secular clergy the allies and dependents of the secular power: he converted them into the inalienable auxiliaries of his own. He found the higher ecclesiastics in servitude to the temporal sovereigns: he delivered them from that yoke to subjugate them to the Roman Tiara. He found the patronage of the church the mere desecrated spoil and merchandise of princes: he reduced it within the dominion of the supreme pontiff. He is celebrated as the reformer of the impure and profane abuses of his age: he is more justly entitled to the praise of having left the impress of his own gigantic character on the history of all the ages which have succeeded him.

From the Britannia.

THE STRENGTH OF ENGLAND.

It is a memorable characteristic of English history that, from the period of the Reformation—that period in which England first assumed the rank of a great kingdom—all the leading questions of her public life have been connected with religion. There is no such feature in the history of the continental kingdoms. After the first struggles of the Reformation, religion was superseded by politics, and politics themselves quickly sank from the public view under the shade of despotism. But in England religion was the perpetual object of popular inquiry, popular interest, and popular privileges. It mingled with every feature of public freedom; it influenced every advance of the national mind; it urged, sustained, and guided every step of that general progress which raised a feeble country into imperial power, which invested an island with dominion in every quarter of the globe, and which gave an authority to English opinion, exercising an unlimited control over the opinion of universal mankind.

These statements are undeniable; they are historic facts; they are the solid testimonials of time; and the conclusion is equally legitimate—that it has pleased the Great Disposer of all things to raise up England at once as a proof of providential protection, as the depository of divine truth, and as the champion of pure religion in all the assaults and corruptions of its enemies.

The principle of this religious existence is so effective, that its presence or absence shapes the whole history of England since it became a kingdom. From the accession of the first William to the reign of Henry VIII., the era of the Reformation, England was utterly popish. Its history was thus a succession of tyrannies. The country was convulsed with civil wars, or exhausted by foreign expeditions, equally wasteful, bloody, and useless. But, from the period of the Reformation, England rose into sudden strength. The throne still had difficulties to encounter, but they were gradually broken down; the progress was never retarded; the horizon was continually widening. It is not less remarkable, that this perpetual progress was less probable in the existence of England than of any other country. We can easily conjecture the progress of a continental power, with Europe open before it, and the boundaries of kingdoms ready to vanish before the march of its armies: but the boundaries of an island are prescribed by the hand of nature. Yet, at this hour, the territories ruled by this island are

of greater magnitude, and that magnitude acquired within a single century, than the whole Roman empire, the consolidation of a thousand years. One deep and melancholy interruption of her progress is recorded in the reign of the unfortunate Charles I. But that interruption gives only a new force to the fact, that the whole being of English freedom and prosperity depends upon religion. From the days of Elizabeth to our own all the great questions of the state have been especially religious. In the reign of William III. Popery was wholly excluded from the legislature. From that moment the country felt itself relieved of a weight which, even under the vigorous reign of Elizabeth, and the politic reign of James, had heavily encumbered its movements. From that act it seemed to have begun a new existence. From the hour when papists were suffered no more to corrupt the councils, deform the legislative countenance, and enfeeble the national vigor, purity, and independence of Protestantism, England sprang up like a "giant refreshed." Even the separation of the American colonies became a source of additional prosperity; and, instead of the drain of millions of British treasure, in supplying the financial exhaustion and guarding the frontiers of a new continent, America has been made the source of a perpetual supply of wealth and production to England.

But the most instructive feature of this history of perpetual religious impulse is, that it has been a perpetual controversy with Romanism. The various sectaries have troubled the peace of the church; but from the days of the second Charles they have never menaced either its power or its existence. Popery has done both. It is against Popery that the Church of England was raised as the national bulwark. Popery is the true peril; and the day which shall see the Church of England relax the most determined and principled resistance to Popery will see that church undone, the constitution mortally wounded, and the country preserving only strength enough to entomb them both, with useless tears and ignominious regrets, till it follows them to the grave.

But the ministerial cry is, "Maynooth must be endowed—we are pledged to it by the terms of the union." This is untrue. There was no such pledge at the union, nor at any other time. The grant has been repeatedly the subject of discussion since, and this pledge was never allowed. The grant has even been occasionally diminished. Other grants, made before the union, have been diminished, modified, and even extinguished. The grants to the Kildare-street schools, the grant to the Dublin Society, with a variety of local grants, have undergone constant changes; but no one argued their continuance on the pledge of the union. Even if the pledge had been given, did it authorize the increase of the grant? Or why is Parliament to support Popery at an expense which it never bestowed on Protestantism? Where is the vote for Oxford or Cambridge? Where is the £28,000 for enabling the sons of Protestants to be educated in a university? Where is the bounty to allure young men into Protestant orders? Not a shilling.

The next step will be to pay the Popish priesthood. This is to be justified to the Protestant by a piece of subtlety, at which Popery laughs already. "Pay the priests, and we shall separate them from the peasantry; they will lose the influence which superstition gives them; the priests

will be forgotten, and the peasantry will turn Protestant." And this is the argument addressed to a rational people! Who can doubt that the popish priest would be only the more excited to clamor by finding what clamor has already produced! That he will still keep up his closeness of connection with the populace is evident, from the incessant ceremonies forming the ritual of Rome; and that more money will give him, as it gives every one else, more power; that he will have more chapels, more pompous ceremonies, more of all the means which corrupt, or dazzle, or mislead the multitude.

If Popery shall be once endowed, it will be the established religion of Ireland. The advance is already made; another step and the evil is completed. Infatuation can go no further. Ireland will be popish and will be lost. In what shape divine vengeance will come is beyond our foresight to know; but it has been hitherto unfeeling, and it will not spare us, when it is called down by an act of Protestant guilt, more gratuitous, more headlong, and more contemptuous, than all in the history of the empire.

SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

A CURIOUS correspondence between the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society and the Foreign Office, on the "right of search," has just appeared. It is remarkable for the naked manner in which the society denounce the present means of attempting to put down the slave-trade.

Their letter is signed, "On behalf of the committee, Thomas Clarkson, President," and is dated on the 1st of March, 1845. It points out that the society has always looked to the abolition of slavery as the only means of annihilating the slave-trade, and has therefore "never countenanced the suppression of the slave-trade by an armed force." "The history of the traffic for many years past abundantly proves 'the inefficiency, not to say impolicy, of that mode of suppression.'" The treaties for the purpose are defective; are rendered a dead letter by the positive bad faith of foreign powers; are impracticable, on account of the extent of the coast to be watched; and while the armed force is maintained at an immense cost, its use has aggravated the horrors of the traffic. "Governments may enter into negotiations, engage in treaties, enact laws, and promulgate ordinances for the abolition of the slave-trade; but the experience of thirty years has proved that all will be in vain if they are not in unison with the feelings and not supported by the opinions of the people themselves. What then is to be done? The committee would respectfully reply, direct all your energies and influence against the system of slavery." "An opportunity is now afforded." "France asks to be relieved from the right of search: in her case the equivalent should be the complete and immediate abolition of slavery in her colonial possessions. This would be a guarantee—the best guarantee which could be given—that her flag should not be surreptitiously employed in feeding them at least with slaves. And in asking this great act of justice and mercy from France, no indignity would be offered; for her government, her legislative chambers, and her people, have resolved that the abolition of slavery shall take place. It is then simply a question of time. Let that be fixed; and the day

which proclaims freedom to the unfortunate slave, in Martinique and Guadalupe, in Bourbon and Cayenne, in Senegal and Algiers, be the epoch fixed for the abandonment of the right of search."

Lord Aberdeen replies through his under secretary, Viscount Canning. He expresses concurrence in much that the society say, and promises "respectful consideration" of the suggestion made; but he denies that the past course has been without good fruit. Portugal has of late executed in good faith the treaty of 1842; Spain has "redeemed the engagement of the treaty taken in 1835, for the enactment of a penal law of great severity against the slave-trade;" "and, though the unhappy beings yearly landed on the coast of Brazil may still be reckoned by thousands, the increasing demand for labor in that country places it beyond all doubt, that but for the operation of British cruisers, the numbers would have been many times multiplied." "But the influence of one country upon the domestic institutions of another, those institutions being recognized and upheld by the laws, and closely interwoven with the habits and interests of the people, can rarely be otherwise than slow and uncertain; and it becomes a matter of grave consideration, whether, in the hope of being able to contribute to the eventual abolition of slavery in Cuba and Brazil, the government of England would do wisely to abandon those means of direct action against the slave-trade, which, though far from complete in their operation, have not been without their good effect, and are likely, as Lord Aberdeen confidently trusts, to gain in efficiency."

[It is remarkable, that, if the society are so confident of the impolicy of the armed suppression, they do not at once propose to give up what is positively bad, without waiting to exact ulterior conditions. Such course would much facilitate the solution of all such questions of international morals.]—*Spectator*, 5 April.

The Æneid of Virgil. With English Notes, by CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D., Professor of Greek and Latin in Columbia College, and Rector of the Grammar School, New York. Edited by J. R. Major, D. D., Head Master of King's College School, London.

THE merit of Anthon's school editions of the Classics is well known both in this country and America, for the clearness and fulness of their explanations, whether relating to the constructing of the text or an explanation of its allusions. The present edition of *The Æneid of Virgil* is not only a neat and handy reprint of Professor Anthon's last school-book, the notes being placed at the foot of the page instead of relegated to the end: Dr. Major has improved the original in the only way perhaps it requires improvement, by omitting the translation of easy passages, and notes conveying information which in this country is at hand in Classical Dictionaries and other books used by the student.—*Spectator*.

FATHER MATHEW'S EMBARRASSEMENTS.—The subscriptions to compensate this gentleman for his heavy expenses while prosecuting the cause of teetotalism have already exceeded 7000*l.*—a sum nearly sufficient to cover the reverend gentleman's liabilities, but of course not enough to support the expense of another campaign.

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From the Spectator.

DO THE TIMES MAKE THE MAN?

A WITTY writer of our day maintains, that whenever the times need such and such a character, it is sure to arise. He believes that the right man ever comes to the surface of events; and that the leading spirits in a community may be regarded as exponents of the pervading sentiments at the period. He holds that the anchorite and fakir denote the prevalence of ascetic religious feeling; the sturdy Luther, that of uneasy craving after religious freedom of thought. The searching reasonings of a Hobbes, he believes, were prompted by a strong appetite in the seventeenth century for philosophical theory; whilst the mild and attractive but inconclusive writings of a Dogald Stewart and a Mackintosh naturally find favor with the less robust-minded community of the nineteenth. These, out of many more examples, are cited in illustration of his proposition: which, nevertheless, we cannot allow to supply a complete explanation of the success of particular individuals at given periods. There are accidental circumstances, in most cases, which connect themselves with the qualities of the man, forming the vantage-ground from which he passes on to power or to fame. It is impossible, for instance, to treat of the political events that are passing before our eyes without admitting that Sir Robert Peel does represent the actual condition of the reflecting mind of England; and that he deals with the government of the country accordingly, after a fashion that no other statesman would venture to practise. But there is no ground for believing that his personal talent and pertinacious will are the whole cause of his present ascendancy. The wealth to which our premier succeeded by inheritance counts for much in gaining the estimation and confidence of the public of England, and stands quite apart from his personal character. Then, he is not a young man: his age inspires a belief in his sagacity, which would have been withheld from him twenty years ago; further, he has adopted a policy distasteful to the bulk of his party; which is a guarantee for his sincerity in following it up, since their displeasure must cause him very considerable pain. The reigning monarch, again, happens to concur in his

present views of what is fitting to be done for the Irish; a lucky accident, which, had it existed in 1800, would have crowned the endeavors of William Pitt to consolidate the Union on a secure basis. And, which perhaps is not among the least important circumstances of Sir Robert Peel's position, the nation entertains a sober conviction, that his rivals, the whigs, are at once incapable and insincere politicians; and, as such, it desires no fresh experiment of their management of public affairs, coupled with perhaps a quarrel with our French neighbors, resulting from the personal arrogance of a leading member of their party.

With such fortunate accessory advantages on his side, it is difficult to determine whether Sir Robert Peel is so much the product of his times, as he is, simply, the only instrument suited to them which is at our disposal. Nor, after all, is it very creditable to the generative force of "the times," that one man should be found playing two such different parts in his life as Sir Robert Peel has assuredly done. That no one man has sprung upon the stage, possessing patriotic impulses and commanding qualities, with the fresh stamp and impress of his times upon him, would seem to negative, in some sort, the foregoing hypothesis; inasmuch as, for want of such a one to direct a new form of things, we are obliged to adapt to the purpose one fashioned in an opposite school.

Perhaps the real solution of this is to be found in the peculiar temper of our present transition state. From the predominance of the desire for peace and quiet, and the facilities they afford for carrying out all sorts of material improvements in the community, the minister whose prudence can secure us from agitating discord is the man for the middle classes, to whom "order" is as the breath of life. "The collective impersonation of false pretences," (as some one called the French Chamber,) which fills the halls of St. Stephen's, no longer excites the community to any interest in its agency as an engine of government. This political collapse, whilst it is unfavorable to the production of a statesman-hero, is favorable to a government of expediency *par excellence*; for which, as has often been shown, Sir Robert Peel's is extremely well suited. The day may come when a reconstructive genius shall be necessary, to mould anew the elements of controlling power.

which recent dislocations and the action of new forces have partially deranged; when God grant that "the right man" may arise! But the tendency of legislation at this present time is not so much towards a principled reformation as a bit-by-bit amendment; and for this, no wonderful genius but ordinary guides with honest intentions will be found to suffice. For instance; reformation in what regards the most widely-spread of our national grievances—the frightful expensiveness of all kinds of justice (amounting to a practical denial of justice so far as a large proportion of us are concerned)—will hardly be undertaken on any comprehensive scale; but peddling laws will from time to time be framed, to tinker particular defects now existing, and appease a certain class of sufferers. And so we shall go on, probably for a number of years, until the great difficulty occur on the subject of the unemployed, that is, surplus labor of England; the most formidable problem in store for the governing minds of this vast and enlightened empire.

Meanwhile, the measures pending in parliament for pacifying the Irish Catholics are, unquestionably, distasteful to the sincere Church-of-Englander and sectarian Protestant; but what remedial measure is ever otherwise? It is the inevitable fate of posterity to suffer for the misdeeds of their progenitors: we are "posterity" in relation to the government of the eighteenth century, and we must either retrieve their errors or commit similar ones. Fortunately, no set of aspirants to office are found, just now, willing to turn the popular prejudices to account, or we should reckon with less confidence than we do on the carrying of our minister's conciliatory policy into effect. Nay, we might even be destined to behold renewed coercion bills, backed by glittering bayonets, once more at work in the Emerald Isle. But these, we trust, will never again be employed, unless, after England and the English shall have ceased to be in the wrong, the Irish forfeit their claim to our sympathy by refusing to be content with a fair measure of reparation.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Harper & Brothers, New York.

BARNES' NOTES ON THE EPHESIANS, PHILIPPIANS AND COLOSSIANS. How much better is it to search the Scriptures for truth, than to examine human writings for controversy.

WYOMING. A Tale.

DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE.

ILLUMINATED SHAKESPEARE, 51, 52.

ILLUMINATED BIBLE, 26, 27—coming to the 24th of Isaiah.

From D. Appleton & Co. New York.

HISTORY OF GERMANY, Parts 4 and 5 completing this standard work, which reaches to the Down-fall of Napoleon and the Holy Alliance. The modern portion is especially necessary to all who would understand the movement which is soon to heave the whole mass of middle Europe.

From Greeley & McElrath, New York.

DR. LARDNER'S POPULAR LECTURES, No. 2. The Minor Planets; Weather Almanacs; Hal-

ley's Comet; The Atmosphere; The New Planets. We were especially interested in the Lecture on Halley's Comet. In one of the notes to this lecture is a French story which we copy:

"Messier passed his life in search of comets. He was an excellent man, but had the simplicity of a child. At a time when he was in expectation of discovering a comet, his wife took ill and died. While attending upon her, being withdrawn from his observatory, Montagne de Limoges anticipated him by discovering the comet. Messier was in despair. A friend visiting him, began to offer some consolation for the recent affliction he had suffered. Messier, thinking only of his comet, exclaimed, 'I had discovered twelve. Alas, that I should be robbed of the thirteenth by Montagne!' and his eyes filled with tears. Then remembering that it was necessary to mourn for his wife, whose remains were still in the house, he exclaimed, 'Ah! cette pauvre femme,' and again wept for his comet."

Redding & Co. have sent us a copy of the REV. SYDNEY SMITH'S FRAGMENT ON THE IRISH ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, printed very handsomely.

Haliburton & Dudley have issued a HISTORY OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS. It seems to be very minute, and to be principally intended for the members of the said order.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, for May.

THE CLUB ROOM, AND OTHER TEMPERANCE TALES, by T. S. Arthur. Published by S. Ferrett & Co., Philadelphia. We are not afraid to recommend, unread, anything from the warm heart and sound judgment of Mr. Arthur.

From Wiley & Putnam, New York.

We have just received a beautiful collection of ten volumes of their LIBRARY OF CHOICE READING. This series is handsomely printed, upon fine paper and neatly done up. It is of the most convenient size for the gentle reader, and combines good taste with cheapness. We do not doubt that it will have a very extensive sale, combining, as it does, attractions for readers of all ages. We copy the titles of the volumes, with a considerable proportion of which our readers have already made a favorable acquaintance by means of reviews which we have copied from the Foreign Journals.

1. EÖTHEN.

2. THE AMBER WITCH.

3. UNDINE.

4. IMAGINATION AND FANCY, by Leigh Hunt.

5. DIARY OF LADY WILLOUGHBY.

6 and 9. HAZLITT'S TABLE TALK.

7. HEADLONG HALL AND NIGHTMARE ABBEY.

8. FRENCH IN ALGIERS, by Lady Gordon.

10. ANCIENT MORAL TALES.

We are desirous of doing whatever we can, to make known the publication of such a course, not doubting but that it will continue to deserve the praise challenged by its motto from Charles Lamb—"BOOKS WHICH ARE BOOKS."

From Jerrold's Magazine.

THE HISTORY OF ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES.

CHAPTER IX.

"GUILTY—DEATH!"

What familiar syllables were these in the good old times—the time of our history! In those happier days, how many goods and chattels, live stock and dead, were protected, watched by Death! Death was made by law the guardian of all things. Prime agent, great conservator of social security—grim keeper of the world's movables. Death, a shepherd, avenged the wrongs of stolen mutton; Death stood behind every counter, protector of chapman's stock; Death was the day and night guard of the highway traveller against the highway thief; Death watched ox and ass; the goose on the common, the hen on the roost. Even at the altar, Death took his cautious stand, that Hymen might not be scoffed, defrauded by wicked bigamist. *De minimis curat Mors*. Turn where he would, the rogues' path was dug with graves. Nevertheless, the world grew no better; made no visible return to that happy state, ere hemp was made a sovereign remedy for wrong. And so by degrees Death lost somewhat of his reputation with the members of the world; and by degrees many things were taken out of his charge. It was found that—sheep were stolen—tradesmen's goods lifted—pockets picked—hen-roosts forced—and maids wickedly married by men already bound—it was seen that these abominations continued and increased, aye, in the very face of the great ghastly bugbear Death, and so his watch and ward were made a lighter task; he was gradually relieved of many of his social duties; the world, to the astonishment of some folks, still spinning on its axis, though the life of immortal man was not, as in the good old times, offered to stolen colt, to the king's gracious face unlawfully stamped in counterfeit metal, to a hundred other sins all made mortal by the wisdom of untaught humanity. Truly, justice, turning back the leaves of the jail calendar, might sit awhile in sackcloth and ashes, penitent for past transgressions—past wrongs committed in her moral blindness! The sword of justice! An awful weapon truly: a weapon, working out the will of highest Providence: a solemn interest which man solemnly acknowledges. This has been, and may be. Yet, thinking of the world's mistakes; of the cruel blunders worked by law on man, the sword of justice—of so-called Christian justice robed and ermined—may sometimes seem to the eye of grieved humanity as terrible as the blood-dripping tomahawk of the wild, revengeful savage. The sword of justice! May not the time come—it will come, as surely as the sun of far-off years—when justice shall lay down her sword!—when, with better wisdom, she shall vindicate her awful mission to mankind, yet shed no drop of blood!

Let us return to St. Giles; to the boy in his fifteenth year, spawned upon the world and reared by daily wrong and ignorance, a morsel for the hangman. Now, a condemned thief, palsied and aghast with terror, upon the very threshold of the world; to be flung therefrom, an offering to the majesty of offended law. Grim majesty—ghastly Moloch! Stately wickedness, with robes dyed in the blood of sinning ignorance! A majesty, that the principle of all evil may too often smile upon as its working genius here on earth. A majesty as cold and pulseless as the idol whose wooden nostrils know not the sacrifices its darkened wor-

shippers prepare it. But St. Giles will now know there is a government—a knot of the wise and good, whose harmonious souls combined make up the music of the state; the moral melody that softens and refines the rugged, dull-eared mass. He will now know this; the hangman will teach it him. A sharp, short lesson; the first and last prepared him by a paternal state.

"Guilty—death!" Such was the verdict. Tom Blast breathed heavily, and a faint smile flickered at his lips as he felt assured of his escape. Still he durst not turn his eye towards his boy-victim in the dock. Conscience was at the felon's heart; and seared, withered as it was, it felt the sudden horror of remorse. His features grew pale, then dark; were for a moment convulsed; then instantly—daring no look at St. Giles—he disappeared from the dock. The boy stared about him with a foolish gaze, and then began to sob. There was no terror—no anguish in his face. It was the grief of a boy doomed to a whipping, not the gibbet; and it was such sorrow—such seeming childish ignorance of the impending horror—that to those who looked upon him made his condition more terrible. And then again it seemed impossible that the sentence, so sonorously uttered, should be carried out. Could it be that such an array of judges—such wisdom, such learning, such grave and reverend experience—should be opposed to a miserable child, of no more self-accountability than a dog? Appalling odds! Could it be thought that the scene was a frightful reality of daily, breathing life? Was it not a grim farce—a hideous, foolish mockery? Could the wise hearts of men—fathers of well-taught, well-tended, happy children—doom that child to death? That miserable item of human ignorance—that awful reproach to those who made laws to protect property, but left the outcast poor a heedless prey to their own unbridled instincts? Nevertheless, the law would hang St. Giles; and grave, respectable, church-going men, in the very cosiness of their ignorance, would clasp their hands, and raise their eyes, and pity and wonder at the wickedness of the new generation!

A turnkey in the dock took St. Giles by the hand, and in a moment the boy had disappeared. "Good God!" cried a voice, convulsed with grief. "Silence in the court!" exclaimed the crier; and immediately another wretch took his place at the bar, and the terrible course of law continued. It was Capstick, whose exclamation had called down the official rebuke; it was really Capstick, although even the wife of his bosom might have paused, ere she acknowledged him; so suddenly and frightfully had the brief business of the trial wrought a change in him. His flesh seemed jaundiced, and his black eyes, violently dilated, rolled restlessly about. His face appeared of a sudden sharpened like the face of a sick man; and his arm shook, palsied, as with his nails he grasped the arm of Bright Jem. "Let us go," said Jem, chokingly—"we can do no good here;" and Capstick, staring stupidly about him, suffered himself to be led from the court. In a few moments they stood in the Old Bailey. It was a lovely spring night. The breath of May, even in the Old Bailey, came sweet and odorless—carrying freshness to the heart and brain. The moon shone with brightest, purest lustre; all the stars of heaven seemed visible; all looking down in their bright tenderness, as though they looked upon a kindred sphere of purity and light, and loved it. Capstick gazed at the magnificence, and the tears thick and fast fell from him.

Then in a subdued, a comforting voice, he said—"No, Jem, no; it's a wickedness to think it; there's a God in heaven, and they can't do it."

"Hadn't we better see Tangle, the lawyer?" asked Jem. "He has n't done much, to be sure; still he may yet do something. I did n't see him nowhere in the court—saw nobody but his clerk."

"Yes, we'll see him—we'll see him," said Capstick. "He's a scoundrel; but then he's fitter for the world. For the truth is, Jem, we're all scoundrels." Jem made no answer to this charitable creed. "All scoundrels; and I'm about the poorest, meanest, shabbiest villain of the lot. And yet you'll see how I shall carry it off. They'll hang this wretched boy—oh, never doubt it, Jem! they're bad enough for anything—they'll hang him. And I shall still go on sleek and smooth in the world; making muffins and laying by the pennies; paying rent and taxes; owing no man a shilling, and so easy and pleasantly earning a good name, and being mightily trumped up for doing it. I shall go on being called a respectable man; and I shall grin and smile at the lie, and show a satin cheek to the world, as if the lie was true as gospel truth. And then I shall die and be buried with feathers; and Mrs. Capstick will put a stone over me—I know her pride, Jem; I know she'll do it—a stone with a bouncing flam upon it; all lies—lies to the last. Oh, Jem," cried Capstick, groaningly, "if the devil ever takes churchyard walks, how he must chuckle and rub his brimstone hands, when he reads some of the tombstones! Eh? How he must hold his sides at the 'loving husbands,' 'affectionate fathers,' 'faithful friends,' and 'pious Christians,' that he sees advertised there! For *he* knows better, Jem; eh? *He* knows better," cried the muffin-maker with increasing bitterness.

"Well," said Jem, "I can't say; who can? But I should hope the devil knew nothing at all about the matter. But howsoever, be that as it may, he has nothing to do with the business that's brought us out to-night."

"I wish he had n't, Jem, I wish he had n't," cried Capstick with stifled emotion. "But here, walking as we are, down this blessed Fleet-street—oh lord! does n't it seem strange after what we've just left to see the sight about us!—walking here, do you think the devil is n't pointing his finger at me, and saying with a grin to one of his imps, 'There goes the respectable muffin-maker that's sold a boy's blood for ten pounds.'"

"How can you talk in that way?" said Jem, "the devil's the father of lies, and only keeps up his character if he says it."

"Not a bit; it's the devil that speaks truth of our lies; that turns us inside out, and shames sanctified faces with the black hearts that have been under 'em. I say I have sold the boy—put the rope about his neck. And for what? for ten pounds. What a fine fellow I thought myself when I stirred in the matter! What a lump of virtue—what a wonderful bit of public spirit I thought I was, when, day after day, I neglected my muffins and the partner of my hearthstone, to go thief-catching. And I believed I was doing a fine thing—and so, you know I did, I crowed and cackled about the ends of justice. All a sham—all a brave flashy cloak to hide a rascal dirtiness. It was the thoughts of the ten guineas, Jem, the ten guineas, that called all the poison out of my heart and has made me hang a wretched, untaught beggar-boy. Yes, I'm a pretty respectable scoundrel—a fine public-spirited miscreant, I am."

Bright Jem, used to the muffin-maker's humor, made no further answer to this self-reproach; but again urged the necessity of consulting Tangle. "It can't be done to-night—but we'll at him the first thing to-morrow," said Capstick.

"To-morrow's Sunday," said Jem.

"What of that?" asked Capstick. "People come into the world on Sundays, so it can't be unlawful to help to save 'em from going—look there, Jem," and Capstick pointed to a carriage rolling rapidly past.

"That's the Marquess'—come from the trial. There's young St. James in it; well, he's going to better comfort than a stone cell. Howsoe'er, he's a fine fellow—a kind good heart is in that little chap, I'm sure of it. How nicely he gives his evidence, did n't he? And how kindly he seemed to look at St. Giles in the dock; as much as to say, 'Poor fellow, I wish I could get you out o' that!' He'll make a true man, that boy will," said Jem; and then he mournfully added, "and so would poor St. Giles. Ha! if when Susan brought him home out o' the snow, if he and young St. James had been made to change berths, eh! There'd have been a different account of both of 'em I should think. And yet you see how the poor's treated; just as if they came into the world with wickedness upon 'em; a kind of human natur vermin—things born to do all sorts of mischief, and then to be hung up for doing it."

"We'll go to Tangle to-morrow—early to-morrow," said Capstick; who, buried in his compunctious grief, had given no ear to the reflections of Jem. "Good night; early to-morrow." And the muffin-maker suddenly broke from his companion, and strided home—a miserable home to him, whose acute sensibility reproached him as unworthy of the household comforts about him. He looked upon the part he had taken with intense remorse. The would-be misanthrope loathed himself for what he deemed his selfishness of heart—his cruelty towards wretchedness and ignorance. Within a few steps of his door, he paused to call up—with all the power he had—a look of serenity, of decent composure. Somehow, he felt uneasy at the thoughts of meeting his wife. At length he prepared himself, and with a tolerably successful face of tranquillity, crossed his threshold. He exchanged but one look with his wife; it was enough: it was plain she knew the fate of St. Giles. How should it be otherwise? A score of neighbors, customers, and had thronged the shop with the mortal intelligence; and some ventured to hope that Mr. Capstick would n't sleep the worse for his day's work—others begged to ask if the muffin-maker thought the hanging of a poor child would bring a blessing on him—and some hinted an opinion that those who were so sharp after evildoers had commonly not the cleanest consciences themselves. These interrogatives and innuendoes had to be severally answered and warded by the muffin-maker's wife, who, to give her due credit, was not slow at any kind of reply, and was truly a very respectable mistress "of fence." Nevertheless, the exercise would heat a temper never prone to coldness, and in the present instance raised to boiling heat, by what she deemed the malice of her neighbors. And yet, it would have made Capstick's conjugal heart glad again, had he heard how eloquently, how magnificently his acts were defended by his wife: for Mrs. Capstick most volubly and vehemently begged to assure her neighbors, "that there was not a man in the

parish fit to wipe her husband's shoes"—"that he was only wrong in being too honest"—"that a better soul or kinder-hearted creature never walked"—and that, in short, in the depths of her charity, she "only wished that those who spoke a word against him had half such a husband: the neighborhood would be all the quieter for it, that's what she knew, if they had." All this did honor to Mr. Capstick, and doubtless would have solaced the wounded bosom of her lord, could he only have known it; but Mrs. Capstick had too much humility to vaunt her own virtues, therefore she breathed no word of the matter to her well-defended husband. Not that, the shop being closed, and the wedded couple seated at the fireside, Mrs. Capstick was silent; certainly not; for, whilst the muffin-maker tried to solace himself with a pipe, his wife thus declared herself:—

"Well, Mr. Capstick, now I hope you're satisfied! I hope you've made a nice day's work of it! A pretty name you've got in the parish! There'll be no living here—I'll not live here, I can tell you. All the world will point at you, and say, 'There goes the man that hanged that wretched little child!'"

Capstick suddenly took the pipe from his mouth, and stared at his wife. It was strange: he had himself said something of the kind to Bright Jem. He then renewed his smoking, speaking no syllable in answer to his spouse; and yet eloquently replying to her philippics by pooh-pooh-poohing the smoke from him, now in short, hasty, irascible puffs, and now in a heavy volume of vapor. There was a majesty in his manner that seemed quietly to defy the assaults of his better moiety. There seemed, too, to be no getting at him for the clouds in which he industriously involved himself.

"And I should like to know what your satisfaction will be for what you've done. Why, you'll never have another happy moment; you can't have! That poor child will always be before your eyes. And then what a beautiful business you'll lose: for nobody will deal with you. Ha! nice airs the Gibbises will give themselves, now." (The Gibbises, be it known, were new-come muffin-makers, struggling in hopeless rivalry with the muffins of Capstick.) "Everybody will go to them: I'm sure I don't think 't will be any use our opening the shop on Monday. And all about ten guineas! Ha, they'll be a dear ten guineas to you—better have lost 'em ten times over. And so young a child—only fourteen! To hang him! Don't you think, Mr. Capstick, his ghost will follow you?"

Capstick made no answer; but his eye, turned ominously upon his wife, began to glow like a coal, and he puffed at the smoke like a man laboring with himself. Beautiful philosophy! Full soon the muffin-maker's eye shone with its old tranquil light, and again he smoked calmly—desperately calmly. Still Mrs. Capstick continued the punishment of her tongue; but Capstick had conquered himself, and still replied not. At length in the very heat and fullest pitch of her complaint, Capstick rose, and softly laying down his pipe said—"Mary Anne, I'm going to bed." Poor Capstick! He came home with his heart bleeding; and a little tenderness, a little conjugal sympathy, would have been a value to him; but—as people say of greater matters—it was not to be.

Capstick rose early; and, speedily joined by Bright Jem, both took their way to Mr. Tangle's private mansion, Red Lion Square. It was scarcely

nine o'clock, when the muffin-maker knocked at the lawyer's door! It was quite impossible that Mr. Tangle should be seen. "But the business," cried Capstick to the man-servant—a hybrid between a groom and a footman—"the business is upon life and death."

"Bless you," said the man, "that makes no difference whatever. We deal so much in life and death, that we think nothing of it. It's like plums to a grocer, you know. Mr. Tangle never can be seen of a Sunday before half-past ten; a quarter to eleven he goes, of course, to church. The Sabbath, he always says, should be a day of rest." And Tangle—it was his only self-indulgence—illustrated this principle by lying late in bed every Sunday morning to read his papers. Nevertheless, with smoothly shaven face, and with an all unworldly look, he was, ere the church-bell ceased, enshrined in the family pew. There was he with his wife, decorously garnished with half-a-dozen children, sons and daughters, patterns of Sabbath piety; of seventh-day Christianity. "After six days' hard work, what a comfort it was," he would say, "to enjoy church of a Sunday!" And Tangle, after his fashion, did enjoy it: he enjoyed the respectability which church-going threw about him; he enjoyed his worldly ease and superiority, as manifested in his own cosily furnished pew. Looking upon the pauper worshippers on the benches, and then contemplating the comforts of his own nook, he felt very proud of his Christianity. And in this way did Mr. Tangle attend church. It was a decent form due to society, and especially to himself. He went to church as he went to his office—as a matter of business; though he would have been mightily shocked had such a motive been attributed to him.

"I'll come at half-past ten," said Capstick, "for I must see him." The servant looked stolidly at the muffin-maker, and, without a word, closed the door. "He can then tell us," said Capstick to Jem, "when he can see us in the afternoon. And now, Jem, we can only stroll about till the time comes." And so they walked on silently; for both felt oppressed with the belief that their errand to the lawyer would be fruitless; yet both were determined to try every means, however hopeless. They walked, and sauntered, and the church-bells rang out, summoning Christian congregations to common worship. "There's something beautiful in the church-bells, don't you think so, Jem?" asked Capstick, in a subdued tone. "Beautiful and hopeful!—they talk to high and low, rich and poor in the same voice; there's a sound in 'em that should scare pride, and envy, and meanness of all sorts from the heart of man; that should make him look upon the world with kind, forgiving eyes; that should make the earth itself seem to him, at least for a time, a holy place. Yes, Jem; there's a whole sermon in the very sound of the church bells, if we have only the ears to rightly understand it. There's a preacher in every belfry, Jem, that cries 'Poor, weary, struggling, fighting creatures—poor human things! take rest, be quiet. Forget your vanities, your follies; your week-day craft, your heart-burnings! And you, ye human vessels, gilt and painted; believe the iron tongue that tells ye, that for all your gilding, all your colors, ye are of the same Adam's earth with the beggar at your gates. Come away, come, cries the church-bell, and learn to be humble; learning that, however daubed and stained, and stuck about with jewels, you are but grave clay!"

Come, Dives, come; and be taught that all your glory, as you wear it, is not half so beautiful in the eye of heaven, as the sores of uncomplaining Lazarus! And ye poor creatures, livid and faint—stinted and crushed by the pride and hardness of the world—come, come, cries the bell, with the voice of an angel—come and learn what is laid up for ye. And learning, take heart and walk among the wickednesses, the cruelties of the world, calmly as Daniel walked among the lions.’” Here Capstick, flushed and excited, wrought beyond himself, suddenly paused. Jem stared, astonished, but said no word. And then, Capstick, with calmer manner, said—“Jem, is there a finer sight than a stream of human creatures passing from a Christian church?”

“Why,” said Jem, “that’s as a man may consider with himself. It may be, as you say, a very fine sight—and it may be, what I call a very sad and melancholy show, indeed.”

“Sad and melancholy!” cried Capstick; “you’ll have a hard task to prove that.”

“Perhaps so—only let me do it after my own fashion.” Capstick nodded assent. “Bless you! I’ve thought of it many a time when I’ve seen a church emptying itself into the street. Look here, now. I’ll suppose there’s a crowd of people—a whole mob of ’em going down the church steps. And at the church door, there is I don’t know how many roods of Christian carriages—with griffins painted on the pannels, and swords, and daggers, and battle-axes, that, as well as I can remember, Jesus does n’t recommend nowhere: and there’s the coachman, half-asleep and trying to look religious—and there’s footmen following some and carrying the Holy Bible after their misuses, just as to-morrow they’ll carry a spaniel—and that’s what they call *their* humility. Well, that’s a pleasant sight, is n’t it? And then for them who’re not ashamed to carry their own big prayer-books, with the gold leaves twinkling in the sun, as if they took pains to tell the world they’d been to church—well, how many of them have been there in earnest? How many of them go there with no thought whatsoever, only that it’s Sunday—church-going day! And so they put on what they think religion that day, just as I put on a clean shirt. Bless you! sometimes I’ve stood and watched the crowd, and I’ve said to myself—‘Well, I should like to know how many of you will remember you’re Christians till next week? How many of you will go to-morrow morning to your offices, and counting-houses, and stand behind your counters, and, all in the way of business—all to scramble up the coin—forget you’re miserable sinners, while every other thing you do may make you more miserable, only you never feel it, so long as it makes you more rich!’ And so there’s a Sunday conscience like a Sunday coat; and folks, who’d get on in the world, put the coat and the conscience carefully by, and only wear ’em once a week. Well, to think how many such folks go to worship—I must say it, Master Capstick, to stand inside a church and watch a congregation coming out, I can’t help thinking it, however you may stare, may be, thinking after my fashion, a melancholy sight indeed. Lord love you, when we see what some people do all the week—people who’re staunch at church, remember—I can’t help thinking, there’s a good many poor souls who’re only Christians at morning and afternoon service.”

Capstick looked earnestly at Jem and said, “My

dear fellow, it’s all very well between you and me to say this; but don’t say it to the world; don’t Jem, if you would n’t be hunted, harried, stoned to death, like a mad dog. Folks won’t be turned inside out after this fashion, without revenging the treatment with all sorts of bad names. Very pure folks won’t be held up to the light and shown to be very dirty bottles, without paying back hard abuse for the impertinence. Jem, whatever coat a man may wear, never see a hole in it. Though it may be full of holes as a net, never see ’em; but take your hat off to the coat, as if it was the best bit of broad-cloth in the world, without a flaw or a thread drop, and with the finest bits of gold lace upon it. In this world, Jem, woe to the man with an eye for holes! He’s a beast, a wretch, an evil-speaker, an uncharitable thinker, a pest to be put down. And Jem, when the respectable hypocrites make common cause with one another the Lord help the poor devil they give chase to!”

“I always speak my mind,” said Jem.

“It’s an extravagance that has ruined many a man,” said the muffin-maker. “But enough of this, Jem; it’s just the time to catch Tangle before he goes out.” A few moments brought them to the lawyer’s door. Ere, however, the muffin-maker could touch the knocker, the door opened, and Mr. Tangle, his wife, his two sons and two daughters presented themselves, all, the females especially, being dressed for church. Yes; dressed for church; carefully, elaborately arrayed and ornamented, to sustain the severest criticism that, during the hours of devotion, might be passed upon them by sister sinners.

“Mr. Tangle,” said Capstick, “I won’t keep you a minute: but when can I call on—”

“Nothing secular to-day, sir,” said Tangle, and he waved both his hands.

“But, Mr. Tangle, there’s life and death, sir”—cried Capstick, but Tangle interrupted him:

“What’s life and death, sir? What are they, sir, that we should do anything secular to-day!”

“But, Mr. Tangle, it’s the fate of that poor wretched boy; and there is n’t a minute to lose,” urged the muffin-maker.

“I shall be very glad to see you in the way of business, to-morrow,” replied Tangle, laboring to appear very placid; “but I beg of you, my good man, not to disturb the current of my thoughts—of my Sabbath feelings—with anything secular to-day. To me the world is dead on Sundays.”

“But won’t you do good on Sundays!” cried Capstick.—“Your religion does n’t forbid that, I suppose?”

“My good man, let me have none of your free-thinking ribaldry here. This is my door-step, and don’t defile my threshold with your profanity. I have given you my answer. Nothing secular to-day.” Saying this with increased vehemence, Mr. Tangle was bustling from the door with his family—who, looking wondering looks at Capstick and Jem, had walked stately on—when a carriage rapidly turned the square, and in a moment stooped at Tangle’s door. Instantly, Mr. Tangle brought himself up; and cast, certainly, a look of secular curiosity towards the carriage windows. In an instant, young Lord St. James alighted, and was followed by his tutor—worn and broken since we last met him—Mr. Fulder. Mr. Tangle immediately recognized the young nobleman, and although it was Sunday, advanced towards him with pains-taking respect. “Your wife told us you were here, Mr. Capstick,” said his lordship to the muffin-maker.

"Pray, sir, can we consult you upon a business that is somewhat urgent?" said Folder to the attorney.

"Certainly, sir; anything for his lordship. Excuse me one moment;" and Tangle, with un-wonted agility, skipped after his wife and family. They must go to church without him. A lord, a young lord, had called upon him—that sweet young gentleman in the sky-blue coat and lace-collar—and the business was imminent. He, the husband and father, would join them as soon as he could. With many backward, admiring looks at the lovely little nobleman, did Mr. Tangle's family proceed on their way to church, whilst Tangle—the groaning victim to secular affairs—ushered young St. James and Mr. Folder into his mansion. "We can do nothing without you," said St. James to Capstick and Bright Jem; who thereupon gladly followed, the attorney marvelling at the familiarity of the boy nobleman.

"What can I have the honor to do for his lordship?" asked Mr. Tangle, with a smile dirt cheap at six and eight-pence.

"We should not have troubled you to-day," said St. James, "only you see—"

"Don't name it, my dear young lord!" exclaimed Tangle.

"Only," chimed in Mr. Folder, "they talk about hanging on Wednesday."

"Very true," said Tangle; "I believe the affair comes off on Wednesday. A great pity, sir! Quite a child, sir; and with good parts—very good parts. Nevertheless, sir, the crime of horse-stealing increases hourly; and without some example is made, some strong example is made—"

"Why, they hanged four for horse-stealing last session," said Capstick.

Tangle looked round with astonishment at the interruption, and then observed—"That only proves they don't hang enough."

"My opinion, Mr. Tangle; quite my opinion. We want stronger laws, sir; much stronger. If we were to hang for everything, there'd be an end of crime altogether. It's because we only punish by halves—now hanging one, and now another—that we have such a continual growth of vice. We ought to pull crime up by the roots; now our present merciful system makes it flourish the stronger. However, his young lordship does n't think so. He has all the generosity of youth, and insists that St. Giles should not be hanged."

"God bless him!" cried Capstick.

"Amen!" said Bright Jem.

"I must request that we have no interruption," said Tangle, looking loftily at the two offenders. "Perhaps, sir," and the lawyer turned to Folder, "perhaps, you will state your case."

"Just a word in private," said Folder; and Tangle immediately led him into a small adjoining room, and closed the door. "You see, Mr. Tangle," said Folder, "I consider this to be a very foolish, weak business; but the young gentleman is a spoilt child, and spoilt children will have their way. In one word, his lordship must be humored, and therefore St. Giles—though it would be much better for him to be put at once quietly out of further mischief—must not be hanged. The marquess has his own notions on the matter; proper notions, too, they are, Mr. Tangle; notions that do honor to him as a legislator, and would, I verily believe, let the law take its course. But, poor man! what can he do?"

"Do what he likes, can't he?" asked Tangle.

"By no means. You see, it is with the boy as it was with the boy Themistocles," said Mr. Folder.

"Really?" observed Tangle.

"One of Plutarch's own parallels. The boy rules the marchioness, and the marchioness rules—"

"I understand," said Tangle: "rules the marquess. It will happen so."

"And therefore, the sum and end of it all is, the horse-stealer must be saved. Bless you! his young lordship has threatened to fall sick and die, if St. Giles is hanged; and has so frightened his poor mother, who again has made the marquess so anxious, that—the fact is, we've come to you."

"It's a great pity that I did n't know all this before. The case, my dear sir, was a nothing—a very trumpety case, indeed; but then, to a man with my extensive practice, it was really not worth attending to. Otherwise, and to have obliged the noble family, I could have made sure of an *alibi*. It's a great pity that so noble a family should be so troubled, and by such riff-raff!" said Tangle.

"It is, sir; it is," said Folder—"you can feel for us. Now, there's no doubt that, in so trifling a matter, the marquess has more than sufficient interest to save a thief or two; nevertheless, I have suggested that a petition should be got up by the boy's friends—if the wicked creature has any friends—and that so the marquess—you understand?"

"Perfectly," replied Tangle: what would he not understand in such a case? "There is nothing more easy than a petition. How many signatures would you like to it? Any number—though fifty will be good as five hundred."

"Do you think the jury would sign?" asked Mr. Folder. "Not that it's of any consequence; only for the look of the thing."

"The foreman, I know, would not," said Tangle. "He lost a colt himself three years ago, and is n't yet settled to the injury. Nevertheless, we can get up a very tidy sort of petition; and with the marquess' interest—well! that young St. Giles is a lucky little scoundrel! he'll make his fortune at Botany Bay."

"And now, Mr. Tangle, that we understand one another, we'll join, if you please, his lordship.—Well, my lord," said Folder, returning, "I have talked the matter over with Mr. Tangle, and, though he gives very little hope—"

"There's all the hope in the world," said Capstick, "for his lordship says he'll take the petition himself to the minister, who's his father's friend, and, if I may advise the marchioness, his mother—"

"My good man," observed Mr. Folder, "we in no way need your advice in the matter. Hold your tongue."

"Should n't mind at all obliging you, sir, in any other way," said the unruffled Capstick; "but, as his young lordship here, as he tells me, has been to my shop and all to see me about the matter, I think my tongue's quite at his service."

"To be sure it is, Capstick," said young St. James, "go on. Mr. Folder says they'd better hang St. Giles; and papa says so too; but they shan't do it for all that. Why, I should never have the heart to mount a horse again."

"A noble little chap!" whispered Bright Jem to Capstick.

"And so, as I told you, Capstick, I went to your house, as you know all about the boy, and the boy's friend, to see about a petition; for that's the way, they tell me——"

"Give yourself no further trouble," said Tangle "the petition shall be prepared, my lord. I'll do it myself, this very day, though the affair is secular. Nevertheless, to oblige your lordship——"

"You're a good fellow," said young St. James, patronizing the lawyer; and, after a few preliminaries were settled, the conference concluded.

CHAPTER X.

And young St. Giles lay in Newgate, sinking, withering, under sentence of death. After a time, he never cried, or clamored; he shed no tear, breathed no syllable of despair; but, stunned, stupefied, seemed as if idiocy was growing on him. The ordinary—a good, zealous man—endeavored, by soothing, hopeful words, to lead the prisoner, as the jail phrase has it, to a sense of his condition. Never had St. Giles received such teaching! Condemned to die, he for the first time heard of the abounding love of Christianity—of the goodness and affection due from man to man. The story seemed odd to him; strange, very strange; yet he supposed it was all true. Nevertheless—he could not dismiss the thought, it puzzled him. Why had he never been taught all this before? And why should he be punished, hanged for doing wrong; when the good, rich, fine people, who all of them loved their neighbors like themselves, had never taught him what was right? Was it possible that Christianity was such a beautiful thing—and being so, was it possible that good, earnest, kind-hearted Christians would kill him?

St. Giles had scarcely eight-and-forty hours to live. It was almost Monday noon, when the ordinary—having attended the other prisoners—entered the cell of the boy thief. He had been separated, by the desire of the minister, from his miserable companions, that their evil example of hardihood—their reckless bravado—might not wholly destroy the hope of growing truth within him. A turnkey attended St. Giles, reading to him. And now the boy would raise his sullen eyes upon the man, as he read of promises of grace and happiness eternal: and now his heart would heave as though he was struggling with an inward agony that seemed to suffocate him—and now a scornful, unbelieving smile would play about his mouth—and he would laugh with defying bitterness. And then he would leer in the face of the reader, as though he read to him some fairy tale, some pretty story, to amuse and gull him. Poor wretch! Let the men who guide the world—the large-brained politicians, who tinker the social scheme, making themselves the masters and guardians of their fellow-men—let them look into this Newgate dungeon; let them contemplate this blighted human bud; this child felon, never taught the path of right, and now to be hanged for his most sinful ignorance. What a wretched, sullen outcast! What a darkened, loathsome thing! And now comes the clergyman—the state divine, 'be it remembered—to tell him that he is treasured with an immortal soul; that—with mercy shed upon him—he will in a few hours be a creature of

glory before the throne of God! Oh, politicians! Oh, rulers of the world! Oh, law-making masters and taskers of the common million, may not this cast-off wretch, this human nuisance, be your accuser at the bar of Heaven? Egregious folly! Impossible! What—stars and garters impeached by rags and tatters! St. James denounced by St. Giles! Impudent and ridiculous! Yet here, we say, comes the reverend priest—the Christian preacher, with healing, honied words, whose Book—*your Book*—with angelic utterance, says no less. Let us hear the clergyman and his forlorn pupil.

"Well, my poor boy," said the ordinary, with an affectionate voice and moistening eyes: "well, my child, and how is it with you? Come, you are better; you look better; you have been listening to what your good friend Robert here has been reading to you. And we are all your friends, here. At least, we all want to be. Don't you think so?"

St. Giles slowly lifted his eyes towards the speaker. He then slowly, sullenly answered,—
"No, I don't."

"But you ought to try to think so, my boy; it's wicked not to try," said the ordinary, very tenderly.

"If you're all my friends, why do you keep me here?" said St. Giles. "Friends! I never had no friends."

"You must not say that; indeed, you must not. All our care is to make you quiet and happy in this world, that you may be happier in the world you're going to. You understand me, St. Giles! My poor dear boy, you understand me! The world you're going to!" The speaker, inured as he was to scenes of blasphemy, of brute indifference, and remorseful agony, was deeply touched by the forlorn condition of the boy; who could not, would not, understand a tenderness, the end of which was to surrender him softened to the hangman. "You have thought, my dear—I say, you have thought of the world"—and the minister paused—"the world you are going to?"

"What's the use of thinking about it?" asked St. Giles. "I know nothing of it."

"That, my boy, is because you are obstinate, and I am sorry to say it, wicked,—and so won't try to know about it. Otherwise, if you would give all your heart and soul to prayer——"

"I tell you, sir, I never was learnt to pray," cried St. Giles, moodily; "and what's the use of praying?"

"You would find it open your heart, St. Giles; and though you see nothing now, if you were only to pray long and truly, you would find the darkness go away from your eyes, and you'd see such bright and beautiful things about you, and you'd feel as light and happy as if you had wings at your back—you would, indeed. Then you'd feel that all we are doing for you is for the best; then, my poor boy," said the ordinary with growing fervor, "then you'd feel what Christian love is."

"Robert's been reading to me about that," said St. Giles, "but I can't make it out no-how. He says that Christian love means that we should n't do to nobody what we would n't like nobody to do to ourselves."

"A good boy," said the ordinary, "that is the meaning, though not the words. I'm glad you're so improved."

"And for all that, you tell me that I must

think o' dying—think of another world and all that—think of going to Tyburn, and, and"—here the boy fell hoarse; his face turned ash-color, and reeling, he was about to fall, when the ordinary caught him in his arms, and again placed him on a seat. "It's nothin'—nothin' at all," cried St. Giles, struggling with himself—"I'm all right; I'm game."

"Don't say that, child; I can't hear you say that: I would rather see you in tears and pain than trying to be game, as you call it. That, my boy, is only adding crime to wickedness. Come, we were talking of Christian love," said the ordinary.

"I knows nothin' about it," said St. Giles; "all I know is this,—it is 'nt true; it can't be true."

"Tell me; why not! Come, let me hear all you 'd say," urged the clergyman tenderly.

"Cause if it means that nobody should do to nobody what nobody would like to have done to themselves, why does anybody keep me locked up here! Why did the judge say I was to be—you know, Mister!"

"That was for doing wrong, my boy: that was for your first want of Christian love. You were no Christian when you stole the horse," said the ordinary. "Had the horse been yours, you would have felt wronged and injured had it been stolen from you! You see that, eh, my boy!"

"Did n't think o' that," said St. Giles gloomily.—"But I did n't steal it: 't was all along o' Tom Blast; and now he's got off; and I'm here in the Jug. You don't call that justice, no how, do you! But I don't care; they may do what they like with me; I'll be game."

"No, my dear boy, you must know better: you must, indeed—you must give all your thoughts to prayer, and—"

"It's o' no use, Mister; I tell you I never was learnt to pray, and I don't know how to go about it. More than that, I feel somehow ashamed to it. And besides, for all your talk, Mister, and you talk very kind to me, I must say, I can't feel like a Christian, as you call it,—for I can't see why Christians should want to kill me if Christians are such good people as you talk about."

"But then, my poor boy," said the ordinary, "though young, you must remember, you're an old sinner. You've done much wickedness."

"I never done nothing but what I was taught; and if you say—and Bob there's been reading it to me—that the true Christian forgives everybody—well then, in course, the judge and all the nobs are no Christians, else would n't they forgive me? Would n't they like it so, to teach me better, and not to kill me! But I don't mind; I'll be game; see if I don't be game—precious!"

The ordinary, with a perplexed look, sighed deeply. The sad condition of the boy, the horrid death awaiting him, the natural shrewdness with which he combated the arguments employed for his conversion, affected the worthy clergyman beyond all past experience. "Miserable little wretch!" he thought, "it will be worst of murders, if he dies thus." And then, again, he essayed to soften the child felon, who seemed determined to stand at issue with his spiritual counsellor; to recede no step, but to the gallows foot to defy him. It would be his ambition, his glory—if he must die—to die game. He had heard the praises bestowed upon such a death—had known the contemptuous jeering flung upon

the repentant craven—and he would be the theme of eulogy in Hog Lane—he would not be laughed, sneered at, for "dying dunghill." And this temper so grew and strengthened in St. Giles, that, at length, the ordinary, wearied and hopeless, left his forlorn charge, promising soon to return, and hoping, in his own words, to find the prisoner "a kinder, better, and more Christian boy."

"It's no use your reading that stuff to me," said St. Giles, as the turnkey was about to resume his book; "I don't understand nothin' of it; and it's too late to learn. But I say, can't you tell us somethin' of Turpin and Jack Sheppard, eh? Something prime, to give us pluck!"

"Come, come," answered the man, "it's no use going on in this way. You must be quiet and listen to me; it's all for your good, I tell you; all for your good."

"My good! Well, that's pretty gammon, that is. I should like to know what can be for my good if I'm to be hanged! Ha! ha! See if I don't kick my shoes off, that's all." And St. Giles would not listen; but sat on the stool, swinging his legs backwards and forwards, and singing one of the melodies known in Hog Lane—poor wretch! it had been a cradle melody to him—whilst the turnkey vainly endeavored to soothe and interest him. At length the man discontinued his hopeless task; and, in sheer listlessness, leaning his back against the wall, fell asleep. And now St. Giles was left alone. And now, relieved of importunity, did he forego the bravado that had supported him, and solemnly think of his approaching end? Did he, with none other but the eye of God in that stone cell, upon him—did he shriek and wither beneath the look; and, on bended knees, with opened heart, and flowing, repentant tears, did he pray for Heaven's compassion—God's sweet mercy? No. Yet thoughts deep, anxious thoughts were brooding in his heart. His face grew older with the meditation that shadowed it. All his being seemed compressed, intensified in one idea. Gloomily, yet with whetted eyes, he looked around his cell; and still darker and darker grew his face. Could he break prison! Such was the question—the foolish, idle, yet flattering question that his soul put to itself. All his recollections of the glory of Turpin and Sheppard crowded upon him—and what greater glory would it be for him if he could escape! He, a boy, to do this? He to be sung in ballads—to be talked of, huzzaed, and held up for high example, long after he should be dead—passed forever from the world! The proud thought glowed within him—made his heart heave—and his eyes sparkle. And then he looked about his cell, and the utter hopelessness of the thought fell upon him, withering his heart. Yet again and again—although to be crushed with new despair—he gazed about him, dreaming of liberty without that wall of flint. And thus his waking hours passed; and thus, in the visions of the night, his spirit busied itself in hopeful vanity.

The Tuesday morning came, and again, the clergyman visited the prisoner. The boy looked paler, thinner—no more. There was no softness in his eyes, no appealing glance of hope: but a fixed and stubborn look of inquiry. "He did n't know nothing of what the parson had to say, and he did n't want to be bothered. It was all gammon!" These were the words of the boy felon, then—such was the humanity of the law; poor

law! what a long nonage of discretion has it passed!—then within a day's span of the grave.

As the hour of death approached, the clergyman became more assiduous, fervent, nay passionate in his appeals to the prisoner; who still strengthened himself in opposition to his pastor. "My dear boy—my poor child—miserable, helpless creature!—the grave is open before you—the sky is opening above you! Die without repentance, and you will pass into the grave, and never—never know immortal blessings! Your soul will perish—perish as I have told you—in fire, in fire eternal!"

St. Giles averted his head to and fro, and with a sneer asked, "What's the good o' all this? Have n't you told me so, Mister, agin and agin?"

The ordinary groaned almost in despair, yet still renewed his task. "The heavens, I tell you, are opening for you; repent, my child; repent, poor boy, and you will be an immortal spirit, welcomed by millions of angels."

St. Giles looked with bitter incredulity at his spiritual teacher. "Well, if all that 's true," he said, "it is n't so hard to be hanged, arter all. But I don't think the nobs like me so well, as to send me to sich a place as that."

"Nay, my poor boy," said the ordinary, "you will not, cannot understand me, until you pray. Now, kneel—my dear child, kneel and let us pray together." Saying this, the ordinary fell upon his knees; but St. Giles, folding his arms, so planted himself as to take firmer root of the ground; and so he stood with moody, determined looks, whilst the clergyman—touched more than was his wont—poured forth a passionate prayer that the heart of the young sinner might be softened; that it might be turned from stone into flesh, and become a grateful sacrifice to the throne of God. And whilst this prayer, in deep and solemn tones, rose from the prison-cell, he for whom the prayer was formed, seemed to grow harder, more obdurate, with every syllable. Still he refused to bend his knees at the supplication of the clergyman, but stood eyeing him with a mingled look of incredulity, defiance, and contempt. "God help you—poor lost lamb!" cried the ordinary, as he rose.

"Now, I hope we shall have no more o' that," was the only answer of St. Giles.

The ordinary was about to quit the cell, when

the door was opened, and the governor of the jail, attended by the head-turnkey, entered. "My dear sir, I am glad to find you here"—said the governor to the ordinary. "I have a pleasing duty to perform: a duty that I know it will delight you to witness." The ordinary glanced at a paper held by the governor; his eyes brightened; and clasping his hands, he fervently uttered—"Thank God!"

The governor then turned to St. Giles, who suddenly looked anxious and restless. "Prisoner," he said, "it is my happiness to inform you that his gracious majesty has been mercifully pleased to spare your life. You will not suffer with the unfortunate men to-morrow. You understand me, boy?"—for St. Giles looked suddenly stupefied—"you understand me, that the good king, whom you should ever pray for, has, in the hope that you will turn from the wickedness of your ways, determined to spare your life! You will be sent out of the country; and time given you that, if you properly use, will make you a good and honest man."

St. Giles made no answer, but trembled violently from head to foot. Then his face flushed red as flame, and covering it with his hands, he fell upon his knees; and the tears ran streaming through his fingers. "Pray with me; pray for me!" he cried, in broken voice, to the ordinary.

And the ordinary knelt, and rendered up "humble and hearty thanks" for the mercy of the king!

We will not linger in the prison—St. Giles was destined for Botany Bay. Mr. Capstick was delighted, in his own way, that the ends of justice would be satisfied; and whilst he rejoiced with the triumph of justice, he did not forget the evil-doer; for St. Giles received a packet from the muffin-maker, containing sundry little comforts for his voyage.

"We shall never see him again, Jem," said Mrs. Aniseed, as she left Newgate weeping; having taken her farewell of the young transport. "He's gone forever from us."

"Not he," said Bright Jem; "we shall see him again another feller quite—a true man, yet; I'm sure of it."

Whether Bright Jem was a true prophet will in due season be discovered by the patient reader of the next chapters.

THE VALUE OF A FINE LADY.

A REMINISCENCE. BY JOSEPH HUME.

ONCE I assisted at the *soirée dansante* of the Countess of Fritterfield. The most brilliant star in that galaxy of fashion was the young and lovely Marchioness of Fiddledale. I saw her dancing in the hall. Around her snowy brow were set five hundred pounds: for such would have been the answer of any jeweller to the question, "What are those diamonds?" With the gentle undulations of her bosom, there rose and fell exactly thirty pounds ten shillings. The sum wore the guise of a brooch of gold and enamel. Her fairy form was invested in ten guineas, represented by a slip of lilac satin; and this was overlaid by thirty guineas more in two skirts of white lace. Tastefully disposed down each side of the latter, were six half crowns; which so many bows of

purple ribbon had come to. The lower margins of the thirty guinea skirts were edged with eleven additional guineas, the value of some eight yards of silver fringe a quarter of a yard in depth. Her taper waist, taking zone and clasp together, I calculated to be confined by forty pounds sterling.

Her delicately-rounded arms, the glove of spotless kid being added to the gold bracelet which encircled the little wrist, may be said to have been adorned with twenty-two pounds five and sixpence, and, putting the silk and satin at the lowest figure, I should say that she wore fourteen and sixpence on her feet. Thus, altogether, was this thing of light, this creature of loveliness, rayed from top to toe, exclusively of little sundries, in six hundred and forty-eight pounds eleven shillings.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE FEARLESS DE COURCY.

[The following is a specimen of *Lays and Ballads from Old English History*, (London, James Burns, 1845,) a beautifully embellished little volume of original poetry, professedly "by S. M.," and dedicated to "seven dear children, for whose amusement the verses were originally written." Generally speaking, history in a versified shape is miserable trash; but here we have something very different; and we shall be much surprised if this volume does not long maintain a place amongst the parlor-window favorites of the young. The ballads are not only charmingly written, as far as mere literary art is concerned, but have, besides, a life-like spirit, and a tone of high imaginative feeling, which are peculiarly their own.]

The fame of the fearless De Courcy
Is boundless as the air;
With his own right hand he won the land
Of Ulster, green and fair!
But he lieth low in a dungeon now,
Powerless, in proud despair;
For false King John hath cast him in,
And closely chained him there.

The noble knight was weary
At morn, and eve, and noon;
For chilly bright seemed dawn's soft light,
And icily shone the moon;
No gleaming mail gave back the rays
Of the dim unfriendly sky,
And the proud free stars disdained to gaze
Through his lattice barred and high.

But when the trumpet-note of war
Rang through his narrow room,
Telling of banners streaming far,
Of knight, and steed, and plume;
Of the wild *mêlée*, and the sabre's clash,
How would his spirit bound!
Yet ever after the lightning's flash,
Night closeth darker round.

Down would he sink on the floor again,
Like the pilgrim who sinks on some desert plain,
Even while his thirsting ear can trace
The hum of distant streams;
Or the maimed hound, who hears the chase
Sweep past him in his dreams.

The false king sate on his throne of state,
'Mid knights and nobles free;
"Who is there," he cried, "who will cross the
tide,
And do battle in France for me?
There is cast on mine honor a fearful stain,
The death of the boy who ruled Bretagne;*
And the monarch of France, my bold suzerain,
Hath bidden a champion for me appear,
My fame from this darkening blot to clear.
Speak—is your silence the silence of fear,
My knights and my nobles? Frowning and pale
Your faces grow as I tell my tale!
Is there not one of this knightly ring,
Who dares to battle for his king?"

The warriors they heard, but they spake not a
word;
The earth some gazed upon;

* Prince Arthur of Brittany, whose melancholy fate has been too often the theme of song and story to require notice here.

And some did raise a steadfast gaze
To the face of false King John.
Think ye they feared? They were Englishmen
all,
Though mutely they sate in their monarch's hall;
The heroes of many a well-fought day,
Who loved the sound of a gathering fray,
Even as the lonely shepherd loves
The herds' soft bell in the mountain-groves.
Why were they silent? There was not one
Who could trust the word of false King John;
And their cheeks grew pallid as they thought
On the deed of blood by his base hand wrought;
Pale, with a brave heart's generous fear,
When forced a tale of shame to hear.

'T was a coward whiteness then did chase
The glow of shame from the false king's face;
And he turned aside, in bootless pride,
That witness of his guilt to hide;
Yet every heart around him there,
Witness against him more strongly bare!
Oh, out then spake the beauteous queen: *
"A captive lord I know,
Whose loyal heart hath ever been
Eager to meet the foe;
Were true De Courcy here this day,
Freed from his galling chain,
Never, oh never should scoffers say,
That amid all England's rank and might,
Their king had sought him a loyal knight,
And sought such knight in vain!
Up started the monarch, and cleared his brow,
And bade them summon De Courcy now.
Swiftly his messengers hastened away,
And sought the cell where the hero lay;
They bade him arise at his master's call,
And follow their steps to the stately hall.

He is brought before the council—
There are chains upon his hands;
With his silver hair, that aged knight,
Like a rock o'erhung with foam-wreaths white,
Proudly and calmly stands.
He gazes on the monarch
With stern and star-like eye;
And the company muse and marvel much,
That the light of the old man's eye is such,
After long captivity.
His fetters hang upon him
Like an unheeded thing;
Or like a robe of purple worn
With graceful and indifferent scorn
By some great-hearted king.
And strange it was to witness
How the false king looked aside;
For he dared not meet his captive's eye!
Thus ever the spirit's royalty
Is greater than pomp and pride!

The false king spake to his squires around,
And his lifted voice had an angry sound:
"Strike ye the chains from each knightly limb!
Who was so bold as to fetter him?
Warrior, believe me, no heat of mine
Bade them fetter a form like thine;
Thy sovereign knoweth thy fame too well."
He paused, and a cloud on his dark brow fell;
For the knight still gazed upon him,
And his eye was like a star;
And the words on the lips of the false king died,

* Isabella of Angouleme, wife to King John, celebrated for her beauty and high spirit.

Like the murmuring sounds of an ebbing tide
By the traveller heard afar.

From the warrior's form they loosed the chain;
His face was lighted with calm disdain;
Nor cheek, nor lip, nor eye gave token
E'en that he knew his chains were broken.
He spake—no music, loud or clear,

Was in the voice of the gray-haired knight;
But a low stern sound, like that ye hear

In the march of a mail-clad host by night.
"Brother of Cœur de Lion," said he,
"These chains have not dishonored me!"
There was crushing scorn in each simple word,
Mightier than battle-axe or sword.

Not long did the heart of the false king thrill

To the touch of passing shame,
For it was hard, and mean, and chill;
As breezes sweep o'er a frozen rill,
Leaving it cold and unbroken still,

That feeling went and came;
And now to the knight he made reply,
Pleading his cause right craftily;
Skilled was his tongue in specious use
Of promise fair and of feigned excuse,
Blended with words of strong appeal
To love of fame and to loyal zeal.
At length he ceased; and every eye
Gazed on De Courcy wistfully.
"Speak!" cried the king in that fearful pause;
"Wilt thou not champion thy monarch's cause?"

The old knight struck his foot on the ground,
Like a war-horse hearing the trumpet sound;
And he spake with a voice of thunder,

Solemn and fierce in tone,
Waving his hand to the stately band
Who stood by the monarch's throne,
As a warrior might wave his flashing glaive
When cheering his squadrons on:
"I will fight for the honor of England,
Though not for false King John!"

He turned and strode from the lofty hall,

Nor seemed to hear the sudden cheer
Which burst as he spake from the lips of all.
And when he stood in the air without,
He paused as if in joyful doubt;
To the forests green and the wide blue sky
Stretching his arms embracingly,
With stately tread and uplifted head,
As a good steed tosses back his mane
When they loose his neck from the servile rein;
Ye know not, ye who are always free,
How precious a thing is liberty.
"O world!" he cried; "sky, river, hill,
Ye wear the garments of beauty still;
How have ye kept your youth so fair,*
While age has whitened this hoary hair!"
But when the squire, who watched his lord,
Gave to his hand his ancient sword,
The hilt he pressed to his eager breast,
Like one who a long-lost friend hath met;
And joyously said, as he kissed the blade,
"Methinks there is youth in my spirit yet.
For France! for France! o'er the waters blue;
False king—dear land—adieu, adieu!"

He hath crossed the booming ocean,
On the shore he plants his lance;

* The reader of German will here recognize an exquisite stanza from Uhland, very inadequately rendered.

And he sends his daring challenge

Into the heart of France:
"Lo, here I stand for England,
Queen of the silver main!
To guard her fame and to cleanse her name
From slander's darkening stain!
Advance, advance! ye knights of France,
Give answer to my call:
Lo! here I stand for England,
And I defy ye all!"

From the east and the north came champions
forth—

They came in a knightly crowd;
From the south and the west each generous breast
Throbbed at that summons proud.

But though brave was each lord, and keen each
sword,

No warrior could withstand
The strength of the hero-spirit
Which nerved that old man's hand.

He is conqueror in the battle—
He hath won the wreath of bay;
To the shining crown of his fair renown
He hath added another ray;
He hath drawn his sword for England;
He hath fought for her spotless name;
And the isle resounds to her farthest bounds
With her gray-haired hero's fame.

In the ears of the craven monarch,
Oft must this burthen ring—
"Though the crown be thine and the royal line,
He is in heart thy king!"

So they gave this graceful honor
To the bold De Courcy's race,
That they ever should dare their helms to wear
Before the king's own face:
And the sons of that line of heroes
To this day their right assume;
For, when every head is unbonneted,*
They walk in cap and plume!

From Tait's Magazine.

O RABEQUISTA, THE FIDDLER.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

AMONG the living authors of Portugal, who are little, or not at all, known in this country, but whose merits as poets, dramatists, or prose writers entitle them to be so, are the brothers Castilho, A. M. de Souza Lobo, Ignacio Pizarro de M. Sarmiento, J. B. d'Almeida Garrett a very distinguished man of letters, and A. Herculano, author of the "Harp of the Believer" and "The Voice of the Prophet," a young volunteer officer of the Liberal party, at the siege of Oporto, who made himself remarkable by his zeal and bravery, and who, after the death of Don Pedro, instead of hurrying with others to the capital to claim the reward of his services, long remained at Oporto, unsolicitous of court favors, and testified his grief in an elegy on "the romantic emperor who had fought against tyranny," and who had bequeathed his heart to that "faithful city." Of these and other existing ornaments of Portuguese literature, we may take future opportunities of giving some notices. The following little story is but a very trifling specimen of the abilities of *Antonio Feliciano Castilho*, whose name appears under it in a Lisbon periodical of recent date; but, mere trifle

* The present representative of the house of De Courcy is Lord Kinsale.

as it is, there is something peculiar in the turn of the adventure.

On a dark night of last winter, there was a wedding ball in a certain village near the foot of the Mountain Estrella. The wedding-dinner was over at two o'clock in the afternoon; and from that hour till midnight, the clattering dances of wooden shoes had been almost incessant. During all this time, the merriment had been kept alive by liberal supplies of green wine, by love, and by a fiddle, the never-failing guest and companion of every merry-meeting in all the hamlets of this neighborhood. The fiddler, who possessed nothing in the world but a musical ear, (for which we do not know how much per centage he paid out of the hours of industry,) had been one of the numerous candidates for the bride; but having been supplanted by the pecuniary charms of his happy rival, he was here on this occasion—no unhappy man either, but in good humor with his ill fortune. A philosophical fiddler, he had not only had the courage to attend the marriage-ceremony without concealing himself behind one of the church-pillars and rushing forth at the critical moment with a romantic cry of despair, to the dismay of the assembly, but he had helped to twine the arches of pine-boughs for the passage of the triumphant couple. At dinner he had filled repeated bumpers to the health of both, and also of a tawny rustic lass who happened to sit next to him; and all the evening afterwards, and all the night, he animated, by his quaint old minuets, and his inexhaustible store of old-fashioned tunes, the fun of the dancers, male and female, of that economical club, whose vagaries were superbly illuminated by four classical iron lamps, stuck against four newly-whitewashed walls. Some malicious judges of motives—for there are such even in the country—did not fail to set down his gratuitous perseverance to a lurking desire of putting off as long as he possibly could, the fatal moment when the company should disperse, and the doors of his ungrateful fair one exclude him from her presence. Others merely supposed that his zeal was inspired by a newly awakened fancy for another pair of bright eyes, and that he was naturally unwilling to quit a scene where the lady of his thoughts saw him unquestionably playing *the first fiddle*. As to us, without rejecting or admitting either of these opinions, we think it more orthodox to believe, that his pure self-love, as an artist, is a sufficient explanation. Paganini in the theatre at Paris, or on the stage of the opera-house in London, was not a greater personage than our poor fiddler, in a farm-house of the Estrella mountain.

During one of those brief intervals of the ball, when the din of music and feet ceased, only to give play to the much more uproarious clamor of conversation, our hero, whom we shall call Baptist, found his opportunity of insinuating a sly compliment into the ear of her to whom his looks had already been still more eloquent; a smile and a modest look of pleased acknowledgment gave him fresh force for a second attack; he dared to whisper the word *love*; he saw her blush, and once more he saw her smile; he ventured to seize a pretty little hand of this damsel fifteen years old; and from the moment of that endured audacity, he considered his felicity certain. He asks her name, *Anna*; her condition, *single*; her residence, *another farm-house*, distant about half a league in a locality that he is unacquainted with; but which she describes so minutely, that it is evi-

dent his visits there will be acceptable: "In our house," adds Anna, "there live only my mother and myself. My mother keeps house; I tend our flock on the mountain in the day time, and at night work with my mother. Sometimes we sit together at our hearth with nothing new to say to one another, which is dull; now and then we have the company of some young women who live about a quarter of a league from us: I came with two of them to-day; and we are to return together. But for them I should have missed this wedding; and that would have been a pity."

The dancing was renewed; Baptist surpassed himself, if that were possible. The fiddle seemed animated with all the fire, all the brilliant freshness of a newly rising passion. It imparted more life, more ecstasy to the dancers; and Anna, every time that the mazy whirl brought her near to the musician, showed by a look, a movement, an air, that she felt something more than gratitude for the performer. The bow of Cupid, to use the phraseology of the poetico-arcadian schools, never twanged off more sharp and quick arrows than did the bow of a fiddle on this night. The bridegroom, fearing that the transport might not subside before sunrise, availed himself of a momentary pause to call Baptist apart into the garden, and there, after some trifling apologetical preamble, with which Baptist would have willingly dispensed, gave him to understand, in as few words as his embarrassment and the sense of his discourtesy would permit, that it was time to close the entertainment, and for the guests to retire. Baptist, who, like all happy lovers, had kept wholly out of view the fact, that such pleasure must have an end, and in whom (trust the hearts of men!) the thought of his first love, now hopeless, was already partially eclipsed by the radiant image of his new star; Baptist stood undecided for an instant whether he should obey the master of the house, thanking him for his good cheer, or break the fiddle about his ears. A visit to the cellar, to which the host sagaciously invited him, gave him time to recover his temper; and, thanks to a copious draught that prepared him for the journey, the inward strife that had arisen between the two spirits that contend for mastery in the human breast, terminated in the victory of the good angel. During this absence of the life and soul of the party, the greater number of the guests disappeared: and Anna, urged by her companions to withdraw, and persuaded as were the rest, that Baptist would not come back, sadly set out on her way home.

Returning to the room, and finding it deserted by her who alone had filled it, to his eyes, Baptist wished his host good-night. Hardness of heart is not the vice of the truly happy. The bridegroom accompanied him a few steps beyond the threshold, and laughingly told him, in a key sufficiently loud to ensure his being overheard by his wife, that the beautiful Anna, the flower and envy of the night, was the best tender of flocks in the district; that she had a good fortune; excellent hands for the spindle, and a voice for singing that charmed all who heard her; that he therefore advised him to cultivate the good graces of the mother, for that he well knew the girl would think herself fortunate to be able to warble her youth away with such an accompaniment:

Oh, life of my life!
Who can show me your fellow

At fiddle or fife
On the mountain Estrella ?

And with this he bade him farewell ; but not before he had further explained, what Baptist had already known above two hours, that the house was situate at the top of a winding steep, between hills ; that by day two great oak trees, standing close together on the right of the road, would show him that he was near the place, and that at night he would be led to it by the bleating of numerous goats folded in the pen, so that there could be no risk of going astray among those wilds. The night was still dark. Baptist at first, though his mind was all abroad, took the melancholy road that led to his home. But what was he to do there ? Sleep ! who ever slept on the first night of a new love-fever !—To lie awake and sigh ? that is better and more poetically done on the open stage of nature. To transcribe from the tablets of his heart an account of his sensations and wishes in a letter ! Anna probably cannot read ; and he himself, satisfied with his talent as a musical artist, never felt any ambition to accumulate knowledge. Baptist does not know how to write. All such of my readers as have passed through the paradise of youth will readily divine, without my telling them, whither the steps of Baptist led him against the bent of his wiser intention. As full of wine and passion as an elegy of Propertius, with his fiddle under his arm, and his Anna in his heart, and with as good speed as the obscurity of the hour, and the ruggedness and strangeness of the way permit, there he goes, entreating the solitude to favor his blind search of the temple of his divinity, and already, in spirit, making the tour of those walls which he fancies he discovers in every white stone that he discerns before him.

And what a wretched gratification is he seeking ! He will not see her ; no, he will not hear her voice. At such an untimely season of the night, he will not even, through some compassionate crack in the door, have his eyes fascinated by the flickering gleam of a lamp lighted by that very hand which so lately trembled in his own. She herself will not know to-morrow that he has been keeping watch near her, and surrounding her dreams with his love. No sign will remain to reveal to her the devotion with which he will have been kissing, as a pilgrim kisses a reliquary, the insensible walls that enclose the talisman of his existence ! When she shall arise and go forth with Aurora, placid and rosy like her, and, like her, hailed with delight by everything that beholds her, not a vestige of his kisses will be left on the stones of her house, on the threshold of her door ; not one of all the sighs that night shall have gathered in its lap will be felt with the morning breezes, as they sigh among the foliage. No ; but he will have enjoyed, in three or four hours of careful vigil, whole ages of felicity. It is even possible, that something of reality may be mingled with his delicious reveries : it may chance, that, while with ear applied to a casement, and breath suspended, he interrogates the silence of the sleeping house, some audible sound, some word addressed by the daughter to her mother, some rustling of the mattress, stuffed with the straw of Indian corn, will aid his fancy to picture the interior of that Eden, and to perceive, as it were, through his ears, the position, the attitude, the expression, the thoughts, of the most beautiful of slumberers. He will, at least,

hear the bleatings of her goats hard by ; and, if the stars be not utterly hostile to his hopes, he may, in the morning, hiding himself where he cannot be discovered, watch her as she passes with her flock, blithely treading the dew in her little slippers of orange-tree wood, her distaff stuck in her girdle, a shade of soft anxiety setting off the sweetest smile that ever dawned from under the broad flap of a large black hat ; and, perhaps, he might hear that chant of the mountain, and now, more than ever, the song for *him*, sent forth to the echoes by the most bewitching voice of the *Beira-alta*—

Oh, life of my life !
Who can show me your fellow
At fiddle or fife
On the mountain Estrella ?

As these fancies thickened upon him, Baptist, who was absolutely carried away with them, and was every moment quickening his pace, less attentive to the road than to the stars, with which true lovers have always an undefinable sympathy, suffered himself to be hurried on, he hardly knew whither, till he suddenly remembered—what none but a lover would have forgotten for a moment—that he ought to examine, by the notices which he had been warned to take heed of, whether he was on his right course or not. He stopped, he doubted, he was about to turn back, when lo ! he observed, on the side of the path, certain trees, which might very possibly be the two oak-trees : he flies towards them ; they are the very same ; and that is the exact site—a site as familiar to him, now that he views it for the first time, as if he had been born there. He accelerates his speed—his heart leaps as if it wished to get there before him—the sandy and barren soil of the steep seems to him a gentle declivity, matted with rose-leaves ; and, to crown his success, he hears the bleat of a lamb close by : he who hears the lamb cannot be far off from the shepherdess. He rushes towards the spot where so tender a greeting invites him. He already discovers the withies of the fold—he almost touches them. All at once the ground gives way under him, and he finds himself at the bottom of a pitfall. Astounded with the shock, though he had lighted on his feet, with his fiddle safe under his arm, he at first imagined that some evil witch had laid this wicked trap for him ; and he now called to mind that an old woman at the wedding had very constantly eyed him with an expression of countenance of no good augury :—but after his first confusion was a little allayed, he perceived that he was in one of those deep holes which it is the custom to excavate on the mountain to catch wolves. These holes are made wider at bottom than at top, so as to make it impossible for the prisoner to escape ; the mouth is lightly covered with a few slender boughs, which, yielding to the pressure of any weight, let it fall through, and being elastic, resume their deceitful appearance : as a lure to the beast of prey at night, it is usual to place behind this masked abyss, and within a strong fence of hurdles, a kid or a lamb, whose cries for the dam entice its enemy to certain destruction. The hopelessness of evasion from such a den, for the rest of the night, was evident to poor Baptist. He tried to accommodate himself to his situation. He had not room to console himself, as men incarcerated are wont to do, by pacing to and fro to give life to his imprecations. He laid himself

down in the pit to meditate on the abode of his love, which he had left above him in the land of the living. Nature makes but little difference between dreams and the visionary cogitations of lovers.

Baptist was now half-musing, half-sleeping, when he heard the treacherous roof of his den giving way again, and immediately afterwards down plumped some heavy substance. He jumped up in consternation—Who is there?—no answer.—With hair on end, head dripping with cold sweat, and tongue tied with terror, he crouched hard against a side of the pit, and endeavored with eyes fixed in stupid amazement, to make out the companion of his misfortune.—and lo, a wolf, a great wolf, an immense wolf! He sees his eyes glaring like lamps, and that ferocious light shows, or seems to show, two rows of perfectly white teeth, with the formidable tusks; a sight sufficient to disconcert, not only one fiddler, but a whole philharmonical society. Without defence, or means of flight, or chance of succor, and watching the steady and gradually emboldened attention with which his adversary measured him, he was attempting in his agony to shrink into the very earth that immured him, when an involuntary touch of one of the strings of his fiddle caused it to sound—the animal was startled and recoiled two steps, which he had at last slowly and with a long pause between each made towards the musician. Baptist, therefore, suspecting that there may be some occult centrifugal virtue in the art of Orpheus, draws his fiddlestick with a tremulous hand across the bow. It is now the wolf's turn to shrink; he cowers as if he would bury himself in the ground; the rage in his eyes is subdued; he turns away his head; he manifests his fears by a thousand signs. Baptist, gathering courage from his enemy's cowardice, without farther preparatory tuning, flings him off a waltz, and, observing that the first effect of his instrument is in no wise diminished, overpowers him with an inundation of notes, in tune and out of tune, enough to rive the entrails of the earth. It was a genuine scene, worthy of the opera in the Rua-dos-Condes. Minuets, gavottes, country-dances, waltzes, cotillons, jigs, and rigadoons, succeeded one another without break or transition, and with a rapidity, a prodigality, that was marvellous; while now and then he wrenched his eyes off his crouching adversary to look up at the aperture for the glimpse of day, to which alone he could trust for his deliverance. But that night had sworn to last at least fifty hours, for the poor fiddler. The centrifugal charm of his violin appeared to have as much influence on Aurora as on the wolf; keeping them both aloof. The perspiration which his fears had at first drawn, was now streaming down him from sheer fatigue. His arm, before so laboriously exercised at the ball, was beginning to fail him, when at last the gleams of day peered through the false trellis-work over his head; and soon afterwards, steps, voices, and laughter, were distinguishable near the cavern. The shepherds who had laid the trap were coming to see if they had caught anything; and wondering at the strange subterranean music, they hastened towards it with a thousand wild conjectures. Having removed the boughs that covered the mouth of the pit, they looked down, eager to learn what this extraordinary revel could be. Baptist, fearing to lose, by one moment's intermission of his music, the safety he had won at so much cost, answered

them in chanting prose, fiddling all the while, and huddling two or three words into every note—

“Pit of terror—Night of horror—How I tremble!”

entreating to be quickly released, and intimating that he would tell them all about it presently. A ladder was the first thing to be procured; one was immediately found in the nearest farm-house, the inmates of which, as anxious as their neighbors to gratify their curiosity, came running with the rest to witness such an unexampled sight. The pit was surrounded with people of both sexes. The ladder was hardly fixed, when Baptist clambered up as fast as he possibly could, without the use of his hands—for he was still fiddling—till he reached the top, more dead than alive. Scarcely had he found himself amid kindly human faces, and in the light of one of the loveliest mornings that ever shone on the Estrella, when, laying down his fiddle to make the sign of the cross, he discovered at his side his own Anna. Hers was the ladder that had saved him; hers the neighboring farm-house; and the soft scarlet kerchief of cotton, that was instantly offered to him to wipe his forehead, was taken from her own neck.

He was conducted to her house, (it was possibly only because it was the nearest at hand,) and placed by the hearth, where mother and daughter vied with each other in making him comfortable, and, after serving him with a good breakfast, and giving him a thousand unequivocal proofs of their benevolence, they left him to take five or six hours of delicious repose on a well-filled and well-smoothed palliase of Indian-corn straw.

In less than three months after that breakfast, Baptist was the husband of Anna. The artist who had figured so brilliantly at other people's wedding-parties performed prodigies at his own. The wolf, which Baptist and Anna would not suffer to be destroyed, was carefully secured; and, being of a tamable age at the time of his capture, is now a part of the family, and is kept in better condition than ever wolf was kept before. The friendly evening gatherings at this farm-house are celebrated in the district; and all the neighbors hope and trust that the harmony which reigns there will never be interrupted—that, in the mutual relation of husband and wife, and of mother and son-in-law, the fiddle will never be out of tune.

From the London Times, of April 23.

POLITICS OF THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

THE discussions now going on in the Republic of Texas between the American party which seeks to be absorbed in the federal union of the American states, and the national Texan party, which upholds the independent interest of the new state, are matters of the deepest interest not only to the annexation question of the present day, but to the future destinies of the continent of North America. If Texas at once flings away her national existence, and makes herself subservient to the policy of the United States, it is highly improbable that any other new state will attain to independence in the southern regions of North America, and the progress of the dominions of the cabinet of Washington will be as rapid as the decay of its defenceless and ungoverned southern neighbors. More than 20 years have elapsed since Mexico threw

off her allegiance to Spain, and during the whole of that period the decline of the nation has been inconceivably great and rapid. The result is now pitiable. The country is stated by a recent observer to be as defenceless as it was in the days of Montezuma. Another Cortez might march with a few hundred men upon the capital; and as for the northern and western provinces, more especially the magnificent territory of California, since the sequestration of the missions and presidios, they are without even the semblance of a government. The whole white population of California is hardly more than 5000, scattered over 2000 square leagues of territory: the Mexican administration does not even communicate with the province; and to conquer the whole of it would not be more difficult than to take possession of a desert island. In these thinly peopled regions the inhabitants are manifestly unable to defend their territorial rights; and when they have lost the protection of a great power, whose policy is jealous of all encroachments on the future interests of its subjects, they fall an easy prey to a sort of retail invasion, until the sovereignty of the country is filched away before an effort has been made to challenge the assailant.

The eager, gain-seeking and roving population of the Western States of the Union are fitted beyond all the rest of mankind to carry on this kind of surreptitious warfare. They conquer provinces as the cuckoo steals a nest; and if their irregular enterprises be allowed to carry with them all the political consequences of lawful war, it is evident that at no very distant period they will have made themselves masters of all such parts of the North American continent as are not defended by the forces and the resolution of Great Britain. But the conduct of Texas in the present emergency will determine whether these political consequences are to be realized. It depends on the acceptance or rejection of the proposed measure of annexation by the people and government of Texas, whether every fresh step of the Anglo-American race is to add citizens to the Union; or whether the new states which may be formed in course of time on either shore of that vast continent may not uphold an independent flag, independent interests, and an independent policy.

When we take into consideration the position of Texas, the decline of Mexico, and the future condition of the unappropriated lands, rivers, and regions lying between the coast of Upper California on the Pacific Ocean and the Rio Bravo del Norte, it is impossible to doubt that such a country ought to possess an original character and an independent existence. Its annexation to the United States, if that measure be consummated at the present time, would only lead the more surely to the eventual disruption of that wide and imperfectly-united confederacy, and to a struggle which would prove injurious to the best interests of the whole continent. But Texas independent is peculiarly qualified to interpose, as it were, the keystone of an arch between the United States and Mexico, on the one hand, and between the maritime interests of European and American nations on the other. These views are so clear and evident that they will probably have a decisive influence on the executive government of Texas, provided the Mexicans can be brought to recognize in a liberal spirit an arrangement which is the sole guarantee of their national existence. Nor can we believe that this policy will be defeated by the popular emissaries

of the United States in Texas, who are avowedly engaged in promoting the work of annexation solely with reference to the interests of their own party in the United States, and to the cause of slavery with which that party is identified.

The part taken by England and France in this question—for we are happy to find that the most entire concurrence prevails between the two great powers by which Texas was first recognized in Europe—has been dictated by no such selfish or exclusive objects. To them individually the annexation of Texas offers no very formidable dangers, and her independence promises no very certain or conspicuous advantages. But they are actuated by a sincere desire to uphold in America that respect for territorial rights which is the only sure basis of peace; and in maintaining the independence of Texas they may hope to establish an important element in the distribution of power over North America. There as well as in Europe an universal dominion is impracticable.

If, however, the annexation party be successful, and the patriotic intentions of the President are defeated by the foreign party in the commonwealth of Texas, that only opens the door to fresh difficulties of the most serious character. The claim of the United States to Texas is a claim studiously undefined, and purposely obscure; but once admitted, it would be found to embrace the distant objects of American ambition, even on the shores of the Pacific. Already several attempts have been made by the ministers and officers of the United States to obtain the cession of the great harbors on the coast of California. In 1835, Mr. Forsyth offered to the Mexican government five millions of dollars for the port of San Francisco—one of the finest naval positions in the world; and a few years later an American commodore actually seized, on some pretended rumor of war with Mexico, the town and harbor of Monterey.

The time is now rapidly approaching when the western coast of North America—hitherto the least peopled, the least productive, and the least frequented portion of the globe—will become the scene of great political interests, and will gradually be animated with the stir of nations and the activity of social life. The United States are seeking to subject these future races and states to their dominion, and without an army or any of the ordinary instruments of conquest, to extend their sovereignty over nations yet unborn. The scheme for the annexation of Texas is the most decided step they have made in this direction; but this is only the prelude to their ulterior designs. The claim to the exclusive possession of the Oregon territory is another indication of the same policy; it will be followed by an attack, either by force or by fraud, on California. On all these points the same unlimited spirit of aggrandizement prevails. For the protection of the British dominion in North America ample means exist; and, indeed, the possession of the Oregon territory by the Hudson's Bay Company, under the joint conditions of the convention of 1818, is practically conclusive on the point. But in provinces in which no European power has any direct concern, the only check to the rapacious encroachments of the United States will be found to consist in the establishment of another energetic and independent power to share the dominion of North America; and such a power we still hope Texas may become.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Catalogue des Tableaux composant la Galerie de feu son Eminence le Cardinal Fesch. Par GEORGE, Commissaire-expert du Musée Royal du Louvre. Première Partie; première et seconde vente; à Rome, 1843, 1844.

FATAL as her gift of beauty has been to Italy, it has brought her many compensating benefits. Her bright skies, her balmy climate, her luxuriant vegetation, her fair cities, her gorgeous temples; her ruins ennobled by glorious memories, and entwined in the graceful garlands of prodigal nature; her statues and her paintings, the proud creations of man's genius and imagination;—these have, alas! too often attracted and enriched the spoiler. But have they not also cheered her sons, even in the saddest hours of their sufferings? Did they not preserve to her, through the long night of the dark ages, those dormant sparks which, in better times, diffused the light of civilization over Europe? Have they not imparted to her children that susceptibility of refined taste, that perception of the beautiful, which assuredly, in a land teeming with beauty, afford unailing solace? These features in the national character of Italy cannot fail to strike all observers, for they prevail from the palace to the cottage, though variously developed. The hierarchy of Rome, the merchant princes of Venice, the successive tyrants of the minor communities, built for themselves palaces, and called in the best sculptors and painters to adorn them. The craftsmen associated themselves to erect churches and found chapels, which they made shrines of art as well as of piety. The peasantry adopted costumes, whose rich hues and happy combinations are still favorite ornaments for a fashionable masque. Even among the humblest classes, the same turn for the picturesque is involuntarily manifested. Observe the tattered *lazzarone* asleep in the vestibule of a Neapolitan church, the fishermen of Baja stretched on that secluded beach, the shepherd of the Campagna gazing over the desolate plain; their ragged vestments, their rough sheep-skins assume an originality of character, their attitudes manifest a pictorial effect, which the inspired artist is glad to copy, hopeless of improving upon them. We have seldom enjoyed a greater treat than in looking over some studies of the late Baron Camuccini, the first Roman painter of our age. They consisted of groups slightly shaded in water-colors, designed with a purity and accuracy worthy of the *cinque-cento*. There were warriors in action, cottage groups in repose, inspired Madonnas, joyous children, smiling babes—in short, every variety of figure composition, conceived and executed with almost faultless taste. To our surprise the baron said that each was strictly a transcript of Italian nature. In his walks, he had the habit of hastily jotting down every striking attitude or picturesque combination that met his eye, and every evening he embodied these fugitive ideas, accommodating them to any subject or character they might appear to suit. Alas! that he had not drawn more largely upon these materials in composing his historical works!

If Italy be the mother of arts, the Italians are their children. In England, conversation is monopolized by politics and the weather; in France it is sustained by the theatres; in Italy it is of the fine arts. Hire an apartment in Rome, and hang your walls with pictures, few of your English

visitors will ever be conscious of their existence; but the people employed to arrange or pack them, your servants, the tradesmen who chance to enter, will ever be ready with an observation dictated by the interest they feel in your tastes, and by an intelligence, misdirected it may be, but, at least, awakened. Whilst residing among a people who thus inhale taste as with their native air, and surrounded by monuments of genius, it is not difficult to imbibe a sympathy with such feelings. From admiring to acquiring is an easy step, but one which should be taken with discretion. Those who can afford to pay dearly for their experience may yield to a momentary impulse of fancy, and purchase pieces which they will soon part with at any sacrifice. But others, with greater prudence, or smaller means, will form, and to a certain point cultivate, their taste ere they begin to gratify it. Even persons who, in England, had some pretensions to connoisseurship will do well to observe the like caution, for in Italy their ears will be confounded by new names and schools previously unheard of, in connection with works of high merit and unquestionable attractions.

Why in this age of hand-books have we none for the business of picture-dealing? Its mysteries, if unequal to those of Paris in variety or thrilling emotion, might well fill a volume with curious and instructive gossip. For such a compilation an opportunity has recently occurred, which will, perhaps, never recur, but which, we fear, no pen was at hand to seize. A cardinal prince of Rome, uncle of an emperor and of four kings, devoted the latter half of a very long life to the purchase of pictures, as the grand object of existence, and left behind him the most numerous and valuable collection on record as accumulated by one individual. Had his eminence noted the circumstances under which most of his acquisitions were obtained, little more would have been wanted to illustrate the ways of picture-getting. Were the means adopting, or yet to be adopted, for dispersing what he so indefatigably amassed, to be displayed to the world, the mysteries of picture-dealing would be laid bare.

Of the Fesch pictures a comparatively small portion formed the cardinal's show gallery, the fame of which depended chiefly upon those of the Dutch and Flemish schools. Specimens in that style, of at least equal beauty, may be found in England, France, and the Netherlands, but no similar collection ever appeared south of the Alps. The Italian rooms, on the other hand, though including many *chefs-d'œuvre*, could not stand the comparison so readily drawn between their treasures and those of other neighboring palaces. The cardinal began to form his museum in France, when the property cast loose by the Revolution, and the spoils of half Europe, were to be gathered with little trouble, and at moderate cost. Having afterwards, in common with the rest of his family, found that country no longer a licensed residence, he naturally sought a home in the metropolis of his church, and on transporting his pictures to Rome, he stipulated for their removal, at pleasure, from the papal states, exempt from the usual restrictions or export duties. To the choice productions of the ultramontane schools which the collection already possessed, the constant augmentations which it subsequently received added but few gems, and these from Italian pencils. The cardinal had little more to wish for; eminent rank and ample wealth were his, and the picture-gallery

he was intent on forming had attained a European reputation. But the desire of acquisition had become a chronic disease, ever gaining force in its inroads upon his means. Not long before he died he negotiated with one Roman picture-dealer to pay for some indifferent pictures with his service of Sèvres china, representing the battles of Napoleon, sets of which were made only for the emperor's nearest relations. To another he gave a set of silver plate by a similar transaction, and at length death itself snatched away the octogenarian from some uncompleted bargains. But his craving for canvass was not to be satiated even by wholesale dealings, which at once added hundreds to his pictorial investments. There was an understanding in his household, that for every picture offered at his palace, however execrable in merit or condition, four pauls (about twenty-one pence) were to be at once given. To clean and patch up these, he gave permanent employment to several young restorers, and many were the guesses as to what became of the bargains, after emerging from their hands. During the residence of his nephew, Joseph Bonaparte, in America, it was a common belief that they were shipped to the new world, and there converted into cash. When, on the cardinal's death, the mystery was revealed, endless repositories of pictures were discovered, the exact number of which has not been, and perhaps could not be, ascertained, but it is estimated at 18,000 or 19,000.

The inconvenience of such an inheritance was much felt by those intrusted with the payment of his eminence's testamentary bequests. His capital was not only unproductive, but it was sunk in a commodity costly to keep in order, of most fluctuating or even fanciful value, and liable to great depreciation if hastily realized. A portion, said to amount to above 3000, and composed chiefly of copies, was left to a college at Ajaccio, in Corsica; the remainder was to be sold. The executors very wisely resolved, in the first instance, to attempt disposing of them in the mass, demanding for the whole above 200,000*l.* After some time an offer was made approaching to half that sum, and another overture was received, of about 45,000 guineas for 500 pictures, to be selected by the purchasers from the collection, but excluding the Dutch, Flemish, and French schools. The parties to these offers were French dealers, and both were declined. Two years having been thus lost, it was resolved to disperse the whole by auction, and Mr. George, of Paris, who was called in to arrange it, undertook to finish a complete descriptive catalogue within a stated time, under a heavy penalty. But whilst his herculean task was in progress, two public sales went on of above 1000 pictures, the lists of which are prefixed to this article. The newspapers of Europe were employed to puff and advertise the auctions, in terms which inferred, that the whole, or at least the gems of the collection, were on each occasion to be brought forward; and in this belief amateurs and agents flocked to Rome. But on both occasions the works produced were only an average of the mass, set off by some twenty or thirty good pictures. The sales, accordingly, gave little satisfaction, no order being observed in the exposure of the articles, and the bidding-up system being largely resorted to. Notwithstanding much dissatisfaction about 7000*l.* were realized, and the prices, especially on the former occasion, were such as only the cardinal's name could account for. But should these tactics

be continued, during the years which must elapse ere the remaining 11,000 or 12,000 pictures can be disposed of by partial sales, the curiosity and patience of the public must fail, and the auction rooms be deserted: indeed, persons experienced in such matters already estimate the probable produce of the whole collection at a sum not exceeding what has been refused for 500 of its principal works.

The sale of the Fesch gallery now in progress is a sufficient answer to the very frequent remark of picture-dealers north of the Alps, that there are no longer works of merit to be purchased in Italy, although their assertion has a certain plausibility, if the actual state of the market there be compared with the immense supplies it has sent forth within the last forty-five years. Since the revival of art, that country has been the great cradle or school of painters for Europe, and a vast proportion of the pictures required for religious or ornamental decoration, has emanated from her studios, galleries, or churches. From thence came the gems which Charles I. contrived to accumulate, notwithstanding the difficulties of an empty treasury and a troubled reign. There did the stately Arundel, the earliest English virtuoso, resort. France and Spain, for three hundred years; England, Germany, and South America, during the last century, have been working the same mine. After the disastrous occupation of Italy by the French, in 1798, and the subsequent convulsions of that ill-fated land, the sword of France and the gold of England, combined to cull from her temples and palaces all that was most choice in this branch of art. Since the peace the drain has been continued, and though fewer pieces are now sent out for devotional uses, a new demand of amateurship has arisen from Russia and the United States; nations till then unknown in the market, while England is annually glutted by traffickers in old canvass and cracked panels. Yet the competition of these rival purchasers may, with a little dexterity, be accommodated, as their principles of choice do not by any means clash. The Russian taste in pictures, as in equipages and jewelry, is regulated rather by a semi-barbarous magnificence, than by refinement, and their expenditure is in proportion to their colossal fortunes. Provided a picture have the name of a great master, and a corresponding price, the wily Italian owner may also calculate upon transferring it in the course of the season to some Russian prince, although the subject be forbidding, the treatment mean, the restorations ill-disguised, or even the authenticity questionable. As to our countrymen, few having sufficient reliance on their own judgment to deal with foreign venders, whom they in general look upon as limbs of Satan; they usually prefer making their purchases from their own countrymen, content to presume them the honestest of the two. Nowhere can an undisputed and uninjured *chef-d'œuvre* of a great name command the same ransom as in England: but whenever it is a question of school-copies of such, however fine, or of second or lower class Italian productions, or names less trite in the limited *abecedario*, with which most English amateurs are conversant, these gentlemen button up their pockets or higgles at a sum which a Russian would readily quadruple. Of the class of pictures now largely exported to the United States, it may be sufficient to mention, that a commercial traveller in that line, who came to Rome in 1837, had a commission to buy up any painting of whatever

subject, or whatever substance, and in whatever state, not exceeding the price of sixteen pence! Akin to this is a variety of British Colonial emigration, which may be new to our readers. Chancing to visit lately at the close of the season, the ware-rooms of an obscure London picture-dealer, we found them encumbered with the refuse of various auction rooms which had evidently been bought up on this Yankee principle. Whilst gazing in astonishment at the rare conglomerate, we were informed that they were a speculation for Botany Bay!

There is a consideration suggested by the incredible number of paintings produced in Italy during the last five centuries, which ought not to be lost upon our money-getting generation. The sums which during that long period have been and still are sent there, in payment of exported pictures, have afforded incalculable national wealth. Let not this be forgotten by penny-wise legislatures, who would measure the beautiful by the scale of utility, and estimate genius and its highest productions by the returns of the outlay on their raw material. Let them remember that trifling sums now doled out for the improvement of public taste, and the encouragement of art, are surely and profitably invested; and that nothing but the inadequacy of their amount can prevent them rapidly yielding an almost usurious interest. Could our own school of painting be raised to the perfection attained by those of Italy in the sixteenth, and Flanders in the seventeenth centuries, what need were there to send abroad our annual thousands for the purchase of their works? Or, were our designs as tasteful as the French, why should our neighbors export their fashions and fancy goods, to eclipse ours wherever civilization has penetrated? These matters are now beginning to be understood among us; much still remains to be known, and far more to be done; but it is well to have at length entered upon the right path:—*sero*, let it be *serio*.

Another inference from the superabundance of old pictures in Italy is, that amongst so many, much that is good may still be gleaned. From Bologna alone, thousands have annually been exported, since the end of the war, and yet the town seems full of them. After spending three days among the sale galleries there a few years ago, unless the number was grossly exaggerated, we must have had nearly 10,000 pieces in our offer. Indeed, one man estimated his stock at half that number! Add the quantity scattered among private houses in town and country, where every artisan and tradesman have their *quadretti di divozione*, as with us they have their Bible and prayer-book; recollect that there nearly everything may be bought; and judge whether there is not still plenty to be had beyond the Alps. The acquisition of really excellent pictures there, is, however, a matter of increasing difficulty. Most of the few rich galleries that remain intact are secured by entail, or by the wealth and pride of their owners. From time to time indeed, such barriers give way, and some fine collection is dispersed, yielding prices not to be obtained in other countries. Now and then too, the death or exigencies of a collector, who knew how to profit by the chances of revolutionary times, sets free a few brilliant bits. These opportunities are, however, insufficient to account for the number of good works in the trade, which is one of the most conclusive testimonies to the

inexhaustible fund of talent displayed by the old masters.

Fine old pictures are even now ever turning up, and it would be endless to give instances. One, however, of the details whereof we happen to be cognizant, may be taken as a specimen. Marsupini, secretary of the Florentine Republic, who, by a combination of talent, frequent in the fifteenth century, rare in our degenerate days, was at once a philosopher, a poet, and a politician, testified his devotion by founding a chapel in his native Arezzo, and commissioned for it an altar-piece from Fra Filippo Lippi. This picture, stolen during the French occupation, came by inheritance to an ignorant woman, of whom one Ugo Baldi, a dealer from Florence, bought it some two years since for seventy crowns. He soon after handed over his bargain to Baldeschi, a Roman dealer, for 80*l*.; and from him it was bought for the gallery now forming in the Lateran palace, nearly 300*l*. being paid by the papal government; a handsome profit, but a moderate price, for the intrinsic merit of the work is enhanced by the historical interest of the donor's and his brother's portraits, introduced as subordinate figures. A very different fate has befallen a contemporary production, painted by Sandro Botielli, at the dictation of Matteo Palmieri of Florence, and included in the denunciation of heresy against the latter, which is one of the most remarkable pictures of the age. Having been seized by the French, it was deposited in the gallery of the Belle Arti in that capital; but was eventually reclaimed as family property. A few hundred dollars would at that time have secured its remaining there; but this the Tuscan government foolishly grudged, and the picture having been cleaned and talked of, has now gradually attained the price of about 1000*l*.

Verily if there be tricks in all trades, that of picture-dealing is not the purest: yet great allowances must be made ere we bring sweeping accusations. No other commodity is equally liable to the fluctuations of whim and caprice. Its genuineness, when doubted, becomes matter of conflicting evidence, without the possibility of satisfactory demonstration: its intrinsic value is just what it will fetch in the market. It is a speculation in which there is nothing positive but realized profit, and the best knowledge is that of selling to advantage. Hence the prevailing ignorance of art, in an extended sense, among most of the tribe who trade in it, and whose gross blunders are frequently ascribed to knavery. Even those of them who have an educated eye, seldom aim at anything higher than the experience of what is vendible. It has often been contested, whether most reliance should be placed upon the judgment in pictures of a painter or a connoisseur; the former, although more familiar with the mechanical part of the subject, being thought liable to be warped by narrow views of art. So far as our own observation goes, we should award a preference to those painters who have taken to dealing extensively in the old masters, and to restorers who have passed a great variety of superior works through their hands, such persons on the continent having a more extended experience than with us.

It is not our intention to supply such as wish to invest a portion of their wealth in the most rational as well as attractive of ornamental furni-

ture, with a defence for their credulity and their pockets, out of the somewhat extensive acquaintance which we have chanced to form, abroad and at home, with those whose vocation it is to administer to that appetite. A few hints may not, however, be out of place. The best general rule for a collector to avoid buying experience at a high rate is, of course, to study the most important schools of painting, and the best masters, both through books and their most authentic works, and also to examine and "price" many pictures ere he begin to buy, either on his own judgment or that of any one else. To those who acquire pictures as a matter of fashion, or as mere ornaments, without caring much for their price, no plan can be better than that of commissioning a respectable and skilled dealer or artist to find for him such as he wishes. But this is necessarily a costly plan, for the agent's ten per cent. on his outlay cannot quicken his zeal to buy at a low figure, nor will many true amateurs transfer to another, what is, after all, the chief interest and gratification of their pursuit, the pleasure of seeking out their purchases.

Setting aside the more difficult question of its authenticity, there are certain faults and qualities which ought to secure the rejection of a picture by amateurs of taste and feeling, besides the merely technical ones of bad execution and defective preservation. Among these may be mentioned, a subject in itself painful, or treated in a manner revolting or mean; a picture unpleasing in shape or effect, in whose *ensemble* there is some obvious defect, such as the shadows darkened by time acting upon a bad ground. Unfinished pictures, though often of infinite value to the student, are seldom satisfactory additions to a select cabinet, and over-painted ones are speculations to be touched with caution. On the continent, fine old or school copies of *chefs-d'œuvre* are much prized, and are certainly far more deserving of attention than careless originals bearing good names: in England, however, the epithet *copy* is, in the slang of ignorant connoisseurship, a stain confounding all degrees of merit, and which no intrinsic excellence can efface. It is scarcely necessary to say, that no collection can become choice without occasional weeding, when opportunities of substituting better specimens occur.

Those who find amusement in collecting pictures, will do well to remember that the price demanded has usually but a remote analogy with the sum that would be gladly accepted, whether by dealers or private parties. It is especially so in Italy, where almost every family has something of art which they are anxious to turn into cash, and where a class of small agents of very questionable reputation, are always ready to lead a stranger through rooms of rubbish dignified with the title of galleries, or to exhibit to them, under a cloud of mystery, a pretended Raffaele. Purchasing out of private houses is, indeed, seldom pleasant. Apart from feelings of delicacy, in most instances misplaced, one has to contend with the natural tendency of the seller to over-estimate a perhaps favorite object, which is usually exaggerated by his thorough ignorance of its real value. No doubt that from such people, when pressed for money, a prize is occasionally obtained at an utterly inadequate price, but it is much more common to find in their hands worthless trash treasured, in roguery or ignorance, as *chefs-d'œuvre*. We have sometimes amused our-

selves by selecting the very worst specimen from such a lot, to ask "How much!" when at once some hundred crowns would be named, for what, at a stall, would scarcely bring a dollar. The smile which it was impossible to repress, would be answered by, "Who knows but it may be worth as many thousands! My father once sold, for five crowns, a Madonna, for which five hundred have been refused by the fortunate purchaser." Many similar anecdotes might be mentioned; one may suffice. A Scottish baronet, whose purse was presumed to outweigh his connoisseurship, and who was consequently beset by importunate vendors, at last condescended to look at some daub brought to him at Milan, and even to ask the price. The Italian's eye kindled with joyful anticipation, and in a voice trembling with ecstasy he exclaimed, "Cento mille scudi!"—a hundred thousand crowns, being the highest amount to which his arithmetic could carry him. To almost equal ignorance, another class of amateur sellers add an immoderate share of impudence spiced with cunning. If, on entering a house, you are assailed by multiplied expositions of the vast advantage of buying from private owners, (*Signori*, of course,) with frequent protestations that your present company are such, and no dealers, you may look for imposition so barefaced, and prices so preposterous, as to defeat the object in view, and leave your purse scathless.

Upon the whole, it would seem that one can buy on better terms and with equal safety from dealers, though in such affairs the hundred eyes of Argus would be far from superfluous. The varieties of their fraud, from the random assumption of a great master's name, to the elaborate fabrication of a fine old picture, were an endless theme. Many tricks, such as ascribing the work to some noted gallery, the solemn asseveration that no one else has yet been permitted to see the treasure, or the casual hint that Lord Somebody has come down with a handsome offer for it, have been generally discarded as too transparent for our sharp-witted generation. There are, however, "three artful dodges" in especial favor among Italians, to whose dexterity of resource and effrontery of falsehood, every other people must yield the palm. These we shall distinguish as the "dodge candid," the "dodge confidential," and that by *coup-de-main*, and shall shortly illustrate each.

When you ask an Italian the price of any commodity which he is pressing upon you, he is in most cases at once struck dumb, puts on the air of a man totally unconscious of your question, and waits until you repeat it. He then, probably, resumes his interminable laudation of his wares, without vouchsafing you an answer. The proper way to treat such a fellow is to walk quietly away; but if you have patience once more to make the inquiry which he so anxiously evades, you will perhaps only have your words echoed, and followed by another pause. Now the purpose of all this by-play is to gain time for estimating the utmost limit to which he may venture upon your ignorance, credulity, and purse. When you have gone through such preliminaries with the "candid" picture-dealer, and fairly brought him to bay, he assumes his most insinuating frankness of manner, and solemnly says, "Hear me! that picture cost me a hundred crowns." As you have by this time probably made up your opinion

that it is worth scarcely half that sum, you pass on and dismiss the matter from your mind. Not so Candidus, who, much crest-fallen at finding his studied frankness in telling what you have no right to know has failed to hook his gudgeon, recalls your eyes to the picture, and hesitatingly asks what you will give. Having no wish to insult the man by supposing he will take less than a fair profit upon an outlay already beyond what you would have given, you waive the subject and beat a retreat. But now a new energy inspires Candidus, who presses you so hard for an offer, and says so much of his wish to sell, that, to get rid of his importunities, you name sixty crowns, in the conviction that you are quite safe. He staggers, sighs, and at length mutters *à poco*, "that's little." With these words your fate is sealed; for, even after you have bowed yourself out, he follows to say the picture is yours. You begin to doubt your low estimate of its worth, and take it home half triumphing in your bargain. Could you see the debtor and creditor aspect of the transaction, it might stand *nominally* thus:

<i>Dr.</i>	<i>Cr.</i>
A small Cleopatra, school of Guido, to cost thereof, viz., By value of the Cleopatra,	100 0
A landscape, supposed by Lucatelli, cost me three dollars, but was worth, say, . . .	60 0
Cash paid with the same,	5 0
Cash paid for cleaning and framing the Cleopatra,	3 0
To balance, being my nominal profit,	32 0
Dollars 100 0	Dollars 100 0

But from these materials it is easy to extend the *true* state of the account as follows:

<i>Dr.</i>	<i>Cr.</i>
To total outlay for the Cleopatra,	110 0
To profit realized on the sale,	49 0
Dollars 60 0	Dollars 60 0

Upon nearer inspection, your Cleopatra turns out a middling copy, worth about as many shillings as you have paid crowns, so that it has cost you ten pounds to learn the extent of an Italian dealer's "candor."

The "dodge confidential" assumes as many forms as Proteus, but they are all shrouded in mystery. Certain pictures are casually alluded to as attainable by a dealer or amateur broker, (a count, perhaps,) who seems suddenly to recall his words, and changes the subject. From curiosity or otherwise, you return to it, and his voice immediately sinks; he whispers unintelligible allusions to certain objects of extraordinary value never previously in the market, and which from peculiar circumstances cannot now be shown there; hints distinctly at property withdrawn, under the rose, from the fetters of immemorial entail, to meet the wants of a princely house, or talks wildly about plundered convents, or even mutters something as to royalty raising the wind. When you propose to look at the treasures many difficulties are made; a certainty is thrown out of the sale being stopped by government if even suspected; and, finally, an appointment is made under seal of secrecy. It is scarcely necessary to say that when, after long

ambits, the mysterious gems of art are displayed, they prove chiefly remarkable for tinsel frames and ransom prices.

Among the cleverest of the Roman picture-dealers is Signor A., a most fair-spoken fellow and facetious withal, who, conscious of his own talent, is ever ready to adduce some instance of its happy exercise. 'Tis but a year or two since he made a wholesale transaction, which in a short half-hour, transferred to a young Irish peer the accumulated rubbish of his magazine. At the lucky moment of *milor's* visit, there arrived a liveried servant with an official-looking missive, which A. apologized for opening, and after glancing at it, said "Very good, but I have no time now to look at your pictures; come again." The servant hesitated, and to the inquiries of the stranger, A. said it was only the particulars of a lot of pictures which had been sent to him for sale, the heritage of an old Bolognese family, but that he had never had leisure to open the boxes, which must stand over till he could attend to the matter. On his lordship pressing to have a sight of them, A. reluctantly opened the cases, protesting that it was of no use, as it would take much time to clean and arrange and value this collection, before which, of course, the pictures were not for sale. The list exhibited Guidos, Domenichinos, Caraccis, Carlo Dolces—in short, just that class of names which impose upon an Anglican amateur—and the dingy canvasses were freely acknowledged to be so completely obscured by dirt and old varnish, that their merits were undistinguishable. The more the dealer seemed anxious to divert his customer to the brightly varnished ornaments of his own walls, the less willing was he to lose sight of this singular chance of procuring "a genuine gallery ready made," and ere the parties separated, a transfer was made to the peer of a mass of trash which scarcely merited the outlay of cleaning, in exchange for a thousand louis-d'or.

A still bolder *coup-de-main* was successfully played off by the same worthy some years before, at the expense of an experienced purchaser and acknowledged connoisseur. He persuaded the late Mr. Coesvelt to look at a picture of high pretensions and of some merit in his house. Whilst they were discussing it, the jingle of posting bells was heard in the street, and the prolonged crack of a courier's whip echoed in the doorway. A. started, rushed out, and beheld an express, booted, spurred, and splashed, who handed him a letter. Tearing it open, he appeared struck with confusion, and exclaimed, "Well, here is a fine scrape I have got into." "What is the matter?" "Why I am talking about selling you this picture, and here is the courier sent back from Ancona to buy, it, by a Russian gentleman to whom I offered it last week, for such a sum." The price was a large one, and Mr. Coesvelt would not have thought of giving it for the picture, which did not interest him much; but so cleverly did A. contrive to transfer to it the interest of this dramatic scene, that, in the excitement of the moment, a bargain was struck; and our countryman went off delighted at the idea of having done the Russian—the latter being an imaginary personage, and his courier a Roman postboy, hired to gallop up in the nick of time!

The greatest risk of imposition, is that arising from counterfeited pictures. In several principal towns of Italy, there are regular workshops for the forgery of the masters who formerly painted

there. Thus, in Bologna, the imitations are chiefly of the Caracci and their followers, as well as of Carlo Dolce and Sassoferrata; at Venice of Titian and Giorgione. In Milan and Ferrara, the fabrications after the schools of Luini and Garofalo are especially successful, as well as those of Morone's beautiful portraits. Old and ruined panels are chosen, and either restored on the original design, or, if that has been obliterated, they are prepared and painted afresh. Sometimes the portions which have suffered least are allowed to remain, and new bits of varied composition are ingeniously dovetailed into the piece, which is then beplastered with varnish, the better to puzzle too curious observers. In all these cases, the treatment of some famed master is so exactly imitated as often to baffle detection, even where suspicion has been roused by the confused appearance of the work; and the dissimilarity of surface often escapes minute criticism out of respect to the worm-channels visible behind. The forgeries thus executed are issued by a class of Italian dealers, who, sometimes in the disguise of gentlemen, lend themselves to the imposition, and share its profits. Many of them are also sent abroad, probably to *bonâ fide* retailers. Against such productions, especially of the schools we have mentioned, it is impossible to be too guarded, as even the best judges are sometimes duped. Rules are utterly useless against a species of villany which only great practice can detect: it is, however, well to look with suspicion on all that class of pictures, when of high pretensions, and offered at comparatively low prices, especially if recently and very thickly varnished.

Few of the picture-forgers approach the talent of Guizzardardi of Bologna, who, to a competent knowledge of design, adds an extraordinary dexterity in imitating the surface of the old masters, from Francia to Guido. His weak point being composition, he prefers repainting destroyed old works of a good artist or school, to the production of original ones, and the triumph of skill is thus the greater, as the new surface is often brought into close contrast with the old crust.

In 1842, we were carried to see, at the house of a Roman count, a lot of pictures with which Guizzardardi had probably an intimate acquaintance. There were about a dozen of them, including two large Raffaelles, one Francesco, and two Giacomo Francias, a Leonardo, a Luini, a Bellini, a Correggio, a Claude, and a Ghirlandajo: some were palpable copies, one an unfinished work, (a frequent device of the forgers, which saves trouble and disarms criticism,) several evidently retouched, but perhaps not one which a thorough connoisseur, if not aware of the extent to which the art of counterfeiting can now be carried, would not have pronounced a production of the school to which it was attributed. These pictures were bolstered up by all the aids of mystery; they were stated to be the gems of a princely gallery which the head of an old family wished to convert into a more liberal provision for his younger children; but as, on the slightest suspicion of his design, their alienation would be interdicted at the instance of his heir, and their exportation arrested by the government, the most perfect secrecy was made a condition of being admitted to a sight of these master-pieces. So well baited was the hook that several *milors* had already nibbled, and one fine gudgeon, in the guise of a rich London porter-brewer, had escaped almost by a miracle. His offer of 1000*l.* was said

to have been refused for a "Madonna" by Francesco Francia, whose real years had assuredly not reached their teens: on second thoughts, the proprietor sent to resign the prize for that sum, but our countryman had meanwhile become shy, or had elsewhere satisfied his craving, and so declined the barbed seduction.

The Chevalier Michele Micheli of Florence claims to have discovered the vehicle used in distemper-painting previous to the adoption of an oil medium. He keeps the secret, but exercises it in producing small pictures on old panels, to which he gives the surface of antiquity by baking them in a powerful sun, or by artificial heat, and when thus cooked they have deceived many supposed connoisseurs. He usually prefers following the designs of old masters to bestowing his labor upon original compositions, but his works are close imitations rather than copies. He boasts that many Raffaelles from his easel have brought handsome prices at Philips' and Christie's; and we have seen in his studio and elsewhere, others not unworthy of that honor. He gave a friend of ours the finest specimen he had executed in this style, to show Sir Thomas Lawrence the perfection to which it might be carried, but he accompanied the sale with a condition that his name and seal should appear at the back, to secure him the credit of a work which might be ascribed to Ghirlandajo. It has since hung among choice bits by the Gaddi, Beato Angelico, and similar masters, and has not been questioned by more than two or three connoisseurs. In various towns of Italy his works are offered as those of Fra Bartolomeo, Pinturicchio, and Andrea del Sarto, and the veracity of the following little history is unquestioned.

M. Kerschhoff, a Russian amateur, was invited to accompany some Florentine gentlemen on a shooting party into the Maremma. Whilst they pursued their sport, he, disgusted by ill-success, returned to wait for them at a cottage where their horses were put up. Having got into conversation with its occupant, the latter inquired if his guest was fond of pictures, as he had something curious that might interest him. After a long story how his father had, on his death-bed, confided to him the secret, that a picture concealed in the house was of value sufficient to make the fortune of all his family, but that having been feloniously obtained, it would, if ever shown or sold in that neighborhood, certainly bring him into trouble—the rustic produced a very pleasing Madonna and Child in a very antique carved frame, which the Russian cordially admired, and being asked to guess the artist, named Raffaele. "That," said the peasant, "was, I do believe, the very one my father mentioned, but you can see if it was so, as he gave me this bit of paper with the name written in it." On the dirty shred there was in fact scrawled "Raffaello Sanzi;" and its possessor went on to hint that, being anxious to realize what he knew to be most valuable property, and seeing no great chance of then disposing of it safely, he would accept from him, as a foreigner, a price far below its value. The negotiation thus opened, ended in the Russian offering 35,000 francs, or 1,400*l.*, which after due hesitation was accepted. The prize was huddled into a clothes-bag, and its new master, without waiting to take leave of his friends, started for Florence, and thence hurried on to Rome, lest it should be stopped by the Tuscan government. There he boasted of his acquisition, and showed it to several connoisseurs, who

sang its praises until Signor Vallati, a skilful dealer whose name will be presently again mentioned, quickly recognized the real artist. It was in fact a beautiful repetition, with slight variations, of Raffaele's famous "Madonna del Gran-duca:" it was painted by Micheli, who avows that he sold it for 150 crowns; and the shooting-party was a conspiracy by several well-born swindlers to take in their Russian friend! The latter returned to Florence to seek redress by a prosecution, which was compromised by their returning most of the price. Being curious to see or obtain the subject of so strange a tale, we subsequently inquired for the picture, but were told it might probably be met with as an original, in some great German collection, having been there resold by the Russian, at a price almost equal to what he had himself originally paid!

If further proof be required of the danger of such counterfeits, it may be found in the doubts recently raised regarding the "Madonna della Seggiola" of Raffaele; a picture which, if the laudations of artists and travellers, and the daily repetition of copies be a test, is, perhaps, the most generally admired in Europe. It occurred to us to hear, with the utmost surprise, from two of the most skilful judges now in Italy, one a native, the other English, an opinion which they had formed separately, and without concert, that this much admired and beautiful work is a counterfeit, executed on the design of Raffaele, and probably not a century and a half old. And it is remarkable that the Italian critic having pronounced the like judgment in regard to a picture of similar composition, which had been purchased out of a princely gallery at Rome, as from the hand of Raffaele or his pupils, he was allowed to test its accuracy by the application of a solvent, which quickly effaced part of St. John's head, and discovered the eye of an older picture under his cheek-bone! Whatever be the truth of this mystery, two painful considerations naturally occur: if the Seggiola picture is forged, what production ascribed to Raffaele may not be the same? If it is genuine, what picture is safe from detraction?

How interesting would it be to have the adventures of a genuine Raffaele minutely recorded! The successive *pensieri* of the master during the progress of his work, as manifested in sketches, alterations, soliloquies, or conversations; the admiring comments of his friends, and his own replies and defences. Then his studio, the resort of all that was enlightened and accomplished in the golden days of Italian genius; its frequenters, the most choice spirits of the age; its pupils, an unrivalled constellation of artists; its models, personifications of manly beauty and of female loveliness; its sketches, its easel-talk, invaluable, had there but been Laurences and Boswells to collect and record them. Then to follow the completed work through the churches, palaces, galleries, cabinets it has since adorned; sometimes lost amidst scenes of war and pillage, begrimed with dirt, degraded, perhaps, to the pawn-broker's stall; again emerging from the restorer's hand, and subjected to the elaborate mendacity of a grasping dealer, or the loathsome bombast of a swaggering auctioneer, until, through such fearful ordeal, it reaches the repose of a drawing-room in the nineteenth century.

The temptations to trickery which picture-dealing offers are at least equalled in the sale of antiquities, which has long been an important trade

at Rome and Naples. "You are well aware, sir, that this business of ours cannot be carried on without lies, and that we must be always a-telling of them: in fact, a man must just pocket his baptism when he sells objects of antiquity; is it not so, sir?" Such are the principles of the antiquarian fraternity, as explained to us by the faithful shopman of one of its Roman members: their practice may be illustrated by what occurred to his master many years ago. An English nobleman, who was known to devote his wealth liberally to the acquisition of antiques, having arrived in the Eternal City, V. forthwith commissioned a cameo, which he made sure would please the earl, from one of the best fabricators of antique gems, a class of artists then of real talent, and not necessarily parties to the impositions they created, as their works were valuable even as copies. A fine stone having been selected, it was finished in the best style, and committed to a jeweller to be set as a ring. In his hands it was casually broken to bits: the plot was defeated, the dealer was furious, but the victim was *not* saved. The wily Italian fell upon a device to render the bait more than ever deadly. Having selected a principal morsel of the cameo, he carried it to the peer, as a fragment just brought in by a peasant, which, though incomplete, rivalled the rarest gems in perfection of material and of art. After dwelling upon it with that mellifluous eloquence which only an Italian can employ to good purpose—for in a language whose every syllable is euphony, even verbiage becomes effective—he obtained for it a sum which far more than repaid his outlay. Now as some collectors of such relics so treasure those which time or violence has broken, as almost to give them a seeming preference, the lord and the dealer had perhaps equal reason to be satisfied with the transaction. But there were more fragments behind, so after pocketing the price and bowing himself out, V. returned to say, that as it would be a pity the rest of so lovely a work should be lost, he had desired the peasant to dig again for the other bits, in which he might very probably be successful. Next day he returned with another morsel, which he celebrated by another string of superlative epithets, and sold by another tissue of falsehoods, for another ransom; and that in due time was succeeded by the remaining fragments, all separately produced, separately puffed, and separately paid for, until in the end the accidental fracture of the stone proved to have quadrupled its price.

Let us now contrast English honor with Italian honesty. A nobleman, whose position in the intellectual society of our country is even higher than his rank in the peerage, when riding near Tivoli was offered a Roman bronze medal by a peasant, and bought it for half-a-crown. Being no great virtuoso, he showed it to some connoisseur, who pronounced it a coin of great rarity, and fine preservation, worth at least thirty dollars. Next time the peer visited Tivoli, he sought out the peasant and presented him with that sum.

Few topics connected with pictures are more interesting than the occasional discovery of some long lost or forgotten gem of art, and the anecdotes told of such are often highly curious. Some of these we shall now mention. Among the choice-works added by the taste and liberality of Louis. of Bavaria to the Pinacotheca at Munich, is the half-length Madonna, straining to her lips and bosom the infant Christ, commonly known as the

Madonna del Tempi, from the Counts Tempi of Florence, in whose possession it was discovered. A servant of the family happening to require medical assistance, a physician was conducted to the garret in which he lay. In that land where a feeling for art is inherent in the national character, connoisseurship is the especial ambition of many disciples of Galen. While the sufferer detailed his symptoms, the doctor's eyes were fixed upon a begrimed panel that hung over the bed. After prescribing for the case, he sought the count, and begged leave to examine the picture. Having refreshed its dusty surface, he recommended that it should immediately be cleaned, as he had little doubt of its being a good work of the school of Raffaella. This having been done, the doctor's judgment was fully confirmed. The picture was attributed to Raffaella herself, though some judges have ascribed it to Andrea del Sarto, and it was sold to King Louis for about 1500*l*.

Nor is this an isolated case at Munich. The fairest gem of the Leuchtenburg Gallery is the Madonna and Child, by Murillo, or, as some say, by Vandyke, a work excelled by few that ever left the easel of either of these great colorists. It is said to have been picked up at a small ale-house, near Ratisbon, by a poor dealer, from whom it was acquired by Count Rechberg, and subsequently by Prince Eugene Beauharnois. So, too, the statue of Honous, one of the sons of Niobe, which is esteemed the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Glyptotheca, was found some years ago in the workshop of a mason at Dresden, to whom but five francs were paid for it, though the king was content subsequently to acquire it for 1500*l*.

In the celebrated cause of Vallati's Magdalen, to which we shall presently refer, evidence was adduced of this circumstance. A Madonna, Child, and St. John, originally in the Farnese family, which was inscribed on the back "a work of the divine Raffaella," and had been attested as genuine by a pope, came some years since, by inheritance, to a Contessa Broglio, of Turin, who desired her porter to sell it for 32*l*. Falling into the hands of one who recognized its merit, it was purchased from him by the Prince of Carignan, and now adorns the Royal Gallery, under the name of the Madonna della Tenda, from the curtain in the background. Another instance rests on the same authority. Among some trash rejected from the Florence Gallery, and sold some years ago by order of the Grand Duke, a picture was bought by one Fieschi, a restorer. On being cleaned, it was acknowledged to be a Leonardo, and 900*l*. was offered in vain to its fortunate purchaser. Again, Professor Tosoni, of Milan, has a beautiful little allegorical picture, which he considers by Raffaella, and values at four thousand louis-d'or, but for which he paid an English gentleman 42*l*.

There is in Italy a class of picture-jobbers, who wander on foot among the towns and villages, with a scanty purse, and still more slender knowledge of art, picking up for a few shillings such things as their very restricted funds place within their reach. These they carry to their booth or cellar in one of the capitals, whither resort the poorer classes, when conscience or piety suggests the addition of a Madonna, or a favorite saint, to the devotional garniture of their humble homes. There, too, may ever and anon be seen some lynx-eyed dealer, or some shrewd amateur, turning over piles of shattered panels, and disturbing the dust of canvass shreds, in eager search after speculative

bits. Among such hucksters, the resurrectionists of art, a certain Luzzi is well known at Rome. His shop is a lumber-house of the veriest daubs, and the street-entrance is flanked by lines of glaring martyrdoms and contorted Madonnas, fit to scare away saints and sinners. Yet from the interior have issued not a few dingy pictures, which, in the hands of able restorers, have cast off their chrysalis coatings, and emerged in their native purity and brilliancy.

About the time when the cholera broke out at Rome in 1837, Luzzi returned from a circuit among the mountains of Umbria, that cradle of Christian art, wherein were reared the great founders of the Roman school of painting. In the house of the Ceccarelli at Spoleto, he found a new wonder of the world, a picture attributed to Raffaella, and priced at a few crowns. Though the sum exceeded the usual limits of this worthy's investments, he was induced by some good genius to nibble at the bait, and eventually carried it off for twenty-four shillings and sixpence. Resolved to do all justice to his speculation, he gave it to a restorer, who, wishing simply to entitle himself to a certain fee for his labors, found this most readily effected by gaudily overpainting the draperies, distances, and sky, leaving alone the heads, hands, and foregrounds, for which a more delicate handling was even in his eyes desirable. This done, the newly-found Raffaella was announced to the trade; but whilst the few dealers who had not fled from the pestilence, gazed, and hesitated, and higgled, Luzzi began to suspect he had got something better than an every-day Raffaella. The longer they looked, the higher rose his demands; at length the Chevalier Hewson, agent of the Portuguese government at the papal court, carried off the prize from the doubters, for about 76*l*. and a few indifferent pictures. The over daubing having been removed, and the surface carefully cleaned, the picture appeared in its original beauty, and in a rare purity of preservation. It is one of this artist's few productions from the Old Testament, and represents three youths restored to life by the prophet's mantle. Although hitherto unknown, its genuineness seems to have escaped question, and it is estimated by the chevalier at 4000*l*.

Only last summer Luzzi made another fortunate hit. Among some pictures which he bought from the march of Ancona, was a *Pieta*, with figures of life-size, wherein the Madonna wept over the lifeless body of the crucified Saviour, which she supported in her lap, whilst two cherubs joined in her lamentations. The torso was so much more masterly than the draperies, and the beard and other accessories had so suspicious a texture, as to occasion a doubt whether the picture was in a pure state. A skilful cleaner soon solved the riddle, by removing the dark blue mantle of woe which shrouded the virgin's head, when there emerged a Venus radiant in plaintive beauty, bewailing the premature fate of her beloved Adonis, whose exquisitely modelled limbs had been transformed into a frame rigid with long agony. It was a still simpler process to restore the mourning cherubs into tearful cupids, and to baptize as an Annibale Caracci a really good picture which had probably cost a few dollars, but for which five hundred louis-d'or are now demanded.

There is one other case which requires a more special notice, from the universal interest it has lately excited in Rome, as well as from its very extraordinary circumstances, and the view it affords

of Roman justice. In 1793, a quantity of pictures, sculptures, and other movables from the palace of Duke Flavio Orsini, were judicially deposited in charge of Duke Aloysio Lante, to abide the claims of the Orsini creditors. After much tedious litigation, Prince Odescalchi succeeded, in 1826, in establishing his claims upon this property, as creditor of the representatives of Duke Flavio, to the amount of some 6000*l.*, and thereupon obtained a warrant of sale. A judicial valuation was then made of the effects by Philip Agricola, now at the head of the Roman school of painting, and a Magdalen in the Desert, about eighteen inches by sixteen, was therein stated as a copy done in the school of the Caracci, from the original in the Dresden gallery, and was set down at thirty scudi, or 6*l.* 6*s.* The auction took place in February and April, 1837, and realized nearly 500*l.*, which sum, with the property remaining unsold, was adjudged to Prince Odescalchi, under the valuation wherein the Magdalen had been esteemed at thirty scudi. About two years later the prince offered these things to a picture-dealer, who declined the purchase, and they remained neglected until 1835, when, in consequence of part of the palace being let, several attempts were made by Zarlatta, the house steward, to get these, and other pictures which were in the way, disposed of among the trade in Rome. One of the persons called in to look at them was the Chevalier Vallati, a distinguished painter of boar-hunts, who at that time speculated in old pictures along with Mr. Jones, an English banker settled there, and who was brought by a *sensale* or low agent employed by the steward. After an ineffectual attempt to come to terms for a lot of considerable value, Vallati took up the Magdalen, and observing that it was one of the numerous copies after Correggio, said that he would give ten dollars for it. Zarlatta had shortly before shown it to another Roman dealer, who called it a bad copy of the Dresden picture, faulty in the head and arm, and thought it would be well sold for fifteen dollars. On reporting Vallati's offer to the prince, the latter said it should be accepted, as the pictures in that lot were of small moment. Accordingly, it was next day sold to Vallati for fifteen dollars, or 3*l.* 6*s.*, and a receipt given which stated it to be a copy from Correggio.

The picture was executed in oil, upon copper, but is described as then entirely overpainted. The original composition and outline had been generally followed, but the flesh-tints were glazed over, and other parts so thickly daubed, that the paint adhered to a glass which covered the surface, and beneath which dirt and dust were thickly clotted. Whether these liberties had been used with the idea of improving or disguising its merits, it is agreed that they gave the picture the air of a coarsely copy. Still, when Vallati began to examine it, after it had lain for about four months in his studio forgotten, he perceived a certain fineness of handling in minute portions of it, which argued better things, and with some difficulty he persuaded Cocchetti, the most skillful restorer in Rome, to put it in order. The latter at first paid little attention to the task, which he carried on at Vallati's; but, finding a better surface under the coarse paint, he was induced to persevere, and, in about nine months of occasional work, he accomplished it with perfect success. The usual solvents and processes being quite ineffectual to remove the overpaint, in consequence of its having

been laid on with oil, and not with varnish or distemper, he had recourse to pumice-stone, and even to sharp razors, with which he very gradually, and with the utmost caution, rasped and scraped away the extraneous coating, till the picture remained in its purity. This operation cost 150 dollars, and its result was a great triumph of skill and perseverance.

Delighted with his treasure, Vallati allowed his joy to exceed his discretion. The circumstances, at first confided as a secret to few, became, ere November, 1836, was over, the subject of discussion among the *dilettanti*, and the Magdalen was talked of as a long-lost original by Correggio, worth from 4000*l.* to 6000*l.* Prince Odescalchi, ere long, resolved to interfere; relying upon an edict by the Cardinal Camerlengo, (the official guardian of antiquities and art,) for the purpose of checking the removal of objects of value from Rome, he presented a complaint, stating what had occurred; and, on the allegation that it was about to be sold to a foreigner, prayed that an embargo might be laid upon the picture. Accordingly, Vallati was ordered to produce it, on pain of imprisonment, and the cardinal remitted it for the judgment of the Academy of St. Luke. In March, the committee of painters there, including eight of the leading Italian and German artists at Rome, unanimously recognized the great value and beauty of the work; but on the question of its authorship they were divided, two considering it by Correggio, four thinking it was not, and two being doubtful. The cardinal, upon this, obliged Vallati to come under heavy recognizances for production of the picture when required, which, meanwhile, was restored to his possession.

Having thus secured its retention within the jurisdiction of the Roman courts, the prince raised a civil action for nullifying the sale, on the ground of error, false consideration, and enormous injury, alleging that his agents had sold for a trifle, under the impression that it was a worthless copy, a fine original by Correggio or some other great master. In December, 1838, judgment was pronounced against Vallati, rescinding the contract, and ordaining him to restore the picture, on receiving from Odescalchi the original price, and the sum spent in cleaning it. This sentence proceeded on the want of legal consent to the vendor, in consequence of error, and inferred that Vallati might have previously discovered the value of the work, so as not to be in good faith when purchasing it at the price of a bad copy. Against this decision Vallati appealed; and after a bitter litigation, protracted till 1842, a compromise was made. The picture was to be sold, and the price divided between the parties, each paying his own costs. Vallati states his expenses at nearly 800*l.*, and estimates his adversary's somewhat higher. Mr. Jones had previously paid a sum to Vallati, to be free of all share in the transaction, being obliged to return to England in bad health, where he soon after died.

We give these details of the great Vallati cause, as they have formed a leading topic in the Roman circles during several winters, and as they illustrate some curious phases of Italian picture-dealing. A rich English nobleman was last year on terms for the Magdalen, when a party, from alleged interested motives, conveyed to him the reported dictum of Mr. Woodburn, that it was an old copy worth 500*l.* Signor Vallati, however, offers to prove that Mr. Woodburn never saw the

picture at all, but only a copy recently made from it, imitating its time-worn texture, which hung outside of the sanctum wherein it lay. Thus the chevalier has been doubly unlucky in the results of his fortunate speculation. He was deprived of his purchase by the Roman courts, because the best judges in Italy pronounced it an original of the highest value. He has lost his purchaser, because an English picture-dealer, blundering between his gem and a modern imitation of it, declared it a copy. Verily may the tribe of dealers call their trade "a hazard;" and the Italian prince may compare notes with the English peer, which of them is the greater gull.

Signor Vallati has, however, had his triumph, in another incident illustrative of the chances of picture-selling. Having acquired a singular and very beautiful landscape, in which a bit of savage Swiss scenery was treated with much originality, he baptized it a Rembrandt, although this opinion was demurred to by some persons acquainted with the usual specimens of that master. Mr. Woodburn at once pronounced it no Rembrandt, but declined naming the author, and the picture consequently remained on hand with a blighted reputation. An English gentleman, whose interest and curiosity in the work had been greatly roused, while closely examining it one day with a powerful magnifier, thought he could distinguish on the grassy foreground some lines of colder tint, resembling a cypher. In the enthusiasm of the moment, he bought the landscape for £300, and then begged Vallati to apply the usual test, in order to see if any repainting could be detected there. On being strongly rubbed with spirits, a portion of the foreground came away, and the monogram of Rembrandt, which some ignorant restorer had covered, in patching an adjoining hole, became legible, but resisted all further trial to remove it. The gentleman was equally delighted with his casual discovery and his purchase; and although Vallati, had he been aware of this proof of its authenticity, might have set a higher value upon the prize, yet he had the satisfaction of finding his deliberate judgment confirmed, at the expense of Mr. Woodburn's infallibility.

The circumstances narrated in the Vallati suit may put purchasers of works of art within the Papal states on their guard against a double risk; first, that of having their acquisitions stopped by government, in case they be deemed of sufficient importance; and, secondly, the nullification of the sale at the instance of the seller, should the price turn out to have been inadequate. The former of these hazards exists also in Tuscany and Naples, and all old pictures and sculpture for exportation ought to be examined by an officer appointed to this duty, without whose clearance they are liable to be stopped at the custom-house. Nor is this law by any means a dead letter, although very rarely applied. It is generally understood that all the personal influence at the papal court of King Louis of Bavaria, the most catholic of reigning sovereigns, was required to sanction his removing the celebrated drunken fawn, which he had purchased from the Barberini family—one of the most choice though hideous statues of antiquity, and now a principal ornament of the Glyptotheca at Munich. At this moment a bronze bust of Bindo Altoviti, by Benvenuto Cellini, is embargoed in the deserted palace of that family at Rome, in consequence of the Camerlengo's refusal to let its owner remove it to his residence in Florence.

The latter has shut it closely up, either from pet, or in the hope of smuggling it out unobserved, to prevent which spies are incessantly on the watch. It seems a monstrous hardship, that a man shall not be able to remove a family portrait from his deserted habitation to his actual residence, and still more when the real motive is to compel him to part with it to a foreign government on their own terms. A well known and recent instance was that of Count Marscalchi's Correggio, which had actually been sold at Bologna, and, as we believe, delivered to a French gentleman, but which the count was compelled to get back, and surrender to the Vatican for a smaller sum. Duke Braschi last year resigned to the government without a struggle his famous Antinous for about 1850. though no doubt more might have been obtained abroad, had the secret abduction of so colossal a statue been practicable. The removal of the Fesch pictures goes on unquestioned, under a special permission obtained by the cardinal ere he removed them from Paris; it remains to be seen whether some of those acquired by him subsequently may not be stopped. A friend of our own met with a persecution at Rome in 1839, very similar to that endured by Vallati, in regard to a missal of unique beauty, with signed *miniatures* by Perugino, Francia, and their best pupils, which he had openly purchased a year before from Prince Albani, and, but for his prudence in sending it to England on the first alarm, he would unquestionably have been robbed of his prize. It may be well to add, that all objects of old art enter the Roman states duty free, but are liable to an *ad-valorem* duty of twenty per cent. on exportation, whilst modern productions pay only on entering. In Tuscany, the rule is reversed, a duty being exigible on the import of old objects, but none on their export. At Naples, the export duty on pictures is a dollar for each square palm of ten inches. The sale of pictures from churches is permitted by the government of Tuscany, but much discountenanced by that of Rome.

Picture-dealing has its drones, who fatten upon its profits without contributing the knowledge, labor, or capital which produce them. They are embodied in the form of couriers and *laquais de place*, two fraternities who assume the privilege of exacting unjust gains upon every transaction into which they can thrust their officious services, but especially upon their masters' dilettanti purchases. The usual rate is from five to ten per cent. upon the price, but it is sometimes screwed up to five-and-twenty. A few years ago there was a very beautiful and perfect female suit of armor exposed for sale, in a curiosity shop at Geneva, for 80*l.*; one evening an English gentleman strolled in with his courier, admired it greatly, made no objection to the price, and said he would call and make the bargain next morning. Soon after, the courier returned and demanded 20*l.* as his fee on the sale. The shopman said he would willingly allow him the usual amount, but could do no more in his master's absence. The servant replied, he would take care that his master did not come again to the shop, and he kept his word. This discount comes of course indirectly out of the purchaser's pocket, and it is very common to be asked, when bargaining at shops of that sort, whether you have a *valet de place* in attendance, that the price may be adjusted accordingly. Half-a-dozen years since, the valets at Bologna combined to raise their fee to ten per cent., threaten-

ing to prevent strangers from visiting any sale gallery where these terms were not acceded to, upon which some of the dealers, to defeat the plot, forwarded their address cards to the frontier, and bribed the police agents to fold them up in the passports of travellers.

Among the evidence offered in the suit of Prince Odescalchi against Vallati, to which we have more than once referred, there was this formal exposition of the principles and results of picture-dealing, sworn to by eighteen leading members of the trade then in Rome:

"In the sale and purchase of pictures, all depends upon the actual result and chance of gain common to both parties. For pictures which are bought in the hope of discovering something better than appears, and of reproducing them in their original state, often turn out even worse than they seemed, thus occasioning manifest loss. And were it not that in rare instances and after much outlay, risk, and trouble, a fortunate hit compensates for many previous sacrifices, this trade would be at an end; for without such a hope no one would be disposed to make acquisitions that were always to turn out ill. Another danger to which those who carry on this sort of business are exposed, arises from the difficulty of finding an able restorer, so that even when they have the luck to meet with anything good, it is generally injured in being cleaned. Besides all this, there must be taken into consideration the large sums tied up in those pictures which remain on hand for years, as well as the great labor and application necessary for obtaining a thorough acquaintance with this most difficult subject. In all these transactions, advantages, and risks, the private party selling has no part, for the result, as regards profit and loss, is limited to the speculative buyer exclusively."

With this manifesto we might conclude our notices of picture-dealing, but that a new phasis which the trade has recently assumed in the Eternal City remains to be mentioned. Basseggio and Baldeschi, two dealers, who stand favorably conspicuous among their fellows for enterprise, connoisseurship, and good faith, have been making frequent journeys to London and Paris, for the acquisition of works of art; and, we have little hesitation in believing, that the pictures brought to Rome by the former from London, in the last three years, exceed in merit all that have been sent from thence to England during the same time. Regular in his attendance on auctions, vigilant among the rubbish of Wardour-street, he has secured many prizes for sums which enable him to offer them in his own country at unusually moderate rates. Nor are his purchases confined to the purlieu of picture traffic. In 1842, the Litchfield Claude passed into his hands, and last year he carried off a very rare specimen of Rodolfo Ghirlandajo, one of the greatest Florentine painters, which is not unlikely to enrich the Vatican gallery of *chefs-d'œuvre*. The chances of such works returning to our shores are at present small, for fox-hunting has greatly superseded picture-buying at Rome, as far as our wealthy countrymen are concerned. Artists and dealers suffer equally from this caprice of fashion; but both still look to the English as their surest and most liberal customers. It is not long since we heard a worthy Dutch landscape-painter narrate in broken English the following incident:

"I work in my studio one day ven one gentleman wid de *lunettes* come in, make one, two, tree how,

very profound, and say, '*Gut morgen, Meinheer!*' I make one, two, tree profound bow, and say de same. Den de gentleman look at all my picture very slow and deliberate: den he say, '*Dat is goot; dat is beautiful; dat is vondrous fine.*' Den he say at last, '*Sare, will you permit me to bring my friend de Baron von A. to see your fine vork?*' I say, '*Sare, you vill do me one favor.*' Den he make tree more bow more profound dan before, and he go vay. De next day he bring his friend de baron, and dey two make six bow all very profound, and dey say dat all is very beautiful, and den de baron say, '*Sare, vill you let me bring my friend de Count von B. to see dese so fine vork?*' and den dey make der bow once again and go vay, and I see dem no more. Dat vas one German gentleman.

"Another day, one little gentleman come in wid one skip and say, '*Bon jour, Monsieur! charmé de faire votre connaissance.*' He take up his *lorgnette*, and he look at my first picture, and he say, '*Ah, very vell, sare! dat is one very fine morsel.*' Den he pass quick to anoder and he say, '*Sare, dis is truly admirable; after dis beautiful nature is vort notting:*' and so in two minute and half he get trough dem all. Den he twirl his cane, and stick out his chin, and say, '*Sare, I make you my compliment; you have one great talent for de landscape; I shall have de honor to recommend you to all my friend; au revoir, Monsieur;*' but I see him never again. He vas one French Gentleman.

"Another day, I hear one loud tap wid one stick at my door, and ven I say, '*Come in,*' one gentleman walk forwards, very stiff and nod his head, but take never his hat off. He say, '*May I see your picture?*' I bow, and say, '*Wid pleasure, sare.*' He no answer, but look at one long time, and say not a vord. Den he look at anoder and say notting. Den he go to anoder and look, and say, '*Vat is de price of dis?*' I say, '*Forty louis, sare.*' He say notting, but go to de next, and look one long time; and at last he say, '*Vat is de price of dis?*' Den I say, '*Sare, it is sixty louis.*' Den he say notting but look another long time. Den he say, '*Can you give me pen and ink?*' and ven I give it he sit down and he say, '*Vat is your name, sare?*' Den I give him my card, and he write one order on Torlonia for sixty louis: he give me de order wid his card, and he say, '*Dat picture is mine; dat is my address; send it home: goud morning.*' And so he make one more stiff nod and walk away. This vas one English gentleman."

There is one view in which picture-dealing becomes matter of public interest among ourselves, as regards the formation of our National Gallery. It has been alleged, in several instances, that the additions made to it seem to be tested chiefly by the amount of their cost. Now, it appears to us, that it is not with the trustees that the fault lies, of a system which has given us the smallest, and dearest if the most select gallery in Europe. The purchase of the Angerstein pictures, however languidly planned by the ministry, was nobly carried through by parliament. The opportunities lost by their predecessors during the convulsions of the war were unlikely to recur. One individual had taken advantage of them in the finest spirit, and had secured, perhaps, the only private collection worthy of being the nucleus for a national one. Such circumstances precluded the carping of candle-parers, and, if the price had been double, it

was well-earned, and wisely given. But what were the next steps in this new and praiseworthy direction? The appointment of trustees or commissioners to make further acquisitions was probably incumbent, as the cost was to be borne by the community. But where else did it ever enter into the arrangements of a cabinet to submit to the critical fiat of 649 legislators the price of a Durer, the originality of a Guido, or the purity of a Perugino? Few Britons are, perhaps, aware of the preposterous fact, that each purchase made for the Trafalgar-square rooms is a subject of a parliamentary estimate, and is liable to an *ex-post-facto* discussion in the House of Commons, when the expediency and worth of the investment, and the judgment of the trustees, are at times rudely and unjustly assailed by men totally incapable of forming an idea on these matters. But there is a standard of pictorial merit comprehensible even by utilitarian critics—the price paid. It has originated in what is at least a novel idea, that all high-priced works must be fine ones; and, in that conviction, even our economists become generous, lest they should be humbugged. Whilst saving prevails in the other estimates, and cheap production is the object for which machines are made to whirl, and workmen to languish, the old sneer of “cheap and nasty” remains a term of reproach only in the fine arts. Providea pictures are but dear, they are sure to be respected in a committee of supply; and if extracted from a celebrated collection, they are presumed to be exempt from criticism. Conforming to these circumstances, the trustees buy only works of established celebrity, and, consequently, of extravagant price. Now, did the money thus superfluously charged against the nation go into the pockets of our first artists, the blunder would have our sympathy, but against its enriching speculators we do most seriously protest.

Yet a few words as to the principle of selection which has in general been adopted by the trustees. But whilst we attempt to show the fallacious course they have sometimes pursued, we are far from imputing any deficiency of zeal, still less any impurity of intention, to the eminent gentlemen who gratuitously discharge to their country a most onerous and obnoxious duty. If the main objects to be attained from a national gallery of high art be the instruction of its visitors, and the guidance of the public taste, it follows, that excellence is not the sole consideration to be kept in view while forming it. Thus, the Madonna is the leading theme among the greatest painters in the best age of art, and the Roman stands foremost among the schools of its golden days. Yet what should we say of a national gallery composed altogether of Madonnas, or consisting exclusively of Raffaele and his pupils? Do we not, on the contrary, expect to find there specimens of whatever is worth knowing, as well as of what is deemed fit to occupy a student's pencil. Great libraries are not formed solely for the preservation of fine paper copies of standard and popular authors, and why should it be so with galleries? The great foreign schools of painting have belonged to Italy, the Netherlands, Germany, Spain, and France. Of these, the first is unquestionably preëminent, and next in importance may be ranked that of Holland and the Low Countries, as unrivalled in *genre* painting. Germany, among us who have borrowed so much from Holbein and Rubens, is entitled to the third place, and Spain

and France must conclude the list. Again, the Italian schools are at least twelve in number, each with its own type, more or less distinctly developed. Thus we have about twenty different manners, or classes of painting, to look for in a great public gallery. Now, without attempting to analyze the contents of the Trafalgar-square rooms under this view, it is enough to say, that the schools of Sienna, Genoa, Sicily, and upper and lower Germany, are totally excluded; those of Florence, Naples, Milan, Umbria, and Spain, virtually so. These are startling deficiencies in a national collection, even though it numbers but few lustres. But a greater discouragement awaits the student of art, in the total absence of any pictorial work (except by Van Eyk) executed prior to 1500, that being close upon the time when high art is admitted to have attained its culminating point, and when, according to some critics, it was already on the wane. Now, whether these be just opinions or not, is just what a national gallery ought to enable us to decide by well selected specimens, and we trust, that instead of adding to our already rich store of Bolognese and French works, the trustees will take measures to procure some fine productions of the mediæval masters. The moment is favorable, but it is quickly passing. Had they come into the market a few years ago, with the sovereigns of Prussia and Bavaria, they would have found the supply ample and the prices mean. Now this taste has become a fashion, and must be gratified at fashionable cost. Every day the comparatively few pieces in high preservation are picked up by foreign governments, or are undergoing from speculators barbarous retouches in oil, and daubings of varnish, which all but disqualify them for the illustration of art. Yet even now there may be found in some secluded mountain church or remote convent, grand altar-pieces in distemper which preserve the type of the Giottists, or upon which the highest Christian masters of Umbria or Sienna have traced an almost inspired purity of feeling. It is true, that the prices which would extract these from their simple possessors are numbered but in dollars; this, however, need be no fatal objection, as the interested intermediation of the wonted agents might transmute the sum into any amount of sovereigns deemed sufficient to stamp the merit of the pictures.

The improvements desirable upon the present mode of acquiring pictures for the Gallery are, we venture to think, two-fold. Instead of subjecting each purchase to a special vote and discussion in parliament, a fixed annual sum should be placed at the disposal of a competent body of trustees for investment in pictures as occasion may offer, under an obligation to publish yearly the amount actually so expended, with the particular inducements or grounds on which each choice was made. The benefit to the trustees of such a plan is obvious, from its leaving their hands unfettered, and their judgment uncontrolled: the public would at the same time have the advantage of comprehending their views, and of watching, with increased interest and intelligence, the progress of the collection: and as it would be no longer necessary to tell the price in order to have a negotiation ratified, these gentlemen would dare to buy where, when, and for as little money as they could; and though they might continue to bribe Beckfords and Londonderrys out of their choicest gems, they would compensate such exceptional extravagance by many snug little bargains for which they could

not now ask a particular vote. In order to effect such bargains, our second innovation would be required. There is at present a rule or understanding, that the trustees buy nothing that is not sent or their inspection in London, and a most convenient defence it must be against jobbing and imposition. But they ought to, and sooner or later must, get many things which will never be brought on chance to the great Babel, nor dangle attendance there. If the continental sovereigns had acted thus, would the Houghton and Coesvelt Galleries be now in St. Petersburg; or would those truly splendid ones of Munich and Berlin have started into full manhood, during the years when ours has attained a very stunted adolescence? Each of these monarchs, as well as Louis Philippe, has agents in every part of Italy, to report the discovery or occurrence of anything interesting in antique or medieval art, and thus many objects are secured by them which never were, and perhaps never would have been, thrown into the open market. To do this, without being imposed upon by ignorant zeal or interested meanness, must require considerable management; but as it seems to answer in these cases, and in the transactions for the British Museum, it is difficult to see why it should fail, if judiciously introduced in supplement of the present system, which has hitherto neither produced abundant fruits, nor proved an efficient protection against the high profits of speculators.

A few words, ere we close this discursive article, as to English students of art in Italy. It is the misfortune of most of them to go out unprepared by proper education for the career which they have perhaps rashly chosen. They are generally even ignorant of the important truth, that in no profession is extensive and varied knowledge more necessary to eminent success. History, in all its branches; biography, rich in dramatic touches; poetry, with its imaginative stores; physiology, not less of the mind and passions, than of the limbs and muscles;—these are but a few of the studies which ought to relieve the more technical labors of the painter and sculptor. In the olden time, it was usual for the same men to excel in architecture, engineering, and geometry, in painting, sculpture, and silver-chasing; indeed, not a few of the foremost artists gave a portion of their time to politics and diplomacy. But these days are gone by, and it now too frequently happens that men, who have raised themselves by artistic talent above the sphere of their birth, are unfitted by education for the social position to which they have attained. But the deficiency most immediately baffling to a student is his ignorance of modern languages, and of the history of art. Indeed, no literature of a refined people is so wanting as our own in artistic works, original or translated. The English version of Lanzi is insufficient to infuse a taste and knowledge of Italian painting into an entire people, and Kugler's Handbook, in itself over-appreciated, is useful to those only who are already versant in the subject. Our students have thus few materials for private study, besides the discourses of Sir Joshua, and the Essays of Fuseli, Hazlitt, and Haydon, and having mastered these, each fancies himself well read in his future profession. Accustomed at home to spend all his working hours over his portfolio or his pallet, he has never contemplated familiarizing himself with modern tongues, so as to render them a relaxation. He finds himself in

Paris or Rome scarcely able to ask his way, and without a means of acquiring information from the people, or the books around him. The dissipation of mind, and perhaps of habits, induced by the endless novelties and temptations of his new situation, prevents his applying to the irksome task of grammar, and, after a year or two's absence, he returns almost as unlettered as he went.

His professional studies thereby suffer immensely. In the galleries of Milan, Bologna, and Florence, he finds himself before pictures which he has by chance been told are fine; but whose authors he never before heard named, and as to whose era or school he never dreams of troubling himself. Thus, wandering on from wall to wall, his eyes get dazzled, his ideas become a chaos, and he learns little more from these glorious works than a Chinese would do; or, if his organ of wonder chance to be strongly developed, he gazes on each new picture with an undistinguishing enthusiasm, which effaces the impression made by all the preceding ones. With wearied nerves and disappointed hopes, he turns to the churches most famed for mural paintings of the fifteenth century. There he becomes entirely non-plussed, for he can scarcely form a conjecture as to the themes before him, wherein he discerns only a crowd of figures inartificially grouped, a cluster of heads surrounded by golden sconces, and a pervading flatness deficient in coloring and chiaroscuro. Thus enclosed in a labyrinth without a clue, he falls back upon the only principles of faith he ever imbibed; namely, that color and effect constitute a picture, and that, next to Reynolds or Lawrence, the best painter is Paul Veronese. He recalls the gaudy walls of the Royal Academy, decides that Englishmen have nothing to learn from other nations, and either packs his portmanteau to go off on the morrow, or, if he sets up his easel, it is in the fond hope of finding a countryman to commit to canvass, with true English effect, or a subject in *genre* or landscape likely to sell in some provincial exhibition, and replace part of the money his fruitless journey has cost him. He heeds not the grand works of the old masters among which he lives, and returns to his native land as ignorant and more conceited than when he left it. Should he in after life become alive to the fact, that former times sent forth giants, before whose genius the pigmies of our day dwindle into their just proportions, he will lament deeply the lost opportunities of his student days. As yet, however, such repentance has been rare, for it would be profitless among a people who value little that leads not directly to gain; and until the contemplated decorations of our palace of parliament began to shed a *golden* light upon historic art, we doubt if ten royal academicians had studied Masaccio and Perugino, or had heard of Pinturicchio and Ghirlandajo.

Our description of the doings of English artists on their arrival in Italy is noways exaggerated; and some of them continue faithful to the like observances during a prolonged residence. We remember the *début* of one at Florence some years ago. No sooner settled than he hurried to the gallery, and passing rapidly by or through the tribune, reached the portrait-room of painters. There, in an obscure corner, he at length found something to admire. Not the Fresco of Masaccio, that personification of power without the appearance of study; not the head of Raffaele, embodying the sentiment

of pure beauty ; but the snub features of Harlow, depicted by their owner's slovenly brush. The imitation of Sir Joshua, if not happy was palpable ; our friend at once measured the canvass, and in two days was copying what he doubtless regarded as the gem of the gallery, quite forgetting that he might have studied Harlow without journeying to Florence. Such was the outset in Italy of one whose annual productions have now no want of puffers or purchasers in England.

Of such a student as we have supposed, Rome, however, is probably the head-quarters, and there he discovers attractions amid which his first disappointment evaporates. He is frankly received into the circle of his professional countrymen, among fifty or sixty of whom he quickly falls in with kindred spirits. He finds the more exemplary of them wedded to two ideas :—the necessity of securing the most celebrated models months in advance, and the propriety of a regular attendance at the British Life Academy. He follows the fashion in both respects, and should the latter task sometimes seem irksome, the three hours which it demands are preceded by a jovial *trattoria* dinner, interrupted by a lounge in the smoking-room, and followed by cigars and gossip at the *café*. In truth the whole student life of these men is what is termed in the Italian idiom, "too material"—too much time and thought are given to self, too little bestowed on art. Instead of striving to comprehend the feeling, or imitate the execution of a Raffaele or a Rubens, they ape the picturesque costume of these painters. Many of them seem to limit their rivalry of the old masters to the cut of their beavers, or the hirsute horrors of their beards, and study rather to caricature their own personal appearance, than to perfect the figures upon their canvasses. But there is yet a hope of better things. The cry raised from their native shores for a higher pictorial style has been responded to, and within a few weeks the students at Rome, in the face of a factious opposition, organized by a few more self-sufficient and bigoted seniors, have voluntarily placed their academy under the instructions of Professor Minardi, an artist whose modesty and good feeling are as remarkable as his fine taste and purity of design. Should he meet with fair play from the minority who opposed his appointment, much benefit may be looked for from his ministrations ; but if he be thwarted by such unfair and ungentleman-like opposition as is threatened by the dissentients, it will behove the friends of the academy to withdraw from it their countenance, until some higher authority end these disgraceful squabbles, by putting the establishment upon a footing which shall at once secure its discipline, and promote its utility.

How entirely different from these Anglican habits is the life of German artists in the Eternal City ! Prepared by reading the rich artistic stores of their own literature, and its abundant translations, most of them have been selected by their respective governments as likely to do credit to the small pension allowed them. It is barely adequate to their wants, affording them no facilities for dissipation ; but it renders them independent of interruption from private commissions, and it is continued for such a term of years as enables them thoroughly to master the language, as well as the pictorial history of the Peninsula. Under this system, the Germans are plodding students,

bound to each other, and to their common pursuit, by every tie of country and sympathy ; whilst the English are loiterers, left to waste or misapply their opportunities. Under it, Overbeck and Cornelius, Veit and Schnorr, Schwanthaler, and Gruner, have effected an entire renovation of art, and have enshrined their names in a niche far higher than their British contemporaries have, as yet, approached.

But as this is not the place for discussing the relative merit of modern German and British art, we shall conclude with a single remark. There is surely less egotism in trying to comprehend the deep feeling of the early masters, than in sneering at "Perugino and the pasteboard school," more good sense in attempting to renovate the styles of Raffaele and Ghirlandajo, than in talking about Michael Angelo, without daring to study him ; or in imitating Veronese, without equalling Tiepolo. No man in his senses charges Laurence with servility to Sir Joshua, or Landseer with plagiarism from Schnyders ; yet their approximation to these prototypes is surely not less decided than are the cartoons of Overbeck to those of Raffaele. Man is proverbially an imitative creature, and if we are to follow the path which another has explored, why judge most harshly of such as aspire to tread in the footsteps of one whom all ages honor, and whom all but our countrymen appreciate !

Chromatics ; or the Analogy, Harmony, and Philosophy of Colors. By GEORGE FIELD, Author of "Chromatography ; or a Treatise on Colors and Pigments, and of their Powers in Painting," &c. A new edition, augmented.

MR. FIELD'S theory of the analogy between harmonies of colors and of sounds has been eight-and-twenty years before the world, during which time the properties and phenomena of light and colors have been investigated by several men of science ; yet, we believe, the soundness of his theory and the correctness of his chromatic scale of hues have never been successfully impugned : on the contrary, scientific research has tended to confirm the validity of both. Mr. Field's authority on this subject, therefore, may be considered as fairly established.

This new edition has been much enlarged, and otherwise improved ; and many new illustrations and experiments have been added. The "Metochrone" described in this work is an ingenious and useful contrivance for accurately determining the actual and relative values of separate tints of color and combinations of them.

The author's fondness for long words and Latinized terms is a fault of style, which is happily gone out of fashion since Mr. Field's earlier days. —*Spectator*.

QUICK PASSAGE.—MR. Gladstone left the Ministry some time back, taking with him a small bundle of principles sooner than part with one of them, and started immediately for the opposition. In less than twenty-one days MR. GLADSTONE returned, meeting his old friends at the very same point at which he had left them ; but the honorable gentleman was compelled on the journey to throw away his principles in order to hasten his return. This is the quickest passage that has been effected within the recollection of the oldest member.

From Chambers' Journal.

BOOKSELLING IN GREAT BRITAIN.

[CONCLUDING NOTICE.]

THE glimpses—slight as they are—which our former articles have afforded of the early English trade in books, allows us to resume the subject at a period when bookselling took a firm commercial stand; which it did about the beginning of the last century. This has been called the Augustan age of literature, when Dryden, Steel, Addison, Swift, Pope, with a lesser host of geniuses, flourished.

At that period the mode of selling books was widely different to that which now prevails. Readers were fewer, and the means of making known the merits of a book far more limited. The only prospect an author had of profitable remuneration for his labors was to issue his book by subscription. To obtain a sufficiently large number of subscribers, it was necessary that he should secure the patronage of some man of rank and influence; if possible, a nobleman whose opinion on literary matters was held in respect, or whose more solid influence over dependents or friends gave to his expressed wish that they should subscribe, the nature of a command. The patron who took a genius by the hand in this way made it his business to praise him in every society—at court, at balls, masquerades, parties, and in the numerous London coffee-houses where the wits of the day were wont to assemble. To assist him in this sort of canvass, his protégé provided him with a sort of prospectus of the forthcoming work, in which was set forth its scope and nature. These "proposals" he industriously distributed along with his verbal puffs of the author's talents. When, by these means, a sufficient number of subscribers was obtained to render it a safe speculation to incur the expense of printing, the obliged author was expected to make some return to the patron for his exertions. This always consisted of a panegyric "dedication" conspicuously placed at the commencement of the volume. Some of these fulsome and extravagant lucubrations are sufficient evidence of the debasing influence which this system of publication must have exercised over literature. In most of them, truth was glaringly sacrificed, and notorious falsehoods promulgated, by motives manifestly interested. The nobility were the real though indirect publishers; and without their aid, to print even a good book would have been a certain loss; whilst hundreds of bad ones were fustied by this system on the world.

The author seldom went to the printer direct, but applied to the bookseller, (of whom many eminent ones were in business at the time we refer to,) taking with him his manuscript and his subscription list. In the eyes of the publisher, the merits or demerits of the book were of less consequence than the number of subscribers. He carefully weighed one with the other: he considered the probabilities of a chance demand for the book over and above the sale assured from subscriptions; and offered the author a certain sum to be allowed to take the whole thing off his hands. In the case of a writer of established reputation, competition occasionally occurred amongst "the trade" for the bargain. Some of the intricacies of these transactions may be learned from Dr. Johnson's account of the manner in which Pope's Homer's *Iliad* was brought out. The poet, in his "proposals," offered the work—in six volumes quarto—for six guineas. "The great-

ness of the design," says the elegantly verbose doctor, "the popularity of the author, and the attention of the literary world, naturally raised such expectations of the future sale, that the booksellers made their offers with great eagerness; but the highest bidder was Bernard Lintot, who became proprietor on condition of supplying at his own expense all the copies which were to be delivered to subscribers or presented to friends, and paying two hundred pounds for every volume. Of the quartos, it was, I believe, stipulated that none should be printed but for the author, that the subscription might not be depreciated; but Lintot impressed the same pages upon a small folio, and paper perhaps a little thinner; and sold exactly at half the price, for half a guinea each volume, books so little inferior to the quartos, that, by a fraud of trade, those folios, being afterwards shortened by cutting away the top and bottom, were sold as copies printed for the subscribers. Lintot printed two hundred and fifty on royal paper in folio, for two guineas a volume; of the small folio, having printed seventeen hundred and fifty copies of the first volume, he reduced the number in the other volumes to a thousand. It is unpleasant to relate that the bookseller, after all his hopes and all his liberality, was, by a very unjust and illegal action, defrauded of his profit. An edition of the English *Iliad* was printed in Holland in duodecimo, and imported clandestinely for the gratification of those who were impatient to read what they could not yet afford to buy. This fraud could only be counteracted by an edition equally cheap and more commodious; and Lintot was compelled to contract his folio at once into a duodecimo, and lose the advantage of an intermediate gradation. The notes, which in the Dutch copies were placed at the end of each book, as they had been in the large volumes, were now subjoined to the text in the same page, and are therefore more easily consulted. Of this edition two thousand five hundred were first printed, and five thousand a few weeks afterwards; but indeed great numbers were necessary to produce considerable profit."

Sometimes publishers employed authors to write books for small sums; and having sufficient interest to procure the services of that very necessary person, a noble patron, obtained subscriptions on their own account in the name of the author. By this proceeding large profits were sometimes realized. Indeed, despite all drawbacks arising from piracy and other causes, some of the booksellers of this period made large fortunes. The Lintots, (of whom there were four in the trade,) the Tonsons, Curll, Cave, and other contemporary publishers, realized large sums of money by their speculations.

While, however, the patron and subscription system of bookselling was in full operation, a small and silently-working influence was gradually gaining strength to overthrow it; and this was periodical literature. By 1709, several newspapers had been established in London; but these had little or no effect upon "the trade," compared with such periodicals as the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*. Not many years afterwards, (1731,) Mr. Cave conceived the idea of collecting the principal original papers from the newspapers into a monthly repository, to which the name of magazine should be applied. Hence the "Gentleman's Magazine," which began in that year, and still exists, the venerable parent of a host of lighter-headed children. Its success was so great, that

rivals soon started up. The "London," the "Monthly Review" and the "Critical," were the most remarkable: these works in time changed the whole system of bookselling. They became channels of information on literary subjects, and by their aid an author's merits were made known to the public without the intervention of a titled patron. They took the patronage of men of letters out of the hands of the great and fashionable, and transferred it to the people. Literature becoming no longer a matter of mere fashion but of intellectual taste and art, booksellers began to buy manuscripts from authors at their own risk, and to address them directly to the reading public, without the aid of previous subscribers. By this change the trade was conducted on a more solid and independent basis. That a riddance of the thralldom which literature had hitherto endured was beneficial to it, is proved from the fact, that in proportion as the subscribing plan was abandoned, (for it is not wholly given up even at present,) so the number of published works increased. From 1700 to 1756, only about 5280 new works (exclusive of tracts and pamphlets) were issued—or about ninety-three per annum; whilst from the latter year to 1803, this average of new works increased nearly ninety-three per cent.*

From the more independent system of publishing, must be dated the footing upon which the English trade now stands. The London booksellers who were rich enough to buy manuscripts, and to get them printed on their own responsibility, formed themselves into a class, who sold wholesale, and got the title of "publishers;" whilst those who retailed the works remained booksellers. It was during the latter part of the career of such men as Johnson, Goldsmith, Smollett, Fielding, Richardson, &c., that this division took place. The publishers—who chiefly resided in London or in Edinburgh—few in number, exhibited less rivalry than is usually seen in other trades. When an author presented himself whose great reputation warranted him in demanding a large price for his manuscript, the publishers united to purchase the copyright. Hence, one half of the title-pages of many works published at the end of the last century is occupied by a list of the publishers who took shares in the risk. By this sort of combination, an expensive book was "pushed" amongst the connexion of each shareholder, and had a better chance of success than if undertaken by one individual.

This sort of unanimity amongst "the trade" was very injurious to the public. It kept the price of books so high, that none but persons of fortune could afford to buy them; and the only method by which a man of moderate means could get access to them was by joining a book-club, or by borrowing from circulating libraries. But the cause of the high price of books must not be solely attributed to publishers. Paper-making and printing were at that time slow and expensive processes, and that of itself rendered books dear.

At the end of the last century, a new era dawned on the career of the book-trade. A shrewd, intelligent, but humble journeyman printer saw that the publishers of his day, by the price at which they kept their works, exclusively addressed a single class instead of the whole public. He could not, it is true—from the expense of materials—devise any plan to reduce the cost of books; but he invented a mode of issue by which they were rendered accessible to the hum-

bler classes. As this was the earliest attempt at popular bookselling, we shall dwell a little upon it, and upon its originator.

Henry Fisher, the individual alluded to, while yet a journeyman in the employment of Mr. Jonas Nuttall, the founder of the "Caxton press" in Liverpool, conceived the happy notion, that if expensive works were supplied to poorer customers in cheap parts, and periodically till complete, a vast number of persons would become eager purchasers, who regarded books as an unattainable luxury. This plan, however, had its obstacles. The easy, almost sleepy manner in which bookselling was conducted by the metropolitan publishers and their provincial agents, forbade a hope that the regular trade would second it. When, for instance, they sold a Bible, it was one transaction, which cost little trouble; but to have that Bible divided into twenty parts, and disposed of by twenty instalments, of course entailed twenty times the trouble. Such an increase of business, without the prospect of an accession of profit, was not to be thought of. Again, if even the general trade had fallen in with Fisher's views, it was quite unlikely that they could have carried them out. Their customers were few, and essentially a class; the market was limited, and something was necessary to be done to extend it. Young Fisher therefore proposed to Nuttall that he should not only print standard works in cheap numbers, but sell them upon an entirely new plan. This consisted in establishing depôts in every principal town. To each of these was attached a staff of hawkers, who branched off all over the district, going from door to door, leaving prospectuses, and offering the numbers for sale. By such means books found their way into remote places, and into houses in which they were never before seen. Though only twenty years old, Fisher was intrusted with the establishment and management of the depôt at Bristol. Amongst the first books printed for sale in this manner were the Family Bible, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Josephus, and several standard devotional works. The Bible was issued in forty parts, at a shilling each. The hawker, when he made his call, displayed the first part as a temptation. If he could not succeed in securing a customer at once, he requested permission to leave it for a week, and generally found at his second visit that a decision had been come to in favor of keeping that number, and of periodically purchasing the succeeding ones. Thus, persons who could easily afford the disbursement of a shilling a-week for the gradual purchase of a book, but would have passed their lives without entertaining the thought of giving two pounds for a Bible in one sum, became in time the possessors of a little but select library.

As a pecuniary speculation, this "number system," as it was called, succeeded beyond its projector's hopes. Fisher was employed at Bristol for three years with so much benefit to his employer and credit to himself, that Mr. Nuttall recalled him to Liverpool, took him into partnership, and allowed him, besides his share of the business, £900 a-year for managing it. The plan was adopted by others, and by none without enabling them to realize large fortunes. Several old and respectable publishers in London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, date their origin from their founders commencing as "cavassers" in the employ of Nuttall and Fisher.

Singularly confirmative of Fisher's views was the fact that, after his plan had been extensively

* Penny Magazine, vol. vi., p. 506.

carried out for several years, it was found that it had wrought but little change on the regular trade, despite strong anticipations that so active a competition would have very much damaged it. The truth was, the market created for the "numbers" was entirely new; the people who purchased them never did buy, and never would have bought, the expensive works of the more aristocratic branches of "the trade," who, despite the vast spread of books in the substrata of society, still retained their old customers at the old prices. The great metropolitan publishers went on realizing large profits upon a limited amount of business as heretofore, till the invention of steam-printing caused them to bestir themselves a little more actively.

It was about this time (1825) that Archibald Constable of Edinburgh propounded to Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Lockhart a plan for revolutionizing the entire trade by the aid of steam and cheap printing. "Literary genius," he exclaimed, "may or may not have done its best; but printing and bookselling, as instruments for enlightening mankind, and of course for making money, are as yet in mere infancy. Yes, the trade are in their cradle." He then shadowed forth his outline:—"A three shilling or half-crown volume every month, which must and shall sell, not by thousands, or tens of thousands, but by hundreds of thousands—ay by millions! Twelve volumes in the year, a halfpenny of profit upon every copy of which will make me richer than the possession of all the copyrights of all the quartos that ever were, or will be hot-pressed!—twelve volumes so good, that millions must wish to have them; and so cheap, that every butcher's callant may have them, if he pleases to let me tax him sixpence a-week!"* Bright, and not extravagant visions; but, alas! it was destined that others should realize them. In the following year Constable was a bankrupt. When his affairs were wound up, he commenced his *Miscellany*, but with crippled means and a crushed spirit, which soon after was quelled in death. By his successors, the series was managed with little success, and after a few years it was discontinued. Still, however, the plan did not sink. Murray in his "Family Library," Longman and Co. in their "Cabinet Cyclopædia" and other such series, Colburn and Bentley in their "National Library," carried it out for several years with more or less success; and at that time it appeared as if no books other than monthly volumes at five or six shillings would sell.

Meanwhile, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge had commenced a series of sixpenny publications, embracing the principal sciences, and thus were showing the way to still further declensions in the cost of literature. It was remarked, however, that even these comparatively cheap issues were absorbed, not by the working-classes, to whom they were professedly addressed, but by the middle ranks. And thus it has ever been with books of all kinds: direct them to one class, and they hit the next above. It became necessary, in order to reach the great bulk of the people, that cheaper works still should be presented. It was with some such views that the publishers of the present work commenced it on the 4th of February, 1832. Weekly sheets, composed of matter chiefly compiled, and aiming at no literary distinction, had previously been by no means rare; nor were they unsuccessful. But

* Lockhart's Life of Scott.

this, we believe, was the first attempt to furnish original literary matter of merit through such a medium. It was followed, almost immediately, by the well-known Penny Magazine, the Saturday Magazine, and other similar series, most of which attained, like the Journal, a circulation of many thousands. This mode of publication, followed as it has been by that of cheap editions of books in and out of copyright, has produced a great change in the trade. The warehouses of the great publishers are much less scenes of quiet and ease than they were; trouble is multiplied, and profit diminished, but the trade is enormously extended. The number of retailers of books, especially in suburban situations, has been vastly increased through the same cause. In short, a revolution has taken place, and if the bookseller now feels himself somewhat less stately and at ease than he used to be, he may have the satisfaction of feeling that his usefulness as a member of society has been greatly extended.

It is now time to give a short summary of the internal arrangements by which bookselling is carried on; for, unlike some other trades, it has few "secrets." The first step which a publisher usually takes when he has printed a new book, is to send it round to his brethren to have it "subscribed;" that is, to learn from each house how many copies they will venture to take; and, to induce them to speculate, the copies thus subscribed for are delivered at a certain per centage less than the regular trade price. The copies thus supplied to the wholesale metropolitan houses are then distributed throughout the retail trade, both in town and country; for every provincial bookseller selects a London or Edinburgh publishing house as his agent, for the supply of whatever works he may order. Such books are purchased by the agent from the publisher; and when they have accumulated sufficiently to cover the expense of carriage, they are made up into a parcel, and sent to the retailer. This generally happened, up to about ten years ago, on the last day of a month, when the magazines are published; for of them alone the general demand is so great, that they form a bulky parcel for each bookseller. In 1837, one of "the trade," many years conversant with the great literary hive of London on "Magazine Day," made the following computations: The periodical works sold on the last day of the month amounted to 500,000 copies. The amount of cash expended in the purchase of these was £25,000. The parcels despatched into the country per month were 2000. These parcels, it must be remembered, not only contained magazines, but all the works ordered during the preceding part of the month.

Since then, however, the vast increase of weekly publications, the opening of railroads, the extension of steam navigation, and other causes, have in a great measure withdrawn the bulk of books from the monthly to weekly parcels, one of which every respectable provincial bookseller now regularly receives. To estimate the contents or number of these would be impossible; but we have no hesitation in saying that they more than double the above computation in all its calculations.

We learn by the abstract of occupations from the last census, that in Great Britain there are 13,355 booksellers, publishers, and bookbinders, 5499 of whom reside in London. In Scotland, there are 2547 persons following the same trades. In Edinburgh alone, there are 766 individuals connected with "the trade."

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE MOURNER AND THE COMFORTER.

It was a lovely day in the month of August, and the sun, which had shone with undiminished splendor from the moment of dawn, was now slowly declining, with that rich and prolonged glow with which it seems especially to linger around those scenes where it seldomest finds admittance. For it was a valley in the north of Scotland into which its light was streaming, and many a craggy top and rugged side, rarely seen without their cap of clouds or shroud of mist, were now throwing their mellow-tinted forms, clear and soft, into a lake of unusual stillness. High above the lake, and commanding a full view of that and of the surrounding hills, stood one of those country hotels not unfrequently met with on a tourist's route, formerly only designed for the lonely traveller or weary huntsman, but which now, with the view to accommodate the swarm of visitors which every summer increased, had gone on stretching its cords and enlarging its boundaries, till the original tenement looked merely like the seed from which the rest had sprung. Nor, even under these circumstances, did the house admit of much of the luxury of privacy; for, though the dormitories lay thick and close along the narrow corridor, all accommodation for the day was limited to two large and long rooms, one above the other, which fronted the lake. Of these, the lower one was given up to pedestrian travellers—the sturdy, sunburnt shooters of the moors, who arrive with weary limbs and voracious appetites, and question no accommodation which gives them food and shelter; while the upper one was the resort of ladies and family parties, and was furnished with a low balcony, now covered with a rough awning.

Both these rooms, on the day we mention, were filled with numerous guests. Touring was at its height, and shooting had begun; and, while a party of wayworn young men, coarsely clad and thickly shod, were lying on the benches, or lolling out of the windows of the lower apartment, a number of travelling parties were clustered in distinct groups in the room above; some lingering round their tea-tables, whilst others sat on the balcony, and seemed attentively watching the evolutions of a small boat, the sole object on the lake before them. It is pleasant to watch the actions, however insignificant they may be, of a distant group; to see the hand obey without hearing the voice that has bidden; to guess at their inward motives by their outward movements; to make theories of their intentions, and try to follow them out in their actions; and, as at a pantomime, to tell the drift of the piece by dumb show alone. And it is an idle practice too, and one especially made for the weary or the listless traveller, giving them amusement without thought, and occupation without trouble; for people who have had their powers of attention fatigued by incessant exertion, or weakened by constant novelty, are glad to settle it upon the merest trifle at last. So the loungers on the balcony increased, and the little boat became a centre of general interest to those who apparently had not had one sympathy in common before. So calm and gliding was its motion, so refreshing the gentle air which played round it, that many an eye from the shore envied the party who were seated in it. These consisted of three individuals, two large figures and a little one.

"It is Captain H—— and his little boy," said one voice, breaking silence; "they arrived here yesterday."

"They'll be going to see the great waterfall," said another.

"They had best make haste about it; for they have a mile to walk up-hill when they land," said a third.

"Rather they than I," rejoined a languid fourth; and again there was a pause. Meanwhile the boat party seemed to be thinking little about the waterfall, or the need for expedition. For a few minutes the quick-glancing play of the oars was seen, and then they ceased again; and now an arm was stretched out towards some distant object in the landscape, as if asking a question; and then the little fellow pointed here and there, as if asking many questions at once, and, in short, the conjectures on the balcony were all thrown out. But now the oars had rested longer than usual, and a figure rose and stooped, and seemed occupied with something at the bottom of the boat. What were they about? They were surely not going to fish at this time of evening! No, they were not; for slowly a mast was raised, and a sail unfurled, which at first hung flapping, as if uncertain which side the wind would take it, and then gently swelled out to its full dimensions, and seemed too large a wing for so tiny a body. A slight air had arisen; the long reflected lines of colors, which every object on the shore dripped, as it were, into the lake, were gently stirred with a quivering motion; every soft strip of liquid tint broke gradually into a jagged and serrated edge: colors were mingled, forms were confused: the mountains, which lay in undiminished brightness above, seemed by some invisible agency to be losing their second selves from beneath them; long, cold white lines rose apparently from below, and spread radiating over all the liquid picture: in a few minutes, the lake lay one vast sheet of bright silver, and half the landscape was gone. The boat was no longer in the same element: before, it had floated in a soft, transparent ether; now, it glided upon a plain of ice.

"I wish they had stuck to their oars," said the full, deep voice of an elderly gentleman; "hoisting a sail on these lakes is very much like trusting to luck in life—it may go on all right for awhile, and save you much trouble, but you are never sure that it won't give you the slip, and that when you are least prepared."

"No danger in the world, sir," said a young fop standing by, who knew as little about boating on Scotch lakes as he did of most things anywhere else. Meanwhile, the air had become chill, the sun had sunk behind the hills, and the boating party, tired, apparently, of their monotonous amusement, turned the boat's head towards shore. For some minutes they advanced with fuller and fuller bulging sail in the direction they sought, when suddenly the breeze seemed not so much to change as to be met by another and stronger current of air, which came pouring through the valley with a howling sound, and then, bursting on the lake, drove its waters in a furrow before it. The little boat started, and swerved like a frightened creature; and the sail, distended to its utmost, cowered down to the water's edge.

"Good Heaven! why don't they lower that sail! Down with it! down with it!" shouted the same deep voice from the balcony, regardless of the impossibility of being heard. But the admo-

nition was needless; the boatman, with quick, eager motions, was trying to lower it. Still it bent, fuller and fuller, lower and lower. The man evidently strained with desperate strength, defeating, perhaps, with the clumsiness of anxiety, the end in view; when, too impatient, apparently, to witness their urgent peril without lending his aid, the figure of Captain H— rose up; in one instant a piercing scream was borne faintly to shore—the boat whelmed over, and all were in the water.

For a few dreadful seconds nothing was seen of the unhappy creatures; then a cap floated, and then two struggling figures rose to the surface. One was evidently the child, for his cap was off, and his fair hair was seen; the other head was covered. This latter buffeted the waters with all the violence of a helpless, drowning man; then he threw his arms above his head, sank, and rose no more. The boy struggled less and less, and seemed dead to all resistance before he sank too. The boat floated keel upwards, almost within reach of the sufferers; and now that the waters had closed over them, the third figure was observed, for the first time, at a considerable distance, slowly and laboriously swimming towards it, and in a few moments two arms were flung over it, and there he hung. It was one of those scenes which the heart quails to look on, yet which chains the spectator to the spot. The whole had passed in less than a minute: fear—despair—agony—and death, had been pressed into one of those short minutes, of which so many pass without our knowing how. It is well. Idleness, vanity, or vice—all that dismisses thought—may dally with time, but the briefest space is too long for that excess of consciousness where time seems to stand still.

At this moment a lovely and gentle-looking young woman entered the room. It was evident that she knew nothing of the dreadful scene that had just occurred, nor did she now remark the intense excitement which still riveted the spectators to the balcony; for, seeking, apparently, to avoid all intercourse with strangers, she had seated herself, with a book, on the chair farthest removed from the window. Nor did she look up at the first rush of hurried steps into the room; but, when she did, there was something which arrested her attention, for every eye was fixed upon her with an undefinable expression of horror, and every foot seemed to shrink back from approaching her. There was also a murmur as of one common and irrepressible feeling through the whole house; quick footsteps were heard as of men impelled by some dreadful anxiety; doors were banged; voices shouted; and, could any one have stood by a calm and indifferent spectator, it would have been interesting to mark the sudden change from the abstracted and composed look with which Mrs. H— (for she it was) first raised her head from her book to the painful restlessness of inquiry with which she now glanced from eye to eye, and seemed to question what manner of tale they told.

It is something awful and dreadful to stand before a fellow-creature laden with a sorrow which, however we may commiserate it, it is theirs alone to bear; to be compelled to tear away that veil of unconsciousness which alone hides their misery from their sight; and to feel that the faintness gathering round our own heart alone enables them to continue beating with tranquillity. We feel less almost of pity for the suffering we are about to

inflict than for the peace which we are about to remove; and the smile of unconsciousness which precedes the knowledge of evil is still more painful to look back upon than the bitterest tear that follows it. And, if such be the feelings of the messenger of heavy tidings, the mind that is to receive them is correspondingly actuated. For who is there that thanks you really for concealing the evil that was already arrived—for prolonging the happiness that was already gone? Who cares for a reprieve when sentence is still to follow! It is a pitiful soul that does not prefer the sorrow of certainty to the peace of deceit; or, rather, it is a blessed provision which enables us to acknowledge the preference when it is no longer in our power to choose. It seems intended as a protection to the mind from something so degrading to it as an unreal happiness, that both those who have to inflict misery and those who have to receive it should alike despise its solace. Those who have trod the very brink of a precipice, unknowing that it yawned beneath, look back to those moments of their ignorance with more of horror than of comfort; such security is too close to danger for the mind ever to separate them again. Nor need the bearer of sorrow embitter his errand by hesitations and scruples how to disclose it; he need not pause for a choice of words or form of statement. In no circumstance of life does the soul act so utterly independent of all outward agency; it waits for no explanation, wants no evidence; at the furthest idea of danger it flies at once to its weakest part; an embarrassed manner will rouse suspicions, and a faltering word confirm them. Dreadful things never require precision of terms—they are wholly guessed before they are half told. Happiness the heart believes not in till it stands at our very threshold; misery it flies as if eager to meet.

So it was with the unfortunate Mrs. H—; no one spoke of the accident, no one pointed to the lake: no connecting link seemed to exist between the security of ignorance and the agony of knowledge. At one moment she raised her head in placid indifference, at the next she knew that her husband and child were lying beneath the waters. And did she faint, or fall as one stricken? No: for the suspicion was too sudden to be sustained; and the next instant came the thought, this must be a dream; God cannot have done it. And the eyes were closed, and the convulsed hands pressed tight over them, as if she would shut out mental vision as well; and groans and sobs burst from the crowd, and men dashed from the room, unable to bear it; and women too, untrue to their calling. And there was weeping and wringing of hands, and one weak woman fainted; but still no sound or movement came from her on whom the burden had fallen. Then came the dreadful revulsion of feeling; and, with contracted brow and gasping breath, and voice pitched almost to a scream, she said, "It is not true—tell me—it is not true—tell me—tell me!" And, advancing with desperate gestures, she made for the balcony. All recoiled before her; when one gentle woman, small and delicate as herself, opposed her, and, with streaming eyes and trembling limbs, stood before her. "Oh, go not there—go not there! cast your heavy burden on the Lord!" These words broke the spell. Mrs. H— uttered a cry which long ran in the ears of those that heard it, and sank, shivering and powerless, in the arms of the kind stranger.

Meanwhile, the dreadful scene had been witnessed from all parts of the hotel, and every male inmate poured from it. The listless tourist of fashion forgot his languor, the wayworn pedestrian his fatigue. The hill down to the lake was trodden by eager, hurrying figures, all anxious to give that which in such cases it is a relief to give, viz., active assistance. Nor were these all, for down came the sturdy shepherd from the hills; and the troops of ragged, bare-legged urchins from all sides; and distant figures of men and women were seen pressing forward to help or to hear; and the hitherto deserted-looking valley was active with life. Meanwhile, the survivor hung motionless over the upturned boat, borne about at the will of the waters, which were now lashed into great agitation. No one could tell whether it was Captain H—— or the Highland boatman, and no one could wish for the preservation of the one more than the other. For life is life to all; and the poor man's wife and family may have less time to mourn, but more cause to want. And before the boat, that was manning with eager volunteers, had left the shore, down came also a tall, raw-boned woman, breathless, more apparently with exertion than anxiety—her eyes dry as stones, and her cheeks red with settled color; one child dragging at her heels, another at her breast. It was the boatman's wife. Different, indeed, was her suspense to that of the sufferer who had been left above; but, perhaps, equally true to her capacity. With her it was fury rather than distress; she scolded the bystanders, chid the little squalling child, and abused her husband by turns.

"How dare he gang to risk his life, wi' six bairns at hame! Ae body knew nae sail was safe on the lake for twa hours together; mair fule he to try!" And then she flung the roaring child on to the grass, bade the other mind it, strode half-leg high into the water to help to push off the boat; and then, returning to a place where she could command a view of its movements, she took up the child and hushed it tenderly to sleep. Like her, every one now sought some elevated position, and the progress of the boat seemed to suspend every other thought. It soon neared the fatal spot, and in another minute was alongside the upturned boat; the figure was now lifted carefully in, something put round him, and, from the languor of his movements, and the care taken, the first impression on shore was that Captain H—— was the one spared. But it was a mercy to Mrs. H—— that she was not in a state to know these surmises; for soon the survivor sat steadily upright, worked his arms, and rubbed his head, as if to restore animation; and, long before the boat reached the shore, the coarse figure and garments of the Highland boatman were distantly recognized. Up started his wife. Unaccustomed to mental emotions of any sudden kind, they were strange and burdensome to her.

"What, Meggy! no stay to welcome your husband!" said a bystander.

"Welcome him yoursal," she replied; "I hae no the time. I maun get his dry claes, and het his parritch; and that 's the best welcome I can gie him." And so, perhaps, the husband thought too.

And now, what was there more to do! The bodies of Captain H—— and his little son had sunk in seventy fathom deep of water. If, in their hidden currents and movements they cast their victims aloft to the surface, all well; if not, no human hand could reach them. There was no-

thing to do! Two beings had ceased to exist, who, as far as regarded the consciousness and sympathies of the whole party, had never existed at all before. There had been no influence upon them in their lives, there was no blank to them in their deaths. They had witnessed a dreadful tragedy; they knew that she who had risen that morning a happy wife and mother was now widowed and childless, with a weight of woe upon her, and a life of mourning before her; but there were no forms to observe, no rites to prepare; nothing necessarily to interfere with one habit of the day, or to change one plan for the morrow. It was only a matter of feeling; a great *only* it is true; but, as with everything in life, from the merest trifle to the most momentous occurrence, the matter varied with the individual who felt. All pitied, some sympathized, but few ventured to help. Some wished themselves a hundred miles off, because they could not help her; others wished the same, because she distressed them; and the solitary back room, hidden from all view of the lake, to which the sufferer had been borne, after being visited by a few well-meaning or curious women, was finally deserted by all save the kind lady we have mentioned, and a good-natured maid-servant, the drudge of the hotel, who came in occasionally to assist.

We have told the tale exactly as it occurred; the reader knows both plot and conclusion; and now there only remains to say something of the ways of human sorrow, and something, too, of the ways of human goodness.

Grief falls differently on different hearts; some must vent it, others cannot. The coldest will be the most unnerved, the tenderest the most possessed; there is no rule. As for this poor lady, hers was of that sudden and extreme kind for which insensibility is at first mercifully provided; and it came to her, and yet not entirely—suspending the sufferings of the mind, but not deadening all the sensation of the body; for she shivered and shuddered with that bloodless cold which kept her pale, numb, and icy, like one in the last hours before death. A large fire was lighted, warm blankets were wrapped round her, but the cold was too deep to be reached; and the kind efforts made to restore animation were more a relief to her attendants than to her. And yet Miss Campbell stopped sometimes from the chafing of the hands, and let those blue fingers lie motionless in hers, and looked up at that wan face with an expression as if she wished that the eyes might never open again, but that death might at once restore what it had just taken. For some hours no change ensued, and then it was gradual; the hands were withdrawn from those that held them, and first laid, and then clenched together; deep sighs of returning breath and returning knowledge broke from her; the wrappers were thrown off, first feebly, and then restlessly. There were no dramatic startings, no abrupt questionings; but, as blood came back to the veins, anguish came back to the heart. All the signs of excessive mental oppression now began, a sad train as they are, one extreme leading to the other. Before, there had been the powerlessness of exertion, now, there was the powerlessness of control; before she had been benumbed by insensibility, now, she was impelled as if bereft of sense. Like one distracted with intense bodily pain, her whole frame seemed strained to endure. The gentlest of voices whispered comfort, she heard not; the

kindest of arms supported her, she rested not. There was the unvarying moan, the weary pacing, the repetition of the same action, the measurement of the same distance, the body vibrating as a mere machine to the restless recurrence of the same thought.

We have said that every outer sign of woe was there—all but that which great sorrows set flowing, but the greatest dry up—she shed no tears! Tears are things for which a preparation of the heart is needful; they are granted to anxiety for the future, or lament for the past. They flow with reminiscences of our own, or with the example of others; they are sent to separations we have long dreaded, and to disappointments we cannot forget; they come when our hearts are softened, or when our hearts are wearied; but, in the first amazement of unlooked-for woe, they find no place: the cup that is suddenly whelmed over lets no drop of water escape.

It was evident, however, through all the unruliness of such distress, that the sufferer was a creature of gentle and considerate nature; in the whirlpool which convulsed every faculty of her mind, the smooth surface of former habits was occasionally thrown up. Though the hand which sought to support her was cast aside with a restless, excited movement, it was sought the next instant with a momentary pressure of contrition. Though the head was turned away one instant from the whisper of consolation with a gesture of impatience, yet it was bowed the next as if in entreaty of forgiveness. Poor creature! what effort she could make to allay the storm which was rioting within her was evidently made for the sake of those around. With so much and so suddenly to bear, she still showed the habit of forbearance.

Meanwhile night had far advanced; many had been the inquiries and expressions of sympathy made at Mrs. H—'s door; but now, one by one, the parties retired each to their rooms. Few, however, rested that night as usual; however differently the terrible picture might be carried on the mind during the hours of light, it forced itself with almost equal vividness upon all in those of darkness. The father struggling to reach the child, and then throwing up his arms in agony, and that fair little head borne about unresistingly by the waves before they covered it over—these were the figures which haunted many a pillow. Or, if the recollection of that scene was lulled for awhile, it was recalled again by the weary sound of those footsteps which told of a mourner who rested not. Of course, among the number and medley of characters lying under that roof, there was the usual proportion of the selfish and the careless. None, however, slept that night without confessing, in word or thought, that life and death are in the hands of the Lord; and not all, it is to be hoped, forgot the lesson. One young man, in particular, possessed of fine intellectual powers, but which unfortunately had been developed among a people who, God help them! affect to believe only what they understand, was indebted to this day and night for a great change in his opinions. His heart was kind, though his understanding was perverted; and the thought of that young, lovely, and feeble woman, on whom a load of misery had fallen which would have crushed the strongest of his own sex, roused within him the strongest sense of the insufficiency of all human aid or human strength for beings who

are framed to love and yet ordained to lose. He was oppressed with compassion, miserable with sympathy; he longed with all the generosity of a manly heart to do something, to suggest something, that should help her, or satisfy himself. But what were fortitude, philosophy, strength of mind! Mockeries, nay, more, imbecilities, which he dared not mention to her, nor so much as think of in the same thought with her woe. Either he must accuse the Power who had inflicted the wound, and so deep he had not sunk, or he must acknowledge His means of cure. Impelled, therefore, by a feeling equally beyond his doubting or his proving, he did that which for years German sophistry had taught him to forbear; he gave but little, but he felt that he gave his best—he *prayed* for the suffering creature, and in the name of One who suffered for all, and from that hour God's grace forsook him not.

But the most characteristic sympathizer on the occasion was Sir Thomas —, the fine old gentleman who had shouted so loudly from the balcony. He was at home in this valley, owned the whole range of hills on one side of the lake, from their fertile bases to their bleak tops, took up his abode generally every summer in this hotel, and felt for the stricken woman as if she had been a guest of his own. Ever since the fatal accident he had gone about in a perfect fret of commiseration, inquiring every half hour at her door how she was, or what she had taken. Severe bodily illness or intense mental distress had never fallen upon that bluff person and warm heart, and abstinence from food was in either case the proof of an extremity for which he had every compassion, but of which he had no knowledge. He prescribed, therefore, for the poor lady everything that he would have relished himself, and nothing at that moment could have made him so happy as to have been allowed to send her up the choicest meal that the country could produce. Not that his benevolence was at all limited to such manifestations; if it did not deal in sentiment, it took the widest range of practice. His laborers were despatched round the lake to watch for any traces of the late catastrophe; he himself kept up an hour later planning how he could best promote the comfort of her onward journey and of her present stay; and though the good old gentleman was now snoring loudly over the very apartment which contained the object of his sympathy, he would have laid down his life to save those that were gone, and half his fortune to solace her who was left.

Some hours had elapsed—the footsteps had ceased, there was quiet if not rest, in the chamber of mourning; and, shortly after sunrise, a side door in the hotel opened, and she who had been as a sister to the stranger, never seen before, came slowly forth. She was worn with watching, her heart was sick with the sight and sounds of such woe, and she sought the refreshment of the outer air and the privacy of the early day. It was a dawn promising a day as beautiful as the preceding; the sun was beaming mildly through an opening towards the east, wakening the tops of the nearest hills, while all the rest of the beautiful range lay huge and colorless, nodding, as it were, to their drowsy reflections beneath, and the lake itself looked as calm and peaceful as if the winds had never swept over its waters, nor those waters over all that a wife and mother had loved. Man is such a speck on this creation of which he is lord, that had every human being now sleeping

on the green sides of the hills, been lying deep among their dark feet in the lake, it would not have shown a ripple the more.

Miss Campbell, meanwhile, wandered slowly on, and though apparently unmindful of the beauty of the scene, she was evidently soothed by its influence. All that dreary night long had she cried unto God in ceaseless prayer, and felt that without His help in her heart, and His word on her lips, she had been but as a strengthless babe before the sight of that anguish. But here beneath His own heavens her communings were freer; her soul seemed not so much to need Him below, as to rise to Him above; and the solemn dejection upon a very careworn but sweet face, became less painful, but perhaps more touching. In her wanderings she had now left the hotel to her left hand, the boatman's clay cottage was just above, and below a little rough pier of stones, to an iron ring in one of which the boat was usually attached. She had stood on that self-same spot the day before and watched Captain H—— and his little son as they walked down to the pier, summoned the boatman, and launched into the cool, smooth water. She now went down herself, and stood with a feeling of awe upon the same stones they had so lately left. The shores were loose and shingly, many footsteps were there, but one particularly riveted her gaze. It was tiny in shape and light in print, and a whole succession of them went off towards the side as if following a butterfly, or attracted by a bright stone. Alas! they were the last prints of that little foot on the shores of this world! Miss Campbell had seen the first thunderbolt of misery burst upon his mother; she had borne the sight of her as she lay stunned, and as she rose frenzied, but that tiny footprint was worse than all, and she burst into a passionate fit of tears. She felt as if it were desecration to sweep them away, as if she could have shrined them round from the winds and waves, and thoughtless tread of others; but a thought came to check her. What did it matter how the trace of his little foot, or how the memory of his short life, were obliterated from this earth? There was One above who had numbered every hair of his innocent head, and in His presence she humbly hoped both father and child were now rejoicing.

She was just turning away when the sound of steps approached, and the boatman's wife came up. Her features were coarse and her frame gaunt, as we have said, but she was no longer the termagant of the day before, nor was she ever so. But the lower classes in the most civilized lands, are often, both in joy and grief, an enigma to those above them; if nature, rare alike in all ranks, speak not for them, they have no conventional imitation to put in her place. The feeling of intense suspense was new to her, and the violence she had assumed had been the awkwardness which, under many eyes, knew not otherwise how to express or conceal; but she had sound Scotch sense, and a tender woman's heart, and spoke them both now truly, if not gracefully.

"Ye'll be frae the hotel, yonder?" she said; "can ye tell me how the puir leddy has rested? I was up mysel' to the house, and they tell't me they could hear her greeting!"

Miss Campbell told her in a few words what the reader knows, and asked for her husband.

"Oh! he's weel enough in body, but sair disquieted in mind. No that he's unmindfu' of the mercy of the Lord to himsel', but he can no just

keep the thocht away that it was he wha helped those poor creatures to their end." She then proceeded earnestly to exculpate her husband, assuring Miss Campbell that in spite of the heavy wind and the entangled rope, all might even yet have been well if the gentleman had kept his seat. "But I just tell him that there's Ane above, stronger than the wind, who sank them in the lake, and could have raised them from it, but it was no His pleasure. The puir leddy would ha' been nane the happier if Andrew had been ta'en as well, and I and the bairns muckle the waur." Then observing where Miss Campbell stood, she continued, in a voice of much emotion, "Ah! I mind them weel as they came awa' down here; the bairnie was playing by as Andrew loosened the boat—the sweet bairnie! so happy and thochtless as he gaed in his beautiful claes—I see him noo!" and the poor woman wiped her eyes. "But there's something ye'll like to see. Jeanie! gang awa' up, and bring the litle bonnet that hangs on the peg. Andrew went out again with the boat the night, and picked it up. But it will no be dry."

The child returned with a sad token. It was the little fellow's cap; a smart town-made article, with velvet band, and long silk tassel, that tassel which had been his first vanity, and his mother had coaxed it smooth as she pulled the peak low down over his fair forehead, and then, fumbling his little fingers into his gloves, had given him a kiss which she little thought was to be the last!

"I was coming awa' up wi' it mysel' but the leddy will no just bear to see it yet."

"No, not yet," said Miss Campbell, "if ever. Let me take it. I shall remain with her till better friends come here, or she goes to them;" and giving the woman money which she had difficulty in making her accept, she possessed herself of the cap and turned away.

She soon reached the hotel, it was just five o'clock, all blinds were down, and there was no sign of life; but one figure was pacing up and down, and seemed to be watching for her. It was Sir Thomas. His sympathy had broken his sleep in the morning, though it had not disturbed it at night. He began in his abrupt way:—

"Madam, I have been watching for you. I heard you leave the house. Madam, I feel almost ashamed to lift up my eyes to you; whilst we have all been wishing and talking, you alone have been acting. We are all obliged to you madam; there is not a creature here with a heart in them to whom you have not given comfort!"

Miss Campbell tried to escape from the honest overflowings of the old man's feelings.

"You have only done what you liked: very true, madam. It is choking work having to pity without knowing how to help; but I would sooner give ten thousand pounds than see what you have seen. I would do anything for the poor creature, anything, but I could not look at her." He then told her that his men had been sent with the earliest dawn to different points of the lake, but as yet without finding any traces of the late fatal accident; and then his eyes fell upon the cap in Miss Campbell's hand, and he at once guessed the history. "Picked up last evening, you say—sad, sad—a dreadful thing!" and his eyes filling more than it was convenient to hold, he turned away, blew his nose, took a short turn, and coming back again continued, "But tell me how has she rested! what has she taken? You must not let her weep too much!"

"Let her weep!" said Miss Campbell, "I wish I could bid her. She has not shed a tear yet, and mind and body alike want it. I left her lying back quiet in an arm-chair, but I fear this quiet is worse than what has gone before!"

"God bless my heart!" said Sir Thomas, his eyes now running over without control. "God bless my heart! this is sad work. Not that I ever wished a woman to cry before in my life, if she could help it. Poor thing! poor thing! I'll send for a medical man: the nearest is fifteen miles off!"

"I think it will be necessary. I am now going back to her room."

"Well, ma'am, I won't detain you longer, but don't keep all the good to yourself. Let me know if there is anything that I, or my men, or," the old gentleman hesitated, "my money, madam, can do, only don't ask me to see her;" and so they each went their way—Sir Thomas to the stables to send off man and horse, and Miss Campbell to the chamber of mourning.

She started as she entered; the blind was drawn up, and, leaning against the shutter, in apparent composure, stood Mrs. H—. That composure was dreadful; it was the calm of intense agitation, the silence of boiling heat, the immovability of an object in the most rapid motion. The light was full upon her, showed cheek and forehead flushed, and veins bursting on the small hands. Miss Campbell approached with trembling limbs.

"Where is the servant?"

"I did not want her."

"Will you not rest!"

"I cannot!"

Miss Campbell was weary and worn out; the picture before her was so terrible, she sunk on the nearest chair in an agony of tears.

Without changing her position, Mrs. H— turned her head, and said gently, "Oh, do not cry so! it is I who ought to cry, but my heart is as dry as my eyes, and my head is so tight, and I cannot think for its aching; I cannot think, I cannot understand, I cannot remember, I don't even know your name, then why should this be true! It is I who am ill, they are well, but they never were so long from me before." Then coming forward, her face working, and her breath held tightly, as if a scream were pressing behind, "Tell me," she said, "tell me—my husband and child—" she tried hard to articulate, but the words were lost in a frightful contortion. Miss Campbell mastered herself, she saw that the rack of mental torture was strained to the utmost. Neither could bear this much longer. She almost feared resistance, but she felt there was one way to which the sufferer would respond,—

"I am weary and tired," she said, "weary with staying up with you all night. If you will lie down, I will soon come and lie by your side."

Poor Mrs. H— said nothing, but let herself be laid upon the bed.

Three mortal hours passed, she was burnt with a fever which only her own tears could quench; and those wide-open, dry eyes were fearful to see. A knock came to the door, "How is she now?" said Sir Thomas' voice. "The doctor is here: you look as if you wanted him yourself. I'll bring him up."

The medical man entered. Such a case had not occurred in his small country practice before, but he was a sensible and a kind man, and no

practice could have helped him here if he had not been. He heard the whole sad history, felt the throbbing pulse, saw the flush on the face, and wide open eyes, which now seemed scarcely to notice anything. He took Miss Campbell into another room, and said that the patient must be instantly roused, and then bled if necessary.

"But the first you can undertake better than I, madam." He looked round. "Is there no little object which would recall?—nothing you could bring before her sight? You understand me?"

Indeed Miss Campbell did. She had not sat by that bedside for the last three hours without feeling and fearing that this was necessary; but, at the same time, she would rather have cut off her own hand than undertaken it. She hesitated—but for a moment, and then whispered something to Sir Thomas.

"God bless my heart!" said he, "who would have thought of it? Yes. I know it made me cry like a child."

And then he repeated her proposition to the medical man, who gave immediate assent, and she left the room. In a few minutes she entered that of Mrs. H— with the little boy's cap in her hand, placed it in a conspicuous position before the bed, and then seated herself with a quick, nervous motion by the bedside. It was a horrid pause, like that which precedes a cruel operation, where you have taken upon yourself the second degree of suffering—that of witnessing it. The cap lay there on the small stone mantelpiece, with its long, drabbed, weeping tassel, like a funeral emblem. It was not many minutes before it caught those eyes for which it was intended. A suppressed exclamation broke from her; she flew from the bed, looked at Miss Campbell one instant in intense inquiry, and the next had the cap in her hands. The touch of that wet object seemed to dissolve the spell; her whole frame trembled with sudden relaxation. She sank, half kneeling, on the floor, and tears spouted from her eyes. No blessed rain from heaven to famished earth was ever more welcome. Tears, did we say? Torrents! Those eyes, late so hot and dry, were as two arteries of the soul suddenly opened. What a misery that had been which had sealed them up! They streamed over her face, blinding her riveted gaze, falling on her hands, on the cap, on the floor. Meanwhile the much-to-be-pitied sharer of her sorrow knelt by her side, her whole frame scarcely less unnerved than that she sought to support, uttering brokelt ejaculations and prayers, and joining her tears to those which flowed so passionately. But she had a gentle and meek spirit to deal with. Mrs. H— crossed her hands over the cap and bowed her head. Thus she continued a minute, and then turning, still on her knees, she laid her head on her companion's shoulder.

"Help me up," she said, "for I am without strength." And all weak, trembling, and sobbing, she allowed herself to be undressed and put to bed.

Miss Campbell lay down in the same room. She listened till the quivering, catching sobs had given place to deep-drawn sighs, and these again to disturbed breathings, and then both slept the sleep of utter exhaustion, and Miss Campbell, fortunately, knew not when the mourner awoke from it.

Oh, the dreary first-fruits of excessive sorrow! The first days of a stricken heart, passed through,

writhed through, ground through, we scarcely know or remember how, before the knowledge of the bereavement has become habitual—while it is still struggle and not endurance—the same ceaseless recoil from the same ever-recurring shock. It was a blessing that she was ill, very ill; the body shared something of the weight at first.

Let no one, untried by such extremity, here lift the word or look of deprecation. Let there not be a thought of what she ought to have done, or what they would have done. God's love is great, and a Christian's faith is strong, but when have the first encounters between old joys and new sorrows been otherwise than fierce? From time to time a few intervals of heavenly composure, wonderful and gracious to the sufferer, may be permitted, and even the dim light of future peace discerned in the distance; but, in a moment, the gauntlet of defiance is thrown again—no matter what—an old look, an old word, which comes rushing unbidden over the soul, and dreadful feelings rise again only to spend themselves by their own violence. It always seems to us as if sorrow had a nature of its own, independent of that whereon it has fallen, and sometimes strangely at variance with it—scorching the gentle, melting the passionate, dignifying the weak, and prostrating the strong—and showing the real nature, habits, or principles of the mind, only in those defences it raises up during the intervals of relief. With Mrs. H—these defences were reared on the only sure base, and though the storm would sweep down her bulwarks, and cover all over with the furious tide of grief, yet the foundation was left to cling to, and every renewal added some object to its strength.

Three days were spent thus, but the fourth she was better, and on Miss Campbell's approaching her bedside, she drew her to her, and, putting her arms round her neck, imprinted a calm and solemn kiss upon her cheek.

"Oh! what can I ever do for you, dear friend and comforter! God, who has sent you to me in my utmost need, He alone can reward you. I don't even know your name; but that matters not, I know your heart. Now you may tell me all—all; before, I felt as if I could neither know nor forget what had happened, before, it was as if God had withdrawn His countenance; but now He is gracious, He has heard your prayers."

And then, with the avidity of fresh, hungry sorrow, she besought Miss Campbell to tell her all she knew; she besought and would not be denied, for sorrow has royal authority, its requests are commands. So, with the hand of each locked together, and the eyes of each averted, they sat questioning and answering in disjointed sentences till the whole sad tale was told. Then, anxious to turn a subject which could not be banished, Miss Campbell spoke of the many hearts that had bled, and the many prayers that had ascended for her, and told her of that kind old man who had thought, acted, and grieved for her like a father.

"God bless him—God bless them all; but chiefly you, my sister. I want no other name."

"Call me Catherine," said the faithful companion.

Passionate bursts of grief would succeed such conversations; nevertheless they were renewed again and again, for, like all sufferers from severe bereavements, her heart needed to create a world for itself, where its loved ones still were, as a defence against that outer one where they were

not, and to which she was only slowly and painfully to be inured, if ever. In these times she would love to tell Catherine—what Catherine most loved to hear—how that her lost husband was both a believer and a doer of Christ's holy word, and that her lost child had learned at her knee what she herself had chiefly learned from his father. For she had been brought up in ignorance and indifference to religious truths, and the greatest happiness of her life had commenced that knowledge, which its greatest sorrow was now to complete.

"I have been such a happy woman," she would say, "that I have pitied others less blessed, though I trust they have not envied me." And then would follow sigh on sigh and tear on tear, and again her soul writhed beneath the agony of that implacable mental spasm.

Sometimes the mourner would appear to lose, instead of gaining ground, and would own with depression, and even with shame, her fears that she was becoming more and more the sport of un-governable feeling. "My sorrow is sharp enough," she would say, "but it is a still sharper pang when I feel I am not doing my duty under it. It is not thus that *he* would have had me act." And her kind companion, always at hand to give sympathy or comfort, would bid her not exact or expect anything from herself, but to cast all upon God, reminding her in words of tenderness that her soul was as a sick child, and that strength would not be required until strength was vouchsafed. "Strength," said the mourner, "no more strength or health for me." And Miss Campbell would whisper that, though "weariness endureth for a night, joy comes in the morning." Or she would be silent, for she knew, as most women do, alike how to soothe and when to murmur.

It was a beautiful and a moving sight to see two beings thus riveted together in the exercise and receipt of the tenderest and most intimate feelings, who had never known of each other's existence till the moment that made the one dependent and the other indispensable. All the shades and grades of conventional and natural acquaintance-ship, all the gradual insight into mutual character, and the gradual growth into mutual trust, which is so sweet to look back upon from the high ground of friendship, were lost to them; but it mattered not,—here they were together, the one admitted into the sanctuary of sorrow, the other sharing in the fulness of love, with no reminiscence in common but one, and that sufficient to bind them together for life.

Meanwhile the friend without was also unremitting in his way. He crossed not her threshold in person, nor would have done so for the world, but his thoughts were always reaching Mrs. H— in some kind form. Every delicate dainty that money could procure—beautiful fruits and flowers which had scarce entered this valley before—everything that could tempt the languid appetite or divert the weary eye was in turn thought of, and each handed in with a kind heart, hearty inquiry, till the mourner listened with pleasure for the step and voice. Nor was Miss Campbell forgotten; all the brief sojourns of air and exercise she enjoyed were in his company, and often did he insist on her coming out for a short walk or drive when the persuasions of Mrs. H— had failed to induce her to leave a room where she was the only joy. But now a fresh object attracted Sir Thomas' activity, for after many days the earthly remains of one of the suf-

ferers was thrown up. It was the body of the little boy. Sir Thomas directed all that was necessary to be done, and having informed Miss Campbell, the two friends, each strange to the other, and bound together by the interest in one equally strange to both, went out together up the hill above the hotel, and were gone longer than usual. The next day the intelligence was communicated to Mrs. H——, who received it calmly, but added, "I could have wished them both to have rested together; but God's will be done. I ought not to think of them as on the earth."

The grave of little Harry H—— was dug far from the burial-ground of his fathers, and strangers followed him to it; but though there were no familiar faces among those who stood round, there were no cold ones; and when Sir Thomas, as chief mourner, threw the earth upon the lowered coffin, warm tears fell upon it also. Miss Campbell had watched the procession from the window, and told how good the old man walked behind the minister, the boatman and his wife followed him, and how a long train succeeded, all pious and reverential in their bearing, with that air of manly decorum which the Scotch peasantry conspicuously show on such occasions. And she who lay on a bed of sorrow and weakness blessed them through her tears, and felt that her child's funeral was not lonely.

From this time the mourner visibly mended. The funeral and the intelligence that preceded it had insensibly given her that change of the same theme, the want of which had been so much felt at first. She had now taken up her burden, and, for the dear sakes of those for whom she bore it, it became almost sweet to her. She was not worshipping her sorrow as an idol, but cherishing it as a friend. Meanwhile she had received many kind visits from the minister who had buried her child, and had listened to his exhortations with humility and gratitude; but his words were felt as admonitions, Catherine's as comfort. To her, now dearer and dearer, every day she would confess aloud the secret changes of her heart; how at one time the world looked all black and dreary before her, how at another she seemed already to live in a brighter one beyond; how one day life was a burden she knew not how to bear, and another how the bitterness of death seemed already past. Then with true Christian politeness she would lament over the selfishness of her grief, and ask where Miss Campbell had learned to know that feeling which she felt henceforth was to be the only solace of her life—viz., the deep, deep sympathy for others. And Catherine would tell her, with that care-worn look which confirmed all she said, how she had been sorely tried, not by the death of those she loved, but by what was worse—their sufferings and their sins. How she had been laden with those misfortunes which wound most and teach least, and which, although coming equally from the hand of God, torment you with the *in* that, but for the wickedness or weakness of some human agent, they need never have been; till she had felt, wrongly no doubt, that she could have better borne those on which the stamp of the Divine Will was more legibly impressed. She told her how the sting of sorrow, like that of death, is sin; how comparatively light it was to see those you love dead, dying, crippled, maniacs, victims, in short, of any evil, rather than victims of evil itself. She spoke of a heart-broken sister and of a hard-hearted brother; of a son—an only son, like him

just buried—who had gone on from sin to sin, hardening his own heart, and wringing those of others, till none but a mother's love remained to him, and that he outraged. She told, in short, so much of the sad realities of life, in which, if there was not more woe, there was less comfort, that Mrs. H—— acknowledged in her heart that such griefs had indeed been unendurable, and returned with something like comfort to the undisturbed sanctity of her own.

About this time a summons came which required Sir Thomas to quit the valley in which these scenes had been occurring. Mrs. H—— could have seen him, and almost longed to see him; but he shrunk from her, fearing no longer her sorrow so much as her gratitude.

"Tell her I love her," he said, in his abrupt way, "and always shall; but I can't see her—at least, not yet." Then explaining to Miss Campbell all the little arrangements for the continuation of the mourner's comfort, which his absence might interrupt, he authorized her to dispose of his servants, his horses, and everything that belonged to him, and finally put into her hands a small packet directed to Mrs. H——, with instructions when to give it. He had ascertained that Mrs. H—— was wealthy, and that her great afflictions entailed no minor privations. "But you, my dear, are poor; at least, I hope so, for I could not be happy unless I were of service to you. I am just as much obliged to you as Mrs. H—— is. Mind, you have promised to write to me and to apply to me without reserve. No kindness, no honor—nonsense. It is *I* who honor *you* above every creature I know, but I would not be a woman for the world; at least the truth is *I could not*." And so he turned hastily away.

And now the time approached when she, who had entered this valley a happy wife and mother, was to leave it widowed and childless, a sorrowing and heavy-hearted woman, but not an unhappy one. She had but few near relations, and those scattered in distant lands: but there were friends who would break the first desolation of her former home, and Catherine had promised to bear her company till she had committed her into their hands.

It was a lovely evening, the one before their departure; Mrs. H—— was clad for the first time in all that betokened her to be a mourner; but, as Catherine looked from the black habiliments to that pale face, she felt that there was the deepest mourning of all. Slowly the widow passed through that side-door we have mentioned, and stood once more under God's heaven. Neither had mentioned to the other the errand on which they were bound, but both felt that there was but one. Slowly and feebly she mounted the gentle slope, and often she stopped, for it was more than weakness or fatigue that made her breath fail. The way was beautiful, close to the rocky bed and leafy sides of that sweetest of all sweet things in the natural world, a Scotch burn. And now they turned, for the rich strip of grass, winding among bush and rock, which they had been following as a path, here spread itself out in a level shelf of turf, where the burn ran smoother, the bushes grew higher, and where the hill started upward again in bolder lines. Here there was a fresh covered grave. The widow knelt by it, while Catherine stood back. Long was that head bowed, first in anguish, and then in submission, and then she turned her face toward the lake, on which she had not

looked since that fatal day, and gazed steadily upon it. The child lay in his narrow bed at her feet, but the father had a wider one far beneath. Catherine now approached and was folded in a silent embrace; then she gave her that small packet which Sir Thomas had left, and begged her to open it upon the spot. It was a legal deed, making over to Mary H—, in free gift, the ground on which she stood—a broad strip from the tip of the hill to the waters of the lake. The widow's tears rained fast upon it.

"Both God and man are very good to me," she said; "I am lonely, but not forsaken. But, Catherine, it is you to whom I must speak. I have tried to speak before, but never felt I could till now. Oh, Catherine! stay with me—live with me; let us never be parted. God gave you to me when He took all else beside; He has not done it for nought. I can bear to return to my lonely home if you will share it—I can bear to see this valley, this grave again, if you are with me. I am not afraid of tying your cheerfulness to my sorrow; I feel that I am under a calamity, but I feel also that I am under no curse—you will help to make it a blessing. Oh, complete your sacred work; give me years to requite to you your last few days to me. You have none who need you more—none who love you more. Oh! follow me; here, on my child's grave, I humbly entreat you, follow me."

Catherine trembled; she stood silent a minute, and then, with a low, firm voice, replied, "Here, on your child's grave, I promise you. Your people shall be my people, and your God my God." She kept her promise, and never repented it.

From Punch.

MR. CAUDLE, HAVING COME HOME A LITTLE LATE, DECLARES THAT HENCEFORTH "HE WILL HAVE A KEY."

ON my word, Mr. Caudle, I think it a waste of time to come to bed at all now! The cocks will be crowing in a minute. Keeping people up till past twelve. Oh yes! you're thought a man of very fine feelings out of doors, I dare say! It's a pity you haven't a little feeling for those belonging to you at home. A nice hour to keep people out of their beds! *Why did I sit up then?* Because I chose to sit up—but that's my thanks. No, it's no use your talking, Caudle; I never will let the girl sit up for you, and there's an end. What do you say? *Why does she sit up with me then?* That's quite a different matter; you don't suppose I'm going to sit up alone, do you? What do you say? *What's the use of two sitting up?* That's my business. No, Caudle, it's no such thing. I don't sit up because I may have the pleasure of talking about it; and you're an ungrateful, unfeeling creature, to say so. I sit up because I choose it; and if you don't come home all the night long—and 't will soon come to that, I've no doubt—still, I'll never go to bed, so don't think it.

Oh, yes! the time runs away very pleasantly with you men at your clubs—selfish creatures! You can laugh and sing, and tell stories, and never think of the clock; never think there's such a person as a wife belonging to you. It's nothing to you that a poor woman's sitting up and telling the minutes, and seeing all sorts of things in the fire—and sometimes thinking that something dread-

ful has happened to you—more fool she to care a straw about you! This is all nothing. Oh no! when a woman's once married she's a slave—worse than a slave—and must bear it all!

And what you men can find to talk about I can't think! Instead of a man sitting every night at home with his wife, and going to bed at a Christian hour—going to a club, to meet a set of people who don't care a button for him, it's monstrous! What do you say? *You only go once a week?* That's nothing at all to do with it: you might as well go every night; and I dare say you will soon. But if you do you may get in as you can: I won't sit up for you, I can tell you.

My health's being destroyed night after night, and oh don't say it's only once a week; I tell you, that's nothing to do with it; if you had any eyes, you would see how ill I am; but you've no eyes for anybody belonging to you: oh no! your eyes are for people out of doors. It's very well for you to call me a foolish aggravating woman! I should like to see the woman who'd sit up for you as I do. *You didn't want me to sit up!* Yes, yes; that's your thanks—that's your gratitude: I'm to ruin my health and to be abused for it. Nice principles you've got at that club, Mr. Caudle!

But there's one comfort—one great comfort; it can't last long; I'm sinking—I feel it, though I never say anything about it—but I know my own feelings, and I say it can't last long. And then I should like to know who'll sit up for you! Then I should like to know how your second wife—what do you say? *You'll never be troubled with another?* Troubled, indeed! I never troubled you, Caudle. No; it's you who've troubled me; and you know it; though, like a foolish woman, I've borne it all, and never said a word about it. But it can't last—that's one blessing!

Oh, if a woman could only know what she'd have to suffer, before she was married—Don't tell me you want to go to sleep! if you want to go to sleep, you should come home at proper hours! It's time to get up, for what I know, now. Shouldn't wonder if you hear the milk in five minutes—there's the sparrows up already; yes, I say the sparrows; and, Caudle, you ought to blush to hear 'em. *You don't hear 'em?* Ha! you won't hear 'em, you mean: I hear 'em. No, Mr. Caudle, it isn't the wind whistling in the key-hole; I'm not quite foolish, though you may think so. I hope I know wind from a sparrow!

Ha, when I think what a man you were before we were married! But you're now another person—quite an altered creature. But I suppose you're all alike—I dare say, every poor woman's troubled and put upon, though I should hope not so much as I am. Indeed, I should hope not! Going and staying out, and—

What! *You'll have a key?* Will you? Not while I'm alive, Mr. Caudle. I'm not going to bed with the door upon the latch for you or the best man breathing. *You won't have a latch—you'll have a Chubb's lock?* Will you? I'll have no Chubb here, I can tell you. What do you say? *You'll have the lock put on to-morrow!* Well try it; that's all I say, Caudle, try it. I won't let you put me in a passion; but all I say is—try it.

A respectable thing, that, for a married man to carry about with him—a street door key! That tells a tale, I think. A nice thing for the father of a family! A key! What, to let your

self in and out when you please! To come in like a thief, in the middle of the night, instead of knocking at the door like a decent person! Oh, don't tell me that you only want to prevent me sitting up—if I choose to sit up, what's that to you? Some wives, indeed, would make a noise about sitting up, but *you've* no reason to complain—goodness knows!

Well, upon my word, I've lived to hear something. Carry the street-door key about with you! I've heard of such things with good-for-nothing bachelors, with nobody to care what became of 'em; but for a married man to leave his wife and children in a house with the door upon the latch—don't talk to me about Chubb; it's all the same—a great deal you must care for us. Yes, it's very well for you to say, that you only want the key for peace and quietness—what's it to you, if I like to sit up! You've no business to complain; it can't distress you. Now, it's no use your talking; all I say is this, Caudle: if you send a man to put on any lock here, I'll call in a policeman; as I'm your married wife, I will!

No, I think when a man comes to have the street-door key, the sooner he turns bachelor again the better. I'm sure, Caudle, I don't want to be any clog upon you. No, it's no use your telling me to hold my tongue, for I—what! I give you the head-ache, do I? No, I don't, Caudle: it's your club that gives you the head-ache: it's your smoke, and your—well! if ever I knew such a man in all my life! there's no saying a word to you! You go out, and treat yourself like an emperor—and come home at twelve at night, or any hour, for what I know—and then you threaten to have a key, and—and—and—

"I *did* get to sleep at last," says Caudle, "amidst the falling sentences of 'take children into a lodging'—'separate maintenance'—'won't be made a slave of'—and so forth."

WHERE ARE WE?

In 1829, the Roman Catholics of Ireland were admitted to Parliament, and made capable of holding high offices of state. In 1831, the reform bill made the representatives of the Roman Catholic electors a majority of the Irish members of parliament. In 1834, the Protestant Episcopal staff of Ireland was curtailed. In 1844, Roman Catholics were appointed members of the Board for superintending Charitable Bequests in Ireland; government sanctioned and encouraged Irish proprietors to provide permanent endowments by voluntary contributions for the erection of Roman Catholic chapels and the support of Roman Catholic priests; and three prelates of the Irish Roman Catholic Church were nominated commissioners, by their diocesan titles. In 1845, the annual parliamentary grant towards the support of the Roman Catholic clerical seminary of Maynooth is to be increased and made permanent.

This is the work of sixteen years. During that brief space, the Roman Catholics of Ireland have been placed on a footing of political equality with their Protestant fellow-subjects; and, as a matter of course, have been exerting themselves to place their church on a footing of equality with the Protestant Church—or churches. Towards this

end, a most important step has already been taken: the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland has had its existence as a partially-endowed church, with a theological university, and the ecclesiastical rank of its prelates, recognized. Such have been the beginnings of the endowment of the Roman Catholic Church in every country in Europe. The attempt to shut our eyes would be vain—the fact stares us in the face, that there are in Ireland two churches, unequal in point of revenue, but equal in political privilege—both recognized by the state as capable of holding, as deserving to possess, permanent endowments. Moreover, the state has practically asserted a right to pare down the emoluments of the one to some proportion with the number of its members, and to sanction if not directly to contribute to the augmentation of the emoluments of the other, on the same principle.

This change in the position of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland has not been the consequence of underhand intrigues or illegal violence. It has been brought about by the legitimate exercise of political power, through the constitutional organs of government. It has been the inevitable consequence of the advance of the Roman Catholic body in Ireland in wealth and intelligence. The Roman Catholics were received within the pale of the constitution because it was felt that a real power (and such they were) can only work safely by being made part of the system exposed to its pressure. Once admitted within the pale of the constitution, they necessarily exercised their due proportion of influence. It is not to be expected that the majority of the Irish people will be satisfied to see their church treated with less respect than the church of the majority in England or Scotland.

It is well to contemplate the change in progress in its full extent; for sooner or later it will be necessary to do so. The religion of an individual is (or ought to be) the system of opinions he has conscientiously adopted after mature deliberation. But the ecclesiastical arrangements of a state necessarily depend upon the balance of political powers. It is not enough to demonstrate that any abstract form of civil or ecclesiastical government is "wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best;" the political powers which are to give life and motion to its constitutional forms must preëxist. In framing your government, you must take into account the men who are to work it. *One* established privileged church is possible where dissentients from its doctrines and discipline are so few and poor as to possess no political influence; but where the dissentients are, though not equal in power, yet strong enough to defy compulsion, a compromise is inevitable. In this case, there are only two ways open to a government—either to patronize religion in the abstract by providing for the maintenance of all churches, (at least of all whose members possess political power;) or to leave every church to support itself. This is the great practical question that is now edging its way into public notice. When it is grasped in this its broad generality, opinion will array itself under the banners of two great parties; but till then, a succession of alliances for the day or hour, among men of the most discordant opinions, will provoke alternate laughter and disgust.—*Spectator, April 26.*

From Hood's Magazine.

MURDER WILL OUT.

TOWARDS the commencement of the present century, the Count Hector de Larolles, a Languedocian gentleman of ancient family, returned to Toulouse from the south of Italy, where he had been for some time resident, and took up his abode at his hotel in the Rue St. Marc. The count, who two years previously had left France as a widower, reëntered it as the husband of a young and beautiful woman, the daughter of a poor but honorable Neapolitan family. It was probably more her straitened circumstances, and the brilliant position offered her by a union with the count, than any very strong attachment to that nobleman, which had induced Donna Olivia to accept the hand of a man whose age tripled hers; and very shortly after their arrival at Toulouse, it became reported, among the more observant and scandal-loving portion of the society in which they mixed, that the count had already begun to taste the biters of an ill-assorted union. His wife was affirmed to show him marked coldness and repugnance, and there were also some malicious persons who did not scruple to say that Monsieur de Larolles had cause for jealousy in the attentions paid to the countess by an officer of the garrison who was a frequent visitor at his house. This was a Swiss, from the Italian canton of Tesino, who had entered the French army at an early age, and was now a major in the service. His reputation was that of a soldier of fortune, brave as steel, but tolerably unscrupulous; his person was strikingly handsome, his age about thirty years. A friend of the count's, with whom Major Ruoli was intimate, had introduced him at the Hotel Larolles, where he had gradually become a constant visitor. For a long time his attentions to the countess, and the evident willingness with which she received them, escaped the notice of the unsuspecting count, who, at last, however, had his attention directed to them by some more observant friend. A violent scene between Monsieur de Larolles and his wife was the consequence, and although the lady managed to exculpate herself to a certain extent, the result was that orders were given to the domestics not to admit Major Ruoli when he presented himself at the house. Ruoli called there repeatedly, but as, according to the statement of the porter, no one was ever at home, he at last seemed to take the hint as it was meant, and entirely ceased his visits.

This occurred towards the close of summer. About a month afterwards the Count de Larolles suddenly disappeared, and no tidings could be obtained of him. He had left his hotel at dusk one evening, and had never returned. The countess had gone out to call upon a friend, and the count, on leaving the house, had not, as was sometimes his habit, mentioned to his valet de chambre where he was going. No one had observed what direction he had taken, nor had he been anywhere seen. Inquiry and search were alike in vain. The count was not to be found.

Madame de Larolles was apparently in despair at this sudden disappearance of her husband. Messengers were despatched in every direction; friends, to whose houses he might possibly have betaken himself, were written to, pains and expense were lavished in order to discover him. For nearly two months the countess seemed to entertain hopes, and for nearly as long a time was the

public interest kept alive concerning this singular and mysterious disappearance; but then the affair began to be thought less of, the countess seemed disheartened by the fruitlessness of her search, and relaxed its activity, or it should rather be said nothing more remained to be done. The good people of Toulouse found something else to talk about, and before the new year arrived the occurrence seemed entirely forgotten.

The month of February commenced, and with it the Carnival, which passed with its customary gaiety and bustle. Towards its close there were, as usual, various processions and pageants, and at last came the closing day, the Mardi Gras upon which the old mummer Carnival was to play his final gambols before yielding up the field to Dame Carême and her austerities. According to custom, the peregrinations of the judges drew together a mob which was kept continually on the grin by the farcical trials that took place in this peripatetic *lit de justice*, and by the comical verdicts rendered by the wigged and black-robed judges. Laughter, however, although said to fatten, does not keep off the attacks of hunger, and towards the close of the afternoon, the car was turned into a court-yard, and judges, counsellors, and witnesses, repaired to a neighboring hotel to refresh themselves. Of the crowd that had been following, one portion dispersed through the adjacent streets, and another lingered about in groups, waiting the reëappearance of the pageant that had afforded them so much amusement.

This reëappearance took place much sooner than was expected. Less than half an hour had elapsed since the car had entered the stable-yard, when the gates were again thrown open, the vehicle drove out and turned down a neighboring street. There was a considerable change, however, in the manner in which it was occupied. The masked postilions were upon their horses, but no one appeared upon the car itself, which, instead of being occupied by the tribunal, desks, and other apparatus of a court of justice, was now covered over by an ample green cloth, with the exception of one end, where a kind of small canvass tent or pavilion had been erected. The curiosity of the spectators was strongly stimulated by this unusual change, and they eagerly followed the vehicle as it proceeded through various streets and finally entered the spacious Rue St. Marc.

Although only in the middle of March, spring had fully set in at Toulouse; the trees were bursting into leaf, and the air was mild and balmy. As the car passed by, people leaned out of their open windows and gazed at the huge machine that lumbered along and seemed to shake the very ground under its wheels. On arriving near the middle of the Rue St. Marc, the postilions pulled up their horses opposite a house of stately appearance, along the ample façade of which ran long ranges of deep balconies, composed of iron work fancifully designed and richly gilt, and overshadowed by festooned awnings of striped linen. The tall windows of the first floor were open, and from the opposite side of the street a glimpse might be obtained of the interior of a drawing-room, the inmates of which now approached the balcony, seemingly disposed to gratify their curiosity by a view of the car, at the same time that, to avoid the gaze of the throng, they kept themselves in some measure concealed behind the costly exotics that partially filled the balcony.

A minute or two elapsed without any change

taking place in the appearance of the car. The crowd remained in mute expectation. Suddenly, however, by some invisible hand or machinery, the green covering was rolled aside, and a sort of mimic stage appeared, on which was represented a river and its bank. The water, skilfully imitated by painted paper or linen, seemed to flow tranquilly along, while the bank itself was covered with artificial turf and flowers and backed by a low hedge of shrubs and brushwood. This hedge, which was composed of pasteboard, arose suddenly out of the cart, in the manner that such things are frequently managed upon a theatre, and at the same time there appeared a small stone chapel, containing an image of the virgin Mary, and surmounted by a cross. The effect of the whole representation was highly natural; and, to judge from the exclamations audible amongst the surrounding crowd, apparently recalled to their recollection some familiar scene. It was in fact a miniature but exact copy of a secluded and remarkably lovely spot on the banks of the Garonne, and at the distance of a short half-league from Toulouse. This part of the river-side had once been a resort of the towns-people, but a fatal and particularly savage duel, that had been fought there some years previously, and in memory of which the cross and chapel had been placed there, had attached unpleasant associations to it, and caused it, since that time, to be rather avoided than otherwise.

Scarcely had this scene been disclosed, when, from the small tent at one end of the cart, two actors appeared upon it. They were both masked, and one of them wore a blue military cloak and cap, while the other, a woman, was closely muffled in a dark silk cardinal, which nevertheless allowed the outline of a young and graceful figure to be distinguishable. At the slowest possible pace they walked along the bank of the simulated stream, apparently in earnest conversation, the female hanging familiarly on the arm of her companion, on whose face her eyes were riveted. Before they had proceeded half the length of the truly Thespian stage on which they were exhibiting, they were followed out of the tent by a third figure, who approached them with stealthy step. This was a man whose hair was silvered and form slightly bowed by age, and on beholding whom a movement of surprise took place in the crowd, while the name "Count de Larolles!" passed from mouth to mouth. At the same time a half-stifled shriek was heard proceeding from the balcony of the magnificent hotel opposite to which the pageant was enacting.

The old man upon the cart arrived close to the figures of the officer and the lady, without their observing him. He seemed to listen for a moment; then fiercely grasped an arm of each. In the dumb show that ensued, it was evident that a violent discussion was going on between these three persons. The old man seemed much agitated, and was the most violent in his gesticulations. Once he grasped the officer by the collar, but the latter disengaged himself, and he then seemed to turn his anger upon the lady. Then, and as if moved to sudden anger by something the old man said, the officer seized him in his turn. There was a struggle, but the antagonists were too unequally matched for it to be a long one, and in a moment the grey-haired old man was hurled backwards into the river. The fictitious waters opened to receive him. Once only he arose, and

seemed about to gain the bank, but the officer advanced closer to the water's edge, and, as the swimmer approached, drew his sword from under his cloak and dealt him a heavy blow upon the head. The next instant the old man disappeared, and the river flowed on, tranquil as before. The murderer and the lady gazed for an instant at the water, then at each other, and hurried off the stage. The postilions lashed their horses, and the car drove away at a smart pace. This time, however, none of the spectators followed it. The attention of all was rivetted on the house before which this scene had passed, and which was no other than the hotel Larolles.

On the balcony of that mansion a young and lovely woman now showed herself, uttering those thrilling and quick-repeated shrieks that, even in women, are only elicited by the most extreme agony of mind or body. She was attired in mourning garments, but of the most tasteful and coquetish materials and arrangement of which that description of apparel will admit, although her dress was now disordered by the violence with which she had pushed through the plants and thrown herself against the front of the balcony. Her beautiful features were convulsed and deadly pale, and she clutched the railing with both hands, while she struggled violently to extricate herself from the grasp of a very handsome man in a rich uniform, who strove by mingled force and entreaty to get her back in the house. The lady was the Countess de Larolles, the officer was Major Ruoli.

The broken sentences uttered, or rather screamed, by the countess, who was apparently in a paroxysm of insanity, were distinctly audible to the persons in the street. She accused herself as the murderer of her husband, and Ruoli as her accomplice. The latter at last succeeded in dragging her into the room, of which the windows were immediately shut. It was only then that some of the crowd thought of following the movable theatre upon which had been enacted the drama that had been followed by such an extraordinary scene of real life. Car and horses were found a short distance off, standing in a solitary corner behind a fragment of the old city wall; but the car was empty, and there was nobody with it. Even the postilions had disappeared.

That same evening Major Ruoli and the Countess de Larolles were arrested, by order of the authorities, on suspicion of the murder of the count. The countess was in a raging fever, unable to be moved, and for a long time her life was in danger; but on her recovery, she made a full avowal of the crime to which she had been an accessory. The truth of her confession, had there been any reason to doubt it, was confirmed by the discovery of the count's body, which had floated down into a solitary nook of the river, several hundred yards below the spot where he had lost his life, and had remained concealed amongst rushes and alder trees. His features were unrecognizable, but his dress and various other particulars were abundant evidence to prove his identity. His skull was indented by the blow of Ruoli's sabre.

Finally, Ruoli, was sent to the galleys, and the countess sentenced to imprisonment for a term of years. Fever and remorse, however, had played havoc with her constitution, and she died a few months afterwards.

Previously to the trial, which excited immense

interest at the time, and of which we are informed that a curious account is to be found in the French papers of the year 1802 or 1803, every effort was made, but in vain, to discover the deivers and actors of the masquerade which had led to the detection of this crime. It appears that the car had been left in the stable-yard by the postilions while they went to dine, and that, when they returned, it had already disappeared; all that remained of it, being the chairs, table, and other apparatus of the judges, which had been thrown out upon the ground. An ostler had seen several persons busied about the car, but, from their being in masquerading attire, had concluded they were some of the party to whom it belonged. It was suspected, but could not be proved, that this man had been bribed to see as little as possible.

No plausible conjecture could be formed as to the motives of the person who had become acquainted with the commission of the murder for not sooner, and in a more direct and open manner, bringing forward his evidence concerning it. Some supposed that having been a hidden eye-witness of the deed, he apprehended being himself liable to punishment for not having made an effort to prevent it; others supposed that he feared Major Ruoli, who was known to be violent and reckless; and a third conjecture was, that it was some person of indifferent character, who thought his unsupported testimony would not find credence when brought against people of rank and influence. Whatever the motives may have been, and although there were evidently at least five persons connected with the masquerade, the secret was well kept, and to this day the affair remains shrouded in mystery.

From Chambers' Journal.

ADVERTISEMENTS OF "THE TIMES."

In the whole range of periodical literature, there is no greater curiosity than the columns daily devoted to advertisements in the Times newspaper. From those ponderous pages the future historian will be able to glean ample and correct information relative to the social habits, wants, and peculiarities of this empire. How we travel, by land or sea—how we live, and move, and have our being—is fully set forth in the different announcements which appear in a single copy of that journal. The means of gratifying the most boundless desires, or the most fastidious taste, are placed within the knowledge of any one who chooses to consult its crowded columns. Should a man wish to make an excursion to any part of the globe between Cape Horn and the North Pole, to any port in India, to Australia, to Africa, or to China, he can, by the aid of one number of the Times, make his arrangements over his breakfast. In the first column he will find which "A. I. fine, fast-sailing, copper-bottomed" vessel is ready to take him to any of these distant ports. Or, should his travelling aspirations be of a less extended nature, he can inform himself of the names, size, horsepower, times of starting, and fares, of numberless steamers which ply within the limits of British seas. Whether, in short, he wishes to be conveyed five miles—from London to Greenwich—or three thousand—from Liverpool to New York—information equally conclusive is afforded him.

The head of the second, or sometimes the third column, is interesting to a more extensive range of readers—namely, to the curious; for it is gene-

rally devoted to what may be called the romance of advertising. The advertisements which appear in that place are mysterious as melodramas, and puzzling as rebuses. Some of them are worded after the following fashion:—

"TO CHARLES.—Be at the pastry-cook's at the corner of S— street, at two. Jemima is well—Alice."

Out of such an advertisement, a novelist of ordinary tact might construct a whole plot. "Charles" is a lover; the course of whose love has been crossed by some inquisitive papa or guardian; he has been forbidden the house of his adored Jemima. Correspondence by post is also impracticable; so the lovers advertise one another in the Times. Happily, the lady has a *confidante*, to whom is intrusted the advertising department of the affair. The above is an assignation concocted by her ingenuity, and signed with her name.

Perhaps a week after, another announcement in the same column will furnish the novelist with the catastrophe. It runs thus:—

"TO THE YOUNG LADY who was last seen at the pastry-cook's at the corner of S— street. You are implored to return home immediately, and all will be forgiven."

The fact is, Jemima met Charles punctually, and eloped with him from the bun-shop. Her father has relented; and as no further advertisements can be detected from the same parties, it is fair to infer that their little family differences have been made up; that Charles and Jemima are married, and are as happy as they deserve to be. Occasionally, however, we find this interesting column occupied with notices which force upon us more painful inferences. A young man has defrauded his employers, and absconded; and his parents invoke him, by the initials of his name, to disclose the amount of his defalcations. In other instances, a cowardly bankrupt has run away from his creditors, and left his wife to bear the brunt of their importunities. She implores him, through the Times, to return and help her through the difficulty.

Beneath such brief tales of mystery are usually advertised articles which have been lost or stolen. These vary in style, from the coarse and mercenary offer of "One sovereign reward," to the delicate hint that "If the lady who took the ermine cloak away by mistake from the Marchioness of Crampton's rout on Thursday evening will send the same to the owner, her own camlet wrapper will be returned to her." One of the most refined of this class actually appeared in its proper place a few months since. As a *superb* appeal to the susceptible sentiments of a couple of pickpockets, it has no equal in the history of advertising:—

"If the clever artists, male and female, who combined to relieve an elderly gentleman of his letter-case and purse on Friday evening last will return the former, with the papers it contained, they will oblige. The case and papers are of no use to them."

Succeeding the "Lost and Stolen," it is usual to find one or two of those heart-stirring appeals to the benevolent which—despite the efforts of the Mendicity Society—have maintained many an impostor in idleness for years together. Like Puff, in Sheridan's "Critic," these advertisers support themselves upon their (assumed) misfortunes, by means of the proceeds of addresses "to the chari-

table and humane," or "to those whom Providence has blessed with affluence." The account which Puff gives of his fictitious misfortunes so little exaggerates the advertisements which appear occasionally in the Times, that we quote it. "I suppose," he boasts, "never man went through such a series of calamities in the same space of time. I was five times made a bankrupt, and reduced from a state of affluence by a train of unavoidable misfortunes. Then, though a very industrious tradesman, I was twice burnt out, and lost my little all both times. I lived upon those fires a month. I soon after was confined by a most execrating disorder, and lost the use of my limbs. That told very well; for I had the case strongly attested, and went about to collect the subscriptions myself! Afterwards, I was a close prisoner in the Marshalsea for a debt benevolently contracted to serve a friend. I was then reduced to—oh no—then I became a widow with six helpless children. Well, at last, what with bankruptcies, fires, gout, dropsies, imprisonments, and other valuable calamities, having got together a pretty handsome sum, I determined to quit a business which had always gone rather against my conscience." The police reports testify that pathetic advertisements, equally unfounded, find their way into the third column of the Times, despite the utmost vigilance of the clerks. Some, on the other hand, are manifestly from objects worthy both of credit and of relief. Of the latter, we select one which appeared on the 7th of February, 1844, and which bears evident marks of genuineness. Addressing the sympathies of the benevolent by the borrowed aid of a popular fiction was a happy thought:—

TO THE BROTHERS CHERRYBLE, or any who have hearts like theirs. A clergyman, who will gladly communicate his name and address, desires to introduce the case of a gentleman, equal at least to Nickelby in birth, worthy, like him, for refinement of character, even of the best descent; like him, of spotless integrity, and powerfully beloved by friends who cannot help him, but no longer, like Nickleby, sustained by the warm buoyancy of youthful blood. The widowed father of young children, he has spent his all in the struggles of an unsuccessful but honorable business, and has now for eighteen months been vainly seeking some stipendiary employment. To all who have ever known him he can refer for commendation. Being well versed in accounts, though possessed of education, talents, and experience, which would render him invaluable as a private secretary, he would accept with gratitude even a clerk's stool and daily bread. Any communication addressed to the Rev. B. C., post-office, Cambridge, will procure full particulars, ample references, and the introduction of the party, who is now in town, and ignorant of this attempt to serve him."

The succeeding couple of columns in the first page of the Times usually display the multifarious "wants" which an endless variety of desiderators are anxious to get satisfied. Situations by far outnumber the other wants. A governess, a gardener, an editor, a schoolmaster, a tailor, a clerk, or a shopman, who is in want of employment, seeks it through the pages of the Times newspaper. The accomplished, intellectual, honest, moral, in short, "unexceptionable" characters, who thus paint their own portraits, give to the fourth and fifth column of the leading journal the semblance of a catalogue of spotless worthies.

Some, again, try to gain employment by ecen-

tric appeals. Foremost among these we place the annexed little autobiography from a person who advertised himself on the 22d of last February as

"A CHARACTER.—The noblemen and gentlemen of England are respectfully informed that the advertiser is a self-taught man—a 'genius.' He has travelled (chiefly on foot) through the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, France, and Italy. He has conducted a popular periodical, written a work of fiction in three vols., published a system of theology, composed a drama, studied Hamlet, been a political lecturer, a preacher, a village schoolmaster, a pawnbroker, a general shopkeeper; has been acquainted with more than one founder of a sect, and is now (he thanks Providence) in good health, spirits, and character, out of debt, and living in charity with all mankind. During the remainder of his life he thinks he would feel quite at home as secretary, amanuensis, or companion to any nobleman or gentleman who will engage a once erratic but now sedate being, whose chief delight consists in seeing and making those around him cheerful and happy. Address A. Z., at Mr. P——'s, B—— street, Regent's Park."

It would appear that the self-praise thus published sometimes requires a little help; hence, besides, "undoubted ability" and "unexceptionable references," a *douceur* is occasionally offered "to any one who will procure the advertiser a respectable situation." This "sweetener" we have known to vary from five to five thousand pounds, "according to the emoluments." Despite, however, all eccentricities, deception, and other evils, there can be no question that through the advertising columns of the Times many a servant has procured a good situation, and many a master has been indebted for a valuable servant. As a specimen of the appeals, the truth of which it is difficult to doubt, we print the following. The fickleness of fortune is strongly exemplified by the fact of a gentleman of "high rank" seeking the humblest employment:—

"It would be a noble act of humanity if any generous and kind-hearted individual would procure or grant employment to a suffering individual, in whose behalf this appeal is made. He is of high rank, education, and manners, and in every point of view fit to fill any situation. He is without influential friends, and, from complicated frauds and misfortunes, is unable to continue the education of eight lovely children. He seeks nothing for himself, except to be so placed, giving to the hands of his kind benefactor all he receives for his children's present and future support. This will save him from a broken heart. Any situation that will enable him to effect this object will be received with heartfelt gratitude, and filled with honor, assiduity, and fidelity. Most respectable reference, &c. N. B. No pecuniary assistance can be received."

The "want" which usually succeeds that for situations is common at some time or other of his life to every living being. The bottom of the fifth column of the Times generally contains some half-dozen announcements that X. Y. or A. B. wants money. In a modern comedy, one of the characters, with a view to borrowing, tells a rich friend "that he is terribly in want of a thousand pounds." The other, with a comprehensive experience of the world, replies, "I have no doubt of it; for you may take it as a rule that every man wants a thou-

sand pounds."* Of this vast multitude of mankind, there are, it appears, only a few superlatively sanguine individuals who hope to obtain the required cash by advertising. "Ample security" or usurious interest is generally the bait held forth to lenders; but we are able to produce one remarkable instance in which the advertiser expresses a wish for the loan of a bagatelle of four thousand pounds without security, and which he proposes to repay, not with interest, but with gratitude:—

"A MAN OF RANK, holding a distinguished public office, moving in the highest society, and with brilliant prospects, has been suddenly called upon to pay some thousands of pounds, owing to the default of a friend for whom he had become guarantee. As his present means are unequal to meet this demand, and he can offer no adequate security for a loan, the consequence must be ruin to himself and his family, unless some individual of wealth and munificence will step forward to avert this calamity, by applying £4000 to his rescue. For this he frankly avows that he can, in present circumstances, offer no other return than his gratitude. A personal interview, however painful, will be readily granted, in the confidence that the generosity of his benefactor will be the best guarantee for his delicate observance of secrecy. He hopes his distressing condition will protect him from the prying of heartless curiosity; and to prevent the approaches of money-lenders, he begs to repeat that he can give no security. Address to 'Anxious,' General Post-office, London." This "anxious" man of rank made known his trifling want in the *Times* of January, 1844.

The sixth and last column of the first page of the *Times* is invariably devoted to equestrian and vehicular advertisements. Any gentleman who may want a clever hack, a quiet cob, a powerful horse of splendid action, warranted to ride or drive; or any tradesman requiring a team of superior young cart-horses, has only to consult his newspaper.

Over leaf, on the second page of the *Times*, persons in want of "apartments" or lodgings, "with or without board," will find many places to choose from. Announcements of public companies which are of a more general interest come next. Amongst them sometimes appear singular effusions, chiefly consisting of the schemes of enthusiastic patriots and headlong politicians, who invent plans for setting everything to rights in this complicated community, as fast as the horses, announced for sale in a previous column, can gallop. One, which was published about twelve months since, we have carefully preserved. It is by a political regenerator who dates from Cheapside:—

"TO THE MINISTERS OF STATE, NOBILITY, AND COMMUNITY AT LARGE.—A remedy for the distresses of England.—Every considerate person admits the present condition of society to be perfectly anomalous. A remedy has at length been discovered—a remedy which would effectually arrest the progress of pauperism, confer incalculable benefits upon the industrial community, and diffuse joy and gladness throughout the length and breadth of the land, making England (without exaggeration) the envy of surrounding nations, and the admiration of the world. The plan possesses the peculiar merit of being practicable, and easy of application, without in the slightest degree infringing the rights of property as by law established, or in any way disturbing the present relations of society. The

* Bubbles of the Day, by Douglas Jerrold.

advertiser will communicate his discovery either to the ministers of state, nobility, or those who may take an interest in the wellbeing of society, on condition of his receiving (if his plans are approved, and made available for the purposes contemplated) £100,000. 'If the nation be saved, it is not to be saved by the ordinary operations of statesmanship.'—Lord Ashly." The modesty of the advertiser prevents him from adding in words what he evidently wishes the reader to conclude; namely, that the nation is only to be saved by E. S., of No. 142 Cheapside.

The rest of the columns of the *Times* usually occupied by advertisements are filled with announcements of new works, either just out, or in preparation; patent medicines, and sales by auction. One department is benevolently set aside for the insertion of short applications for places from domestic servants. These advertisements are received at a price which little more than covers the duty, and expense of composing.

Lastly come the rhetorical advertisements. These flow from the fervent pens of imaginative auctioneers, "who"—to quote Mr. Puff once more—"crowd their announcements with panegyric superlatives, each rising above the other, like the bidders in their own auction rooms;" inlaying "their phraseology with variegated chips of exotic metaphor." The skill with which their descriptions of houses or of lands magnify excellences and conceal defects without making an entire sacrifice of truth, is on some occasions wonderful. When a mansion is dilapidated, that is described as a lucky circumstance, for, "with a trifling outlay, the fortunate purchaser will be afforded a fine opportunity of exercising his taste in restoration, alteration, and decoration." Sometimes the auctioneer is "happy" to announce that a large portion of the estate now for sale is in a completely uncultivated state, so that the possessor will have a fine field for the introduction of those wonderful improvements in draining and agricultural chemistry which are now at his disposal. We must admit, however, that these wordy announcements are less frequent in the *Times* than in other newspapers, although the above expressions are copied from its pages. The truth is, the graces of rhetoric are not exempted from the high charges of that densely filled journal, but cost as much per line as the veriest cheesemonger's puff. Economy therefore obliges the verbose auctioneer to be sparing of adjectives, and to cut out his most exalted superlatives. It is only when the magnitude of the transaction enables him—*heureusement*—to puff off the property "regardless of expense," that he is able to take a high flight in a long advertisement.

We have now reviewed the various announcements which, taking the average, daily appear in the *Times* newspaper. By an orderly arrangement of the printer, the different kinds we have adverted to appear as nearly as possible in the portions of the vast sheet which we have described, so that a practised reader can tell, within a column or so, where to pitch upon the sort of announcement he may wish to peruse. No one possessed of a spice of philosophy can glance over those broad sheets, without extracting a deep meaning from the mass, and without getting a strong insight into human nature from many of the individual advertisements. Had the *Acta Diurna* of the Romans contained similar announcements, we should have learned more of their private life and habits from one of its numbers, than from all the classical works which have been handed down to us.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

We are in the frequent receipt of letters and hints from persons who are dissatisfied with the distrustful and watchful course which we recommend as to the policy of the British government; and it has been repeated to us as the opinion of some readers, that our remarks are all on one side, having an unfriendly bearing towards England. It may be worth while to answer that opinion by an extract from the New York Evening Post of 27 May:

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—This weekly compend of the best articles of the foreign reviews and magazines, is for sale by Wm. Taylor, No. 2 Astor House. A correspondent requests us to "notice the number for the last week, for the purpose of protesting in behalf of the habitual readers of the work, against the remarks with which certain articles from British journals on the Oregon question are introduced. The person whose deeply responsible task it is to string these articles together in the order in which they are to be printed, has seen fit to censure the President of the United States for the passage in his inaugural address relative to our rights on the Pacific, and distinctly to commend the British Premier for his conduct in the same premises. Now the purchasers and readers of the Living Age have the right to expect that if its publisher must cherish sentiments favorable to the pretensions of the country's enemies, he will at least refrain from giving them expression in this work. The brief article to which we allude would be harmless enough in the corner of a Boston newspaper, but, appearing under the circumstances which it does, it is highly offensive."

We believe it an important part of our duty to show the state of public opinion in Europe, in regard to matters under discussion in this country; and intend to maintain the right to give a commentary of our own. Considering the enslaved state of so many of the party papers, which must praise or blame in concert, it is not too much to hope that even a weak voice, pitched in a different key, may be heard to some useful purpose. As to the charge of entertaining "sentiments favorable to the pretensions of the country's enemies," we would reply, that the principal subject of our remarks was a regret that our own claims should have been damaged by the President's inaugural discourse, in which he would appear to *our friends* in Europe decidedly in the wrong. By these friends we mean, not France alone, and much of Germany, but also and principally, the great body of the *English* nation as distinguished from its government. This powerful body of friends of Peace with all the world, and especially of Peace with the United States, ought not to be disgusted and irritated by an arrogant assumption of exclusive right in a matter which is under amicable discussion between the two nations. This is not the best way to succeed in the matter of controversy, and, as we said before, we do not think the President meant to be so understood *in Europe*. Since our brief notice was written there has been an arrival from Europe which shows that our anticipations were correct, and that as far as we can judge the French public think Great Britain more nearly in the right than we are.

We did not "distinctly commend" Sir Robert Peel for his conduct in reply. We stated that he had "ably, adroitly, and we must acknowledge fairly, made use of the opportunity to animadvert upon the unusual course of the President," and we lamented that he had the opportunity. We have not shown any unwillingness to think or speak well of the "powers that be." So far otherwise, that we made haste to enjoy in anticipation—to realize as it were—all the indications of a sound and energetic administration, which could be gathered in advance. We have even suffered our praise of the President for refusing to see, as such, a party association, to stand; although we found we were entirely in the wrong as to the fact.

In another part of this number will be found a pleasant and judicious article from the Examiner; and in that paper of 17 May is the following review of a French work, the author of which comes, most unaccountably, to a decision in favor of England to the whole:

Exploration du Territoire de l'Oregon, de Californie, et de la Mer Vermeille, exécutée pendant les années 1840, 1841, et 1842. Par M. Dufour de Mofras, Attaché à la Légation de France à Mexico. Two vols. Dulau.

This is an interesting and, in the present circumstances of the political world, not an unimportant work. M. de Mofras' expedition was undertaken, and the volumes narrating it are now published, by order of the French government. It appears that he had previously visited North America; and being attached to the French Embassy at Madrid, was selected by his government, owing we presume to his acquaintance with the Spanish language and the history of Spanish maritime enterprise, for the task of exploring the north-west coast of America. To this end he was attached to the French Legation in Mexico, whence, after due preparation, he proceeded on that survey of the immense regions lying between Mexico and the Columbia, and of the coasts as far as Behring's Straits, the narrative of which is now before us. The author observes that "his work commences where that of M. de Humboldt leaves off, and that his chief title to indulgence will be, that he has attempted to follow the traces and continue the work of that illustrious traveller."

To us, however, the most attractive portion of M. de Mofras' work is the chapter in which he discusses the rival claims of Great Britain and the United States to the Oregon territory. As to prior discovery, he asserts, and we believe with justice, that Spain alone can make out a title to the north-west coast of America on that ground. He argues also that New France, the rights and titles of which now devolve on Canada, was generally considered, in the early half of the last century, as extending to the Western Ocean. We are not sure however that he adduces any evidence on that point to which a jurist could attach much value. On the other hand, he is certainly very elaborate, if not entirely satisfactory and conclusive, in his examination of the treaties affecting the disputed rights, which have been severally executed by Great Britain and the United States with France, Spain, and Russia. And, without depart-

ing from opinions recently expressed in this journal, it seems to us to be at least very interesting evidence as to the merits of the question, when a Frenchman, who openly avows his hatred of England, who is a diplomatist also, well acquainted with and fully qualified to expound the various treaties and conventions severally relied on by the litigant parties, yet goes so far as to declare distinctly, that the Oregon territory rightfully belongs to Great Britain, and that, chicanery apart, the United States have not a shadow of title to it. He concludes his lucid discussion of the arguments on both sides with this emphatic avowal:

"If we must now pronounce an opinion on this important question, we cannot, in spite of our sympathies with the United States and our profound hatred of the ambitious policy of England, help acknowledging that in this instance justice and reason are on the side of the latter, and that England has an absolute and exclusive right to the possession of the disputed territory. This sentence will doubtless draw down upon us much violent criticism; yet it is the expression of sincere conviction, and the result, not so much of our exploration of the Oregon territory, as of the careful study and examination of the treaties, conventions, and documents of every kind which bear upon the question."

We have said that M. de Mofras is, like some others of his countrymen, extremely adverse to the "perfidy and ambition" of England. But in affirming the right of this country to the Oregon territory, he professes to yield to the dictation of an unequivocal and imperative sense of justice. Yet he finds it impossible to keep his eyes fixed long and steadily on so sober and dispassionate an object as abstract justice. He soon loses sight of it; forgets its language; and intimates his expectation that in this dispute, as in the case of the north-east boundary, American firmness will triumph over British pride. Our readers already know that we are indisposed to countenance any such hope, or to regard such a question as this of the Oregon, in the light of a "triumph" for either party.

THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—In the year 1847, the New Houses of Parliament will be completed. Owing to the unsettled state of the iron trade, some delay has occurred in fixing the iron work of the roof, but a considerable portion is in readiness. The House of Lords is roofed in.

THE STATISTICS OF SOAP.—Mr. Hutt, with a laudable desire to ascertain how his county is off for soap, has moved for and obtained a parliamentary return embracing all the statistics of this very interesting subject. It seems that, in England, the quantity of soap manufactured is considerably larger than the quantity made in Scotland. Perhaps the increase in the manufacture in British soap may have arisen from a rumor that several of the old Tories intended to wash their hands of Peel; and as some of those hands have had a finger in matters not particularly nice, it was naturally thought that a great quantity of soap would be required for the operation alluded to.

We understand that Mr. Williams seconded Mr. Hutt's motion, on the ground that we ought to know how we stand for soap, when we may be called upon rather suddenly to lather the Americans.

From the Examiner.

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S ENCOURAGEMENT TO AGITATION.

SIR ROBERT PEEL has now explicitly avowed that the Maynooth grant has been extorted by the repeal agitation. He does not pretend that it is a concession prompted by justice or by kindness. He plainly confesses that it is wrong from the fears. "There is a cloud in the west," says he, "and we must make our peace with Ireland."

Is not this what Mr. O'Connell has been calculating on for the last three years! When urging on the repeal agitation, has he not assured his followers that whenever dangers threatened England, they would obtain all they wanted, that nothing was to be hoped from her justice or kindness, but everything from her fears, upon which they must work to attain their ends! And this view is now verified by Sir Robert Peel, who comes forward as the practical voucher for the truth of Mr. O'Connell's assertions, and confesses to the motives that have been averred to be the only ones for English concessions.

Upon the announcement of the Maynooth grant Mr. O'Connell remarked that it had preceded only by a day the defiance of America, and he drew the inference according with his standing argument, that the concession was made to prepare against foreign dangers.

Sir Robert Peel corroborates Mr. O'Connell's view, and connects his message of peace to Ireland with the declaration of the following night. Here is the passage—

"You must in some way or other break up that formidable (repeal) confederacy which exists against the British government and British connection. I do not believe you can break it up by force. I believe you can do much consistently with the principles which we avow with respect to the maintenance of the union and the maintenance of the Protestant church. You can do much to break it up by acting in a spirit of kindness, and forbearance, and generosity. I believe it is essential that you should break it up, in order that you may carry on the work of good government in Ireland, and in order that you may strengthen the connexion between the two countries, and the power and energy of this united kingdom. Sir, when I proposed this measure, I think it was on Thursday, the 3d of April—I proposed it, having given notice of it in the course of the last session of parliament, and without any the slightest reference to events which have since transpired; but on the day after I introduced the measure to the consideration of the house, our attention was called to a matter of great importance, and the noble lord (Lord J. Russell) felt it his duty partially to raise the veil which conceals the distant future. *There rises in the far western horizon a cloud, small indeed, but threatening future storms.* It became, my duty, on the part of the government, on that day, in temperate but significant language, to depart so far from the caution which is usually observed by a minister, as to declare publicly, that, while we were most anxious for the amicable adjustment of the differences—while we would leave nothing undone to effect that amicable adjustment, yet, if our rights were invaded, we were prepared and determined to maintain them. *I own to you, that when I was called upon to make that declaration, I did recollect with satisfaction and conso-*

lation that the day before I had sent a message of peace to Ireland."

Sir Robert Peel has thrown his cards on the table, he has shown his hand, and Mr. O'Connell is the greatest bungler that ever breathed if he does not now win the game.

If there had been no cloud in the west there would have been no anxiety to conciliate Ireland, and priests at Maynooth might have lived like pigs in a sty, without touching the shame or the compassion of Sir Robert Peel; but when a shadow of the danger of war appeared, the premier's fears dictated what his justice or good will never would have prompted. The argument then is, "We must be united, not because it is just and right to yield what may produce the blessings of union, but because foreign nations take advantage of the weakness attending our dissensions."

It is undoubtedly wise and politic to put an end to distractions inviting the encroachments and aggressions of foreign powers, but it is shameful that this should be avowed as the only motive for pacification, there being the incomparably superior one of the rights of our fellow-subjects, so long insolently slighted.

But it is only to support our claims to a wilderness on the Pacific that the premier consents to purchase the peace of Ireland.

Two bad lessons are to be derived from this concession; foreign powers learn that they have an interest in the dissensions of Ireland, which confessedly so enfeeble England that a distant shadow of danger makes her minister fain to have recourse even to the extreme and repugnant expedient of fair government; and, on the other hand, the repealers learn that they can obtain all they desire by taking advantage of foreign embarrassments.

Sir Robert Peel has in fact surrendered at discretion to Mr. O'Connell. On the grounds on which he has made the Maynooth grant there is nothing that he can refuse. He must grant whatever may be the imposed terms of union, not with any view to the fairness and fitness of the demands in themselves, but to the external perils attending the state of protracted discord. This may not be his meaning, but it will be the construction put on his speech, and the repeal agitation will proceed upon it in its exactions. The agitators have been taught to look for the success of their country's claims, not to their intrinsic justice or general expediency, but to the difficulties which may weigh upon England at the time, and if these do not happen to be present, they have only to wait for them and to persevere meanwhile in their confederacy. Clouds in the political horizon can never be very long wanting, and with the management which has been so plainly suggested they will bring their golden showers to Ireland, and having begun with Maynooth, they will one day rain mitres on the Catholic hierarchy.

Everything in concession, both reasonable and wild, may be expected from the motives proclaimed in Sir Robert Peel's speech of the 19th, which gives a complete victory to the repealers. Indeed, after this signal encouragement, we cannot see how any government can control or cope with the agitation.

We used to contend that a liberal ministry, by removing the just causes of discontent, would pale the fires of the agitation, but after the encouragement which Sir Robert Peel has given by his declaration, turning concession on the fears and

teaching the people to look to the difficulties of the yielders, not to the principles of equity and good government, which ought to be their guides, we must despair of pacification by moderate means—for moderate means can avail little when the most immoderate hopes and expectations have been encouraged. The question with the Irish leaders now is, not what they may fairly claim, but what may be wrung from England under the passing clouds that must occasionally threaten her peace.

Ireland was the peculiar difficulty of Sir Robert Peel's ministry, but he has contrived to make it as much the difficulty of any other administration; and after the signal encouragement he has given to agitation, if he should find himself unequal to the government, he will retire with the comfort of knowing that he has rendered the task as much beyond the strength of any other ministry, tory or liberal.

It was the general impression that the premier's speech of the 19th was the speech of a condemned man, a last dying speech without a confession. The parts were distributed, Sir James Graham doing the penitence, and Sir Robert the prostration suited to the last moments. Never was there a more abject performance.

There was, indeed, a wretched attempt at bravado in his safe challenge, "Punish us, but spare our measure," the only way of punishing him, as he well knows, being through the measure. As well might the convict on the drop say, "Punish me, but spare the precious rope; have mercy on the rope, don't subject it to the strain of my worthless body."

And yet the *Morning Chronicle*, in its newborn admiration of the premier, did not scruple to characterize the speech referred to as "a very able exposition," "enforced by arguments which must produce a deep impression;" and vouched for its "admirable tone!"

"Thank Heaven, we have a house of lords," the conservatives used to cry. Thank Heaven, we have a Macaulay to vindicate political morality, and boldly to say, "Thus didst thou" to the trickster, not accepting his present truckling as expiation of his former course of faction; the one being little less unprincipled and mischievous than the other. What a noble rebuke is this—

"What, let me ask you, is to be the end of a system of policy which yields nothing to reason and humanity, and which grants everything to agitation and threats? (Hear, hear.) Where will you, the government, stop short, if you are found thus constantly paltering with agitation. I defy you to say that the late government ever brought forward any measures with respect to Ireland which were not strictly conformable to their principles. You may, therefore, trust to our assertions when we tell you the point at which we will stop short in this career of concession. We promoted and supported you in carrying Catholic emancipation; we carried the reform of the municipal corporations, weakened as that measure was by your own opposition; we are now prepared to follow the same course with respect to Maynooth, even though we should sacrifice the confidence of our constituents by so doing. We think, and we now state publicly, that a repeal of the legislative union would be fatal to this great country, and we never will consent to it. Never, though we should be exposed to dangers as great as those

which impended when France, Spain, and Holland joined our American colonies in their war against us, while we were threatened at the same time by the armed neutrality of the Baltic powers—never, though another Bonaparte should pitch his camp at Boulogne—never, until all has been staked and lost, (loud cheers)—never, until the whole world has been convulsed by the last struggle of the great English people for their place among the nations. (Renewed cheers.) That is what we are prepared to follow: what we grant we will grant fairly, and what we resolve to withhold we will refuse with firmness. Then we should anticipate that our concessions would, as they have, be received with gratitude, as a proof of the equity of our conduct, and of the coincidence between our professions and our principles. But as it is, what the Irish people are refused by the present government excites their hatred, whilst every concession made in the spirit with which it is proffered by the right hon. baronet is received with contempt. Many months will not, I foresee, elapse, before the same machinery which has extorted this concession in favor of Maynooth will be again called into action; and it requires no very great exercise of foresight to predict that if the present government should be in power five years hence, the right hon. gentleman, the first lord of the treasury, will come down to this house and propose the final settlement of the Irish church, and entreat us to abandon our opposition on those terms. My belief is, that the right hon. baronet will be prepared to bring down a bill framed in the spirit of the proposition of my hon. friend the member for Sheffield; that bill will meet with the opposition of many of the right hon. baronet's habitual supporters; he will be dragged through by the assistance which he will derive from this side of the house, and though there may be some more earnest and more scrupulous man holding office under him, who would rather consent to sacrifice office than vote against his honest conviction, (loud cheers,) still I think I may very safely predict that there will be no difficulty whatever in finding a successor. (Loud cheers and laughter.) And should the right hon. baronet be taunted with a want of consistency and honor, he will reply by alleging the pressing circumstances that will compel us to assent to his measure, and will implore us in moving terms to assent to it, whilst a chancellor of the exchequer will be found prepared to quote my speech, and to prove that the reproach of inconsistency did not become my mouth. I think it right to speak in terms of strong reprehension with respect to a system of giving in a moment of danger that which was refused during a time of peace. I was always in favor of making fair and equitable concessions to the demands—the righteous demands, of the Irish people; and if to-morrow I were to hear that the Association for the Repeal of the Union was dissolved, and the concurrent mail brought intelligence of the complete reestablishment of our peaceful relations with America, I should neither be for giving less nor for granting more than I should be if Ireland were on the eve of a revolution—if a war was raging along the whole frontier of Canada—or if there were thirty sail of the enemy's line stationed in St. George's Channel. I shall vote with my honorable friend, for his proposition ought to have been granted long ago. I recommend to the right hon. baronet not to refuse it, although I fear if it is refused now it will

be granted—it will surely be granted hereafter, and when it is to be apprehended it will be too late—when, as your other concessions have done, instead of soothing, it will promote agitation—when, as all your other concessions have done, it will be manifest to all the world that it is not an act of justice or of humanity, but an avowal of weakness; and when it may be doubted whether the Irish nation will have been more injured by your long refusal or by your constrained concession of it.”

Upon this Lord John Russell (between whose reception of the ministerial measure and that of his colleague invidious comparison had been drawn) impressively remarked—

“I will not enter upon that party question upon which my right hon. friend the member for Edinburgh spoke the other night; but, if I do not do that, it is not from any disagreement at the sentiments expressed by him. To all that he said that night and this I agree. Whether or not there will be any future discussion upon that subject I know not, but if there should be I shall think it my duty to contrast the conduct of hon. gentlemen opposite from 1836 to 1841, and their conduct from 1841 to 1843, with that which they are at present pursuing; and I do come to this conclusion, that either there was the greatest blindness, the greatest want of foresight from 1835 to 1843, and in that case I can have no opinion of their wisdom, and must suppose that the ministers are the most wanting in capacity of any that have ruled this country for a long time; or, if I refuse that conclusion, and say they are men of great ability and capacity, I must deny that they acted with any sincerity during the whole course of their opposition. (Hear.)”

Sir Robert Peel now pretends that the Oregon dispute had nothing to do with the Maynooth concession, though he had taken such pains to connect the one with the other in his speech of the 19th. “But remember,” says he, “that I gave notice of this measure last August.” True, but did not this very bone of contention then lie in prospect before him; and besides that, was there not at that time the much greater danger of a rupture with France? He may shuffle and equivocate now to the best of his powers of quibbling, but the truth has escaped him (and, seldom as it does escape him, the public must make the most of it when they get it,) that his concessions are made not to justice, but wrung from his fears.

The *Chronicle* observes, that the virtue of the Maynooth grant has been marred by the display of bigotry against it in England, which has exasperated national prejudices, before too strong. Undeniably the exhibition is a very offensive one, but it is not the intolerance of England which has made Mr. O’Connell turn back to the Repeal agitation with renewed spirit and confidence, and which has caused him to forbid the queen’s visit under certain pains and penalties—the speeches of Mr. Macaulay and Sir James Graham are the avowed causes for his renewal of the war. The truth is, that the grant was but a nine day’s wonder, a surprise, and an agreeable one for the moment; but the novelty gone, the thing is valued at its worth, and what is granted is compared with what is withheld, and discontent resumes its natural and, we will add, its just sway. Most unwarrantably, however, were the repealers strengthened and emboldened by Sir

Robert Peel’s speech of the 19th, offering all up to agitation, coöperating with external difficulties, asserting no motive of justice for what might be conceded, and reserving no principle against any surrender, however wild and ruinous.

With this management the Maynooth grant has not been as oil on the troubled waters, but as oil on the flame, and the fires of the agitation, before smouldering, burn with redoubled fierceness.

For the peace of Ireland the thing is now not merely futile, the motives avowed for it are stimulants to mischiefs incalculable. In Ireland they embolden and invigorate the repeal agitation, while in Great Britain the grant rouses and exasperates intolerance. The two worst spirits in the two divisions of the kingdom are inflamed by this unlucky measure, the most ill-managed if not the most ill-advised.

Yet it must not be rejected. The mischief has been already done in Sir Robert Peel’s speech in support of it, and that cannot be recalled, and throwing out the bill would only infuriate Ireland; for though its value is now not great in her sight, for a straw so refused the quarrel of national pride and religion combined would be one of the most rancorous nature. Carried, it will bring no peace to Ireland, and leave a festering place in this country, which will trouble it for many years to come. How many of our best men are embroiled with their constituencies, and have their seats endangered by their votes on this question, and by what an order of minds are they likely to be superseded. That Maynooth may have more gentlemanly students, England and Scotland will have inferior, narrow-minded representatives, and the repeal agitation the most brilliant encouragement.

Of all the modes of conciliating Ireland Sir Robert Peel has taken the worst, the most transitory in its appeasing effects, with the greatest amount of exasperation on this side of St. George’s Channel. The repeal cause is the only one that profits by it, and owes it lasting gratitude. As a tribute to it, the surrender, as explained by the minister, is of incalculable value.

From the Examiner.

THE JESUITS IN SWITZERLAND.

SCHLOSSER, the able historian of the eighteenth century, classes throughout his work Protestant and Catholic Jesuits together, and will not allow that order, which he seems to think founded in nature, to be confined to one creed. All ecclesiastics, struggling for domination, under the pretence of being exclusively pious, and seeking to monopolize the conscience of the old, the education of the young, the confidence of statesmen, and the influence of aristocracy, he sets down as Jesuits; all such acting instinctively in the spirit of a corporation, even when the fraternity has not been formally instituted as one. The Heidelberg historian plainly says, that Germany has suffered as much from the insidious intolerance of the Lutheran Jesuits as from the greediness of the Catholic order; and it is evident that if the worthy professor had to write the religious history of Ireland, he would set down the General of the Jesuits and the Grand Master of the Orangemen precisely in the same category.

We give this German view of the Jesuits as a preface to some remarks on the civil war which

has broken out and abruptly terminated in Switzerland. A most ignorant, retrograde, despotic, and unconstitutional party got possession of power in the canton of Lucerne, suspended every liberty, gagged the press, thrust every independent man into prison, and frightened away the rest. In short, they acted at Lucerne almost the same part that Narvaez acted at Madrid; and moreover, they handed over the university to half a dozen Jesuits. The Liberal exiles of Lucerne were, like those of Spain, anxious to return to their country, and to regain their positions. They could only do that by the same means which had expelled them, viz., violence; and for the purpose they appealed to the sympathies of the Liberals in other cantons. In doing this they did not, of course, refrain from pointing out one of the most odious acts of their foes, viz., the installation of the Jesuits. This procured to them many adherents. But it is wrong to suppose that it was merely a religious quarrel, or that it was a Protestant onslaught upon Catholics. It was a liberal movement against a despotic and retrograde one; and English writers should have no reason for rejoicing in the triumph of the latter. Many of the leaders slain or captured in the attack were Catholics, liberal Catholics, but politically opposed to the Jesuits as much as any Protestant.

In illustration of the theory of Schlosser, we may observe, that an ultra-Protestant party reigned at Zurich, a neighboring canton, being at the moment the *Vorort* or Executive Government of the Confederation. It was for this government to have called forth the federal troops, intervened, and prevented bloodshed. Had it occupied Lucerne, or been posted near it, the mutually exasperated parties of the town of Lucerne could not have marched to mutual slaughter. But Protestant Zurich, dreading the Liberals; or the Radicals, as much as Catholic Lucerne, took no precaution, and allowed the rash young men to march to destruction. The outcry against the Zurich Ultras has been so great in consequence, that the executive has been obliged to resign, and the government of the federation has thus passed into more liberal and humane hands, which are now making exertions, directly by themselves, and indirectly through the diet, to stay the hand of the Lucerne executioners, who menace to follow up their triumph in the field by shedding blood upon the scaffold.

It is not only in Switzerland that the name and society of the Jesuits occupy the front of the stage. The novel of Eugene Sue, written against them, had excited to them much attention and against them much obloquy. It has had a very singular result in directing the attention of a band of robbers to the hidden wealth of the Order. The consequence has been, that the chief establishment of the Jesuits in Paris has been broken into, and sums and bonds, and papers of very great value, were carried off. The robbers have been indicted and brought to condign punishment, but the trial has revealed to the curious eyes of the Parisians that much of Eugene Sue's fable is actual fact; for the wealth of the reverend fathers has been incontestably proved, and not only the wealth, but the active means employed for augmenting this wealth, not merely by the aims of the faithful, but by the more worldly mode of speculations in railroads, stocks, and commercial enterprises. There are few places of influence in which the Jesuits may not have been formerly found, but this is the first time the reverend gentlemen had been surprised upon 'Change.

From the *Examiner*.

The Bokhara Victims. By CAPTAIN GROVER, Unatt. F. R. S. Chapman and Hall.

CAPTAIN GROVER, in dedicating this volume to the queen, says he hopes it will turn her attention to the cruel sufferings and alleged murder of two British officers, sent on an important diplomatic mission on her service, and abandoned by her government. He adds that Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly are not the only officers who have been sent to Central Asia, and left without further interference to their fate.

We fear that little doubt remains of the deaths of those gallant and enterprising men. But Captain Grover is unconvinced; and the reader will find his doubts and reasons worth looking at. We spoke highly of his former publication, and the present volume is much more deserving of praise. It is really extremely interesting. It presents a number of facts connected with the mission of Stoddart, his first imprisonment and subsequent desertion, which have not been known till now, and could not have been told more vividly. It contains lively illustrations of Eastern usage, which government functionaries in communication with the East would find themselves the better for knowing. It recounts clearly and unaffectedly his own exertions and sacrifices, and his recent journey to Russia. And it exposes, with straightforward simplicity, the trickeries and dishonesties of the foreign office.

Certainly the conduct of that office, through the whole of this Stoddart and Conolly business, is the sublime of shabbiness. It is the system, we suppose. It is to be hoped that Lord Aberdeen is as heartily ashamed of it as any man, in his unofficial character. Here is a mission sent out, chiefly at Captain Grover's expense, after men in the service of government. Government says it must cost it nothing. Government goes further and says, it must have a guarantee that any expenses the missionary finds needful for his safety, and which the diplomatic service may be bound to defray on the spot, shall be repaid to it. Captain Grover gives the guarantee; what had been anticipated takes place; and he is called at a month's notice to pay 400*l*. It is obvious, says Lord Aberdeen, that "her Majesty's government cannot consistently or properly charge the public with this sum." Captain Grover pays it. He then writes two letters to the foreign office, which give Lord Aberdeen so much uneasiness, that he sends for the captain and tells him the money (it was lately so inconsistent and improper for the public to pay) shall be paid back (out of the purse of the public) if he will withdraw those letters. We are sure we do not overrate Lord Aberdeen's sense of honor, when we suppose him ashamed of a system made up of such meanness and trickery.

Captain Grover brings forward the case of Lieutenant Wyburd as a pendant to those of Stoddart and Conolly. It is a curious case, and leaves little doubt of a precisely similar sacrifice. The captain, with good effect, contrasts this abandonment of men engaged in diplomatic service, with the conduct of the French government in the instance of *La Perouse*.

We quote Doctor Wolff's interview with the Bokhara Shakhawl (Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs) on which Captain Grover founds his doubt of the fate of Stoddart and Conolly. It is from the doctor's unpublished journals.

"SHAKHAWL. 'What is your name and request?'

"MYSELF. 'Joseph Wolff is my name, a moolah and dervish from England, who was in the city of Bokhara twelve years ago' (Moollah Hajee recollected this, and said so,) 'when I was well treated by his majesty, and a passport was given to me previous to my departure, which stated that the high order had been issued that Joseph Wolff be allowed to return to his country, and that on the road no one should lay any hindrance in his way. After me, Sir Alexander Burnes arrived, was well treated, and allowed to proceed on his way to England; and the hospitable conduct of his majesty towards myself and Sir Alexander Burnes induced others to visit Bokhara. Both the officers, highly beloved and honored by the British government, my friends, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, came here. Captain Conolly was my murreed, (spiritual disciple,) when suddenly it was reported from the land of Russia, the land of Khiva, &c., that both these officers, brave in war, and possessing religion, had been killed by order of the King of Bokhara; and this news made not only a great sensation throughout England and Hindostan; but also in America; and Mahomed Ali of Egypt heard of it; and thousands in England exclaimed, "War with Bokhara!"' (Here I was interrupted by the Shakhawl, who asked me, 'How far is England from Bokhara?' I replied that England was only three months from Bokhara; but that we had troops at Shikarpore, near Candahar, which is only thirty days distant.) I then continued saying, 'I, Joseph Wolff, seeing this great commotion throughout the world about the reported death of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, I printed in the newspapers: "Oh, my English friends, I cannot believe the report of the death of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, for at Bokhara they revere guests very much. I will, therefore, go and ascertain the truth!" My friends said, "Don't go, for they will kill you also." I replied, "Go I will, for Captain Conolly was my great friend." On seeing my determination, my friends induced the government of England to order their ambassadors at Constantinople and Teheran to procure me letters to his majesty the King of Bokhara, from the sultan, and from Mahomed Shah. On my arrival at Constantinople the sultan gave me the required letters, also the Sheik ul Islam of Stamboul, and Mahomed Shah, not only gave me letters for the King of Bokhara, but also for the Asoof-ood-Dowlah, ordering him to give me every assistance and aid, in order that I might obtain a good reception at Bokhara.'

"SHAKHAWL. 'What is, therefore, now your object?'

"MYSELF. 'My object is to ask, *Where are my friends, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly? Are they alive or dead?* If alive, I beg his majesty to send them with me back to England; if dead, I beg his majesty to state the cause.'

"SHAKHAWL. 'Has the British government itself authorized you to come here?'

"MYSELF. 'No, I am sent by the sultan and Mahomed Shah on account of their friendship with England.'

"SHAKHAWL. 'Are you authorized to claim them if alive?'

"MYSELF. 'Yes, by all the powers of Europe, and the voice of the British nation.'

"SHAKHAWL. 'Is there much commotion about it in England?'

"MYSELF. 'Very much.'

"We were then dismissed."

Captain Grover thinks that if the officers had been put to death, the secretary of state would not have asked Dr. Wolff if he were authorized to claim our envoys if alive. But has he reason to place much reliance, either way, upon secretaries of state for foreign affairs? Nevertheless, upon this, upon other accounts he has received from Doctor Wolff, and on conversation he heard at St. Petersburg, Captain Grover thinks it more than probable that Stoddart and Conolly are still alive at Samarcand.

From the Examiner.

THE OREGON QUESTION.

WE do not recollect a speech which has given us more pleasure than that by Lord Aberdeen, of the 4th of April, on the Oregon question. It shows that our foreign relations are confided to a man who has the wisdom to detect and the courage to despise the vanity and want of real pride, which at present, much more than ambition or rapacity, lead nations to become instruments of mutual destruction. We congratulate the country that our minister prefers justice, moderation, and common sense to obstinacy or magniloquence, and "keeping up a high tone." Six months more of the "high tone" might have occasioned events which would have thrown back the civilization of Europe for a century. At the same time we do not agree with him, if it be, which probably it is not, his meaning, that the maintenance of national honor is the only legitimate ground of war. Cases may be supposed of a benefit to be obtained, or an evil to be averted, so great as to be worth the certain calamities and even the risks of war, though peace might have been honorably preserved. This, however, is not one of them. The Oregon territory is really valueless to England and to America. The only use of it to England is as a hunting-ground, which enables the Hudson's Bay Company to keep up its monopoly against the English people: a monopoly which occasions many species of furs to be twice and sometimes three times as dear in London as in Leipsic. The only use of it to America would be to make it an addition to territories already far too large for good government or even for civilization. The emigrants to Oregon must pass through thousands of miles of unoccupied land, with a soil and a climate far better than they will find on the shores of the Pacific. And when they get there, what will be the social state of a few thousand families, scattered through a territory more than six times as large as England, and three thousand miles from the seat of government? They will mix with the Indians, and sink into a degraded race of half-caste barbarians. If she could obtain sovereignty over the whole of the lands west of the Rocky Mountains to-morrow, every wise American statesman must wish that the next day they should sink into the sea.

The only real point in dispute, therefore, is a point of honor; the only real question is, what is the *maximum* which either party can concede, or, which is the same, the *minimum* which either party can honorably accept.

The Oregon territory extends in length from latitude 42; the Mexican boundary to 54.40; the Russian, being a distance of about 760 miles, and in breadth from the sea to the Rocky Mountains an average distance of 500 miles. So that its

whole contents are about 360,000 square miles, being more than three times as large as Great Britain and Ireland put together. From the Rocky Mountains eastward, for more than 1,000 miles, the 49th parallel of latitude divides the English possessions from those of the United States. So that the Oregon district above 49 is contiguous to the English territory, and below 49 to the American. The climate is warmer than that of the eastern coast, but colder than that of corresponding European latitudes, the lower portion resembling that of England, the higher that of Scotland. South of the Straits of St. Juan de Fuca, in lat. 48, there are no tolerable harbors; the only places of shelter are Port Bulfinch and the Columbia, but both are bar harbors, at all times dangerous, and for the greater part of the year inaccessible. Above that strait, and communicating with it, the harbors are numerous and excellent, in consequence of the many large islands projected before the coast. The soil is generally mountainous, rocky, and uncultivable, though there are some fertile alluvial bottoms. Of that portion which is south of the Straits of Fuca, not more than one eighth or one tenth is supposed to be reclaimable; and to the north of them the cultivable proportion is still less.

The very doubtful advantage of governing this barren region is claimed on four distinct grounds. 1. Discovery. 2. Contiguity. 3. Cession. 4. Settlement. We will take them as far as we can separately. First, as to Discovery. It may have been seen by Drake in 1580. One narrative of his voyage says that he reached lat. 48, the other that he did not ascend beyond 43. But as no use was attempted to be made of this supposed discovery, it has been very properly abandoned as a source of title. In 1592, Iuan de Fuca, a Greek in the Spanish service, is supposed to have discovered the strait which is called after him. In 1774, Iuan Perez was dispatched on a voyage of discovery by the Spanish government. He reached the 54th latitude, and is supposed to have first seen Queen Charlotte's Island and Nootka Sound, in lat. 49.45. In the next year Herceeta, also sent by the Spanish government, sailed along the whole coast, reached Vancouver's Island, and saw the mouth of the Columbia, which he named the River St. Roque. In 1778 Captain Cooke explored the coast between lat. 79 and Nootka Sound. In 1788 and the three following years, Captain Gray, in the American ship the *Columbia*, passed and repassed along the whole coast up to Nootka Sound, and first entered and named Bulfinch Harbor and the Columbia River. In 1792 and the three following years, Vancouver, under the orders of the British government, surveyed the coast, and one of his officers rowed up the Columbia about one hundred miles, that is, nearly to the point at which its rapids render it unnavigable. This completes the history of the maritime discoveries.

The progress of discovery overland was much slower. In 1805 Lewis and Clarke, sent by the American government, first crossed the Rocky Mountains towards the south, embarked on one of the tributaries of the Columbia, were carried down by the stream, and on the 15th November, 1805, reached its mouth. In the same year, or in the following year, some servants of the Hudson's Bay Company first crossed the Rocky Mountains towards the north, and discovered one of the northern branches of the Columbia.

On the whole, the title to the coast by *discovery*

seems to belong to Spain. Her government vessels were certainly the first who surveyed it, perhaps the first who saw it. The first who navigated the Columbia were Americans, Gray ascending it and Lewis and Clarke descending. We attach, however, little importance to the American discoveries. The title, such as it may be, which a nation acquires by the discovery of a line of coast, is not interfered with by a subsequent and more accurate survey by another nation of the rivers which intersect it.

We now come to the titles by *contiguity* and *cession*. Originally the title by *contiguity* belonged solely to France and to Spain; France having a claim to extend westward from Canada and Louisiana, and Spain to advance northward from California. In 1763 France ceded Canada to England, and thus transferred to us her claim to advance westwards towards the Pacific. In 1763 she ceded Louisiana to Spain, which gave to Spain a double claim by *contiguity* as far as the northwestern point of Louisiana. In 1781 the Russians began to occupy the north-west coast between lat. 56 and the arctic circle, and a third title by *contiguity* arose, Russia claiming a right to advance towards the south. In 1788 the first act of sovereignty was performed: it was performed by Spain and nearly produced a war. Some English or Portuguese merchants chartered two vessels, sailing under the Portuguese flag, but virtually commanded by an Englishman named Meares. He proceeded to Nootka Sound, erected a house there, and made a sort of yard, where he built a small vessel. The Viceroy of Mexico dispatched an armed force, which seized Meares' ships and broke up his establishment. Spain then demanded the punishment of Meares for intruding on Spanish territory. England denied the territory to be Spanish, and on her own part required reparation. Both nations armed, but a war was prevented by the Treaty of the 28th October, 1790, called the Nootka Sound Convention. By article 1 of that treaty the buildings and tracts of land on the north-west coast of America, of which British subjects had been dispossessed, were to be restored.

Article 3 stipulates that the respective subjects of England and Spain shall not be disturbed in landing on the coasts of the Pacific, in places not already occupied, for the purpose of commerce or of making settlements there.

By article 4 British subjects are not to navigate or fish within ten sea leagues from any part of the coast already occupied by Spain.

By article 5, in all places to the north of the coast already occupied by Spain, wherever the subjects of either nation shall hereafter make settlements, the subjects of the other shall have free access.

The northernmost point then occupied by Spain was Port San Francisco, in lat. 38. Next year, Capt. Vancouver was sent by the English government with instructions to receive the surrender of Nootka Sound and to explore the north-west coast. On his way out Vancouver committed one of the most remarkable pieces of maritime diplomacy on record. He took exclusive possession, in the name of the King of England, of the whole territory from lat. 39.20 to the Straits of St. Juan de Fuca, in 48. That is to say, the treaty having stipulated that the whole coast north of the Spanish possessions should be open to the settlement of the subjects of both nations, he quietly seized, in the name of the King of England, more than

two thirds of the habitable part of it. It does not appear that any attempt was ever made to act on this absurd assumption of sovereignty. A large portion of the territory comprehended by it, that between 39.30 and 42, is now under the undisturbed sovereignty of Mexico. In 1800 Spain restored Louisiana to France, and in 1803 France ceded it to the United States. This gave, for the first time, to the United States a claim by contiguity to the portion of the Oregon territory which lies to the west of Louisiana, subject, however, to the Spanish claim to advance north in respect to California, and to the Russian claim to proceed south, and also subject to the provisions of the Nootka Sound Convention.

In 1805 or 1806 the Rocky Mountains were, as we have already stated, first crossed by the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company on the north, and by Lewis and Clarke on the south.

The Hudson's Bay Company soon afterwards established some hunting posts on the west of those mountains. The Americans made little use of this new field until 1811, when Astor founded the small settlement to which he gave the name of Astoria, near the mouth of the Columbia. During the war of 1813 Astoria was taken by England. In pursuance of the first article of the treaty of 1814, it was restored to persons sent by the American government to receive it. The English flag was struck, and the American flag hoisted.

It now became necessary to make some arrangement between America and England. As neither party had any exclusive claim against Russia or Spain, perhaps the best plan was that which was adopted, namely, to copy the Nootka Sound Convention, and agree, "that any country which may be claimed by either party, westward of the Rocky Mountains, shall for ten years be open to the citizens and subjects of both powers; this agreement not to prejudice the claim of either party, or of any other state." This was the Convention of 1818. In 1819, by the Florida treaty, the 42nd parallel was admitted by the United States to be the Spanish frontier, and *Spain ceded to the United States all her rights, claims, and pretensions to any territories north of that line.* From that time the United States had three titles. First, Their own by contiguity; secondly, that of Spain by contiguity; and thirdly, that of Spain by discovery; the two Spanish titles being, however, subject to the Nootka Sound Convention. In 1824 Russia put in her claim. By an imperial ukase she declared the whole north-west of America, above the 51st parallel, to be part of the Russian territory. Against this England and the United States protested, and, after a fruitless attempt at joint negotiation, each treated separately with Russia. By the American treaty of the 17th of April, 1824, it was stipulated that the United States should form no settlements north of 54.40, and Russia none south of that line. By the English treaty of the 28th of February, 1825, a line beginning in 54.40, and then running in a north-western and northern direction, was declared to be the boundary between the Russian and the British possessions.

The claimants of the territory between the Russian and Spanish boundary were now reduced to two, England and the United States, and in 1826, as the convention of 1818 was near its expiration, an attempt was made to effect a final partition. Both parties agreed that the boundary line should start at the 49th parallel, but England required that as soon as the line struck the north-easternmost

branch of the Columbia that river should form the boundary. America required that the 49th parallel should continue the boundary. England afterwards agreed to surrender the peninsula north of the Columbia, formed by Admiralty inlet. This was refused, and the negotiation ended by an indefinite prolongation of the convention of 1818, each party being at liberty to annul it by a year's notice.

We now come to the last source of title, *settlement.* America in this respect has done little. The settlement at Astoria was abandoned soon after it was restored, and is now occupied as a post by the Hudson's Bay Company. From 1,000 to 1,500 Americans are said to be now settled on the Willimit, one of the southern tributaries of the Columbia. And this, we believe, is all. Nor has England done much more. The exclusive right of trading with the Indians in the country has been granted by the crown to the Hudson's Bay Company; but the grant contains no power to acquire, and still less to give a title to lands. It contains a proviso that nothing therein contained shall prevent the crown from establishing a colony, or annexing any part of the territory to any of our North American colonies. But nothing of the kind has been done, and it does not appear to us that any British subject has a title to a foot of land within the territory. The Hudson's Bay Company have indeed posts in many parts of it; a few to the south and many to the north of the Columbia, but under their charter they have no right to these posts, or to the adjoining lands, except that of temporary occupation for the purpose of their trade. The whole number of whites under the English allegiance does not, we believe, exceed 500, about one individual to every 700 square miles. By an act passed in 1821 they are subject to the British laws.

The Americans now propose to colonize the territory; and this, as succeeding to the rights of Spain under the Nootka Sound Convention, they are entitled to do. If millions of Americans choose to settle in any part of the territory they may do so; and so may millions of Englishmen. That this would be very inconvenient to both parties is obvious, and luckily the country is so miserable a one that there is no chance of its occurring. But if a few thousands of the people of each nation were to proceed thither, and dot themselves over the best valleys, much disagreeable, perhaps mischievous, quarrelling might ensue. It is clear that this ought to be prevented as soon as possible by a partition. And we now come to the question as to the mode and terms of partition.

The maximum claim of England and the minimum of America is the Columbia; the maximum of America and the minimum of England is the 49th parallel. If each were mad enough to insist on its maximum a collision must ensue.

The best mode of arrangement would be that which has been offered by England, and though not accepted, not definitely rejected by America—arbitration. The dispute after all is a mere question of national pride, and the pride of neither nation could be offended by submission to an award. If that award were to give the whole country down to the Mexican frontier to England, America would suffer no real loss. She would be only prevented from wasting her resources and violating her constitution in the acquisition and defence of what must, in effect, be a distant colony. If the award were to give the whole territory to America, the value of the monopoly enjoyed by the Hudson's

Bay Company would be a little diminished. But as that monopoly is injurious to the English people, we should not bitterly grieve at an event which would reduce the value of the Company's stock one per cent.

If arbitration be unobtainable, the only mode of accommodation is mutual concession; and the terms which we suggest for that mutual concession are those which, if we were arbitrators, we should award; namely, that the boundary should be the 49th parallel, until it meets the Pacific, and then the sea. Our only real claim rests on contiguity, and this would give us more than mere contiguity entitles us to. This would give us the whole of Vancouver's Island, and it would give us an abundance of good harbors. It would also give us the country which is best for the purposes for which we use it, the fur trade. The furs to the north of the 49th parallel are better and more abundant than those to the south. All balancing, however, of the positive advantages to be obtained, by the one nation or by the other on a partition, is mere childishness. The interruption of confidence for a single week costs more than the whole country is worth. A mere armament, though followed by accommodation, would cost more than a thousand times its value. What proportion therefore does it bear to a war?

Whatever be Lord Aberdeen's policy, the opposition will, we trust, not add to its difficulties. The American negotiators will employ against him every sort of misrepresentation of principle and facts; for though the national law of the American courts and legal writers is admirable, that of their diplomatists, and indeed of diplomatists in general, is usually a tissue of sophistry and falsehood. We trust that the English negotiators will not follow their example. We trust that they will not deny every principle of law, however sacred, which they find opposed to them, and every fact, however notorious, that makes against them.

From the Examiner.

The Child of the Islands. A Poem. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. Chapman and Hall.

THE subject of this poem is the condition of the laboring poor in England. We observe impatience in some of our contemporaries, that such subjects should be dragged into works of imagination. The objection would hold, if amusement were the only drift of fiction, or if "such stuff as dreams are made of" were not the stuff and substance of life itself. "Be what it is," says *Post-humus*, "the action of my life is like it."

Berkeley has said in one of his admirable books (the *Minute Philosopher*) that events are not always in our power, but it always is, to make the best use of the very worst. We take this to be the philosophy of Mrs. Norton's poem, and to be neither dangerous nor jacobinical. She speaks very boldly, but she speaks without offence. She desires to bring rich and poor into closer communication, by kindlier sympathies, and a larger admission of the claims of poverty. She would remind them that, whether through Eden or the Desert, the home to which they travel is the same; and it would be better for both if occasional cordial intercourse took place by the way. In this there is not much to alarm anybody; and not a little perhaps, if they knew it, to do good to every-

body. Self-love and social are the same, says the poet; but the world will not find it out, till they have found out that in all the relations of life justice is an easier and pleasanter thing than its opposite. Mrs. Norton wants something like an agreement on this point, and thinks a vast many wise results will follow it. She thinks in short with the most reflective gaoler on record, (him in *Cymbeline*), who spoke against his present profit, but with a view to higher preferment. "I would we were all of one mind, and our mind good. O! there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses."

The poem appears to have been suggested by the birth of the Prince of Wales, (*The Child of the Islands*), and was originally meant, though the date is of no importance to the subject, to have been published on the first anniversary of the prince's birth. "I designed," says Mrs. Norton, "to contrast the brightness with the shadow that lies beyond and around." She proceeds to say, in words that leave no doubt of the spirit in which she has written, that if she had intended merely to illustrate Difference of Condition, she might have chosen from among those who have heaped up riches or climbed to power. "I selected the Prince of Wales as my illustration, because the innocence of his age, the hopes that hallow his birth, and the hereditary loyalty which clings to the throne, concur in enabling men of all parties, and of every grade in society, to contemplate such a type, not only without envy or bitterness, but with one common feeling of earnest and good will."

The machinery of the poem is very simple. The four seasons of the year are taken to show the features incident to each: acts in the tragedy of poverty, new resources to the luxury of wealth. The baby-hero is reminded at every change of his supreme advantages, and counselled to remember the duties they impose. The sufferings and temptations of the poor pass within his view; the overwrought sempstress, the weaver at his loom, the little trapper in the mines, the homeless wanderer, the despairing suicide; and, worse than all, the cold indifference that would pass these by unmoved, as necessary evils.

"A life of self-indulgence is for Us,
A life of self-denial is for them;
For Us the streets, broad-built and populous,
For them, unhealthy corners, garrets dim,
And cellars where the water-rat may swim!
For Us, green paths refreshed by frequent rain,
For them, dark alleys where the dust lies grim!
Not doomed by Us to this appointed pain—
God made us, Rich and Poor—of what do these complain?"

She who is supposed to speak thus, is drawn tersely and closely—from the life.

Onward she moves, in Fashion's magic glass,
Half-strut, half-swim, she slowly saunters by;
A self-delighting, delicate pampered mass
Of flesh indulged in every luxury
Folly can crave, or riches can supply;
Spangled with diamonds—head, and breast, and zone,
Scorn lighting up her else most vacant eye,
Careless of all conditions but her own,
She sweeps that stuff along, to curtsy to the throne.

"That stuff" is the silk handiwork of the miserable overtasked weaver, whom it has tempted, in his under-paid wretchedness, to crime. The incident is affectingly employed. And let those who would draw from it any false apology for sin, impute no such intention to the writer. Her views are healthy and earnest, and have no sickly sensibility of that kind. But with an honest repugnance to crime and shame, she knows what connexion there is between the wants of the body and of the soul; and is not afraid, even in the persons of the felon and the outcast, to vindicate the humanity which cleaves to all.

What a striking stanza is this which follows a description of a Tyburn crowd, and the shout that arose at the punishment of the miserable felon :

Not always thus. At times a Mother knelt,
And blest the wretch who perished for his
crime ;

Or a young wife bowed down her head, and felt
Her little son an orphan from that time ;
Or some poor frantic girl, whose love sublime
In the coarse highway robber could but see
Her heart's ideal, heard Death's sullen chime
Shivering and weeping on her fainting knee,
And mourned for him who hung high on the gal-
lows-tree.

In this, on the return of the repentant outcast,
what a lovely and exquisite charity :

Renounce her not, grieved Father! Heaven
shall make

Room for her entrance with the undefiled.
Upbraid her not, sad Mother! for the sake
Of days when she was yet thy spotless child,
Be gentle with her, oh, thou sister mild!
And thou, good brother! though by shame
opprest ;

For many a day, amid temptations wild,
Madly indulged, and sinfully carest,
She yearned to weep and die upon thy honest
breast.

In like temper, the Child's Prison at Parkhurst
is visited :

The Saved are there, who would have been the
Lost ;

The Checked in crime, who might have been
the Doomed ;

The wildbriar buds, whose tangled path was
crost

By nightshade poison trailing where they
bloomed !

The Wrecked, round whom the threatening
surges boomed,

Borne in this Life-boat far from peril's stress ;
The Sheltered, o'er whose heads the thunder
loomed ;

Convicts (convicted of much helplessness ;)
Exiles, whom Mercy guides through guilt's dark
wilderness.

—And who can in conscience except to the reflec-
tion it brings !

Nor let it be forgot, for these young spirits,
(Although by gross and vulgar sin defiled,)
How differently judged were their demerits,
Were each a noble or a gentle's child,
Are there no sons at college, "sadly wild?"
No children, wayward, difficult to rear?

Are **THEY** cast off by Love! No, gleaming
mild

Through the salt drops of many a bitter tear,
The rainbow of your hopes shines out of all your
fear!

—Or deny the wisdom that would suggest to the
baby representative of the power and authority of
England, that these things involve the question of
Education also, and proclaim the timely truth that
a word in the ear is better than a halter under it?

Wilt thou not help to educate the poor ?

They will learn something, whether taught
or no ;

The Mind's low dwelling hath an open door,
Whence, wandering still uneasy, to and fro,
It gathers that it should, or should not, know.
Oh, train the fluttering of that restless wing!

Guide the intelligence that worketh woe!
So shall the Summer answer to the Spring,
And a well-guided youth an age of duty bring.

We think what we have quoted excellent writ-
ing; and a mark of advance in the writer. Mrs.
Norton had always great fluency and warmth of
verse; but in such passages as these there are the
higher requisites which satisfy the judgment and
imagination. The poem has its superfluous pas-
sages, and we think the Spenser stanza ill adapted
to the subject, on the whole. It is a temptation to
that indulgence of splendid verbiage, for which
the first great writer who made it famous was
quite as distinguished as its celebrated modern
follower. But, all difficulties and drawbacks al-
lowed, there is a genuine outpouring of mind and
heart in this poem, which leaves us no desire to
dwell on its defects. With large and tolerant
views of human life, it combines a series of scenes
of homely truth and deep tenderness. There is no
false delicacy in its refinement of manner; never
insipid, it is correct and graceful always; and
there is here and there a description of nature, or
a thought involving a natural picture, in just the
right number of words, and most sharply and bril-
liantly defined.

Task-work goes through the world! the fluent
River

Turneth the mill-wheels with a beating sound,
And rolleth onward toward the sea forever!

The Sea heaves restless to its shoreward
bound ;

The Winds with varying voices, wander
round ;

The Branches, in their murmur, bend and thrill ;
Flower after flower springs freshly from the
ground ;

The floating Clouds move ceaseless o'er the hill ;
Nothing is set in calm ; nothing (save Death) is
still.

As we have again opened the poem, we give its
true and pathetic little picture of the boy in the
mine.

So lives the little Trapper underground ;
No glittering sunshine streaks the oozy wall ;
Not even a lamp's cold glimmer shineth round
Where he must sit (through summer days
and all,

While in warm upper air the cuckoos call,)
Forever listening at the weary gate
Where echoes of the unseemly footsteps fall.

(The close of the stanza is poor and prosaic; that
"blows his misery aggravate" could be no aggra-

vation to such a misery as of those seven simple lines.)

Add to all this, that the poem is *interesting*. It is so, both in spirit and execution. There is action in it, feeling and reflection; and its aim, we must repeat, is excellent. One of Johnson's toadies praised him for his fortitude in being unmoved when a strong appeal had been made to his sensibility. "Fortitude, sir!" exclaimed honest old Samuel. "No sir! It was not fortitude, sir! It was stark insensibility." This is the compliment the reader will have merited, who has read Mrs. Norton's book without emotion.

For example, let him turn to the death of the agricultural laborer. We can but quote a few imperfect passages. And first, what an exquisite stanza is this (at once relieving and deepening the misery) which describes him dragging his weary feet to the scene of his death—

Past the Park gate—along the market-road—
And where green water-meadows freshly
shine,

By many a Squire and Peer's unseen abode—
And where the village Alehouse swings its
sign,

Betokening rest, and food, and strengthening
wine—

By the rich dairy, where, at even-tide,
Glad Maidens, singing, milk the lowing
kine—

Under blank shadowing garden-walls, that hide
The espaliered fruit wall trained upon their sunnier
side.

He is found dead, and an inquest is held, with
the old result—

To hear, and acquiesce in, shallow words,
Which make it seem the sickly laborer's fault,
That he hath no accumulated hoards

Of untouched wages; wine, and corn, and
malt;
To use when eyesight fails, or limbs grow
halt;

To hear his character at random slurred—

"An idle fellow, sir, not worth his salt;"

And every one receive a bitter word

For whom his clay-cold heart with living love was
stirred:

His Wife, a shrew and slattern, knowing not
(What all her betters understand so well)

How to bring comfort to a poor man's lot,

How to keep house—and how to buy and sell;

His Daughter, a degraded minx, who fell

At sixteen years—and bore a child of shame,

Permitted with th' immortal set to dwell!

His eldest son, an idiot boy, and lame—

In short the man was starved—but no one was to
blame,

No one:—Oh! "Merry England," hearest
thou?

Houseless and hungry died he on thy breast?

No one:—Oh! "Fertile England," did thy
plough

Furrow no fields; or was their growth repeat
By famine-blights that swept from east to
west?

No one:—"Religious England," preach the
word

In thy thronged temples on the Day of Rest,
And bid the war of Faith and Works accord:—

"Who giveth to the Poor, he lendeth to the Lord!"

Mrs. Norton has no respect for scientific objections to almsgiving; (it was she who wrote a series of letters on that subject in the *Times* which excited some attention four years ago;) and putting aside discussions of benevolence or justice, perfect or imperfect obligation, she asks with fervent eloquence of every class if such things should continue.

While funeral chimes

Toll for the rich, whose graven paragraph

Of vanished virtues, (too complete by half),

The heirs of their importance soothe and please.

The poor man dies—and hath no *ЭПИТАФ!*

What if your churchyards held such lines as

these,

The listless eye to strike—the careless heart to
freeze!

"Here lies a man who died of Hunger-pain,

In a by-street of England's Capital.

Honest, (in vain!) industrious, (in vain!)

Willing to spend in useful labor all

His years from youth to age. A dangerous

fall

Shattered his limbs, and brought him to distress.

His health returned: his strength was past

recall:

He asked assistance, (earnings growing less.)

Received none, struggled on, and died of Want's
excess."

"Here rests in Death, (who rested not in Life!)

The worn-out Mother of a starving brood:

By night and day, with most courageous strife,

She fought hard Fortune to procure them food:

(A desert-pelican, whose heart's best blood

Oozed in slow drops of failing strength away!)

Much she endured: much misery withstood;

At length weak nature yielded to decay,

And baffled Famine seized his long-resisting prey."

Oh! the green mounds, that have no head-stones
o'er them,

To tell who lies beneath, in slumber cold;

Oh! the green mounds, that saw no Mutes de-
plore them,

The Pauper-Graves, for whom no church-bells

tolled;

What if our startled senses could behold,

(As we to Sabbath-prayer walk calmly by,)

Their visionary epitaphs enrolled;

Upstanding grimly 'neath God's equal sky,

Near the white sculptured tombs where wealthier
Christians lie!

We reluctantly close without further extract a poem which has greatly increased our respect and esteem for the writer. Should it reach a second edition, which we will not doubt, it might be well to remove, as irrelevant and in questionable taste, the stanzas that have reference to the Free Church party in Scotland. The illustration by Mr. Mac-lise is extremely beautiful.

SOFTENING STONE.—While Sir William Burnet has been converting wood into stone, another ingenious philosopher has been turning stone into a state of almost fluidity. Mr. Ransome, an engineer at Ipswich, has brought stone almost to the consistence of paste, so that it can be moulded into any shape; it afterwards becomes hard and resumes its original character; it will receive a polish, and can so varnish wood as to render it fire-proof.

From the Polytechnic Review.

A CHAPTER ON EYES.

Of all the various organs of sense, none have so frequently been the theme of a poet's laudations as the eye. Thus consecrated, by time and precedent, as the soft expressions have become, it would be difficult to select a page of rhyme, or rhythm, epic, didactic, lyrical, or dramatic, without finding some allusion to "burning glances," "gentle beamings," or some other poetical attribute of those highly prized and certainly very beautiful little ministers to our noblest sense.

Well! surely they are worthy enough of all this praise; but if repetition be detractive of the beauty of a poetical sentiment, (and but few will doubt it,) then we cannot but admit that the eyes, as regards their poetic attributes, are a somewhat hackneyed theme. It has recently occurred to us, however, when musing in a kind of poetico-philosophical vein, that the subject of eyes is not yet threadbare; it has occurred to us that, without yielding ourselves up to that species of mental aberration which is usually termed poetical, without wandering in the world of dreams and spectres, and giving our imagination carte blanche over veracity, we might yet write a little about the eyes that is at once philosophical and poetical, and, strange enough to say, true withal.

To be serious! How beautiful is it to speculate on the nature of light! How delightful to trace the various forms of the visual organs as they appear in different animals, variously modified as they are to suit their various exigencies! How instructive to regard the clumsy means by which, in our optical instruments, we copy the effective, though simple handicraft of nature!

Understand our purpose well, then, reader. We do not intend to offer you anything like a treatise on the eye, either anatomical, optical, physiological, or philosophical; no, nothing of the sort. We are now in that kind of mood to which most of us are not strangers; too indolent to study, too fatigued to keep wide awake, yet too excited with philosophical musings to sleep, although ever and anon we sink into a kind of reverie. We could not for the life of us expound the rigid principles of a system—we are disinclined, in short, at the present moment, to direct our deepest, our most serious attention, to a philosophical subject; but we would fain amuse ourselves with it a little, and if possible we would also amuse you.

Very crude, indeed, were the opinions of the ancients with regard to the principle of light. Plato imagined it to consist of emanations from the eye itself, which by impinging on objects rendered them luminous; an idea poetical enough in itself, to be sure, but yet not very rational. It would serve, however, to render intelligible the expression of "burning glances," which, according to this Platonic theory, might be darted out from young ladies' eyes. Far more rational was the Pythagorean theory, that light, instead of being an emanation from the eyes themselves, was given off from luminous bodies, and impinged upon the eyes: this explanation is indeed the one now usually received, including as it does two rival theories, one that light consists of actual particles, the other that it consists of waves.

Whatever may be the intimate nature of light, whether it be really matter, or a motion amongst the particles of matter, or whether it be, according to Professor Oersted, merely a succession of elec-

tric sparks—its optical agencies (which is all that now concerns us) are evident enough;—it acts in straight lines, penetrates some bodies, is retarded by others; is of three primitive colors, which were formerly erroneously supposed to be seven, and occupies in travelling a perceptible space of time.

In tracing the gradual development of organs throughout the animal kingdom, we shall be frequently struck with this fact, that as we proceed low in the scale of creation, functions which in ourselves require localized and complex organs, are discharged in a much more simple way. Thus, for instance, in all *mammalia* there is a localized respiratory system consisting of organs called lungs, for the purpose of purifying blood by means of atmospheric air—indeed, all vertebrated animals possess localized organs for this purpose, of one construction or another; but on descending the scale, we find that the respiratory organs, although still specific, become disseminated throughout the body; in the insect tribe of invertebrate animals, for example, breathing is carried on by various tubes on either side of the body: the air is no longer inspired through the mouth, but penetrates the sides; neither does it proceed to localized organs or lungs, but is diffused through the various breathing tubes. Hence the agony and ultimate death of a wasp, when its sides are smeared with oil or syrup, an operation which occludes its breathing pores, and it becomes suffocated. Here we observe one step towards the dissemination of organs for the performance of a specific function: let us descend lower still in the scale of creation until we arrive at the polyp, where there are absolutely no specific organs, either diffused or localized, for the performance of this specific function, and hence respiration can only take place by mere general absorption from the surface or the cavities of these animal bodies.

Now one of the senses, namely, that of touch, is remarkable for its known diffusion. Every part of our bodies is subject to this sensation—we have no specific member for touch, although some parts of our body are more delicate in this respect than others. In some animals, however, this sensation is localized in a remarkable degree—a fact which naturally leads us to inquire whether in certain beings it may not be limited to some specific organ.

Next comes the question whether or not other senses may not be subject to the same variation also—whether, in short, referring to the sense now most specially under our notice, namely, the sense of sight, it may not be in some animals diffused, and require no specific apparatus for its appreciation? It is not doubted that many animals not possessing specific visual organs, without eyes in point of fact, are nevertheless sensible of the influence of the principle of light: the *veretillum cynomorium*, for instance, one of the polypifera, avoids the light, and prefers shaded situations, and yet has no eyes. Other instances might be adduced. It is imagined, therefore, that such animals see with their skin, a condition which, if true, in one particular animal or class of animals, may be supposed by some lusus or freak of nature to be occasionally present in higher creatures, for instance *man*; this granted, we may, if charitably inclined, offer this as a rational hint to the advocate of clairvoyance and mesmerism.

Leaving these beings, which, at the remotest

confines of animated nature, derive their scanty sense of luminosity from impressions so vague that they defy our attempts at explanation, let us rise upwards in the scale of creation, and remark how variously the organs of vision are formed, how modified, how elaborated! until in vertebrata they attain their very acme of perfection.

Those persons who have not been accustomed to view the wonderful disclosures of microscopic life, are but little competent to form even an idea of the myriads of living beings existing in a mere drop of water!—Nay, even vegetable infusions, and most animal and vegetable liquids, teem with life! with minute beings, often highly organized, which have not been merely observed, but actually classified, and their characters and habits—nay, even their anatomy—minutely studied! We do not purpose classifying these minute creatures, but will content ourselves with the casual remark, that most of them, if we are to believe the united testimony of numerous microscopical observers, are possessed of actual organs of specific vision; simple, it is true, and limited as regards power, but nevertheless as localized and as distinct as our own. The eyes of these living beings are little red or darkish spots, adapted to absorb luminous rays, and therefore capable of enabling the animal to distinguish light from darkness, but nothing more; the perception of various tinted hues, and of form and outline, must be to these little beings totally unknown. Eyes scarcely more elaborate than these are found in the leech and snail, animals which, although so much superior to those just described in point of dimensions, are nevertheless but little better provided for in regard to their power of vision.

The eyes of insects are far more elaborate, and present two perfectly distinct varieties or type—they are either simple or compound. Nature, ever bountiful, though never lavish to prodigality of her endowments, gives organs only in proportion as they may minister to the exigencies of an animal: the red eyes of polygastric animalculæ, merely capable of distinguishing light from darkness, are abundantly sufficient for all the necessities of those little creatures; but for the denizens of the insect world—beings whose strength and agility are, in proportion to their size, superior to all other beings who wing their rapid flight, encompassed on all sides by ever-vigilant enemies of larger growth—another and more elaborate ocular apparatus is absolutely necessary. Their simplest eyes (for they have two kinds) are nearly as perfect as our own, consisting of cornea, lens, vitreous humor, and black pigment, which surround the other parts of the visual apparatus, except a minute portion in front, thus forming a pupil and iris—such is the simple insect eye with which some insects—for instance, the cockroach—are alone supplied. Now this eye, perfect though its optical arrangements be, is not imbedded in a movable socket like our own; therefore nature compensates for this defect by giving several of them, placed on various parts of the head. But the most wonderful arrangement consists in aggregating many of these simple eyes into one mass, thus forming a compound eye of many distinct facets, each of which takes in a separate field of vision. Some insects are entirely supplied with these compound eyes—of which the beetle is an example—whilst others possess eyes both simple and compound, for instance, the *sirex gigas*.

A microscope is not absolutely essential to

enable us to see the facets of these compound insect eyes; most persons have looked upon the eye of a common dragon-fly, and seen that their own face was multiplied into a number of little images: the house-fly's eye presents the same appearance, but not so distinctly. This optical appearance depends upon the existence of several facets, each presenting itself under a different angle. By the aid of a microscope these facets have been counted, and then their number may well excite our admiration. In the ant there are fifty of these facets, or eyes; in the house-fly four thousand; in the dragon-fly upwards of twelve thousand; in butterflies upwards of seventeen thousand three hundred and fifty-five have been counted; nay, in some coleopterous or scaly-winged insects there have been numbered no less than twenty-eight thousand and eighty-eight!

How wonderfully constructed is this beautiful organ of insect vision! how admirably adapted to the necessities of insect life! The gaudy dragon-fly, presenting, as he does, such a conspicuous and tempting show of colors to the active swallow, eludes the feathered enemy by superior agility of flight. Mere agility, however, would avail nothing without the aid of powerful eyes; accordingly nature has given him somewhat more than twelve thousand bright and piercing ones—some looking upwards, some downwards, more backwards, and some on either side. Beautiful though they be, and admirable in their contrivance, we must leave the compound eyes of insects, and ascend the animated scale. One step upwards brings us to the *arachnidans*, including spiders, and cheese mites, and scorpions, none of which little beings are insects, although frequently considered as such—they belong, as we have intimated, to the *arachnidans*, and differ from insects in several important particulars: firstly, their head and thorax are joined together; secondly, they possess eight legs, whereas insects have only six; thirdly, instead of antennæ, like insects, they possess terrific weapons of attack and defence—fangs like the spider, or pincers like the scorpion; fourthly, the greater number of them respire by lungs; and last, though not least, their eyes are formed on a different plan, being invariably simple, and made up of parts almost similar to our own.

Amongst the molluscous divisions of animals we have already alluded to the eyes of snails: in some other beings of this tribe, however, the visual organs present remarkable peculiarities. The cuttle-fish is an extraordinary instance of this—its eyes being entirely covered by the external integument or skin, which is transparent, it is true, and thus serves the purpose of cornea in the higher animals.

We next come to the eyes of vertebrate animals, which present all the excellent qualities that the most acute optician could desire, and which are as infinitely superior to the clumsy devices of his art as the pure light of heaven is superior to all other. One thing is particularly interesting in studying the optical devices of the eye—our most perfect optical instruments are formed after the exact principles on which have been constructed those organs: every step towards the improvement of such instruments has been the result of our copying Nature—or rather on our having followed Nature's steps—for although often plagiarists, we were not always conscious of plagiarism.

In the days of Sir Isaac Newton, it was thought

by this great man that refracting telescopes would never be rendered achromatic, or capable of representing white objects without color—their improvement he pronounced hopeless. Opticians, as was natural enough, regarding the opinion of this great man as infallible, gave up the attempt, and made reflecting telescopes exclusively. Refractors, however, have since been rendered achromatic—and how!—why, by copying the mechanism of the eye. Nature suggested the means, but Newton did not take the hint.

We think the beauty of the eye will be more fully appreciated if we previously take a review of the construction and optical properties of telescopes. True, this will be a digression, but what then? we claimed a sort of poetical license in the treatment of our subject, and we will proceed to take it.

The merest tyro in optics knows that light when it passes through transparent bodies is refracted; if the refracting body be plane and of equal thickness, then will various rays of light be equally refracted; if, however, the body be not of equal thickness, whether plane or curvilinear, then other phenomena result, all explicable, however, by a consideration of two facts: firstly, that of the three primitive colors of which white light is composed, each possesses a different refractive power; secondly, that a ray of light impinging on a refracting body of greater density from one of lesser density, is refracted towards the perpendicular, and *vice versâ*.

Now, we take it for granted, that everybody knows the property of a triangular prism in decomposing white light, and the reason of this property. This understood, what we are about to remark will be intelligible enough.

As soon as it was discovered that an arrangement of different lenses in a proper manner would make an instrument capable of rendering remote objects more distinct—in other words, as soon as the discovery of the telescope was accomplished—the observers viewed with regret that the outline of such objects was fringed with an unpleasant misty burr, more or less indistinct, and tinted with numerous colors. The removal of this imperfection was a great desideratum; and amongst others the celebrated Des Cartes imposed on himself the task of accomplishing this great end. He investigated the subject mathematically, and arrived at the conclusion that all lenses which were mere segments of spheres must necessarily possess this defect, inasmuch as their curve is such that they cannot possibly concentrate every ray of light, even of one color, on the same point or focus. He therefore succeeded in determining the form of a particular set of ovals, (termed, after him, the Cartesian ovals,) out of which lenses might be cut which should be free from this injurious quality; and he succeeded to this extent—that with one particular kind of primitive light his lenses overcame the previous indistinctness of vision: with compound light, however—white light for example—the imperfection still remained. Hence opticians no longer troubled themselves to make these Cartesian lenses; and even Newton subsequently pronounced the improvement of refracting telescopes *hopeless*.

Now the indistinct vision of which we have spoken is chiefly produced by the edges of a lens, which, in point of fact, may be regarded as prisms; consequently, the imperfection alluded to, and

called spherical aberration, may in a great measure be obviated by cutting off those edges, or, what amounts to the same thing, by covering them with an opaque diaphragm, as is done in the microscope and telescope. This proceeding, however, does not totally overcome the evil. Newton, who discovered that the different colors of light were possessed of different amounts of refrangibility for the same medium, was not aware that different media possessed different refractive power for the same color. Had he been aware of this fact he would not have pronounced the improvement of refractive telescopes *hopeless*. We will set out with the assumption that one kind of glass disperses one kind of primitive light—viz., for example, blue light—beyond the true focus; theory indicates that another lens of different glass, having a property (if such can be found) of dispersing the other two primitive colors, namely yellow and red, beyond the focus, would counteract the imperfection. Well, this, in modern telescopes, is actually accomplished by using compound lenses made of various kinds of glass. We will, in our next paper, show how beautifully all this knowledge had been anticipated in the construction of the human eye.

A Nomenclature of Colors, Hues, Tints, and Shades, applicable to the Arts and Natural Sciences, to Manufactures, and other purposes of general utility. B. R. HAY, Edinburgh.

[IN this catalogue raisonné of colors, Mr. Hay has reduced to a system of mathematical exactness the constituent parts and value of every modification of separate and combined colors. He shows the proportions, calculated in numerical ratios, that each of the primary colors bears to light and darkness, and the quantity of white and black used to dilute or degrade them in order to produce various tints and shades; also, the arithmetical proportions and degrees of intensity in which the primary colors enter into the composition of the secondary colors, and tertiary and other compounds.

The volume is illustrated by forty plates, each one containing six different hues; forming together a scale of colors sufficiently extensive for all general purposes of the artist or manufacturer: uniformity of the tints in each copy of the work being secured by the adoption of colored papers, in preference to hand-coloring. The simplicity and scientific exactness of this nomenclature recommend it to adoption as a handbook for use in all business where colors are employed, and a standard of positive distinctness is required for reference.

The examples arranged in a tabular form, with the requisite explanations printed on a sheet, would be a serviceable chart to hang up in work-rooms: the chromatic scale might be carried out to its full extent for this purpose.

In an appendix, Mr. Hay hazards a conjecture as to the constitution of the atmosphere in relation to light and sound, that is deserving of scientific consideration.]

RAILWAY ECONOMY.—The saving between driving a sheep to the London market from Lincolnshire and conveying it by railway is proved to be no less than 10 per cent.

From the New Quarterly Review.

Men of Letters of the Time of George III. By LORD BROUGHAM. 1845.

THE proof sheets are before us of a series of highly valuable biographies, ten in number, beginning with Voltaire, and followed by Rousseau, Hume, Robertson, Black, Priestley, Watt, Cavendish, Simpson.

The preface to them contains a just estimate of the peculiar characteristics of the epoch, in the following words:—

“The reign of George III. may in some important respects be justly regarded as the Augustan age of modern history. The greatest statesmen, the most consummate captains, the most finished orators, the first historians, all flourished during this period. For excellence in these departments it was unsurpassed in former times, nor had it even any rivals, if we except the warriors of Louis XIV.'s day, one or two statesmen, and Bolingbroke as an orator. But its glories were not confined to those great departments of human genius. Though it could show no poet like Dante, Milton, Tasso, or Dryden; no dramatist like Shakspeare or Corneille; no philosopher to equal Bacon, Newton, or Locke—it nevertheless in some branches, and these not the least important of natural science, very far surpassed the achievements of former days, whilst of political science, the most important of all, it first laid the foundations, and then reared the superstructure. The science of chemistry almost entirely, of political economy entirely, were the growth of this remarkable era; while even in the pure mathematics a progress was made which almost changed its aspect since the days of Leibnitz and Newton. The names of Black, Watt, Cavendish, Priestley, Lavoisier, Davy, may justly be placed far above the Boyles, the Stahls, the Hales of former times; while Euler, Clairault, Lagrange, La Place, must be ranked as analysts close after Newton himself, and above Descartes, Leibnitz, or the Bernouillis; and in economical science, Hume, Smith, and Quesnai really had no parallel, hardly any fore-runner. It would also be vain to deny great poetical and dramatic genius to Goldsmith, Voltaire, Alfieri, and the German school, how inferior soever to the older masters of song.”

There are those that might object to the canon on poetry with the names of Byron, Scott, and Moore in the period, or think Leibnitz scarcely has his due, and possibly that the German school is treated somewhat unceremoniously—but it is a difficult matter to adjust the relative merits in so vast a field of view, and probably Lord Brougham has formed a better estimate of the exact branches than of the imaginative. His lordship next tells us, and quotes a splendid passage from Sallust for that end, that he has amused himself, in his retirement from office, with these biographies of the distinguished men of a portion of his lordship's own era. We presume the moderns will succeed in their turn, and if we have no historiographers we shall have at least biographies of the great and illustrious, written with powerful vigor, and from one who knows much of many of them. The statesmen of George III. have already passed under his lordship's hand, and now the literati of the same period succeed each other in the present work. With some Lord Brougham has had a personal acquaintance; Robertson was his relation; and there are more favorable circumstances

in Lord Brougham's behalf with many of them, than possibly any other biographer could hope to possess. It is an invidious task to depict talent, when that talent is employed to defame and debase purity and religion. His lordship's remarks relative to three of the biographies before us, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Hume, should, we think, exempt him from severe treatment in including them in the series.

“Although,” he adds, “I have no political animosities to encounter, I fear my historical statements and my commentaries on some lives, as those of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Hume, may find enemies among the two great parties whose principles come in question. The free-thinkers will object to the blame which I have imputed to their favorite authors; the friends of the church may take exception to the praises which I have occasionally bestowed. It may, however, be expected from the justice of both these conflicting bodies, that they will read with attention and with calmness before they condemn. From the former class I can expect no favor beyond what every one has a right to claim from avowed adversaries; a fair hearing is all I desire. To the latter I would address a few words in the spirit of respectful kindness, as to those with whom I generally agree.

“Whoever feels disposed to treat as impious any writer that has the misfortune not to be among the great body of believers, like the celebrated men above named, should bear in mind that the author of these pages, while he does justice to their great literary merits, has himself published, whether anonymously or under his own name, nearly as much in defence of religion as they did against it; and if, with powers so infinitely below theirs, he may hope to have obtained some little success, and done some small service to the good cause, he can only ascribe this fortune to the intrinsic merits of that cause which he has ever supported. He ventures thus to hope that no one will suspect him of being the less a friend to religion, merely because he has not permitted his own belief to make him blind upon the literary merit of men whose opinions are diametrically opposed to his own. His censures of all indecorous, all unfair, all ribald or declamatory attacks, however graced by wit or eloquence, he has never, on any occasion, been slow to pronounce.”—*Pref.*

We shall now open the list, in the order preserved by his lordship, with Voltaire. Lord Brougham conceives that there are three forms under which Voltaire is to be viewed: first, as an atheist and blasphemer; secondly, as one who vents his ribaldry upon the mere ground of his skepticism; and thirdly that of a careless person yielding to a prevailing unbelief. The circumstances of the church of his day are viewed by Lord Brougham as fully constituting the extraordinary problem of Voltaire's mind, and his determined oppo- nence to Christianity. His atheism he considers not proved. We think this matter of much doubt; we allow that he often seemed to speak nobly of God. The celebrated extempore composition on the firmament, composed on a summer's eve, is but a plagiarism on the Pentateuch, and renders unwilling homage to its truth.

“Tous ces vastus pays d'azur et de lumière,
Tirés du sein du vide, formés sans matière,
Guidés sans compas, tournans sans pivot,
N'ont à peine coûté la dépense d'un mot.”

The intent of the "Candide" is also estimated far too gently by Lord Brougham; the obvious inference from that work is, that all things are either accidental when they must be for the worst, or the work of an evil agent. The following passage, however, amply redeems the piety of his lordship from any injury:—

"Let no man severely condemn the untiring zeal of Voltaire, and the various forms of attack which he employed without measure, against the religious institutions of his country, who is not prepared to say that he could have kept entire possession of his own temper, and never cast an eye of suspicion upon the substance of a religion thus abused, nor ever have employed against its perversions the weapons of declamation and of mockery; had he lived under the system which regarded Alexander Borgia as one of its spiritual guides, which bred up and maintained in all the riot of criminal excess an aristocracy having for one branch of its resources the spoils of the altar, which practised persecution as a favorite means of conviction, and cast into the flames a lad of eighteen, charged with laughing as its priests passed by. Such dreadful abuses were present to Voltaire's mind when he attacked the Romish superstitions, and exposed the profligacy, as well as the intolerance, of clerical usurpation. He unhappily suffered them to poison his mind upon the whole to that religion of which these were the abuse; and, when his zeal waxed hot against the whole system, it blinded him to the unfairness of the weapons with which he attacked both its evidences and its teachers."

The powerful authorities of Wilberforce, Lardner, Jeremy Taylor, and Warburton, are all adduced against that prosecution for irreligious opinions, of which we clearly see the evil effects in the Romish hierarchy; and which led, according to Lord Brougham, to the reaction against it on the part of Voltaire; and to this tendency we may, although possibly almost unconsciously, precipitate matters. We proceed to the details of the biography. Voltaire was the son of the Sieur Aronnet, treasurer to the chamber of accounts, a valuable office. His mother was noble, and of the family d'Aumart: he was born on the 20th February, 1694. Voltaire took his name from a small family estate, pursuant to the custom of those days, for the younger children of wealthy commoners to take the name of their estate, leaving to the eldest the family honors. Fontenelle lived to nearly his hundredth year; Voltaire reached his eighty-fifth year—splendid quotations for the longevity of the learned. At twelve years old, some verses to the Dauphin, for an invalid, procured him a legacy of 2,000 francs from Ninon de L'Enclos, to buy books with. Ninon was then ninety, and Voltaire was presented to her by his godfather, the Abbé de Châteauneuf. The court of Me. de Maintenon, which was then in the ascendant, united the saintly and the sinful in a remarkable degree, and this Châteauneuf, with whom Voltaire was much thrown, was unfortunately a person of dissolute morals and of skeptical opinions. Voltaire was destined for the law, and his anxious parent sent him as page or attaché to the French ambassador at the Hague, probably with the intention of getting him clear of infidels and skeptics. A love affair caused him to be sent home. His father, incensed with his conduct, refused to receive him, unless he entered a notary's office; and M. de Caumartin, a family

friend, obtained permission for him to reside in his house at Saint Ange. The Bishop Caumartin, a prelate well acquainted with literary persons, probably excited him to the "Henriade" and his History. On the death of Louis, which occurred on his return to Paris, a libel being ascribed to Voltaire, he was placed in the Bastille; thence he was liberated, and recompensed for his captivity, by the Regent, with a sum of money. After this event he produced his "Œdipe," which was written at eighteen years of age. His first published work was however a devotional poem. The "Œdipe" gave him an introduction to Me. la Maréchale de Villars—Voltaire's first, possibly his only true, passion. He was unsuccessful. His skepticism developed itself both in the composition and performance of the "Œdipe." The lines below were not likely to be soon forgotten in the early part of the 18th century:—

"Nos prêtres ne sont point ce qu'un vain peuple pense—
Notre crédulité fait toute leur science."

Act IV., Scene 4.

We perfectly subscribe to the following criticism on his tragedies generally, and think it felicitously expressed:—

"It is certain that the tragedies of Voltaire are the works of an extraordinary genius, and that only a great poet could have produced them; but it is equally certain that they are deficient for the most part in that which makes the drama powerful over the feelings—real pathos, real passion, whether of tenderness, of terror, or of horror. The plots of some are admirably contrived; the diction of all is pure and animated; in most passages it is pointed, and in many it is striking, grand, impressive; the characters are frequently well imagined and portrayed, though without sufficient discrimination; and thus often running one into another, from the uniformity of the language, terse, epigrammatic, powerful, which all alike speak. Nor are there wanting situations of great effect, and single passages of thrilling force; but, after all, the heart is not there; the deep feeling, which is the parent of all true eloquence as well as all true poetry, didactic and satirical excepted, is rarely perceived; it is rather rhetoric than eloquence, or, at least, rather eloquence than poetry. It is declamation of a high order in rhyme; no blank verse, indeed, can be borne on the French stage, or even in the French tongue; it is not fine dramatic composition: the periods roll from the mouth, they do not spring from the breast; there is more light than heat; the head rather than the heart is at work."

The Zaire alone is excepted from the above.

The "Œdipe" was performed in 1718, and in a few years was followed by the "Henriade." This poem, not without fine passages, is at such an immeasurable distance from the great epic writers that it was intended to rival, that we entertain little doubt that the disappointment produced the "Pucelle." The following remarks are both just, and do Lord Brougham's heart great honor:—

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But we must resume the somewhat broken narrative:—After the appearance of the "Œdipe," Voltaire became the friend of the Duc de Richelieu, shared in his disgrace, and was forced to quit Paris. His well-known quarrel with the Chevalier de Rohan, we shall not enter on farther than to remark, that it was the occasion of his visiting England, of his acquaintances with Pope, and of a large sum realized for the "Henriade;" a subscription in favor of which, was promoted by Queen Caroline, then Princess of Wales. A successful lottery speculation combined with this, enabled him to live at ease the remainder of his life. If he also did not succeed in comprehending our illustrious Newton—for no one can understand Newton, who is unequal to his powerful analysis, with which Voltaire had never even a rudimental acquaintance—his sincerity in advocating what he believed to be the true system, is undoubted. He certainly

contributed largely to overthrow the Cartesian philosophy. Can one wonder much, when D'Agrèssieu refused the license to publish his statement of Newton's discoveries, at his indignation! This enthusiasm for Newton led to the liaison of his life with the Marquise de Chatelet. This lady analyst was often surrounded with philosophers of kindred pursuits; the imprudence of the Marquis, her husband, rendered even the pecuniary assistance of Voltaire by no means superfluous; and at Cirey, her seat, many of his most celebrated works first saw the light. From her and Clairault, he was doubtless greatly assisted in the compilation of his Newtonian Philosophy. We differ from Lord Brougham in the opinion, that had Voltaire followed out the analytic sciences, he would have succeeded. The minds of men like Voltaire and Lord Brougham are ill calculated for success in such pursuits. There is too much discursiveness—too deep a desire to know much of many things, to permit of this abstraction upon one. The orator and the wit are conscious that they possess far more generally-fascinating points, and cannot forego either the rostrum or the club. Their very excellence in words prevents their acquisition of abstract ideas. They dwell on the outward, and rarely go deeply inward, except in their own favorite pursuits; they are certainly not constant to abstract science long. Any one who attempts to learn Newton by the medium of Voltaire, will be plunged into the most inextricable difficulties that a person could well desire to be involved in; of this, Lord Brougham has furnished a rather amusing condensation. In the "Courte Réponse aux longs Discours d'un Docteur Allemand," he says, "La racine carré du cube des révolutions des planètes et les carrés de leurs distances faisaient encore des ennemis." In this passage there are three blunders. The square root of the cube is taken for the cube; the revolutions, for the distances; and the squares for the cubes. Voltaire was, however, not deficient in philosophic perception; and experimented largely. Our author says of him, as an experimental philosopher:—

"The experiments which he made on the heat of fluids mixed together, of different temperatures before their mixture, led him to remark the difference of the temperature when mixed from what might have been expected by combining the separate temperatures before mixture. Need I add that this is precisely the course of experiment and observation which led Black to his celebrated discovery of latent heat a quarter of a century later!"
—p. 581.

While at Cirey, he made the acquaintance of Frederick, then Prince Royal of Prussia; and, in 1749, experienced the loss of the Marchioness, who was suddenly taken ill at Luneville, while engaged on the "Principia," and died in labor of a girl, born before she could be put to bed. His eccentric raiillery scarce forsook him, even at the period of her dissolution. He requests, in a letter addressed to Me. du Deffand, permission to weep for one "qui avec ses foiblesses avait une âme respectable." Her death probably led him to embrace Frederick's offer of an establishment at Berlin. Voltaire was certainly nobly treated at the commencement by the king: but nothing could attach Voltaire long to anything; and the king, a moral character, was beneath contempt. The monarch that could write to M. Darget a letter of apparently Christian condolence with him on the loss of his wife, and that very day sit down de-

liberately to libelling the dead like him, could not long have loved anything. We have this story, however, on the authority of Voltaire, at a time when it was probably getting pretty clear to him, that Frederick only valued him for such points as must prove anything but satisfactory to the wit; and that the king claimed full privilege to avail himself of sarcasm for sarcasm, coup for coup. How fearfully does the letter, addressed by him to his niece, (Correspon. Gén., Nov., 1750,) indicate that guilty unions contain in them their doom and dissolution!—"J'ai bien peur de dire au Roi de Prusse comme Jasmine, 'Vous n'êtes pas trop corrigé, mon maître.' J'avais vu une lettre touchante, pathétique, et même fort Chrétienne, que le roi avait daigné écrire à Darget, sur la mort de sa femme. J'ai appris que le même jour sa majesté avait fait une épigramme contre la defunte; cela ne laisse pas de donner à penser."—This was indeed the disciple beating his master at his own weapons; Pheidippides turning on Strepsiadés, and beating him with his own teaching. Nothing can appear more mean, than the miserable reluctance of Voltaire, to quit the court of Prussia, when every degree of obloquy had been heaped upon him. They were apparently afterwards on something like a friendly footing; but Voltaire never forgot nor forgave the treatment he had experienced from the philosopher king. On the 6th August, 1757, he wrote "*L'ennemi public* sera pris de tous côtés. Vive Marie Thérèse!"

At Berlin he had finished his "*Siècle de Louis XIV.*" There also he began his correspondence with Diderot and D'Alembert, who were engaged in editing their famous Encyclopædia. We extract the passage from Lord Brougham descriptive of his conduct in this publication:—

"On this remarkable occasion he put forth all those qualities which form a party-chief, and gain over the warm support of his followers—ardor, good humor, patience, courage, tolerance activity, knowledge, skill. The '*Encyclopédie*,' as is well known, was, after a few years, no longer suffered to appear openly in France. In 1751 and the following years, the first seven volumes appeared at Paris under Diderot and D'Alembert; in 1758 it was stopped, at a time when its sale had reached no less than 3,000, ('*Cor. Gén.*' v. 127.) and the remaining ten volumes were published in 1775 at Neuschâtel under Diderot alone. The four volumes of supplement were published in 1776 and 1777 at Amsterdam. All the eleven volumes of plates were published at Paris between 1762 and 1772, and the supplemental volume of plates in 1777. The whole of this great work thus consisted of thirty-three folio volumes. Some of Voltaire's articles are clever, and abound with good reflections. The greater number of them are too light, having the fault which he certainly imputes to many of the other contributors in his '*Letters*,' when he observes that they are fitter for a magazine than an encyclopædia."

The "*Voyage de Scarmentado*," and "*Zadig*," had been written at Cirey. On the return from Potsdam we have the "*Micromégas*." Voltaire had as strongly approximated to Swift in a large portion of his career, as Rousseau had to Sterne. Soon after his establishment at Geneva we have his most finished work, the "*Essai des Mœurs*." "*Candide*" is of the same epoch. The "*Essai*" was rapidly followed by a series of works from various pens on the same principle; and certainly by the extent of its plan, and the judiciousness of

its method, deserved imitation. The "*Charles the XII.*" and the "*Peter the Great*," are interesting, but the latter was written too close to Russia to be true or faithful. The credulity of Voltaire in both these works appears unbounded. The "*Siècle de Louis Quatorze*" is well known, and needs little mention. Of the romances, "*Zadig*" is an old favorite with us, and we think by far the best of them. Forced to quit the "*délices*" at Geneva, Voltaire proceeded to Ferney, within the French frontier, and during this portion of his life some incidents redound greatly to his honor. The cases of Calas and La Barre prove him to have possessed genuine sentiments of philanthropy, and how deeply must both these instances have confirmed his ancient antipathy against the Roman Catholic religion! Would it were possible to applaud all in Voltaire at this period; but while attentive to the vindication of individuals from tyranny, the flattery of Frederick and Catharine led him to sanction the foul usurpation by which the partition of Poland was effected in 1772. Lord Brougham has deeply felt the wrong then enacted, and the biographer of Voltaire nobly exposes the wrongs perpetrated by the autocrat and her coadjutor. His servility here is as odious as in the former instance. No insults could compel him to quit the court of Berlin, even when it execrated and derided him. In the three quarrels of his life, with Frederick, Maupertuis, and Rousseau, whatever he thought of the two first, in the latter he was mean, selfish and ungenerous. And yet Rousseau behaved generously, even nobly to him; and when the remark that the "*Irène*," his last finished tragedy, exhibited the decline of genius, he said frankly, "were it true, that the remark were brutal." The "*Irène*" is a wonderful effort for a man of 84. We extract the reception of Voltaire, after an absence from Paris of 27 years, in Lord Brougham's own words:—

"After an absence of above seven-and-twenty years he revisited Paris with his niece, who, at the beginning of 1778, wished to accompany thither a young lady, recently married to M. Vilette. Voltaire had just finished '*Irène*,' and had a desire to see its representation. The reception he met with in every quarter was enthusiastic. He had outlived all his enemies, all his detractors, all his quarrels. The academy, which had, under the influence of court intrigues, now long forgotten, delayed his admission till his fifty-second year, seemed now anxious to repair its fault, and received him with honors due rather to the great chief than to a fellow-citizen in the commonwealth of letters. All that was most eminent in station or most distinguished in talents—all that most shone in society or most ruled at court, seemed to bend before him—the homage of every class and of every rank was tendered to him—and it seemed as if one universal feeling prevailed, the desire of having it hereafter to say—'*I saw Voltaire.*' But, in a peculiar manner, his triumphant return was celebrated at the theatre. Present at the third night of '*Irène*,' all eyes were turned from the stage to the poet, whose looks, not those of the actors, were watched from the rising to the falling of the curtain. Then his bust was seen on the stage, and crowned with chaplets, among the shouts and the tears of the audience. He left the house, and hundreds pressed forward to aid his feeble steps as he retired to his carriage. No one was suffered to sustain him above an instant—

all must enjoy the honor of having once supported Voltaire's arm. Countless multitudes attended him to his apartments, and as he entered they knelt to kiss his garments. The cries of 'Vive Voltaire!' 'Vive la Henriade!' 'Vive Zaire!' pierced the air. The aged poet's heart was moved with tenderness. 'On yeut' (he feebly cried)—'on veut me faire mourir de plaisir! On m'étouffe de roses.'—(P. 121.)

Franklin and Voltaire met on that occasion. The philosopher presented his grandson to Voltaire, and asked a blessing. "God and liberty is the only one fitting for Franklin's children," was the reply,—a somewhat vague benediction, but Voltaire ill understood the sacerdotal character. During his short stay at Paris, Voltaire busied himself in many literary works, on "Agathocles," another tragedy, prevailed on the French Academy to prepare its Dictionary, and at 85 commenced with the letter A. But his labors were too much for him, and he was seized with a spitting of blood. Fresh exertions produced sleeplessness; this was attempted to be remedied by opium, and Condorcet says he died by the mistake of a servant in one of the doses. This was on the 30th of May, 1778. Four days before his death he wrote to Lally Tolendal to say that he died happy on hearing the reversal of the decree against his father. Some verses, written to the Abbé de l'Attaignant ten days before his decease, display extraordinary vigor. In his last illness the clergy gathered around him, and he conformed to the Roman ritual; in confession and absolution. The formula, however, that certified this not being sufficiently ample, the Abbé Genthur was requested to get further details, with a threat that the burial certificate would otherwise be withheld. Voltaire recovered from his illness, but on his real death-bed the curé insisted on a full confession. When he came to the article of the divinity of our Lord, which he was required to sign, he burst forth into an exclamation that abundantly removed all doubts of his infidelity. His remains were consequently forbidden interment in consecrated ground, but the ceremony had already taken place in a monastery of which his nephew was abbot.

Such was Voltaire; and with every feeling to think well of many parts of his character, we consider Lord Brougham too merciful with respect to his general character. Allowing for the disgust produced by an ignorant priesthood—for the bigotry, the cruelty, and almost daily murders that marked its way, we cannot think Voltaire absolved, or even much extenuated in guilt. We admit the full force of a corrupt era, of an early run of evil misbelieving associates;—we can allow for temperament, wit, and sarcasm, but still there remains so powerful a mass yet to be removed from his memory, that we cannot admit him to our sympathy as misled, or our judgment as in the right. The parallel drawn by Lord Brougham between him and Luther, as two lords over a vast era of thought, does not hold. Luther said much, wrote much, did much, that we could wish forgotten, but he proselyted to an eternity, he cleared up the passage of the light to millions; and to Voltaire we stand indebted neither for accurate philosophy, true history, or genuine philanthropy. The fearful horrors that followed his era are decidedly traceable to him, and the blood on the hands of the murderous poissardes was originated in the high priest of that revolution, who had taught the people to despise religion and to sanc-

tify error. Powerful indeed was the sweep of his mind, fearful the blasphemous bon-mots incessantly retailed by him against God, and the Faith, and the Christ. If we concede that he was not an atheist, what was he? Did he know himself? Is it not the fatal character of such natures that they lie unto themselves, until the internal monitor ceases to indicate truth? Who can look on the correspondence between him and D'Alembert, and pronounce it that of men of honor, truth, probity, common honesty, or virtue? With Frederick of Prussia, nothing can exceed his baseness and meanness; to please Catherine of Russia, the father of the revolution appears amazingly anxious to stifle freedom in other countries, whatever be claimed for himself in France. There will not remain for the admirers of Voltaire much to set off against these heavy accusations: indifferent scholarship, extreme inaccuracy of facts, wilful lies, baseless authorities for baseless assertions. His attacks on Christianity are all ill conducted, developing the grossest ignorance of Greek, of Hebrew, of the cognate tongues, passages unfairly warped, even words surreptitiously introduced in quotation; and though ridicule can never be refuted, yet it does not follow that it is either based on reason or right. To him Christianity owes a negative obligation doubtless,—that he occasioned numerous replies of high value by works which scarce merited refutation. We pass the last and foulest page, the obscenity of his works, the offence against good taste, his idol, as well as against morality; and we think him fortunate in having so gentle a chronicler as Lord Brougham, to whom he has affinities that, doubtless, have to a certain extent endeared him; but the type fails on that one subject, the most important of the earth, *the Belief in the Revelation*, a subject to which Lord Brougham has devoted his best energies, and thereby interposed, like the good Lord Kenyon, with a voice judicial, against both obscenity and blasphemy. Ere we pass to Rousseau, the next life, we must refer our readers to the appendix, for one anecdote told by Lord Brougham, with regard to Voltaire, stimulated by the passage in Rousseau, rising to look at the sun. We commend it to the attention of our readers, but there is something so repellingly horrid in the final expression that we cannot venture to shock their feelings by relating it. It is characteristic of the man, and of his unceasing hostility to the faith—how generated within him, and how justified, we have already shown. The great space we have occupied on Voltaire will prevent our dwelling with equal length on the remaining biographies. Rousseau is the next. Jean Jacques Rousseau was born at Geneva, on the 28th June, 1712. Lord Brougham has followed the "Confessions" pretty closely, in the early events, which as they are well known we shall not particularize. It certainly does appear that the Romish Church of that period contributed in no small degree to the production of infidels. The first religious society into which Rousseau entered, the Seminary of Catechists for the Conversion of Heretics, was the most depraved spot conceivable; and the bigotry which demanded of the son the belief in the utter damnation of his mother, as an indispensable condition to his own reception into Romanism, is equally unlikely to have promoted any growth of good in Rousseau. We pass the details of his amour with Madame de Warrens, which are well known, as well as his

intercourse with Theresa, by whom he had five children, and whom he ultimately married, disposing of all his children, one after the other, in the Foundling Hospital. How strangely were the genuine affections of the earth extinct in the breasts of the men of that period! In 1749, Rousseau gained the prize on certainly an extraordinary subject for a literary institution, like the academy of Dijon, to propose, "The Mischiefs of Science." Rousseau rose into repute at first, however, more probably from his "Devin du Village," than any other cause. On his return to his native city, Geneva, Rousseau abjured Romanism, and became once more a citizen of Geneva. The spring of 1756, however, saw him again a resident near Paris, at Montmorenci. At this time the "Nouvelle Héloïse" appeared. On this work the remarks of Lord Brougham are judicious and sound:—

"It charmed many; it enchanted both the Bishops Warburton and Hurd, as we see in their published correspondence; it still holds a high place among the works which prudent mothers withhold from their daughters, and which many daughters contrive to enjoy in secret; it makes a deep impression on hearts as yet little acquainted with real passion, and heads inexperienced in the social relations; it assuredly has no great charms either for the experienced or the wise, and is alike condemned by a severe taste in composition and a strict judgment in morals."—p. 163.

As for the heroine of this unnatural work, we can only say that, thank Heaven, such women are rare, and that they are still rarer in modern days than heretofore. Julie was exactly what Rousseau wished the entire sex to be; and for this he would have repaid them with the tenderness he evinced to poor Theresa's offspring. The "Emile" was published in the spring of 1762, and the "Contrat Social" followed. In the "Emile" Rousseau attacked revelation, but he does not abuse it nor ridicule it. This singular man was doubtless in a degree insane; he had that remarkable peculiarity of insanity—the belief that all the world was in league against him. Our country was favored by his presence as well as Voltaire's, but with reverse conclusions. Voltaire liked the English, Rousseau hated them, in common with the rest of his foes and his brother infidel Hume, who lured him over especially. After a ten months' residence he returned to France. There is a curious opposition between the reverses of Rousseau, and the successes of Voltaire, in England. Rousseau himself says:—

"J'ai mis trop d'humeur dans mes querelles avec M. Hume; mais le climat d'Angleterre, la situation de ma fortune, et les persécutions que je venais d'essayer, tout me jetait dans la mélancolie."

After various migrations this strange being finally settled at Ermenonville. Six months before he died he sent out a circular, representing himself in an utter state of destitution, and entreating to be sent to an hospital. It is needless to say that the poverty he pleaded was a lie; and had any one taken him at his word, then, as our author justly remarks, he would have proclaimed him as the consummator of the plot that had been carried on against him over his entire existence. He died of apoplexy at Ermenonville. Me. de Staël hints at suicide, but this, however probable, is not substantiated. Those were glorious days for infidels, anarchists, and blasphemers. A pen-

sion of 1,500 francs was conferred on his widow, a creature of low habits, who lived to take her stand at the door of the theatre, and beg at eighty years of age. She died in 1801. Though outrageous common sense and just propriety, we allow that he was not an infidel of the pure encyclopædist school, and felt a shrinking horror of their open blasphemy. The truth was that Christianity addressed herself so deeply to his feelings, that he could not but mistrust his infidel conclusions; and this led to the sarcasm of Voltaire, that he was half a Christian. An epitaph on him, never yet published, written by Voltaire, is given by Lord Brougham; not that Voltaire outlived his rival, for he died in the May of 1788, and Rousseau in the July of that year:—

"Plus bel esprit que grand génie,
Sans loi, sans mœurs, et sans vertu,
Il est mort comme il a vécu,
Couvert de gloire et d'infamie."

These were kind people to each other: the benevolence of the "Esprits Forts" is remarkable.

It falls unhappily to our lot to say, that the third life in this biography is also an infidel writer—David Hume. This writer was born at Edinburgh, in April, 1711. Like Voltaire, he also was destined for the legal profession. On his refusal to embrace this, he was placed in a commercial house at Bristol, whence he retired to France, to prosecute his favorite studies of classic literature. At La Flèche, in Anjou, appeared the "Treatise on Human Nature," in 1737. After this, on his return to England, he accepted the post of companion to the imbecile Marquis of Annandale. This ill suited him, and he took the part of secretary to General St. Clair, in which occupation he was enabled to realize a thousand pounds, which was then a comparative independence. While in Turin, his "Inquiry concerning the Human Understanding" was published in London, a rifacimento of the "Treatise on Human Nature." The same year, "The Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals" saw the light. All these attempts were eminently unsuccessful. Lord Brougham has drawn a great distinction with respect to Hume's writings. "They are," he says, "not purely skeptical but dogmatical." Thus on the important argument on Providence and a Future State, his lordship has the following just remarks:—

"The question, and none other equal in importance can exercise the human faculties, is, whether we have or not, by the light of nature, sufficient evidence to make us believe in a Deity and the Soul's Immortality. His argument is, not that there is any doubt on the subject, but that we have no such evidence; consequently his position must be that there is no ground for believing in a God or a future state. It is easy to say Mr. Hume was not an atheist; and that neither he nor any man can in one sense of the word be an atheist is certain. If by denying a God we mean believing that his non-existence is proved, there neither is nor can be an atheist, because there cannot possibly be conceived any demonstration of that negative proposition. To prove that a man asserted to be in existence, exists not, we must either show that he once existed, and has ceased to exist, or that he never existed, but more certainly the former than the latter, because the former alone can be considered to leave the proposition quite certain.

Now, clearly this kind of proof is inconceivable as to a Deity; consequently no man in this sense can be an atheist, if his understanding be sound. But we really mean by atheist as contradistinguished from skeptic, one who holds that there exists no evidence of a Deity, as contradistinguished from him who only entertains doubts on the subject—doubts whether there be evidence or no. Mr. Hume's argument, if solid, shows that there is no evidence, and not that there are doubts: consequently the inference from his argument is, not that we have reason for doubting whether or not there is proof, but that we have no proof, and, therefore, if consistent with ourselves, admitting his argument, we must not believe; that is, we must disbelieve. In the ordinary sense of the word, and as far as it is possible for the thing to exist, this is atheism, not skepticism. On miracles, no one has ever contended that the author's doctrine amounted only to skepticism. He does not doubt at all—he denies, and not only denies negatively that any miracle was ever proved by evidence, but affirms positively that none ever can be so proved. His whole argument goes to this; and between the impossibility of a miracle ever having been performed, and the total want of evidence of a Deity by the light of nature, we are left not to doubt, but to deny both Providence and a future state. The one argument shows supernatural evidence to be impossible; it shuts out light from above; the other shows natural evidence to be non-existent: it shuts out light from the world around us. The two together amount to plain and practical atheism, as far as such a belief is compatible with sanity of mind."

The Political Discourses of this writer have been always popular, and are not without great merit. In the year in which he published them, 1752, Hume was appointed librarian by the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh. This office furnishing the means of access to an admirable library, induced him to undertake a "History of England." He began by way of feeler for his grand design, with the "History of the Stuarts," in two vols. The second appeared in 1756. The opposition to the reception of the work is described by him in the following words:—

"I was assaulted," says he, "by one cry of reproach, disapprobation, and even detestation. English, Scotch, and Irish, whig and tory, churchman and sectary, freethinker and religionist, patriot and courtier, united against the man who had presumed to shed a generous tear for the fate of Charles I. and the Earl of Strafford."

The second volume, however, gave less offence than the first; and between the publication of the first and second, appeared his "Natural History of Religion." Bishop Hurd thought this production worthy of a reply. Three years after the publication of his second volume of the Stuarts, appeared the "History of the House of Tudor," in three volumes. This also from the view given of Elizabeth, raised no small clamor against him. But Hume found this did the sale good, and it brought him to competency fast, as a man of moderate desires. The profits of publishers in those days were not small. Lord Brougham informs us, that for his "History of Scotland,"—

"Dr. Robertson had only received 600*l.*, the publishers having cleared 6,000*l.* For 'Charles V.' he received 3,600*l.*, and for 'America,' 2,400*l.* (being in the same proportion,) while, no doubt, 50,000*l.* at the least must have been realized by those works."

Hume was certainly a rapid writer, and though we do not join in the recent invectives against him, he was undoubtedly often most inaccurate, and insufficient, and partial, independent of his Stuart bias—three charges of a strong kind against an historian; and to these may be added, though partially included in the above, a want of patient investigation, and an innate disregard of truth. The following remarks on his style are, however, strictly merited:—

"It is not surpassed by Livy himself. There is no pedantry or affectation, nothing forced or far-fetched. It flows smoothly and rapidly, according to the maxim of the critic, 'Currere debet et ferri.' It seems to have the 'lactea ubertas' of Livy, with the 'immortalis velocitas' of Sallust. Nothing can be more narrative; the story is unbroken, it is clear, all its parts distinct, and all succeeding in natural order; nor is any reflection omitted where it should occur, or introduced where it would encumber or interrupt. In both his narrative and his descriptions there is nothing petty, or detailed more than is fit or needful; there is nothing of what painters call spotty—all is breadth and bold relief. His persons are finely grouped, and his subjects boldly massed. His story is no more like a chronicle, or his views like a catalogue of particulars, than a fine picture is like a map of the country or a copy of the subject. His language is more beautiful and powerful than correct. He has no little tendency to Gallicisms. He has many very inaccurate, some ungrammatical phrases. In this respect he is far behind Robertson. The general effect, however, of his diction is unequalled. He cannot be said to write idiomatic English, being indeed a foreigner in that sense; but his language is often, nay, generally, racy, and he avails himself of the expressions, both the terms and the phrases, which he finds in older writers, transferring them to his own page. In this he enjoys a great advantage over Robertson, who, resorting necessarily to Latin, or to foreign or provincial authors, could not manage such transfers, and was obliged to make all undergo the digestive and assimilating process, converting the whole into his own beautiful, correct, and uniform style. Another reach of art Hume has attained, and better than any writer in our language; he has given either a new sense to expressions, or revived an old, so as never to offend us by the neology of the one process or by the archaism of the other. With this style, sustained by his profound philosophy, there can be nothing more beautiful than some of his descriptions of personal character, or of public feeling, or of manners, or of individual suffering; and, like all great masters of composition, he produces his effect suddenly, and, as it were, with a single blow."—p. 217.

When the publication of his history closed in 1761, he was 50 years old. At this period he accepted the office of secretary of the embassy to the British ambassador at Paris, Lord Hertford, and when the same ambassador went to Ireland as lord lieutenant, he was chargé-d'affaires part of the year. French society was much to his taste. He there met with no stern-minded Johnson, pointedly refusing, by his emphatic "No, sir," all introduction to England's first historian, and the *convenances* of society were there strictly attended to, and these are convenient for infidels. In 1766 he was under-secretary of state in General Conway's ministry, and returned to Edinburgh possessed of 1,000*l.* a year. While in Paris he had

there made the acquaintance of Rousseau, and induced him to come to England. In the quarrel between them, since Rousseau admitted, as we have seen, that he had been in fault, we may well believe him to have been so. Hume quarrelled with no man, from utter indifference to all. He resigned the office of under-secretary of state from ill health in 1769, when he returned to Edinburgh. In 1775 he was seized with a disease in the bowels, under which malady, however, he writes as follows:—

“ ‘I now,’ adds the philosopher, ‘reckon on a speedy dissolution. I have suffered very little pain from my disorder, and what is more strange, have, notwithstanding the great decline of my person, never suffered a moment’s abatement of my spirits; insomuch that, were I to name the period of my life which I should most choose to pass over again, I might be tempted to point to this latter period. I possess the same ardor as ever in study, and the same gaiety in company. I consider, besides, that a man of sixty-five, by dying, cuts off only a few years of infirmities; and though I see many symptoms of my literary reputation breaking out at last with additional lustre, I could have but a few years to enjoy it. It is difficult to be more detached from life than I am at present.’ ”

He further declared that he had no enemy, in his own *nonchalant* manner, except all the Whigs, all the Tories, and all the Christians.

Few persons have met death so unprepared and yet so easily as Hume. He died in the 65th year of his age; and Scotland has not been ungrateful to his memory. A conspicuous monument on the Calton Hill commemorates her historian. Of shades of infidelity Hume, however at times he may plead a lighter and less repulsive hue than either Voltaire or Rousseau, is still a dogmatizer on infidelity. Infidelity that shocks us in a Frenchman, both shocks and disgusts more strongly still in an Englishman; and though Lord Brougham thinks Johnson by no means an irreprouchable person, nor was he, yet look at the perpetual effort of his life, and that amid the tendencies of his age, and he becomes immeasurably superior to Hume. We allow his honest zeal for religion might do harm at times, but it also did essential, permanent, solid good to that cause. We have said that Hume varied from Voltaire and Rousseau in the character of his unbelief. We give Lord Brougham’s extenuation of his infidelity:—

“ ‘It is to be observed that the charges made against Mr. Hume for his skeptical writings, and for the irreligious doctrines which he published to the world, are in almost every respect ill-founded. He never had recourse to ribaldry, hardly ever invoked the aid even of wit to his argument. He had well examined the subject of his inquiries. He had, with some bias in favor of the singularity or the originality of the conclusions to which they led, been conducted thither by reasoning, and firmly believed all he wrote. It may be a question, whether his duty required him to make public the results of his speculations, when these tended to unsettle established faith, and might destroy one system of belief without putting another in its place. Yet if we suppose him to have been sincerely convinced that men were living in error and in darkness, it is not very easy to deny even the duty of endeavoring to enlighten them, and to reclaim. But it is impossible to

doubt that, with his opinions, even if justified in suppressing them, he never would have stood excused had he done anything to countenance and uphold what he firmly believed to be errors on the most important of all questions. Nor is it less manifest that he was justified in giving his own opinions to the world on those questions if he chose, provided he handled them with decorum, and with the respect due from all good citizens to the religious opinions of the state. There are but one or two passages in them all, chiefly in the ‘*Essay on Miracles*,’ which do not preserve the most unbroken gravity, and all the seriousness befitting the subject.”

Like Voltaire, the fearful bon-mots of his order, against religion—the ceaseless carcasms he unflinchingly poured forth against its adherents, cannot be too deeply reprobated.

Leland has refuted his “*Philosophical Essays* ;” his “*Providence, and a Future State* ;” the “*Essay on Miracles* ;” and the “*Principles on Morals* ;” and therefore the poison of these works is now to a great extent superseded by a powerful antidote.

Before we proceed to the next writer we beg leave to refer our readers to the specimens given in the appendix, of Hume’s corrections of style, by fac-simile extracts. They show the great care he took in composition; and that on his rhetorical passages he bestowed deep pains and high finish. We are enabled by Lord Brougham to contradict absolutely a statement in the “*Quarterly Review*” (vol. lxxiii., p. 556.) A very serious charge is there made against the ministers of Edinburgh—that they encouraged his scoffs at religion, and echoed his blasphemies. A mass of invective is also exhibited; the heavy terms, “*betrayers of their Lord*,” and many others, are launched against their devoted heads, and the case considered proven. To all this, Lord Brougham says:—

“ ‘I have caused minute search to be made; and on fully examining all that collection, the result is to give the most unqualified and peremptory contradiction to this scandalous report.’ ”

We now come to Robertson, a writer, whose fame is by no means on the increase; and to a certain extent this is justifiable. The writer who could give a “*History of America*,” without being enabled to read the untranslated “*Conquistadores*,” and any Spanish document, rather merited this partial neglect. Robertson was born at Borthwick, in Edinburgh, on September 19, 1721. His father was minister of the Scotch Kirk, in London Wall. He was a rigid Presbyterian, and exacted from his son a promise that he would never enter a play-house; a promise to which, from filial affection, Robertson strictly adhered. Whether the injunction was right or wrong, may be matter of question; but the general educational process with Robertson, produced the happiest results. He enjoyed the high advantage of two most excellent parents. Lord Brougham, from his relationship to Robertson, reaches, in this life, almost to grounds of argument from personal experience. We pass the boyhood of Robertson, and proceed to his university career, which began at twelve years old, and occupied him eight years. Lord Brougham says:—

“ ‘His diligence in study was unremitting, and he pursued his education at the different classes: for eight years with indefatigable zeal. He had’

laid down for himself a strict plan of reading; and of the notes which he took there remain a number of books, beginning when he was only fourteen, all bearing the sentence as a motto which so characterized his love of learning, indicating that he delighted in it abstractedly, and for its own sake, without regarding the uses to which it might be turned—*Vita sine litteris mors.* I give this gloss upon the motto or text advisedly. His whole life was spent in study. I well remember his constant habit of quitting the drawing-room both after dinner and again after tea, and remaining shut up in his library."

In 1741 he was licensed, by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, to preach; and afterwards appointed minister of Gladsmuir. In 1751, he married his cousin, Miss Nesbit. He soon became looked upon as the head of the moderate party, in the Assembly. We extract the following remarks on his preaching:—

"As a preacher he was most successful. His language, of course, was pure, his composition graceful, his reasoning cogent, his manner impressive. He spoke according to the custom of the Scottish Church, having only notes to assist his memory. His notions of usefulness, and his wish to avoid the fanaticism of the high church party, (what with us would be called the lower church, or Evangelical,) led him generally to prefer moral to theological or Gospel subjects. Yet he mingled also three themes essential to the duties of a Christian pastor. He loved to dwell on the goodness of the Deity, as shown forth not only in the monuments of creation, but the work of love in the redemption of mankind. He delighted to expatiate on the fate of man in a future state of being, and to contrast the darkness of the views which the wisest of the heathen had, with the perfect light of the new dispensation. He oftentimes would expound the Scriptures, taking, as is the usage of the kirk, a portion of some chapter for the subject of what is called *lecture* as contradistinguished from *sermon*; and in these discourses, the richness of his learning, the remarkable clearness of his explanation, the felicity of his illustration, shone forth, as well as the cogency and elegance of his practical application to our duties in life, the end and aim of all his teaching."

From 1753 to 1758, he had been occupied on his "History of Scotland;" it appeared in 1759, and met with a most cordial and well-merited reception. The portion connected with Mary, displeased the Jacobite party: but Robertson, who could not screen the queen from the marriage with her husband's murderer, a fact she herself avouched, certainly contrived to clear her of the accusations of taking part in Babington's conspiracy, and to render *her* share in Darnley's murder doubtful; he further entered into a general vindication of many other points in her favor; Lord Brougham, however, justly remarks, both Hume and Robertson omit to notice the most extenuating point connected with her death—the utter want of right, on the part of Elizabeth, to condemn her, in which we fully participate. But surely it cannot be concealed, that it was a question which sovereign should perish; surely it cannot be doubtful, after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, that Elizabeth's own position was most critical. Lord Brougham has few tendencies that lead him to favor deeply this great queen: and the following passage exhibits the full force of his own feelings:—

"A graver charge than dissimulation and severity as regards Mary is entirely suppressed, and yet the foul crime is described in the same work. It is undeniable that Elizabeth did not cause her to be executed until she had repeatedly endeavored to make Sir Amyas Paulet and Sir Drue Drury, who had the custody of her person, to take her off by assassination. When those two gallant cavaliers rejected the infamous proposition with indignation and with scorn, she attacked them as 'dainty' and 'precise fellows,' 'men promising much and performing nothing;' nay, she was with difficulty dissuaded from displacing them, and employing one Wingfield in their stead, 'who had both courage and inclination to strike the blow.' Then finding she could not commit murder, she signed the warrant for Mary's execution; and immediately perpetrated a crime only less foul than murder, treacherously denying her handwriting, and destroying by heavy fine and long imprisonment the secretary of state whom she had herself employed to issue the fatal warrant. History, fertile in its records of royal crimes, offers to our execration few such characters as that of this great, successful, and popular princess. An assassin in her heart, nay, in her councils and her orders; an oppressor of the most unrelenting cruelty in her whole conduct; a hypocritical dissembler to whom falsehood was habitual, honest frankness strange—such is the light in which she ought to be ever held up, as long as humanity and truth shall bear any value in the eyes of men. That she rendered great services to her subjects; that she possessed extraordinary firmness of character as a sovereign, with despicable weakness as an individual; that she governed her dominions with admirable prudence, and guided her course through as great difficulties in the affairs of the state, and still more in those of the church, as beset the path of any whoever ruled, is equally incontrovertible; but there is no such thing as 'right of set-off' in the judgments which impartial history has to pronounce—no doctrine of compensation in the code of public morals; and he who undertakes to record the actions of princes, and to paint their characters, is not at liberty to cast a veil over undeniable imperfection, or suffer himself like the giddy vulgar to be so dazzled by vulgar glory that his eyes are blind to crime."

Is it not remarkable, then, if this powerful passage be as true as it is forcible, that writers like Hume and Robertson should give so different a verdict on the character of Elizabeth, when all their tendencies ran in opposite directions?

A few months previous to the publication of the "History of Scotland," Dr. Robertson, as he was then styled, having received his degree of D. D., from the University of Edinburgh, removed to that city, being presented to the Kirk of the Old Gray Friars. In 1762, he was appointed Principal of the University, and Lord Bute requested him to write the "History of England." The termination of Lord Bute's short ministry probably led to the abandonment of this undertaking. He was, however, appointed historiographer for Scotland in 1764. We regret that this work was not achieved by him. He had stipulated to finish his "Charles V." anterior to it. The "History of America" came out ten years after his "Scotland;" a work for which, in spite of his allowed graphic descriptions, extensive research, and beautiful style, he was much less qualified than for a "History of England,"

where he was enabled to inspect most of the sources, and might have filled up with some small study even many of Hume's short-comings over the Anglo-Saxon period. Lord Brougham embraces the opportunity afforded by a dissertation on these histories, to possess the public with his own notions of the really valuable plan on which history should be written. He considers most historians, and with great truth, as holding up false principles. The following remarks, not the least important of which is the revelation of Lord Brougham's own unpublished attempts, are highly valuable :—

“To the historians of all ages joining with the vulgar, and, indeed, writing as if they belonged themselves either to the class of ambitious warriors and intriguing statesmen, or to the herd of ordinary men whom successful crimes defrauded at once of their rights and their praises, may be ascribed by far the greater part of the encouragement held out to profligate conduct in those who have the destinies of nations in their hands. At all events, this is certain: if they could not eradicate the natural propensity in the human mind towards these errors when unrefined, they might have enlightened it, and have gradually diffused a sounder and better feeling.

“So deeply have I always felt the duty of attempting some such reformation in the historical character and practice, that I had begun to undertake the reigns of Henry V., of Elizabeth, and of Alfred, upon these great principles. A deep sense of the inadequate powers which I brought to this hard task, would probably have so far grown upon me as its execution advanced, that I should have abandoned it to abler hands; but professional, and afterwards judicial, duties, put an end to the attempt before it had made any considerable progress. Nevertheless, I found no small reason to be satisfied of success being attainable, when I came narrowly to examine the interesting facts connected with national improvement and virtuous conduct; and I am sure, that whoever may repeat the attempt will gather encouragement from the proof, which I have drawn from the masterpieces we have been contemplating, that the events and characters of past times lend themselves to an affecting narrative, conducted on right principles.”

The last work brought under consideration is the “Disquisition on India.” Undoubtedly an able and learned inquiry. In 1791, his health began to fail him; in 1793, his recovery was hopeless; on the 11th of June in that year he died. The summary of this amiable man's life and character we will not injure Lord Brougham's work by extracting, but refer our readers to the book. It is most complete and satisfactory. The reminiscences of a relation—of whom, were Robertson living, he might well be proud, from his multiform acquirements and mental grasp—were always affecting, and we subjoin them :—

“The only particulars of his manners and person which I recollect are his cocked hat, which he always wore, even in the country; his stately gait particularly in a walk which he loved to frequent in the woods at Brougham, where I was never but once while he visited there, and in which he slowly recited sometimes Latin verses, sometimes Greek; a very slight guttural accent in his speech, which gave it a peculiar fulness; and his retain-

ing some old-fashioned modes of address, as using the word ‘madam’ at full length; and, when he drank wine with any woman, adding, ‘My humble service to you.’ When in the country he liked to be left entirely to himself in the morning, either to read, or to walk, or to drive about; and he said that one of his great enjoyments at Lennel was Mr. Brydons and himself doing precisely each as he chose, and being each as if the other were not in the same house.”

We regret that both time and want of space prohibit our reverting to the exquisite description, from personal recollection, of Black, the great pillar of modern chemistry. The discoveries of Black on heat, contributed undoubtedly to clear the way for Watt in the invention of the steam-engine. The account given of the progress of this philosopher, is fraught with the highest interest, and as clear as it is beautiful. The reminiscences of him, and the large quantity of new materials that enter into this life, will excite great interest. He also, as well as Black, was the personal friend of Lord Brougham. A very valuable historical note, “On the Discovery of the Theory of the Composition of Water,” follows this biography. We pass Priestley, who is well known to the public from other sources; and we must say little more of Cavendish, the undisputed discoverer of nitrous acid, and of the composition of water, independent of Watt—a philosopher who applied his splendid fortune and ducal descent to as splendid and noble discoveries. Like Wollaston, this singular man even watched with curious observation the progress of disease and the gradual extinction of his own vital powers. On Davy, the inventor of the safety-lamp a name omitted in the previous summary at the head of this article—we regret to say, we can do no more than refer our readers to the succinct details in this work. Simson, the mathematician, is the last. Some beautiful remarks are made in this life, on the gradual extinction of the ancient geometry of which Simson was so great a master. No one more regretted this than the great mathematician, whose system has superseded, by analysis, the geometric method. In mathematics Lord Brougham is not only a student, but very early in life, unless our memory fails us, himself published a work on Porisms, of which Simson was so great a master. The labors of Simson on Pappus will be read with interest by all mathematicians, and a few specimens of analysis necessary to such a biography are adduced. It is satisfactory also to trace the deep and affecting piety of this distinguished geometer. D’Alembert, and many others of his class, have exhibited opposite sentiments, and the common mathematical turn of mind is in general cold and unimaginative. It is quite delicious to light on such opposites to this school as Simson and Newton. Here we close our pleasing task; and we have to thank Lord Brougham for a work composed in the best spirit and feeling, full of matters of high scientific excellence, written with vigor and elegance, well balanced so as neither to shock religion nor morality, but on the contrary so cautiously framed as to base a clear necessity for Christianity even on the lives of infidels, and to educe from almost antagonistic principles the eternal truths of Exalted Reason and of Holiest Revelation.

DWELLINGS FOR WORKPEOPLE.

At the new port of Birkenhead, which is rising up to be a great town before our eyes, a practical experiment is in progress, highly interesting to the working-classes. The town is planned on a liberal and foreseeing view, so as to avoid the sources of discomfort and ill-health which affect those cities that grow up by haphazard—with well-arranged streets, public grounds, and a complete system of drainage. To the place have been brought large flocks of workpeople, for whom it has been necessary to provide dwellings; and in doing this for their workmen, the Birkenhead Dock Company have seized the opportunity of dealing with the matter in so complete a way as to make a model for others to follow. They have taken into account the cost, the profit to the owner, the comfort of the inmates, and the general comfort of their neighbors. They have found it a better economy to build large houses rather than cottages; they have adopted a plan prepared by Mr. Charles Evans Lang, of London; and the buildings are now in progress. The ground which they are to occupy lies between two of eight streets that meet in a circus, and may be described as a triangle; across which, from street to street, houses are erected in rows, with alleys between; there is a school-house at the apex of the triangle, and in the centre of the circus a handsome church. Each row resembles what in Scotland is called a "land,"—a pile four stories high, comprising several distinct houses, each house having a public staircase communicating with the several "flats" or stories; each flat divided into two separate dwelling places. Each dwelling contains a "living-room," two bedrooms, and a "yard." The living-room is capacious, and well arranged for ventilation and comfort: on one side are the entrance-door and the door into the yard; on the next side, near to the entrance, are the doors into the two bed-rooms; on the third side, opposite to the bed-room doors, is the window; and on the fourth side is the fireplace: nearly the half of the room, towards this fourth side, is left without any door or other opening, so that the hearth is removed from direct draughts. In this room there is a gas-pipe, for light. The "yard" is a sort of scullery, but comprising the sink, coal-hole, dust-hole, &c.; in short, all the "domestic offices," packed into a very close space, but fitted with conveniences not always found even in the houses of the middle-classes. Up the whole height of the building is a shaft, with which pipes from each yard communicate; at the top is a cistern with a preparation for keeping it full, to the extent of one thousand gallons of water; from which, independently of individual use, a stream can be at pleasure made to rush down the shaft, carrying away the *ejaculanda* into the sewer, into which the shaft runs below. There is in that respect the most complete means for securing tidiness, decency and health. The independent run of water will be a guard against many of the evils even of individual negligence; but it is inconceivable that with such conveniences the humble tenants should not acquire the better habits that await an opportunity. At the top of the building is an "airing flat," in which all the families whose dwellings open into the common staircase will have the right to dry their clothes. There is, we believe, some means of regulating the temperature of the whole pile

of buildings: at all events, there are appliances to secure thorough ventilation; and the whole structure is fire-proof. The external aspect of these dwellings for the poor is handsome, and even imposing; in a style so ornate as quite to relieve them from the aspect of almshouses; to which, indeed, they bear no sort of resemblance. Now it is calculated that this kind of house-property will "pay," even as a commercial speculation: with all this convenience, salubrity, and comfort for the tenant, and let to him at the rent which he usually pays—the landlord, too, settling all rates and other charges, so that the tenant will pay for the whole house, its gas-light, water, taxes, rates, and all, one fixed weekly charge—with all these unwonted comforts and facilities, the tenant paying no more rent than he is used to pay for bad lodging elsewhere, the landlord will yet reap a profit of 8 or 10 per cent on the capital invested. In the present instance, that is not the whole advantage derived by the landlords, the company; for they will find great immediate convenience in the concentration of their workpeople, and great benefit may be expected by all who have a stake in the town from the improved salubrity and the high character which these far-seeing plans must secure for it. The experiment may prove to the speculative builder, that he could provide for the humbler classes a very superior kind of accommodation at a profit to himself; it may teach those classes what they should obtain for their money.—*Spectator*.

FEARFULLY AND WONDERFULLY MADE.

WOMBWELL's exhibitor used to remark of the elephant's trunk that it was adapted to unroot oaks or pick up a pin. Civil engineering appears to embrace an equal multiplicity of objects. At the last meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers, a new patent machine for the manufacture of teeth, gums, and palates, was exhibited alongside of railroad and locomotive models, and (deservingly) much admired. It is pretty generally known that the loss of the organs just enumerated is not unfrequently supplied by artificial imitations; but the description of the process by which the imitations are formed and inserted goes further to place the human body on a footing of equality with machines than the mere abstract knowledge. A cast of the mouth is first taken in the usual way, to obtain an exact counterpart of the inequalities of the inside: the space intervening between two vermeil lips may be clogged up with plaster of Paris as a preparative to restored beauty. Art does not stop here in its power to replace mutilated or decayed members. Legs and arms of exquisite proportion and finish—to say nothing of swelling, caudal appendages sacred to the use of the fair sex—meet the eye in every street. In the vicinity of Temple Bar, a placard in a shop-window informs the passer-by that "artificial eyes of peculiar *clearness and vivacity of expression*," are to be had there. The thriving appearance of all these decorative artists tempts people at times to question whether any person they converse with is entirely human. The whole population seem akin to the enchanted prince in the *Arabian Nights*—upwards flesh and downwards marble. When the police pick up a lady or gentleman knocked down by an over-driven cab, they must feel puzzled whether to carry the body for repair to the surgeon, the mechanist or the civil engineer.—*Spectator*.

From the Law Magazine.

THE LATE MURDERS.

MURDERS in England, until recently, were usually the offspring of the fierce and deadly passions, goaded and wrought upon by wrongs, real or fancied, and overbearing reason and mercy in obedience to the impulses of hatred, malice or revenge, or to the promptings, scarcely less powerful, of avarice or want. It has ceased to be so. Crime now clothes itself with a calmness and tranquillity of character, deliberate in inception and reckless in execution to an extent foreign to the worst phases of English vice. Murders are now motiveless: not only are they rank with treachery and diabolically brutal, but they seem to spring up from pure love of blood. Three fourths of the cases tried are unprovoked—cool, placid, passionless murders! The nearest relative, or the dearest friend of the victim, is usually the murderer. The circumstances of the act and the atrocity of its perpetration, are generally rank in proportion to the absence of object and provocation. We desire, very briefly, to direct investigation and thought to the subject. We revolt from the task of filling our pages with a record of the villainies of life, and shrink from a further detail of recent murders than is forced upon us by the due fulfilment of the duty of probing the matter with a view to advance the removal at least of the removable causes of this great and very growing evil.

I. The first cause to which we attribute the growth and atrocity of murder is the deficiency of sound and religious education for the great mass of the people most exposed to vicious influences—a subject alien to the province of a review of jurisprudence.

II. The next great proximate cause is the publication, in all their prurient and debasing details, of the foulest and bloodiest outrages. It is matter of notoriety that the publication of these horrors is invariably followed by a fresh crop of crime. It has been the case with nearly every one of the "great murders" of the last ten or fifteen years, from Sheen to Hocker. It is needless to enter upon the somewhat metaphysical inquiry of *how* this is; it suffices to our present purpose that it is so; and that so it is universally admitted to be.

We are scarcely prepared to say that trials of all debasing crimes should be conducted in private, but we believe that we could adduce more arguments in favor even of so extreme a resource, than it would be easy to find reasons to counterbalance. Clear it is that so long as the low taste infused in the public mind, especially of that most brutalized portion of the people who inhabit the metropolis, seeks for its gratification in the public prints, it is not to the scruples of their proprietors that we can look for a remedy to the evil! We are greatly inclined to question whether the publication of a certain class of trials ought not to be repressed by means similar to the laws which prevent the exhibition of obscene prints. What is the difference in principle? The one is on the ground of protecting the public mind from impurities which pollute it—the other from atrocities which render it criminal, and expose society to fresh outrage. So cormorant of horrors is the public become, that they who pander to its morbid palate, literally regard the supply of it as a branch of public service, to which it is their duty and privilege to administer. It was represented as a vast griev-

ance that some of the emissaries of these prints were debarred from witnessing and gloating on the last moments of Tawell in his agony of prayer and terror, in order, they said, that "public anxiety might be satisfied." Public anxiety, forsooth! Anxiety for what? That justice should be done? No; for that was sufficiently made known by the fact that the murderer was hanged. Anxiety that his fate should be appreciated by others? This was accomplished by his execution and confession. If anxiety were for any good purpose, it might well be gratified; but the anxiety in question is that of a vampire taste to batten upon the acts, looks and words of dying men, in whom a prurient interest is excited by the very rankness of their villainies. In fact, people now feed on murders precisely like a tragedy, only with keener zest, because they are more filthy and horrible. These accounts now constitute the romance reading of a large portion of the middle and lower classes in London and large towns; they supply garbage of the same kind, only infinitely more coarse and depraving, than that formerly sought for, but more scantily supplied by the Radcliffe romancists and the penny press, whence the author of Jack Sheppard afforded the public appetite an easy transition from fiction to fact—from fancy felonies and imaginative murders to the racier realities of outrage and bloodshed, decked by the newspapers with those interesting minutiae in which the Newgate calendar is unhappily deficient.

We believe these newspaper details to be rife with the seeds of mental debasement, and that a taste for crime is thus generated and diffused through the land. "L'appetit vient en mangeant." The public mind is now thrice fed with every murder; the full detail, and all the horrible incidents, are paraded three times over in all the newspapers of London: the revolting drama is performed three distinct times at three different theatres—the coroner's court, the police court, and the Old Bailey. The coroner and the magistrates are now engaged in a desperate conflict which shall have the murderer before them: they struggle for the exhibition of him with a zeal which would do credit to the competition of rival managers for a prima donna! The murderer is of course caught in nine cases out of ten by the police, and they and the magistrates claim him as their own; the coroner avers that he cannot receive evidence implicating the prisoner without he is present. Now whether it be a necessary function of a coroner to inquire into the guilt of the prisoner, and virtually to try him, and whether it be also equally necessary that he should be personally present—or whether (seeing that at a very recent adjournment of the court for three weeks, the prisoner might have been tried, condemned and hung before the coroner had arrived at a verdict at all) it be anything more than an idle ceremony for coroners to sit in judgment on murderers—are matters into which inquiry may hereafter be advantageously made. It is enough for our purpose to point to the fact, that the publication of matter admitted to be injurious in the highest degree to the morals of the people is thus doubled: at the same time we apprehend that few persons out of a coroner's court will for a moment pretend that these investigations tend in the smallest degree to the furtherance of justice. The coroner's chief, if not his only office, is to find out how and where the deceased came to his death: it is the province

as well as to secure re-admission as a Quaker, (an honor he had previously forfeited when transported for forgery,) prevails upon the woman to go into seclusion for his sake, and become dead even to her own family and the world: to this she generously consents: he allows her an income of 50*l.* per annum, which he pays irregularly; on the last visit to her, he asks her to be alone when he next calls to bring her the money, naming the day of the murder: the day previous to which he purchases prussic acid from a chemist. On the afternoon of the day of the murder, he informs a waiter at a tavern that he is going to dine out in town; in the course of the evening Sarah Hart, who resides at Slough, is seen bringing a bottle of porter to her lodging, because "her friend she says is come to see her;" a few minutes after, moans are heard in her house; a neighbor alarmed goes to see what is the matter, and at the wicket gate meets a man whom she afterwards identifies as Tawell; he is agitated; he can scarcely undo the gate; when asked what is the matter with Mrs. Hart, he makes no answer, but hurries away; he is seen by clear memoried witnesses going first to the station, then back to Herschel House, then again to the station, and thence to London by the railway. Meantime Sarah Hart is found on the floor dying; a bottle half filled with porter and two glasses are standing on the table; water is attempted to be given to her, in vain; she dies; she is opened, and prussic acid, by certain tests, found in her stomach, together with porter and apple, but no apple pips. A telegraphic despatch precedes John Tawell to London; he is followed by the police. The next day he goes again to the chemist for more prussic acid, saying he had broken the bottle and lost the last he bought; he is then apprehended, and first denies that he was at all at Slough on the day of the murder; he then consults with counsel, and confesses he was there—that Sarah Hart had pestered him for money—that she was a bad woman, and that he had refused to give her more; on which she suddenly poured something into the porter and drank it off—that he believed she was only pretending to have poisoned herself, and he came away; every search is made, and no phial is found which could have contained the prussic acid he alleged she took. This was the evidence against John Tawell, shaken in no one single point. What was the defence of Mr. Kelly?

This: The report in the Times informs us that Mr. Kelly "commenced his speech in defence of the prisoner, appearing to be much affected, *for tears stood in his eyes* as in a low tone he declared that he rose," &c., and then apologized for betraying a "momentary weakness." Tears were the first attack on the sensibilities of the jury. But Mr. Kelly has not done crying. He reads a letter from the *wife* of Tawell, a letter written before the occurrence, on new year's day—one full of ordinary chat about the produce of the twopenny post, the names of the visitors who called at the house, and that Sarah invited Eliza to dine off turkey, beginning and concluding with expressions of endearment quite as ordinary from a wife to a husband whom she had no reason to suspect to be a murderer; whereupon Mr. Kelly cries again! "The learned counsel (says the reporter) shed tears once or twice while reading this letter, and then proceeded to say, that no man could receive such a letter as that, and do an act, which would make his affectionate wife a widow, and his chil-

dren fatherless!!!" That is to say, that a man capable of being a murderer could by no possibility be a hypocrite also, and have beguiled his wife into a belief that he was worthy of her affection! The crying has been condemned as the weakest part of the defence. We think it incomparably the strongest. The Aylesbury jury melted like their own butter. Never were tears more impressive on the minds and logic of yeomen. How could that man be guilty of murder whose counsel's

"grief

Bears such an emphasis? Whose phrase of sorrow

Conjures the wandering stars and makes them stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers!"

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Between the years 1828 and 1831, several robberies and assassinations had been perpetrated close to this spot; and six rude crosses, erected within a very short distance of each other, were sad mementos of the fact. All these murders had been accompanied by circumstances marked by a singular similarity. The first victim who perished in this dreaded neighborhood was a rich merchant, who was travelling from Lérida to Tortosa. It was supposed that, having had occasion to transact business in places out of the direct road, he had branched off, and had joined the Barcelona route near the Coll de Balaguer. He was seen one afternoon riding along on his mule in that direction, and early on the following morning a mendicant friar found his dead body, bathed in blood. A

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as well as to secure re-admission as a Quaker, (an honor he had previously forfeited when transported for forgery,) prevails upon the woman to go into seclusion for his sake, and become dead even to her own family and the world: to this she generously consents: he allows her an income of 50*l.* per annum, which he pays irregularly; on the last visit to her, he asks her to be alone when he next calls to bring her the money, naming the day of the murder: the day previous to which he purchases prussic acid from a chemist. On the afternoon of the day of the murder, he informs a waiter at a tavern that he is going to dine out in town; in the course of the evening Sarah Hart, who resides at Slough, is seen bringing a bottle of porter to her lodging, because "her friend she says is come to see her;" a few minutes after, moans are heard in her house; a neighbor alarmed goes to see what is the matter, and at the wicket gate meets a man whom she afterwards identifies as Tawell; he is agitated; he can scarcely undo the gate; when asked what is the matter with Mrs. Hart, he makes no answer, but hurries away; he is seen by clear memoried witnesses going first to the station, then back to Herschel House, then again to the station, and thence to London by the railway. Meantime Sarah Hart is found on the floor dying; a bottle half filled with porter and two glasses are standing on the table; water is attempted to be given to her, in vain; she dies; she is opened, and prussic acid, by certain tests, found in her stomach, together with porter and apple, but no apple pips. A telegraphic despatch precedes John Tawell to London; he is followed by the police. The next day he goes again to the chemist for more prussic acid, saying he had broken the bottle and lost the last he bought; he is then apprehended, and first denies that he was at all at Slough on the day of the murder; he then consults with counsel, and confesses he was there—that Sarah Hart had pestered him for money—that she was a bad woman, and that he had refused to give her more; on which she suddenly poured something into the porter and drank it off—that he believed she was only pretending to have poisoned herself, and he came away; every search is made, and no phial is found which could have contained the prussic acid he alleged she took. This was the evidence against John Tawell, shaken in no one single point. What was the defence of Mr. Kelly?

This: The report in the Times informs us that Mr. Kelly "commenced his speech in defence of the prisoner, appearing to be much affected, *for tears stood in his eyes* as in a low tone he declared that he rose," &c., and then apologized for betraying a "momentary weakness." Tears were the first attack on the sensibilities of the jury. But Mr. Kelly has not done crying. He reads a letter from the wife of Tawell, a letter written before the occurrence, on new year's day—one full of ordinary chat about the produce of the twopenny post, the names of the visitors who called at the house, and that Sarah invited Eliza to dine off turkey, beginning and concluding with expressions of endearment quite as ordinary from a wife to a husband whom she had no reason to suspect to be a murderer; whereupon Mr. Kelly cries again! "The learned counsel (says the reporter) shed tears once or twice while reading this letter, and then proceeded to say, that no man could receive such a letter as that, and do an act, which would make his affectionate wife a widow, and his chil-

dren fatherless!!!" That is to say, that a man capable of being a murderer could by no possibility be a hypocrite also, and have beguiled his wife into a belief that he was worthy of her affection! The crying has been condemned as the weakest part of the defence. We think it incomparably the strongest. The Aylesbury jury melted like their own butter. Never were tears more impressive on the minds and logic of yeomen. How could that man be guilty of murder whose counsel's

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bullet had struck him in the forehead, just between the eyes. His money and other light valuables were gone; but the assassin appeared to have desisted to take any other part of his property, for his mule was quietly cropping the scanty grass a short distance off, and the little portmanteau was still strapped on the crupper pad. A remarkable as well as unaccountable circumstance attending this catastrophe was, that a roughly-fashioned wooden cross had been placed in the clasped hands of the murdered merchant. The most prompt and diligent steps were taken, under the direction of the authorities, for the discovery of the assassin, but without effect.

Seven months afterwards, on the eve of the festival of San Hilarion, in the month of October, a dealer—who had been to Barcelona to dispose of a large quantity of Segovia wool, and who was on his way to Murcia with a considerable sum of money in his possession—was robbed and murdered near the Coll de Balaguer; and about the middle of the following year, Don Andres Escorriass, a manufacturer of fire-arms, was found dead at the same place.

In February, 1830, a pedlar named Zoannofer, who had been selling his wares in different parts of the country, commencing his traffic in Navarre and ending in Catalonia, when on his road from Barcelona to Tortosa, in order to return to the north by one of the passage-boats which ascend the Ebro, was also killed by a bullet near the fatal spot; and eight days before the festival of Todos los Santos, or all-Saints, in the same year, Antonio P. Dirba, a contrabandista, and also a great sportsman, who had that very morning succeeded in smuggling a cargo of French tobacco on that part of the coast, was assassinated, evidently without having had an opportunity of defending himself; for the *trabuco* or blunderbuss, with which he was armed, was still loaded, and lying beside his corpse.

In January, 1831, the dead body of a person named Nervas y Alaves, who had been selling a lot of liquorice juice at Tortosa, was discovered at El Coll de Balaguer.

These six victims had all been rifled of their money alone, and all had been mortally struck with equal good aim by a single bullet. Moreover, each was found with a rough wooden cross fixed in his lifeless hands.

The Coll de Balaguer became, as may naturally be supposed, the terror of travellers, as well as of the surrounding country, in consequence of these murderous waylayings; and few persons had the hardihood to travel by that route, unless they were numerous and stoutly accompanied. Many whose affairs called them from Barcelona to Tortosa and Valencia, diverged from the high road, and willingly encountered the toil and inconvenience of making a circuit of several leagues over rugged paths, regaining that high road at a safe distance from the dreaded Coll de Balaguer.

Some goat-herds, who had occasionally conducted their flocks to browse upon the mountain herbage near the spot, declared that they had found some faded flowers which had been deposited by an unknown hand at the foot of each of the six wooden crosses which marked the burial places of the murdered travellers, and they went so far as to add, that at sunset they had more than once descried a tall figure enveloped in a cloak gliding along until it arrived close to the crosses, when it sank on its knees, and appeared

absorbed in prayer; but that upon their approach, it suddenly vanished. They also imagined that they had occasionally heard doleful groans and sobs, apparently proceeding from some person in grief or suffering, at the foot of the Coll. Under these mysterious circumstances, he would have been a bold man who would venture to pass that spot alone after nightfall.

A few years antecedent to these startling events, a person named Venceslas Uriarte took up his residence in the environs of Tortosa. He was not a Catalonian, and his previous history was unknown in those parts. It was rumored, however, that before the revolution of 1822, when the Inquisition was abolished, he had been *alcayde*, or jailer, in some prison belonging to that dread tribunal. According to his own account, he had served in what was called the Army of the Faith, a body of implacable fanatics, who hesitated at no means, however astute or cruel, to endeavor to perpetuate a system which had been for ages the bane of domestic felicity, the curb to rising intelligence, and the fosterer of the most evil passions.

That baleful system having at length been resisted in the most determined manner by the mass of the Spanish people, the majority of its agents and abettors had either fallen in the various encounters between the constitutional forces and those of the Army of the Faith, or had emigrated to France, Italy, and other countries, whilst considerable numbers dispersed themselves in various parts of Spain, where they were generally regarded with suspicion and hatred, not unmingled with fear, in spite of their prostrate position; for they bore the indelible stamp of beings who had been in the habit of perpetrating crimes of the very deepest dye, either in the dungeons of the Inquisition, where none but the monsters in human form who tortured their victims in secret could hear their shrieks for mercy; or in districts which the Army of the Faith had under its domination, persecuting and castigating those whose words, actions, or even looks, could be so distorted or misinterpreted as to be made the groundwork of a suspicion.

This Venceslas Uriarte's habits were expensive; but the source whence he drew his pecuniary supplies was unknown; and although he practised all the outward forms of religion with scrupulous exactitude, and had, on that account, gained a certain reputation for piety in some quarters, he was generally looked upon as a dangerous person. Strange and ominous expressions, fearfully indicating that he was familiar with crime, escaped his lips in unguarded moments; and he gave way occasionally to the most furious bursts of passion in altercations with his associates, his vengeful glances causing the bystanders to tremble lest he should put an end to the dispute in some violent and tragical manner. Nor were their fears groundless, although the fatal blow might not be struck in their presence. The following instances are characteristic of the man:—

Some one having asked him how it was that, being so excellent a shot, he so seldom went out for a day's sport, his reply was—"To find a hare, it is necessary to undergo fatigue. Then, if you shoot it, you must run some little distance to pick it up; and you must afterwards walk a long way if you wish to sell it. 'Tis much better to wait for a man; he comes of his own accord; and when you have killed him, all you have to do is to ransack his *alforjas*." [saddle-bags.]

One day, however, he went to shoot wild-fowl in company with Antonio P. Dirba, the contrabandista, to Los Alfaques, which are a cluster of small islands or banks near the mouth of the Ebro, thickly overgrown with tall reeds, and which afford shelter to great numbers of wild ducks and flamingoes. At the close of their day's sport, they entered a fisherman's hut in search of refreshment; but all they could obtain was a salad, cut into very small pieces, and, as is the custom in Catalonia, swimming in a profusion of liquid called *caldo*, composed of water, oil, and vinegar.

Antonio, in helping his companion to some *caldo*, used rather clumsily the roughly-fashioned wooden spoon which the fisherman had produced; for though he seemed to be ladling out the *caldo*, he in reality transferred scarcely any to his companion's plate; and Venceslas insisted that he had turned the spoon the wrong way upwards, and that he was stupidly trying to take up the *caldo* with the convex side of the spoon. Antonio maintained that he was using the hollow part, and out of this trifling matter a most violent quarrel arose. And yet, as is the case with regard to many other serious quarrels, the origin thereof was not only insignificant, but groundless; for a person who accidentally came into the fisherman's hut, and to whom the matter was referred, declared, on the first glance at the object in dispute, that both sides of the spoon were alike; that is, nearly flat.

Three days after this absurd contention between Venceslas Uriarte and poor Antonio P. Dirba, the latter was found lying dead, with a rude wooden cross in his stiffened hands, near the Coll de Balaguer.

During Lent, in the year 1832, a troop of strolling players had been performing with great success at Tarragona one of those *Autos Sacramentales*, or sacred plays, which excite great interest among the Spanish people; inasmuch as they are living representations, displayed with great exactness, aided by scenic illusions, of some of the most remarkable and exciting events recorded in the sacred writings; the martyrdom of saints being frequently represented on the stage apparently in all their horrible reality. The auto sacramental which the company had enacted with so much éclat at Tarragona was, The Beheading of St. John the Baptist; and in the hope of meeting with equal good fortune at Tortosa, they departed early one morning from Tarragona by the high road which passes by the Coll de Balaguer.

The baggage, wardrobe, and other theatrical equipments of the company, were laden upon several mules; but the actor, one Fernando Garcia, who performed the part of St. John, preferred to carry one part of his costume himself.

Fernando Garcia was a short man, which was a main point for the effective representation of the principal character in the auto sacramental; for, in order to give an appearance of reality to the scene of the beheading of St. John the Baptist, a *bonetillo*, or leathern skull-cap, was placed on the head of the actor of low stature, and upon the said skull-cap there was fixed, by means of a spring, a false head imitating nature; and the actor's dress or raiment was so arranged as to reach above, and cover his own head, leaving visible only the false one, which being struck off by the executioner on the stage, and placed appa-

rently bleeding on a dish, or charger, produced a startling and exciting effect upon the spectators.

Now Fernando Garcia could not make up his mind to confide this precious *cabeza*, or head, which was so essential an instrument of his theatrical success, to the care of a muleteer; for it was not merely well modelled, light in point of materials—the features being painted so as to imitate nature to perfection, with real hair parted over the forehead, and hanging gracefully over the back part of the neck—but it had glass eyes, which were constantly in motion by means of an internal spring, which was acted upon by the pressure of the said imitation-head on the skull-cap surmounting the actor's real one.

So little Fernando thought that the safer way of conveying this all-important piece of mechanism was to make himself a head taller on his journey, by ingrafting it on his own pate, as he was wont to do on the stage; and accordingly, in this guise, and mounted on a hired horse, he wended his way towards Tortosa, with the rest of the company.

Towards evening, however, he found himself alone. He had loitered on the road, and, like all loiterers, he was exposed to inconvenience. The weather was chilly, and in order to ward off its uncomfortable effects, he covered his face, and even his eyes, with his *capa*; or cloak; and trusting to the intelligence and sure-footedness of his horse, he beguiled the time by thinking of the plaudits which would be showered down upon him at Tortosa, when he should personate to the life the saint whose counterfeit head overtopped his own, without feeling any ill effects from the cold against which he had so snugly sheltered himself from top to toe. Suddenly—just at the turn of the road at the Coll de Balaguer, that fatal spot where so many mysterious murders and robberies had been committed—a shot was fired from behind one of the enormous blocks of stone already described. The actor's horse reared, and threw his double-headed and muffled-up rider, who, whilst struggling to disencumber himself from the folds of his cloak, was terrified beyond measure at seeing a man with a carbine in his hand in the act of pouncing upon him.

Fernando, however, was not wanting in courage, and, having luckily just on that moment got free from the *capa*, he leaped upon his legs, and drawing forth a poniard, prepared for resistance.

Venceslas Uriarte—for he it was who was rushing upon his supposed victim—astounded at having for the first time missed his aim, was about to take to flight; but he lost all command over himself, and became riveted to the spot upon beholding a being with two heads; the upper one—that of St. John the Baptist—rolling its eyes in the most horrible manner, whilst the menacing orbs of little Fernando Garcia were flashing on him from their sockets in his own living head underneath, and the glistening poniard was elevated, ready to be plunged into his breast.

The robber's guilty conscience raised up the most fearful imaginings; his countenance became livid, his mouth gaped widely, his parched tongue clove to the palate, and he gazed wildly on the horrible apparition. In a minute or two, however, he made another desperate effort to escape; but, although accustomed to all the rugged paths, and agile in surmounting every obstacle when pursuing his prey, or in rapid flight with his booty, such was his trepidation, that his *alpargatas*, or

hempen sandals, got entangled among the briers, and threw him down several times. He tried to climb at once up to the higher part of the Coll, and for that purpose caught at a shrub which was growing out of a crevice; but the force of his desperate grasp, and the weight of his convulsed body, drew it out by the root, and he fell again at the feet of the double-headed comedian, who had hotly pursued him.

"Avaunt, Satan! Touch me not, demonio!" cried the assassin, making the sign of the cross. But his exorcisms had no effect upon the bold Fernando Garcia, or upon St. John the Baptist's head; for the former stood over him with the drawn dagger, crying out stoutly at the same time for his comrades by the odd names which actors are apt to adopt, and which no doubt sounded to the prostrate robber like calls for a host of demons to carry him to the realms of eternal torment; and the latter kept rolling its eyes frightfully.

The rest of the company hastened to the relief of Fernando on hearing his cries, and found the murderer helpless from the effect of fright and a smiting conscience. He was bound and taken to the nearest town, where he was searched in presence of the proper authorities. He wore a coarse haircloth shirt; and there were found upon him a rosary, a little book of prayers, and a sort of lock-et, containing—according to a memorandum on the piece of parchment in which it was wrapped—some of the hair of St. Dominic. But he carried also concealed a poniard of highly-tempered steel; and in a pouch were four bullets, each wrapped in a small piece of greased linen, and fitting his carbine. There were also a few charges of fine gunpowder in a flat powder-horn.

This hypocritical and cruel malefactor was reduced to a state of abject cowardice by what he considered to have been a supernatural interposition, and confessed that he was the assassin of El Coll de Balaguer.

"But," said the magistrate, "how could you dare to place the cross in the hands of your victims?"

"It is no great matter," replied the reckless murderer, "to kill the body; but to destroy the soul is an abominable crime! I adorned their tombs with flowers, and I prayed fervently that they might be spared some days of purgatory. I placed in their hands, immediately after their death, crosses upon which I had previously procured a blessing, in order that, if they were not in a state of grace, they might at all events repulse the devil! But *there* he is! I see him! I see him now!" he cried, on perceiving little Fernando Garcia advancing with his two heads, in order to show the magistrate how it was that his life had been saved.

"There he is! Avaunt, Satanos! avaunt!" muttered the wretched assassin, and he fell into a swoon, after some violent contortions.

He was tried by the proper tribunal, sentenced to death, and executed; and the brave little comedian had reason to rejoice for the remainder of his days at the practical proof which had been exhibited in his own person of the truth of the old saying, that two heads are better than one.

It is almost needless to add, that the auto sacramental was witnessed at Tortosa, and other places, with increased interest by the thousands who flocked to the theatre when it was represented, in consequence of the important part the head had

performed in the drama at the Coll de Balaguer, and in bringing to justice the notorious Venceslao Uriarte.

SECONDARY PUNISHMENTS.

THE witnesses examined by Sir William Molesworth's Committee established beyond dispute that our system of transportation made devils instead of reforming bad men. The range of transportation was therefore restricted. But our lawgivers do not appear to have seen the necessity of substituting some other secondary punishment for that of which they limited the application. Government is obviously at a loss what to do with its convicts. They have tried to wheedle more than one colony into receiving the lads who have finished their education in the penitentiaries of this country; but in vain. They have overstocked the only remaining penal colony, (Van Diemen's Land and its dependencies,) and shrunk alike from the expense of bringing home those convicts whose term of punishment has expired, and from again letting them loose upon English society. They have no faith in the *curative* tendency of their secondary punishments. They are convinced that liberated convicts only go to recruit the ranks of out-door professional criminals. Too indolent or too incapable to devise reclaiming processes, they have no resource except to remove the dangerous classes as far away as possible. All our colonies but one refuse to receive them; all refuse to become or continue the moral jakes and dunghill of England.

In this dilemma, Lord Stanley has proffered assistance: he will be the *Oedipus* to solve this practical riddle—failing to guess which, not only himself but all his countrymen may be devoured by thieves. Penal colonies in which convicts are subject to coercion having proved a failure. Lord Stanley proposes to try the experiment of a colony in which the convicts shall go at large and be indeed the only denizens. Its site is to be the Northwest coast of Australia: thither are to be removed all the surplus felony of Van Diemen's Land, who having conducted themselves with tolerable propriety will accept of a pardon on the condition of removing to the new settlement; thither are to be removed English delinquents, who to escape a worse fate will voluntarily banish themselves to this Stanley Utopia; and lest the generation of thieves should become extinct, the parishes to which these modern antitypes of the founders of Rome have belonged, are to be invited and encouraged to send out their families to them.

This is not punishment. It is treating our "dangerous classes" as the Romans of the latter empire treated the invading barbarians—buying off their aggressions. It is a confession that government can neither reform nor deter the vicious from crime. It is a mere scavenging process, carrying away our moral filth and depositing it where it cannot offend our noses, regardless of the wide contagion and pestilence it may spread elsewhere. It is to lay the foundations of a piratical state—the "Buccaneers' Archipelago," on the coast where the settlement is to be formed, may have suggested the idea. It is to reestablish, under a worse form and in a wider extent, that transportation system which has been restrained by law as tending inevitably to cause more crime than it cured.—*Spectator*.

From the Polytechnic Review.

THE GAME OF CHESS BY THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

WHAT the changes are that are to take place in our social condition by the three great agents lately brought by science into action—steam, electricity, and the atmosphere—no human intellect can foresee. The more immediate effects are just visible. Of the speed with which we can travel we can form at present no exact estimate; but we can prove that we can communicate our ideas by electricity from one spot on the earth round the whole globe in one tenth of a second. The game of chess lately played at the two termini of the South-Western Railway is a popular illustration of what can be effected at present, though it by no means exhibits the marvellous powers which the electric telegraph may yet be brought to show. The only striking feature of this experiment was the regularity and precision with which information of the moves was uninterruptedly conveyed for a number of successive hours. The descriptions with which we have from time to time furnished our readers of the different electro-magnetic telegraphs, and more especially of that of Mr. Wheatstone, have enabled them to understand the mechanism which was brought into action. Owing to the anxiety to promote in the most liberal manner the objects of science which the directors of the South-Western Railway have always shown, we were enabled to be present at the distant station, Gosport, during the performance of the game, and enjoyed ample opportunity of witnessing the simplicity of the mechanical means which Mr. Wheatstone has adopted, the advantageous use he has made of the velocity of the electric current, and the distinct and lucid means he has employed of displaying the necessary signals. Of the game played by those distinguished professors of Chess, Mr. Staunton and Mr. Walker, we have little to say; the battle may be considered to have been rather one of rapid execution than slow calculation, as the object was more to test the powers of the telegraph than the skill of the players. It was, as might therefore be expected, a drawn game. The amateur of this beautiful science, however, might have derived a more than usual share of information, for, during the period when the player was in expectation of a reply from London, Mr. Staunton went over the probable moves which were about to be made by his adversary, and threw out various suggestions which were in themselves admirable lessons. This fortunately relieved the tedium which would otherwise have arisen from the circumstance of being obliged to wait sometimes more than ten minutes before the determination of the London player was made known. This, together with the well known conversational powers and lively observations of Mr. Staunton, distinguished as he is for gentlemanly manners and first-rate ability, enabled us to remain from eleven o'clock until nearly six in the play-room, during which various messages, questions, and answers were unremittingly passed backwards and forwards, without in the slightest degree affecting the telegraphic communication which kept up the game of chess.

We may anticipate some most singular effects will be produced by the electric current. There is no reason why any great event might not be communicated at the same instant throughout the whole kingdom. The salutes fired on the occasion of her majesty's visit to the house of lords might

be instantaneously repeated, at every station, on all the railways in England; for the electric flame fires gunpowder, and the explosion of the powder is at the same instant with the crack of the discharge. The expense of Captain Warner's long range is at once spared to the country; instead of blowing up a ship at the moderate distance of six miles by one of his projectiles, we shall be enabled to do so at the distance of a thousand miles. There is, indeed, no reason why one of the lords of the admiralty should not himself fire the guns of the batteries at Portsmouth, whilst calmly and quietly seated at the board in Whitehall. Nor is there any reason why the electric current may not be made to answer in the more peaceful or even the more elegant accomplishments of life. A galvanic arrangement might be made by which our accomplished pianiste, Madame Dulcken, might, with all that taste and skill which delights her London auditory, perform at the same moment for the gratification and enjoyment of Gosport and Southampton, and wherever a few wires could be conveniently transmitted. We might also observe that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals ought to call upon every butcher to kill the animals used for food by electric galvanism. Each of these persons should have a small galvanic battery for this purpose. Not only is all pain spared to the poor lamb, "whom thy riot dooms to bleed to-day," but the meat is rendered more tender, and more delicate. It is more than half a century since Franklin commenced those experiments which the remorseless hand of war put a stop to, which have been the precursors of the wonders of the present day. He proposed to give a feast to electricians, when "a turkey is to be killed for our dinner by the electric shock, roasted by the electric jack, before a fire kindled by the electrified bottle; when the healths of all the famous electricians of England, Holland, France, and Germany, are to be drunk in electrified bumpers, under the discharge of guns from the electric battery." Were we to indulge in our prognostics of what will yet be done by the powers of electro-galvanism, we should be considered as visionary enthusiasts, and the laugh of the uninitiated would doubtless be loud and long; but already are some of the wonders made known, and nothing but the expense attendant upon them prevents them from being generally brought forward. By its means ships may yet be navigated on the ocean, our cities illuminated, the weather changed, life protracted, some diseases avoided; and we may use the language of him who first by electricity drew lightning from the clouds: "I shall never have done, if I tell you all my conjectures, thoughts, and imaginations, on the nature and operations of this electric fluid."

Letters from New York, second series, by L. MARIA CHILD. The Boston publisher is J. H. Francis. 128 Washington Street.

A most delightfully written book, on a great variety of interesting subjects. There are passages, richly scattered through it, of wonderfully graceful and highly-wrought skill, beauty, music and pathos of style. Mrs. Child has written much and well. She feels the deepest interest in all that is excellent, benevolent and hopeful in humanity and society, and her power and success, as a writer, are continually increasing.—*Christian Register*.

From the Spectator.

CAPTAIN GROVER'S "BOKHARA VICTIMS."

CAPTAIN GROVER is a friend of the late Colonel Stoddart, and of Dr. Wolff, whose return from his dangerous Bokhara expedition has just been matter of public gratulation. The gallant captain is also Chairman of the Committee of the Stoddart and Conolly Fund, which body he was a main instrument in organizing; he has been engaged in extensive correspondence upon the subject of the "Bokhara Victims," especially with the foreign office; he has travelled to St. Petersburg with a view to interest the Russian government in their liberation; and in addition to all the trouble and expense incident to his self-imposed duties, he has been victimized by the foreign office to the tune of four hundred pounds and a pair of gloves. This result was brought about in the following manner.

Our agent at Teheran, having an inkling that Dr. Wolff might draw upon him from Bokhara, wrote anxiously to know what he was to do about honoring the bills. The foreign office replied, that he might incur "any reasonable expenditure" to get the Doctor out of Bokhara; after which, it seems, the excellent enthusiast might have been left to shift for himself in the heart of Persia, but that Captain Grover came forward with a guarantee for a sum not exceeding 500*l.*, by which means Dr. Wolff was enabled to obtain a supply. In course of time, a bill for 400*l.*, endorsed by Mr. Banel of the Foreign Office, was presented to Captain Grover, accepted at sight, and honored the next day, though drawn at a month. The captain then wrote to Lord Aberdeen, requesting the return of his guarantee, and somewhat plumping himself upon his four hundred pounds. The office, in a rather paltry mode of evasion, denied that the bill came "officially;" and a correspondence ensued, *strong* on the part of the captain, or, in diplomatic style, "seeming, by the tone and language, to cast a slur upon the conduct of her Majesty's government; which," continues the under secretary, "has, in fact, been throughout humane and consistent." The captain, however, stuck to his text; and Lord Aberdeen, seeming to get ashamed of the transaction, sent for Captain Grover, tried to talk him over, and offered to pay him his four hundred pounds if he would withdraw his two last letters.

"His lordship again warmly urged me to withdraw the letters. I positively and firmly declined; telling his lordship, that if he were as happy at saving the 400*l.* as I was in paying them, and being the humble instrument of restoring Dr. Wolff to his country, then indeed we were two happy men. I felt too indignant at the insult that had been offered to me to hear his lordship's reply, and hastened as quickly as possible from his lordship's presence."

In his haste and anger forgetting his gloves, which remain as a sort of *spolia opima* for the foreign office.

This was not the only occasion on which the veteran was too hard for "this office." A Lieutenant Wyburd is among the missing in Central Asia: Captain Grover had learned that he had been appointed on a secret mission to Khiva by Sir John Campbell, in a despatch sent to the East India Company, but of which the foreign office had notice and a copy. Upon this private knowledge of the country, the old soldier laid an ambush, into which the unwary diplomatists fell.

Saying nothing of his proof, the chairman of the Stoddart and Conolly committee wrote to call Lord Aberdeen's attention to the case of Wyburd in connexion with that of Dr. Wolff. The office grandly, yet blandly, replied—"With respect to the statements in your letter that Lieutenant Wyburd was sent on a secret mission to Khiva in the year 1835, I am to inform you that **THIS OFFICE IS NOT AWARE** that Lieutenant Wyburd was sent on any mission at all to Khiva." Captain Grover, in reply, gave particulars and dates; when "this office" had to explain its "error,"—somewhat after the fashion of Wotton's celebrated definition of an ambassador, substituting at home for "abroad," and this office for "country."

These things go to the morality of the office. The following strange fact will, we dare say, be felt by officials to be more discreditable than any little official laxity.

DOWNING STREET GEOGRAPHY.

In the case of my unfortunate friend, [Stoddart,] no sooner did Saleh Mahommed's lying statement (the man is now a convicted scoundrel) reach Downing street, when these gentlemen, without even taking the trouble to send to the Royal Geographical Society to inquire in what part of the world Bokhara was situated, officially announced that Colonel Stoddart had died at "Bokhara in Persia!" I can assure the reader that I am not joking now; the above melancholy fact will be found in the "Monthly Army list" for March, 1843. Fearing that this display of ignorance might be perpetuated in the "Annual Army List," I wrote to the secretary-of-war, in which I expressed to him my desire to avert such a misfortune, and respectfully informed him that Bokhara was an independent nation, more than twice as big as England and Wales, and that it had no more to do with Persia than with Russia or China.

I received in reply a letter of thanks, and an intimation that the word "Persia" would be left out in the "Annual Army List." And so it was!

The blunder will appear more ridiculous if the reader reflect for a moment; it is like saying he died at England in France—not the mere misplacing of a city, but letting one country drop down upon another.

Before we leave the offices, we add an instance of official prophecy against fact; remarking that our author still doubts, notwithstanding Dr. Wolff's statement, whether Stoddart and Conolly have really been executed.

DEAD AS A STOCK-FISH.

I extract the following from a printed report of what took place at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, on the 11th October, 1844.

"Mr. Murchison, the President, in the Chair."

"At the close of the discussion on Dr. Beke's paper, the president, seeing Captain Grover among them, called the attention of the meeting to the great probability of the existence of Colonel Stoddart, a valued member of their society: he (the president) recollected when Captain Ross had been above three years blocked up in the ice, going to the admiralty with some scientific men, to urge the authorities to take measures to ascertain the fate of that officer and his gallant band: the reply he received was this—'It is well for you scientific gentlemen to form an opinion on a subject with which you are totally unacquainted; we can

tell you that Captain Ross is as dead as a stock-fish."

It may be inferred from our account of *The Bokhara Victims* that it in some measure partakes of the character of grievance-mongery. It is, however, an amusing book, from the active, straightforward, uncompromising character of the author, which displays itself in every sentence, rendering weariness impossible. It is curious, and something more, for the insight it gives into official doublings and trickery; yet we must say for the foreign office, that it has a better and more gentlemanly tone about it than the colonial. It stands forth externally plausible, though rather scurvy inwards. Its communications to Captain Grover are patient, considerate, and full; and we think that Lord Aberdeen was only moved by a sense of kindness towards Captain Grover at last, and at first by a mistaken feeling towards red-tape forms, touching the four hundred pounds and Dr. Wolff. The letters of the officials as well as their whole conduct are very clever; and any one save an old campaigner, not to be *done* by words, would have gone away, doubtful perhaps, yet certainly tickled by diplomatic suavity.

The subject of the book also is important, and there is a chance that its importance may be lost sight of in its oddities. Captain Grover affirms, more especially as regards Stoddart, that the victims were British envoys, sent by public authority on public business, and then abandoned to their fate, without even an attempt at rescue. On the contrary, the government seem to have totally cast them off, lest, if they admitted their character, they might be "embarrassed" in having to claim them. Upon this point the *proof* in the volume does not seem to be clear. The case of Stoddart rests upon the statement of Captain Grover; and Conolly, though an envoy as far as Khiva, appears to have gone on to Bokhara *sua sponte*. Government, in a despatch by Lord Ellenborough, called them "travellers;" and we suppose they are ready to maintain that view. Our own opinion is decided, that all these unfortunate gentlemen were in the employ of government; but we are not so clear that they were employed under circumstances that gave them a right to protection as envoys—that is, to a war on their account. The employment of secret agents who go on a mission understanding that they take their chance of disavowal, like the employment of spies or the encouragement of conspirators in war, may be a wrong thing abstractedly; but if it be had recourse to, the persons engaged must follow the laws of the business they engage in, and risk the consequences; for in Napier's words, men cannot be *ordered* on such services—they can only be *tempted*. We do not say that such was the case—we only think it was; but we do not see how the doubt is to be cleared up. Even were a parliamentary inquiry granted, we suspect the fact might not easily be established; for this kind of engagement implies secrecy, and the proofs of an adverse view, should such exist, would not be produced by the foreign office; though, if Captain Grover's information is correct, enough might be forthcoming to convict Lord Palmerston of neglect, and Colonel Stoddart of indiscretion and of obstinacy in not departing with the Russian embassy.

From the Spectator.

THE MORALE OF PEEL.

SIR ROBERT PEEL has propounded what is really a minor measure, a matter of detail in carrying out the Irish policy which he evidently contemplated from the first on reëntering office in 1841, though that policy was for a time disguised by the inaptitude of his Lord-Lieutenant until Lord Heytesbury was sent over. But from discussing this measure, politicians, in and out of Parliament, have flown to discussing the statesman, Peel himself, with all the eagerness, the nice curiosity and cruel anatomizing, of naturalists over a newly discovered creature. The question before Parliament is Maynooth, but the subject of investigation is Peel; and a sudden furor has bitten divers persons to hunt him down. The measure is one desiderated by many; but even of those, some are seized with a new scruple, and like the hungry squire that took the bread of Lazarillo de Tormes, they fastidiously ask if the hands are clean that give it. Peel, they say, has no right to offer this measure, because he never offered it before, and because it is inconsistent with various things that he has said in past years. In proof, Mr. Disraeli has raked up *Hansard*; and Mr. Macaulay has made a searching historical retrospect, and shown how the statesman has avowed opinions in opposition which preclude him from endowing Maynooth without forfeiting "consistency." His defenders scarcely mend his case, though they have severally a double or alternative line of defence. They say, which is true, that he has always shown himself liberally disposed to the Catholics, even before 1829. Sir Robert is much too decorous a gentleman to have been a harsh or illiberal minister, whatever may have been his theoretical opinions for the time. But then his defenders say that he has always upheld, at any sacrifice, the Established Church; as when he went out of office in 1835. These two lines of defence answer each other, mutually destructive, like two negatives: resistance of Catholic Emancipation in 1828 is answered by acceptance of Catholic Emancipation in 1829; flight from the appropriation-clause in 1835, by the embracing of Maynooth in 1845. As to this measure, it is asked whether, if he had now been in opposition, Sir Robert would not have opposed the very bill he proposes! The affirmative rises to every man's lips. What right, then, has he to propound it in office? That is the question which is thrown in his teeth, and on which his stay in office hinges threateningly.

Sir Robert Peel is not a man of principles. He is a man of honesty in motive and deed; a man of conduct. But when any great question lies before him for judgment, he does not "bottom" it—he does not trace it to its elements and deduce the first principles. In politics he is a manufacturing, not an experimental chemist. This condition of his mind may be learned from any of his great speeches. His views and measures never have taken their rise in principles: they have been suggested to him by circumstances; and if he has used principles at all, it has been at second hand, from the received authorities, by way of illustration or apology to weigh with other people. Had he been a man of principles, he would have foreseen in 1829 the Maynooth bill of 1845, and would have enunciated the latent fact. But he looked no further than 1829. He does not view any course

of action from the *a priori* station, and therefore does not see the ulterior consequences in perspective. He looks across the vista, "taking things as he finds them," and seeing only what must be done at the time. In discussion on the measure of the moment, he uses, with excellent practical effect, the current arguments, the reasons that are uppermost in his mind. But he does this in a journeyman style, not with scientific generalizations; so that if you analyze Peel's speeches at any one time, it is easy enough to find passages which are on the surface inconsistent with what he says at other times. And for lack of the "bottoming" and generalizing faculty, he cannot explain away the dissonance. If it is to be done at all, somebody else must do it for him. He knows the flaw well enough, and has said so more than once; but he simply acknowledges, and cannot remedy it. That is not in his department. Thus, in all probability, had he been in opposition, he *would* have resisted this Maynooth bill; because in opposition he is reduced to mere reasoning upon a matter: he would have come to it with an adverse bias; and as he does not generalize, the objections evident to his ingenious and workmanlike scrutiny would not have been counteracted by looking at it in "the long run." As his mind does not spontaneously take a perennial view of passing affairs, but merely jots down a tally of work done by the job, and is satisfied if it is well done, so he does not very strongly feel the reproach of some "inconsistency" between remote acts. The careless way in which he has alluded to such lapses proves his want of acute perception on that score. But it is less a fault in moral feeling than a defect in a particular faculty of intellect.

With all his faults and inconsistencies, Peel has achieved so much, that when deeds are in question he is the man to whom all parties look up. The conservatives chose him for their leader; and though they now talk of dismissing him, there is not one among them that would venture to answer the question, "Whom will you have instead?" The whigs, in the person of Lord John Russell, have addressed him as the man to do the work of free trade and Irish conciliation, if he only avow the will. Nay, he is doing what the whig writer, Sydney Smith, on his death-bed, exhorted him to do—he has "summoned up all his political courage;" he has "run some risk of shocking public opinion;" and if he has not proposed payment of the Roman Catholic priests, he has done something like it, and his friends say that that is coming. Radical Mr. Ward cheerfully moves his own dilettante theoretical legislation out of the way of Peel's solid practical handicraft. And see how Mr. O'Connell compares Peel's completeness of work with whig botching. Why is it that a man at whom all are ready to carp is "sent for" at every emergency? Because he is a cool, able workman—not a crotchety ratiocinator, but a man of action—not a man of principles, but a man of results. He never aims at some "far-seeing" impracticable end; he does not measure you for a suit of clothes with a quadrant. His attention is not distracted from the job that is set before him; he thinks of nothing else till that be done; and he talks for the time, like all journeymen, just as if there were nothing else to be done in the world. On account of this strict and limited range of working, he is seldom suspected of meaning more than is professed at the moment. What he does may involve more: something else may ensue, as to-

morrow will come after to-day; but there is no more intent in the case than there is a conscious purpose in the passing to-day. Therefore he is trusted to do work which would not be put into other hands. When Catholic emancipation became inevitable, Peel was allowed to do it, because they knew that he would not get intoxicated over his job and go on to some Maynooth measure. Now we have come to Maynooth, and if anybody do that work it will be Peel; because endowment of the Catholic priesthood will not be smuggled through along with endowment of the college. Peel is a steady man; somewhat reserved, and apt to go faster than his gravity implies; but still he takes one step at a time; and the conservatives, once called obstructives, know it.

It is to be noted that all Peel's evil deeds have been done in opposition, his good works in office. He went into opposition to resist emancipation and appropriation; in opposition he resisted the reform bill, tripped up the whig budget, talked big about "rebellious" Canada, abetted Lord Stanley's Irish registration bill: in office he has achieved emancipation, accomplished two new free-trade-ward tariffs, sanctioned "responsible government" in Canada, quashed the registration bill and made some changes in an opposite sense, appointed Lord Heytesbury *vice* Earl De Grey, passed the charitable bequests act and the dissenters' chapels acts, and now proposes to endow Maynooth College. He talked foolishly in opposition, and entered office practically to refute himself. His has been a process of gradual development. Under favorable circumstances, that is in action, he has exhibited a steady progress from one class of opinions, among which he emerged into public life, towards another; so that the tory subordinate has practically become the most efficient liberal leader. It has been less a series of tergiversations than a steady process of conversion; lacking, however, the faculty of generalizing exposition to give coherence and symmetry to the aspect of the entire process. Lord Worsley makes a merit of saying that "he will not reject the measure because ministers have not heretofore acted up to their present professions;" a strange kind of toleration for improving scholarship! It is as if a teacher were to say to the top boy in the class, "I will not, because last year your composition was not so good as it is now, send back your thesis."

Peel is, in fact, the embodied reflex of the public mind of England. He is feeble to originate great strokes of statesmanship, or to recognize on mere reason shown; he is strong to see what must be done, and to consummate. If he has made a mistake now, and has supposed that a thing must and can be done which must not and cannot, it is because he was deceived, naturally enough, by the opinion among active and demonstrative politicians in parliament, in "society," and the press. By whom is he opposed? By all extremes—ultra tory and ultra-radical, high church and dissenters; each section assailing him because he is *not* a bigot to either view. The conservatives, after four years of power, forget how they could never do without him. If he fail, it will be because the conflict of opinion is so complicated and balanced that it cannot decide itself. If it could do so, he would act effectually; for he is, not the leader of public opinion, but the minister of popular decisions.

Meanwhile, the contest itself, whatever its issue, is not one of the least signal events in which

Robert Peel has been instrumental. It has shaken the new conservative party to its foundations, and a yawning schism is seen to divide it. It has not left the whig party untouched by the convulsion. Parties are once more "resolved to their elements," to fall into new combinations: perhaps partly into the old affinities. But in the process, old prejudices have been shaken, the dross of old Toryism has been precipitated, the mixture for daily use has been cleared. Old dogmas have been jostled from their embedded places, and washed away to lie at least among unsettled doubts; mooted questions have fallen into firm resting-places; and henceforth opinion sets forward from new starting-points. It is not the first nor the second time that as much has been done for public opinion, perhaps unconsciously, by a man who deals little in mere opinion. It is, too, a gratifying feature in these changes, that they are not simply triumphs of one party over another, but wholesale moves forward of entire parties, with a general concurrence. The very converts vaunt the conversion. Mr. Charles Wynn is right in saying that "tory" and "whig" are names for things which have gone; and to no one man is that great push forward so much due as to Robert Peel.

From the Polytechnic Review.

GLASS-MAKING IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

A STRIKING fact is proved by the extant relics of the glass manufactures of ancient Thebes in the British Museum, as well as other museums, and by the illustrations of Rosellini (copied from the Tombs of Thebes) of the laboratories of the glass-blowers, and the workshops of the glass-manufacturers of Thebes, during the early eras of the eighteenth dynasty (1700 or 1600 B. C.)

It exposes the error of the ordinary ideas indulged by historians and antiquarians on the subject. It is common to assert that, with the exception of some glass vessels at a great price, glass was little known, and little used, till the time of Augustus, and was never employed in windows till after the fall of the Roman empire. The circumstances of pieces of glass of good manufacture having been found at Pompeii ought to have thrown light upon this allegation, derived from an ambiguous assertion of Pliny. The fact is, that glass and porcelain, of an equally good quality as that in common use in modern times, was made sixteen or seventeen hundred years A. C. in Upper Egypt. It appears, also, to have been made in profusion. This is a second allegation, supported by adequate proof. But a third, of a more startling character, has been added. It is affirmed that the glass-blowers of Thebes were greater proficient in their art than we are. They possessed the art of staining glass, which, although not wholly lost, is comparatively but little known, and practised only by a few. Among the illustrations of Rosellini is a copy of a piece of stained glass which was found at Thebes. It comprises various colors, which he describes as struck through the whole vitrified structure, and refers to other instances of ancient Egyptian stained glass which he has seen, in which the colored design is equally struck through squares of glass an inch thick, thoroughly incorporated with the vitreous structure, and appearing the same on the obverse as on the reverse side. It was in consequence of being aware of this fact, that Winckelman asserted that

the Egyptians of the eighteenth dynasty brought the manufacture of glass to a much higher point of perfection than ourselves. In fact, after the decline of the art, Egypt became to Rome what Venice became afterwards to Europe. The greater part of the supply of glass in his time, was considered by Pliny to derive its good quality from the ashes of a peculiar genus of kelp, growing in abundance by the Lake Mareotis and the Red Sea. That kelp, reduced to a kind of green ash, is represented by Rosellini as brought by the workmen in baskets to the glass manufactories, and also to the potteries, where a vitreous process was evidently employed for the purpose of glazing the earthen vessels. It would appear, both from proofs that remain and cotemporary records—provided full reliance can be placed on the latter—that Winckelman's somewhat startling allegation comes very near the truth. The Egyptian glass-blowers and glass-cutters of Thebes imitated amethysts, rubies, and other precious stones, with wonderful dexterity, and, besides a great proficiency in the art of staining glass, to which reference has been made, must have been aware of the use of the diamond in cutting it and engraving it. In Mr. Salt's collection in the British Museum, assignable to the era of Thothmes the Third, there is a piece of glass beautifully stained throughout, (like that described by Rosellini,) and skilfully engraved with his heraldic emblazonment, precisely on the principles of modern heraldry; or, as the double oval shields containing the names and titles of kings have (for some reason unexplainable by Champollion) been called "*cartouches*." The profusion of glass in ancient Egypt is attested by several trustworthy authorities. The historical relation that the embalmed bodies of Cyrus and Alexander were deposited in glass coffins in Egypt has been, indeed, considered as a fable; but it may be said to be analogically proved by recent discoveries of portions of granite sarcophagi which are covered with a coating of stained glass, through which the hieroglyphics on the stone appear. Diodorus Siculus says, that entire coffins were commonly made of glass in Upper Egypt. This would demonstrate an extraordinary profusion; but certainly an equal of the dearest glass manufactures may be practically proved. Vast numbers of imitative precious stones,* in glass, made by the jewellers of ancient Egypt, are to be found in all the museums of Europe. Among them are false emeralds of considerable size, in which the artisans of hundred-gated Thebes appear to have principally excelled. There is little doubt that many of the large emerald basins used in the early Christian churches were of their manufacture. The extensive character of the manufacture may further be inferred from a circumstance recorded by Pliny, that in the Temple of Jupiter Ammon there was an obelisk of emerald, that is to say, of glass in imitation of emerald, sixty feet high. The emerald hue which the glass-manufacturers of Egypt gave to glass, appears, from chemical analysis, to be imparted by oxide of copper, and the reds used on ordinary occasions in staining plate-glass appear to have been given by minium. All these facts prove the extensive knowledge of chemistry among the natives of old Thebes.

* Real precious stones, natives of India, and brought doubtless by the alleged railroad from Cosseir in the Red^d Sea, (amethysts, hematites, and lapis lazuli, and a species of topaz.) are found in the tombs of the era of Thothmes the Third.

Glass bottles, (quart bottles?) nearly similar to our wine-bottles in color and measure, though in shape resembling the wide-mouthed bottles used in preserving fruit, may be seen in the British Museum, and are found in abundance in other European cabinets.

A remarkable fact connected with the manufacture of ancient Thebes 4,000 years ago, shows the traditional tenacity of ancient custom. It is well known that the oil-jars of the Levant are precisely similar to those which appear in the illustrations of Rosellini. So the Egyptian earthen amphora, without feet, adopted afterwards for strong wines by the *bon vivants* of Rome, retain their original shape and purpose among the Tuscan farmers. With reference to glass bottles, there are two classes used at the present day of equally ancient origin: these are the Florentine oil-flasks, holding about three quarters of a pint, and the turpentine carboys, as they are called, holding four or five gallons, from Cyprus and the adjoining shores of the Levant. Both are protected by matting, the first of a fine, the second of a coarser nature. Both are seen, with slight alterations, in the illustrations of Rosellini. Sir G. Wilkinson thinks that glass lanterns were used by pickets of soldiers, and gives a specimen of a group of Egyptian sentinels carrying a lantern on a curved pole. It is not improbable that an hieroglyphic on the Rosetta stones, translated *manifestation*, resembling a magic lantern with a handle, from which rays of light are issuing, may be something of the kind. That the glass-manufacturers made magnifying lenses is clear from Plutarch, (*de facie luna*.) Diodorus, and Ptolemy, the astronomer, and is proved by the extant cameos, which could only be cut by the aid of a microscope. But reverting to the subject of lanterns, it is probable, though it cannot be gathered from Pliny, that the lamps employed for yearly illumination at the Saite festival—a custom transmitted from remote ages to modern China—may have been of glass. The Egyptians, in the time of the eighteenth dynasty, appear to have used colored lanterns, like the modern Chinese, on the latter as well as ordinary occasions. Indeed, the modern people of Cairo use colored lanterns of striped gauze strained over a wire frame, after the Chinese fashion. But they are cylindrical and less florid and various in their decoration. The singularity is, that in the illustrations of Rosellini precisely similar cylindrical lanterns of colored gauze are seen in the hands of the running footmen and attendants on the grandees of ancient Thebes, when in the act of lighting their masters home from their evening banquets or *fêtes champêtres*.

In conclusion, it may be remarked as a singular circumstance, and which applies as well to other manufactures, (such as the potteries, metal foundries, the tanners, the turners, the dyers, and the hand-loom weavers,) that the initial process of glass-making retains its primitive simplicity. Now, as 4,000 years ago, the blow-pipe, shod with iron and heated red-hot, is inserted into the melted glass. In the ancient manufactories, workmen are employed in bringing the "frit" in baskets, for the purpose of vitrification. There can scarcely be a doubt that this frit is a combination, as in Venetian glass-making derived from Egypt, of kali, from the ashes of *salsola communis*, or kelp, and a particular kind of sand. But this paper ought not to conclude without some more distinct reference to the chemical knowledge displayed in

the more elaborate processes of glass-making. There are many striking examples of this proficiency in the new Egyptian room at the British Museum. But we will take the single instance of the tablet of stained glass found at Thebes, and of which Rosellini gives the illustration to which reference has been made. The design, as has been stated, is tasteful. It consists of a quadruple star, with a rose in the centre, and with foliage on the angles. Blue, yellow, red, and green colors are introduced, and they are struck through the body of the glass. In order to produce this effect of glass-staining, oxides of cobalt, or of calcined copper and zinc, must have been used for blue, oxide of silver for yellow, and oxide of copper for green. The ruby color of the rose, that color of which till lately we had lost the art of imparting, must have been given (as well as the rich purple hue of some of the fictitious gems) by the oxide of gold.

This proficiency may appear extraordinary; but indeed, the richly-painted walls of the temples, palaces, and tombs, where the unmatched colors remain as fresh as when first laid on, show not only a perfect proficiency with the mineral pigments, but a perfect use of the metallic oxides in their composition.

It is as easy as invidious to ascribe these applications to unintelligent accident or experiment, rather than to high proficiency in chemistry. Evidences, drawn from all the other arts and trades, prove that the ancient Egyptians, in the earliest times, were skilful chemists; and why should we deprive the land of Cham, Chemosh, and Chemonis, from which the name and art of chemistry—as well as alchemy, its foster-parent—was derived, of the just tribute due to its original study, discoveries, and inventions?

Quid feret Illiæ
Mavortisque puer, si taciturnitas
Obstaret meritis, invida Romuli!

Note.—Winckelman, on the Arts of the Ancients, has some observations on the ancient manufacture of glass, which may be conveniently added. Phny attributes the discovery of glass to some Phœnician mariners, who, having kindled a fire on the beach for the purpose of cooking, placed their utensils on blocks of nitre. The fire melted the nitre and the sand, and produced a vitrified substance, which improvement converted into pure glass. The Tombs of Thebes demonstrate that 4,000 years ago the manufacture of glass was well known to the Egyptians. The frescoes exhibit glass-blowers forming bottles and vials of green glass. The specimens of Egyptian vials in the British Museum are by no means inelegant; they have long necks bulging towards the bottom, which, when filled with any liquid, would be much less easily subverted than the vials in common use amongst us. Pocket-bottles, cased in leather, such as are used in sporting, for containing spirits or liqueurs, are amongst the curious relics of the Theban glass manufacture. It is clear, from specimens that are left, that the ancient Egyptians knew how to make casts in vitrified materials, and to counterfeit in glass the amethyst and the emerald, with a degree of success unequalled in any country. Nor were they unpractised in the ingenious process by which the representation of a bird or flower may appear to be imprisoned within a piece of glass, so as to form part of its own substance. It appears that

they constructed the device from filaments of colored glass, in the first instance; it was then covered with transparent laminae of glass, and all were fused together with so much skill that no joinings in any part of the work can even now be detected by the most powerful magnifier. In these specimens the colored device appears as perfect on one side as the other. Figures of birds were thus composed; and if cut through at intervals, each portion so divided contained in itself a perfect copy of the bird. The celebrated Portland vase was long supposed to be a real sardonix; but it is now known to be formed of layers of purple-colored glass united by fusion. By similar superfusion, the glass pieces used in the mosaics on the vaults of the domes at Venice have been enabled to preserve unimpaired their original coloring and gilding. A small diamond of the glass mosaic was gilded in the usual way, and then thinly coated with the vitrified material while in a state of fusion. This was an Egyptian art. The gold color and device appear incorporated with and struck through the body of the glass, so as to appear the same on both sides. An Egyptian sarcophagus of granite may be occasionally seen cased over in the same manner, in order to preserve unimpaired the sculptures and legends engraved upon the stone. To the eye of an ordinary observer, several necklaces, scarabæi, brooches, and small ornamental figures in the cases of the new Egyptian Room would appear composed of precious stones. They are, in fact, at least the great majority of them, composed of glass throughout the whole substance, or of materials covered with a glass coating. The tasteful colored networks of glass bugles, with which the wrappers of mummies were decorated, were made of the same materials, and are remarkable as being identical with similar ornaments made into bracelets, headbands, and waistbands, by fair dilettantis at the present day. With reference to the larger examples of vitreous superfusion to which reference has been made, a sarcophagus of this description was found by Belzoni in the Tombs of the Kings. The historical assertion is well known, and has frequently provoked commentary, that the body of Alexander, cased in gold, was buried at Alexandria, in a coffin composed entirely of glass. If the record be true, it is probable that the body so inclosed in glass was, for protection sake, reinclosed within a granite or other more durable sarcophagus.

From the Polytechnic Review.

ON ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAYS.

We directed the attention of our readers, some short time since, to the probable establishment of atmospheric railways upon many of the great lines of this kingdom: we likewise announced our intention of devoting some space to the consideration of Mr. Pilbrow's invention: this task we have been spared, by the kind permission of Dr. Hewlett to transfer to our columns his admirable paper on the subject, which, when read before the Society of Arts, deservedly obtained the warmest approbation. It explains, in so simple, easy, and intelligible a form, all the leading points, that no language of ours could render it more available to those who feel anxious to know what are the views entertained by the original proprietors of the patent, and those who are about to embark their capital in carrying out a scheme which promises to be of

such public utility. The vast mass of persons who are now deeply interested in all that belongs to rapid locomotion may have an opportunity of judging for themselves how far the plan proposed is likely to be serviceable: for ourselves, we entertain but one opinion, which is, that it should be urged upon the consideration of all those whose business it is to carry out the gigantic schemes now in agitation.

"In no subject is an active, energetic, and commercial people more deeply interested than in the means for safe and expeditious intercommunication; and, as we have long maintained a high preëminence among the civilized nations of the earth for our zeal, enterprize, and commerce, we can only expect to secure these honorable distinctions by affording every possible encouragement to those inventions and discoveries which have a tendency to bring the arts and sciences to the highest degree of culture and practical utility. The truth of this statement has been admitted; and yet a strange but most decided opposition has been raised to almost every remarkable invention that has been introduced during the last fifty years. The proposed locomotive steam-carriage was most violently opposed by the devoted lovers of stage-coach travelling. The olden times and the olden ways were so much admired, that any innovations on the olden practices were dreaded with a terror—a little less than that felt at an approaching earthquake. That the whole host of interested parties should be opposed to a new and improved mode or travelling was no more than might be expected, because the doctrine of vested rights, as maintained and practically carried out in this country, had ever been a mighty barrier to all social and moral improvements. But that parties, who had no such rights to be jeopardized or damaged, should be opposed, must be a matter of surprise to every reflecting mind; for not a few, both in Bristol and Birmingham, were to be found, who, on hearing of the respective railways proposing to accomplish twenty miles an hour, said, with much complacency—'Let others venture their necks who please; but as for me I am quite contented to travel at the rate of ten miles an hour, including all stoppages, and think it is speed enough for any reasonable man.' And so it was, according to the means employed—means which involved no small amount of suffering and cruelty to animals; but now that locomotive power has become a general mode for the transmission of men and chattels, the very persons who were so timid, and so dreading consequences, are now among its warmest advocates and substantial patrons. Yet this must not be regarded as an ultimatum, but merely a step in the ever-advancing course of improvement. Seeing how former inventions have been treated, on their first introduction to public notice, by the populace at large, it is no more than experience has taught us to expect, that every bold invention, developing some new power, should meet with a similar treatment; and upon this principle, a host of prejudices are arrayed against atmospheric railways. The prejudices which have existed against former inventions, and subsequently given way to approbation and admiration of the highest order, induce the writer of this paper to think, that those prejudices arose from a want of information, and a consequent misapprehension of the whole invention. This is certainly the case in reference to many who are opposed to atmospheric railways; they

talk of accidents occurring by this mode of travelling which must, of necessity, be more fatal than accidents by the locomotive power. No mode of travelling can pledge an entire exemption from accidents. A small piece of orange peel on our ordinary pavements may occasion the death of the man who accidentally puts his foot upon it. But this is very different from a company of men looking pale with fear, dreading that a shower of pumpkins from the moon will dash them to pieces, when they have not as yet any credible testimony that there are pumpkin gardens in the moon. With the utmost respect for the fears of the timid, and the misconceptions of the uninformed, we venture to think, that a few plain matter-of-fact statements will have a tendency to dissipate their fears, and correct their misconceptions. Correct definition is the foundation of all sound information. The terms constantly employed on this topic are 'locomotive power' and 'atmospheric principle or power.' Locomotive power is the mechanical force identifying itself with the carriages moved. Atmospheric power is a mechanical force acting on the carriages through different media—a force renewable at intervals on the line—so that the atmospheric power is often classed with the stationary, as the impulse, or cause of motion, is only at intervals, as in some railways, such as Blackwall, the rope by which the carriages are moved is put in motion by a power that is entirely fixed and distinct from the carriages themselves. The history of atmospheric railways will satisfactorily show that the principle is not so new—and, consequently, the plans constructed on it by no means so *jejune* and immature—as some imagine. If seven cities have contended for the honor of being the birthplace of Homer, it is no wonder that many persons who have had thoughts and imaginings on the subject, should contend for the honor of being the inventor of the atmospheric mode of propulsion. There are some difficulties in tracing this Nile to its right source; the first authentic data, however, which we have immediately connected with the subject, is the publication of a pamphlet in 1810, by Mr. Medhurst, in London, in which he proposed the idea of employing the power of the atmosphere created in an extended tube laid between the rails and communicating the moving power thus obtained to propel carriages travelling along a road. Mr. Pinkus, however, asserts, that Mr. Medhurst only proposed the impracticable part of Papin's plan of forcing air under the compression of many atmospheres, as several others before him had done, adding, at a subsequent date, the idea of moving a piston through an under-ground tunnel, by forcing in air behind it, from distances of twenty miles apart, and, by means of such piston and tunnel, impelling passengers and goods. Medhurst's first plan was to convey letters and goods by means of rarefaction and compression of air in a channel six feet high and five feet wide, contained in a paved road or iron railway. Mr. Medhurst, it should be observed, took out no patent, performed no experiments, and distributed his pamphlets chiefly amongst his friends; so great controversy has always existed as to the legitimacy and extent of his claims. In 1824 he contested his claims to invention, in a paper war with Mr. Valance; and in 1840, Mr. Pinkus contested them. In 1817, Mr. Lewis proposed a plan, which was a modification of that of Medhurst's. In 1824, Mr. Valance took out a patent for this method of an un-

derground tunnel, also availing himself of rarefaction and atmospheric pressure. Mr. Valance made experiments with his system at Brighton, but does not appear to have been successful, so that his patent produced him no return, while Mr. Medhurst claimed priority of the invention. There is, however, strong reason for deciding that Mr. Valance first proposed employing the power of the atmosphere against a *vacuum* for railway purposes, as Mr. Medhurst did a *plenum*.

"In 1828 Mr. Medhurst republished his pamphlet of 1810, and he then proposed to use a tube comparatively much smaller, to enclose a piston in it, and to transmit its action to the outside through a longitudinal opening; he proposed also to have stationary engines twenty miles apart, for forcing in air. Of this plan he published a drawing, showing a long box, and a pipe suspended over a channel of water, in order to make a water joint or valve. According to the assertions of some of his friends, he made experiments with this and failed, from the impossibility, explicitly says one, of making the continuous communication from the inside of the pipe to the carriage tight enough to allow a useful degree of rarefaction to be produced; Mr. Pinkus, however, says that he was well informed that Mr. Medhurst never made a single experiment. The suggestion of that mode of railway transit appears to be fairly due to Mr. Medhurst; the important step of creating a vacuum before the piston belongs to Mr. Valance, while the further improvement of attaching the piston to an external carriage is disputed by Mr. Medhurst and Mr. Pinkus; Mr. Medhurst's pamphlet is certainly the *first* publication, while Mr. Pinkus quotes no evidence as to his own claims. On the 1st of March, 1834, Mr. Pinkus brought out his first patent; and in this he proposed as a valve, one in the form of a cord or rope, and which he calls a valvular cord. Mr. Pinkus states that in 1830 he had again prepared fresh plans and specifications, such as are now enrolled, and that he had exhibited them to his friends, and in 1833 commenced his patent. In 1834 he constructed a large working model, which was publicly exhibited in Wigmore street; according to the Samuda advocates, the experiments were a complete failure; but in 1836 an association was formed for working under Mr. Pinkus' principle, and contracts were made for works, to demonstrate the principle. In 1836 Mr. Pinkus took out another patent for this country, with improvements, and also for foreign countries; in this the valve was formed of iron plates, secured to felt, to lay against pieces of wood, which he proposes to fix to the inner sides of the trough, as presenting a smoother surface than cast-iron: he also described a spring copper valve, fastened at its foot to the pipe, and meeting at the top in the shape of an inverted V. The system was then called the pneumatic system, and excited a good deal of attention, and much controversy. At this period works were designed to be applied on the West London Railway, at Wormwood Scrubbe; the works nearly completed a line half a mile in length, formed on the margin of the Kensington Canal, which was united with that line of railway; Messrs. Samuda and Hague were the contractors for the engines, the former also for the mains and valves. Mr. Clegg is claimed by Mr. Pinkus as having been at that time confidentially employed and consulted by him, and as having witnessed the progress of the experiments; and

these assertions of Mr. Pinkus we have not seen a satisfactory answer; certain it is, that on the 3rd of January, 1839, a patent was taken out by Messrs. Clegg and Samuda, from which practical results have been obtained. The grand principle of the improved atmospheric plan, up to this period, was hermetically sealing the valve with a composition each time the train passed. In 1838, experiments had been made on this plan at Chailot, through the exertions of Mr. James Bonfit. Next, an extensive experiment was performed on Wormwood Scrubs, on the West London Railway, Mr. Pinkus' apparatus having been removed, his company falling to the ground for want of funds. The portion of the line selected was half a mile long, with a rise of 1 in 120 for rather more than half the distance, and 1 in 115 for the remainder. On the 11th of June, 1840, this line was opened for experiments, and these were attended with sufficient success, and so far sanctioned by the approval of eminent engineers, as to justify further proceedings. We should observe, that on the 3rd August, 1839, Mr. Pinkus obtained a third patent, in which he describes a valve and composition precisely similar to Clegg and Samuda's; on the 21st March, 1841, a fourth, where he proposes a gaso-pneumatic power. About 1841, Mr. Bonfit set up at Havre, in the factory of M. Nilbus, machinery for manufacturing Clegg and Samuda's valve. At the close of 1843, Clegg and Samuda's plan was laid down on the Dalkey line for the short distance of one mile and a quarter; this is a continuation of the Dublin and Kingstown line. And in the subsequent history of atmospheric railways, we have last—but, as we imagine, not least—the extraordinary but simple invention of Mr. James Pilbrow, which obtained a patent on the 18th November, 1844; this invention does away with the continuous valve altogether, having many other advantages which preceding inventions cannot claim.

“As the two plans which now chiefly engage the attention of the public are that of Messrs. Clegg and Samuda, and that of Mr. Pilbrow, we purpose, in a subsequent part of this paper, to give a minute description of each of these plans, and a comparative estimate of both. At present we invite your attention to the general advantages of the atmospheric system above steam locomotive power. A diminution of expenditure is one of the most obvious advantages. In the original outlay there is not a necessity for that extensive levelling as is now required; engines of very great power will not be needed; the wear and tear of materials will be diminished; and, by consequence, the rates of charges for travelling will be lessened, and cheap travelling will be secured with a certainty of increased safety and comfort. This advantage of safety is one of paramount importance. The atmospheric system precludes all the terrible calamities of bursting boilers and burning trains, with which the public has become painfully familiar. Running off the line is also avoided, since, in the atmospheric system, the impelling power is at the centre of gravity, and must, from its action, keep the train on the rails. A collision of trains, from which such disastrous results have arisen, cannot possibly take place on the atmospheric principle. Then, not to enter into any metaphysical discussion of the question, how much the very consciousness of safety promotes our comfort—it may suffice to say, that the atmospheric system offers a full enjoyment of the

pure atmosphere of heaven as you quietly glide on by an invisible power, and entire freedom from the clanking of cumbrous machinery, flying sparks, hot cinders, and strong sulphuretted hydrogen. Another advantage is, increased speed—the average rate of travelling by the atmospheric power being fifty miles an hour, while the highest velocity of travelling on the fastest line, by steam, is thirty miles an hour; and, in a country where time is appreciated as property of great value, this must be considered of paramount importance did it exist alone; but when speed can be secured at less expense, and with increased safety and comfort, no doubt can exist to which system the most decided preference is to be given.

“The plans of atmospheric railways, now fairly before the public, claim our particular attention. The first we notice is that of Clegg and Samuda; and we cannot do better than give the description drawn up by M. Arago. We shall now say a few words on the manner in which they have contrived to establish an immediate and unyielding connexion between the piston, on which the atmosphere acts as a moving power, and the leading carriage of a train running outside the tube on the ordinary rails. This inflexible connexion, of which we have just spoken, could not be established conveniently, except by means of a metal rod passing from the piston to the carriage. Now, as it is necessary that this connexion should be maintained during the entire course of the piston, there must be a longitudinal opening in the upper surface of the tube. It is along this upper slit that the metal arm travels, by means of which the movement of the piston is communicated to the leading carriage of the train, and thence to all the others. This rod, or arm, has been very justly called the connecting or moving arm, or plate. But, it may be asked, if there is an opening in the tube, how is the vacuum to be produced? We give the reply. The opening is continued the whole length of a valve, by which it is hermetically closed; the vacuum can be thus successively produced in that part of the tube to the left and right of the piston, as in the closed tube, of which we have spoken in the commencement. By a movement, to which we shall presently refer, the valve is partially opened near the piston, so as to let the connecting plate pass; after which it immediately falls by its own weight. This is the most delicate part of the apparatus. If the valve actually closes the opening, a perfect vacuum is produced and maintained, by which we obtain a permanent and powerful moving force. On the contrary, should the valve allow the air to enter by any fissure, we cannot produce a sufficient vacuum but by having recourse to a very powerful air-pump—and, moreover, this imperfect vacuum can only be supported by the continual action of the pump. The longitudinal valve, which closes the opening of the tube, is formed of a strip of leather of indefinite length, strengthened above and below by a series of iron plates of about a foot long, and not leaving a space between them of more than three eighths of an inch. Weight is thus given to the valve without destroying its elasticity. The leather is closely and hermetically fastened by one of its edges to one side of the opening. The other edge remains unattached and movable; and, when the valve is closed, it merely rests on the second lip of the opening, which has been previously covered in its entire length by a composition of

wax or tallow. When the valve opens, that edge of the leather fastened to the tube bends, and thus acts as a true hinge. The valve is never raised to a perpendicular position; its movement never exceeds an angle of forty-five degrees. The mere falling of the valve by its own weight does not give it sufficient adherence to the edge of the opening, so as to prevent the entrance of air into the tube; therefore it scarcely resumes its place before it is heavily pressed by a wheel fixed at the back of the leading carriage, to which also is attached a cylinder filled with burning charcoal, for the purpose of melting the composition of tallow and wax by which the valve is held down. This is a full description of the Clegg and Samuda atmospheric railway. Did time allow, we might also notice a similar plan by M. Hallette, of Arras.

"We come now to notice the invention by Mr. Pilbrow, C. E., for which a patent has been taken out. Now this invention does not appear to be, like many of its predecessors, a mere improvement in some mechanical detail, but seems rather to be a new creation—a new system altogether. It might be asked, where Clegg and Samuda's patent differs from Pinkus', &c., or what have Clegg and Samuda done? but no one will find it necessary to investigate far to discover the difference here—no one will ask that question as to Pilbrow's. By this plan, the necessity for the continuous valve running along the upper part of the tube is entirely avoided; the connexion between the propulsive principle within and the carriages without being obtained in a manner entirely distinct. The propulsion tube, instead of being broken, or stopped at intervals of a few miles, extends unbroken for the whole distance. At intervals, on the top of the propulsion tube—say every thirty feet—there are placed boxes and supports. Within these boxes are cogged wheels or smooth-surfaced wheels, (a combination of the two, as the model is now before you,) working horizontally on an axle or shaft, the upper portion of which passes through an aperture in the top of the box, and at the outside, or above these boxes, the same axles are made to bear rollers or wheels similar to those inside the box. The passages through which the shafts pass are rendered air-tight by the shoulders or flat fillet turned upon the shafts. [The lecturer referred to diagrams.] Attached to the propulsion piston is a long rod or bar, nearly fitting the small square channel or tube, cast upon the propulsion tube; and, running along with the piston, is conducted by this smaller tube between the lower wheels. Either side of this bar is covered with cogs, or is smooth, or a combination of the two, as the case may be, [the lecturer referred to diagrams and model.] corresponding with the surface of the wheels within the boxes above described. It should be mentioned, also, that these wheels, or rollers, are made to project in a slight degree within the smaller tube. [The lecturer pointed out the distinction between the adhesion and cog plan; the latter not being indispensable, but, on the contrary, arrangements which many prefer.] As to the model in particular, which meets all the objections raised against other forms or arrangements of this invention, the manner of working the apparatus is simply this:—the air being exhausted from the propulsion tube, the piston, with its rod attached, is moved along inside it by the pressure of the external atmosphere; and, as it

moves, the rod works on the wheels on the inside, turns them round, and, as they turn the wheels outside, the boxes turn also. These external wheels are then made to act upon the train, by means of a rod attached to it, similar to that attached to the piston within; and thus, as the piston moves along inside the tube, the first carriage of the train moves along also over it outside the tube, through the medium of this double set of wheels and rods. In attempting to give a comparative estimate of these two plans, it is right to state that Clegg and Samuda's plan has most of the general advantages which atmospheric railways have over the present locomotive principle. The great distinction, however, between the system of Messrs. Samuda and that of Mr. Pilbrow is this—that in the former the connexion between the carriage train and the propulsion piston is direct; in the latter it is indirect, a third medium being employed. Another important distinction is that the Samuda system has the propulsion tube above ground, and has insuperable difficulties in crossing roads, and in intersecting other lines; the Pilbrow invention, placing the tube below the surface, gets rid of all the objections in regard to crossing and diverging lines from the main trunk. The continuous valve of the Samuda plan, must necessarily occasion much leakage, while the Pilbrow plan, dispensing with the valve altogether, no leakage from that cause can possibly arise. The leakage of Samuda's plan is equal to 5-horse power per mile, but Pilbrow's only 2½ horse power during the whole time of working every ten miles; the Samuda plan requires an exhausting engine at short intervals of about two miles and a half; the Pilbrow plan can be worked with only one engine at the interval of ten miles. The Samuda plan is remarkably complex, and, therefore, may be subject to frequent interruptions for repairs. As M. Arago inquires—'Can we hope for future success from a system, into which enters, as principal agents, a strip of leather of immense length, a composition of wax and tallow, and a hot iron to dissolve the wax?' Now, the Pilbrow plan is remarkable for its simplicity, and the fewness of agents employed. It is much to be lamented that the Pilbrow plan has been attacked, and difficulties ascribed to it, for which no grounds whatever exist—difficulties which have no existence whatever but in the imagination of the objector. Even the imagined difficulties must be frankly met, such as 'the fine ground metallic surfaces of the wheels soon being injured;' 'the friction and wear of the spindles by dust;' but the most formidable objection was stated against the use of cogs—that great speed would certainly break or strip the cogs. Now, the inventor has stated in his pamphlet, and in this room, (January 8.) that you may dispense with the cogs, and make use of adhesion, or a combination of the two, at high velocities, though it is right here to state, that an experiment has been made with the cogs at the rate of fifty-five miles per hour, and they did not break or strip. It, however, would be perfectly useless to spend time in refuting objections which have been either anticipated or already proved groundless."

One very important point which we deem it right to notice, is, that it is immaterial whether cog-wheels, threaded-grooved-wheels, or plain surface-wheels, be employed. The principle of the invention is the entirely new method by which

the impelling power is *connected* with the carriages. And this is the chief feature in the invention, together with the great principle which distinguishes it from every former invention, viz., the entire absence of any continuous valve.

From the Polytechnic Review.

LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.

In the "Times" of the 16th April there is a letter from Sir James South descriptive of this magnificent instrument, and of some of the observations made by it: there is one upon the occultation of a star by the dark part of the moon, which produced a phenomenon that, Sir James says, is involved in impenetrable mystery. The following is the account he gives, and the solution which is now offered will, perhaps, render the matter apparent.

"On the 15th of March, when the moon was seven days and a half old, I never saw her unilluminated disk so beautifully, nor her mountains so temptingly measurable. On my first looking into the telescope, a star of about the seventh magnitude was some minutes of a degree distant from the moon's dark limb. Seeing that its occultation by the moon was inevitable, as it was the first occultation which had been observed with that telescope, I was anxious it should be observed by its noble maker, and very much do I regret that, through kindness towards me, he would not accede to my wish; for the star, instead of disappearing the moment the moon's edge came in contact with it, apparently glided on the moon's dark face as if it had been seen through a transparent moon, or as if the star were between me and the moon. It remained on the moon's disk nearly two seconds of time, and then instantly disappeared at 10h. 9m. 59.72s. sidereal time.

"I have seen this apparent projection of a star on the moon's face several times, but, from the great brilliancy of the star, this was the most beautiful I ever saw.

"The cause of this phenomenon is involved in impenetrable mystery."

Previous to the occultation, there existed a ray of light from the star to the eye of the observer. Now, whether the light is transmitted particle by particle, or whether light is transmitted by undulation, which the result of observations and the balance of probability renders the more certain, the following effect would be the same.

The ray of light represents the star in all its parts the moment the star is obscured by the passage of the moon, the star itself being fixed, the ray would not disappear until the time had elapsed which it takes to pass from the moon to the earth, a distance of 240,000 miles, this taking up two seconds of time or thereabout, the spectrum of the star would remain on the eye during that space, and then would instantly be lost. The moon itself continuing to advance would give the spectrum the appearance of passing a short distance upon its face, and, as Sir James says, leading us to suppose the star was seen through the moon.

Sir James South afterwards, in relation to the passage of the satellites of Jupiter over his face, asks the following question:

"Will the telescope tell us why the satellites of Jupiter, which generally pass over Jupiter's face as disks nearly of white light, sometimes traverse it as black patches?"

In endeavoring to solve the preceding question, we shall have to state a few facts about which

there is no dispute. The diameter of Jupiter is well known to be 94,100, while that of the earth is 7970. The largest of the satellites of Jupiter in its diameter is not equal to that of the earth. These respective diameters will give proportionate areas on the spheres of surfaces capable of reflecting solar light. The magnitude of these surfaces will give very different appearances of light according to the mass which they present, and consequently, the reflected light of Jupiter from its immense area, which is so much larger than the earth, although at a distance of more than five times that of the earth from the sun, will receive and reflect a far greater amount of light than the earth, or its own satellites, which will account for the intensity of the luminous appearance of Jupiter. We judge of the intensities of light by comparison; for instance, a board painted white will appear far darker than writing-paper, and writing-paper darker than snow newly deposited. The intensity of light, therefore, upon a satellite will be greatly less than that of Jupiter: but we must go a little farther; light is reflected most intensely precisely at the angle of incidence. Now the reflective spaces on a sphere of small dimensions are very greatly less from this circumstance than the space upon one of far greater area. If, for instance, any one will hang up a white ball and cast a ray of light upon it, he will find, excepting in the angle of incidence, which depends upon the situation of the eye of the observer, that the rest of the parts of the ball, as they recede from that angle, will become darker. Now, these being the premises, we ought not to be surprised at a satellite possessing so very small a comparative share of light, in respect to its primary appearing dark on passing over the most luminous part of Jupiter, although it may appear light when viewed separately from him, or even whilst passing over any of the less illuminated parts of the planet itself.

The small quantity of light that these satellites reflect, and not its intensity on the angle of incidence, is the reason that these satellites are not seen by the naked eye upon the earth.

We trust that the foregoing explanation is sufficiently evident, at the same time that we respectfully submit that if astronomers would make themselves masters of a little natural philosophy in addition to their great attainments as mathematicians, they would be able to solve not only many of the appearances of which we are now cognizant, and on which there seems to be an extraordinary degree of ignorance, but also to account for those new and important facts, which we fully depend upon being made known, by the further use and contemplated improvement, according to Lemaire's plan, in Lord Rosse's telescope, for the spirited and able construction of which his lordship has laid the scientific world under enduring obligations.

J. A. BORRON.

COLLEGE OF CHEMISTRY.—There is every reason to believe that this undertaking, as it is highly patronized, will be carried out. It is to be regretted that the schools already existing are not considered sufficient for the supply of accomplished chemists.

RAILWAY UNDER THE THAMES.—The plan for forming a railway through the tunnel, proposed by the late Mr. Samuda, has been submitted to the proprietors. The expense will not exceed ten thousand pounds.

From the Polytechnic Review.

ARCHIMEDEAN RAILWAY.

MR. FARRELL, the inventor of this curious system, exhibited a model at the Dublin Society's house during the late cattle show, and delivered a lecture on it in the gallery, which was densely crowded, on Wednesday the 23d ult. After alluding to the great advantages which have arisen from the invention of the railways, and to the merits and demerits of the various plans, Mr. Farrell, pointing to his model, said:—

"I have given this invention the title of 'Archimedean,' from some resemblance that it bears to the water-engine, invented by the celebrated Archimedes, which appears to have been a tube coiled spirally round a cylinder; but as a cylinder of eighteen inches diameter would be expensive and cumbrous, I substituted a comparatively small shaft of iron-tubing of about four inches diameter, and the spiral or thread of the screw I support by wrought-iron arms of sufficient strength, keyed on the shaft and bolted to the spiral. The screw propeller thus formed is made in separate lengths of from twelve to fifteen feet, and connected by couplings at each joint, that allow a sufficient freedom to meet any accidental sinking of the rails, or any required divergence from a straight line. These lengths rest on metal-bearing saddles that are bolted to the cross-sleepers of the railway. This screw propeller is laid down in the middle of the track, and caused to revolve upon its axis by steam or water power, and, when revolving, the spiral rail presses against a pair of wheels that are suspended from the frame of the leading carriage of the train, one wheel being at either side of the axis of the screw; so that while the carriage is propelled forward by the pressure of the spiral against the periphery of one of the wheels, it is prevented from acquiring accelerated motion or running irregularly forward by the other wheel, which follows and presses against the spiral on the other side of the axis, and thus aids in giving a revolving motion to the screw propeller. These wheels, which form the only connection between the trains and the propeller, are perfectly under the control of the conductor, who, by turning the handle of the vertical screw, can raise them up, and thus disengage them from the propeller, and, by continuing the same action, can apply the breaks to the bearing wheels, and thus stop the train at any point of the line. It is proposed that the stationary engines be placed three miles apart, and that each engine shall turn a mile and a half screw propeller in each direction from it; the power will be communicated from the engine by means of a friction-clutch, let into a cylinder cast on the back of the spur-wheel. By this means, should the shaft meet with any accidental obstruction, it will be saved from any strain. Thus far this invention is applicable to any existing railway; the propeller can be laid down and secured to the cross-sleepers of the railway, and the propelling wheels and lifting apparatus attached to as many of the carriages as would be required for leading carriages. The model, however, embraces another improvement. It may be seen that the wheels have no flanges, and there is a pair of friction wheels at either end of the carriage that run against the centre guide rail, that rests on, and is firmly secured to the apex of the triangular bearing saddles which support the propeller.

"The advantages I expect to be derived from this invention are economy in construction, economy in power for locomotion, and facility for transmitting frequent trains with perfect safety.

"The facility which the Archimedean possesses for ascending inclined planes, places it on a par in this respect with the atmospheric system, by which, as I have before shown, a saving in construction to the amount of 4000*l.* per mile may be effected, taking the estimate of the Irish railway commissioners as our standard. The relative estimates will stand thus: locomotive railway, 13,000*l.* per mile; atmospheric railway, including the tubes for double line, 18,000*l.* per mile; Archimedean, including the propeller for double line 11,000*l.* per mile; these amounts are given, it will be remembered, as merely comparative estimates. On the Archimedean system, therefore, the saving in the cost of construction, when compared with the locomotive, is 2,000*l.* per mile, and compared with the atmospheric, 7,000*l.* per mile of double line. With respect to the cost of locomotion, it will be sufficient for our purpose, as I have before stated, that the locomotive and the atmospheric systems might be considered nearly on a par as to annual expense, to compare the Archimedean with the locomotive system.

"As the power is conveyed directly from the prime mover to the trains by means of the screw, I cannot conceive that there is any power lost, except that which is absorbed in turning the screw propeller and keeping it in motion. The weight of a mile and a half propeller is about eighty tons. If we allow the power expended in turning this amount to ten-horse power, (and by the use of friction rollers this might be greatly reduced,) as I propose a twenty-horse engine to each three mile station of single way, and two such engines on a double line, which could work in concert, each engine would, therefore, have a spare power equal to the propulsion of more than 30 tons, at the rate of 20 miles an hour; and as trains might be transmitted in rapid succession without danger of collision, trains of 20 tons might be transmitted at the rate of 30 miles an hour without increasing the engine power, and thus meet the demands of the most extensive traffic, at a cost considerably under one fourth of the expense of locomotive power on the present systems. The saving would therefore be on a railway 100 miles long, 200,000*l.* in the cost of construction, which at five per cent. is 10,000*l.* per annum, and on the cost of locomotive 75,000*l.*, making a total annual saving of more than 80,000*l.* per annum on a line of 100 miles in length, of very extensive traffic." Mr. Farrell concluded by stating that, startling as those calculations appeared, he was persuaded they would be borne out by results.

ANASTATIC PRINTING.

MR. FARADAY commenced his lecture at the Royal Institution on Friday evening last, by expressing his fears that, not being in any way connected with the subject, he might not plead so zealously in its favor as he did when he brought before them his own inventions; but if he did not render the subject quite clear, it was to be considered as entirely his own fault, the inventor having placed every information at his disposal. He hoped to be able, even during the short time allotted to the lecture, to show practically the process, as the

workman, extremely skilful in the science, could show practically the working. The word "anastatic" signified, he was informed by scholars, a raising up; in other words, a revival of what might be considered as dead and useless. Having given this definition of the name, before showing its workings, he had most distinctly to repudiate the slightest intention of in any way recommending it or pledging himself for its success. However it might eventually turn out, his opinion could never be brought against him, for he had given none. He considered this caution necessary, as he found his name constantly brought forward as recommending this theory or that theory, or identified indeed with things with which he had not the slightest acquaintance. That very day, indeed, he had received a letter upon his supposed advocacy of perpetual motion. His duty was but to explain, as clearly and briefly as he could, the invention now before them. It consisted in a plan of printing from a printed page, or an engraving, any number of copies. He would, to show the principle, take at random a leaf from the book, and give it over to the worker, and they would see the process in all its stages. They would observe that he wetted first the print freely with dilute nitric acid. (The proportions the lecturer did not state, but we should judge its strength to be at least one of acid to four of water.) This was allowed to stand for some time—a few minutes would be sufficient in the present case; and they would next remark the extreme care of the worker to remove the excess of acid. This was effected by pressure between sheets of bibulous or blotting paper; this sheet was then placed upon a plate of polished zinc. He would draw attention to the extreme care with which the worker was polishing the plate; the slightest speck would be sufficient to injure the impression. His hearers would now see the system; the acid would soak through the paper, but on those places where the printing was the acid could not penetrate. Printers' ink, as they were aware, was composed of lamp-black and a preparation of linseed oil, and this effectually defended the plate from the acid. "The wetted paper and the plate are then submitted to heavy pressure between two rollers, and the plate is, as you see, strongly acted upon by the water; it is now washed with gum-water, and this, though an apparently unimportant part of the process, is of great practical importance; it would appear to have a most decided repulsive action on the ink. The plate can now be submitted to the action of the inken roller; the parts protected by the printing will alone receive the ink, and in order to render this more decided, the zinc plate is now washed with phosphoric acid; the action of this acid is exceedingly obscure; the phosphoric has no advantage over the nitric or muriatic, but the difference where the phosphoric is used is exceedingly apparent. Phosphoric acid is easily made, by leaving phosphorus in water exposed to the action of the atmosphere; the phosphorus absorbs oxygen, and forms the phosphoric acid. The worker, you see, uses considerable force in his operations with the gum-water and the phosphoric acid; his experience has shown him that the printing ink adheres now with some firmness, and you will be able to see the process of the printing. I hand over to the chairman, as your representative, the impression just worked off; you will, after the lecture, find it perfect. But it would be unfair to judge of the practical working by the process now

working amidst the excitement and bustle attendant upon the lecture. I will now call your attention to the repulsive action of water and oil. You are aware that when two smooth surfaces wetted with either oil or water are pressed together, they cohere with considerable force; there is but little difficulty in sticking them together, though my strength is hardly sufficient to tear them apart; this is not, as was formerly supposed, the cohesion of the surfaces, but the attraction of particles of water for water. We are indebted to Dr. Henry, of America, for the peculiarly instructive papers and experiments he has published, which, though out of place here, I hope, ere the season closes, to have the pleasure of again alluding to. (Great applause.) I will pour upon this plate some colored water, and drop on it some oil: the water is, you see, driven to the sides; and this effect is even seen more strongly when I cover first the plate with oil, and pour on the water: it slides, as you see, over the plate; each, as it were, keeps possession in defiance of the other, the first applied holding possession; and this is probably one cause why, after so many impressions, the printing keeps distinct, the repulsive action of the water pressing up the ink in place of allowing it to spread, even though it remains for some time soft. The possibility of taking impression by pressure has been well known a long time: by rubbing this newspaper strongly, with a piece of wood, against this damp paper, I can obtain a very fair impression, though the force I can employ is of course not for a moment to be compared to the even and powerful pressure of the printing press. Now metallic plates resist strongly water when very highly polished, though, as you observe, I may pour water on this plate: its surface is not tarnished; the water moves lazily, like a slug, upon its surface. A little mucilage will at once remove this difficulty; the gum enables it to spread smoothly over the surface. There is not quite sufficient mucilage here, (this experiment failed,) but on the addition of a little more the effect is at once apparent. But I will play further tricks with this plate; I will direct the man to rub off the impression from the plate—and this can be done easily by turpentine—and the plate will be to all appearance as before it was first submitted. Before doing so I will have first the plate entirely inked over; every part is now covered. I place my finger on any part, and you observe it covered with the ink, marking whatever I now touch. The worker will rub it with his cloth, and take an impression. You will observe that the rubber has moved the ink only from those places to which it was not first applied, and the printing is as clear as before. He will now move off the ink entirely, and you would believe that the plate was now destroyed: but no; the parts, once inked, though every atom of grease has been removed, will still receive only the ink, while the other parts will, as before, reject it; and again, you see, the printing goes on without hindrance. Eight thousand impressions have been, we believe, taken without the slightest difference between the first and the last in point of deterioration: indeed, the order of perfection is generally reversed, the first being the most incomplete. In the copying by this process the old printing, there was a great difficulty presented by the dryness of the ink, which becomes nearly brittle: to remove this the paper was sponged with a solution of potash: this would soften the ink. The potash was afterwards removed by soaking the paper in a

solution of tartaric acid. The paper becomes covered with the glistening crystals of bitartrate of potash, cream of tartar. These crystals refuse to mingle with, or to receive, the ink of the printers; and the printed parts alone receiving it, a very excellent impression can be made by reinking the print before it is applied to the plate. A few specimens are before you: their genuineness is at once apparent from the style of the type, which no printer of the present day would use."

From the Spectator.

LORD ROBERTSON'S POEMS.

ANY one who has visited Edinburgh from ten to twenty years ago, and been conducted to the Parliament House among other lions—or receptacles of lions—must remember an advocate of rotund proportions, whose pinguetude was to him a burden as the grasshopper to the seer of old. But

"His eyes twinkled in his head aright,
As don the stars in a frosty night."

The spirit within was not slumberous. A deft and well-trusted counsellor was he, and well-employed at the bar. But to see the man in his glory, you must meet him after dinner, or, by our lady, nearer hearing of "the chimes at midnight." Within his portly body seem encased the combined spirit of all high jinkers since the time of Pleydell. Speeches he could make in which there was no meaning—perhaps no wit; and yet the most saturnine were compelled to join in the roar they provoked. Gaelic sermons he would say, and Gaelic songs he would sing; though of the knowledge of Gaelic he was innocent; and bewildered Celts listened and could not tell whether it was or was not their own language that fell so glibly from his lips. Italian bravuras he could trol, albeit Italian was to him an unknown tongue and Nature had denied him a musical ear; De Begnis listening the while to his improvisation with delight, and Tamburini with blank astonishment. When the acute indefatigable advocate slipped out of his wig and gown and away from his multitudinous briefs, he could seem a very incarnation of one of Shakspeare's clowns. And, though he served no nobleman or potentate in that capacity, yet was he liegeman to an order. In those merry days, Edinburgh had its Guelphs and Ghibellines—its Dundasites and its believers in the old "Blue-and-yellow"—perhaps still has, for in provincial circles such feuds are nursed with an inveterate pertinacity, to metropolitan circles inconceivable,) and "Peter" was a staunch Tory. At a circuit-dinner in Jedburgh, some small Border laird grew angry because our hero marched out of the room before him, (unthinkingly, it may be, though in strict etiquette the precedence was his right,) and valorously demanded, "Who are you, sir?" "Who am I, sir?" responded the imperturbable Peter; "don't you know me, sir?" I am buffoon-general to the Tories of Edinburgh, sir!"

To an observant beholder there was something anomalous in the face of Mr. Patrick Robertson. His mouth was finely formed, and had an expression of delicate sentiment; and they who knew the man were aware that in the innermost recesses of his mind there was really a rich vein of fine thought and feeling. Generous he was, both in

the more vulgar acceptance of readiness to assist the poor and needy, and in an uncontrollable sympathy for worth that had suffered wrong. He could not even bear to see a blackguard treated worse than was absolutely necessary to keep him in order. His favorite books (and though few imagined he ever opened one, they were daily consulted) were poems: deep-read he is in Shakspeare and Milton; and Wordsworth's and Hunt's poetry are familiar to him. This trait in his character explains the volume of downright serious poetry which he has just given to the world. In part it may be believed to have been prompted by the irrepressible desire he felt to utter aloud the feelings awakened in him by the novel and striking objects with which he found himself encompassed during a tour in Italy, in the long vacation last autumn. Perhaps a desire to let the world know that better and deeper feelings lurked below the outer case of the professed jester may have had its influence. Viewed in this light, the fragments of verse in the volume now before us do no discredit to their author. Poetry it would be gross flattery to call them. The "Address to the Queen" reminds one—*tant soit peu*—of a speech on "the general question;" the attempt to impersonate Galileo and Milton has none of the novelty Lord Robertson flatters himself it possesses, and, what is worse, is a dead failure; while "The Dishonest Dealer" and "The Pirate" are mere versifications, the one of a speech in opposition to an application for the benefits of the *cessio bonorum*, and the other of a crown counsel asking a jury to return a verdict against some freebooter of the sea. But the *Leaves from a Journal* are replete with a feeling of poetry, if not with poetical ideas. And thus much at least may be said in favor of all the verse in the volume—if the ideas are prosaic, and not unfrequently commonplace, (as will be the case even with men of talent, when, accustomed only to express themselves in prose, they rashly take upon them the fetters of rhythm.) they are always the ideas of a man of sound sense and healthy generous feelings; if the metre halts at times and is always stiff, it at least shows that the writer has perused and reperused Milton until the cadence of the poet's verse has become familiar to him. Lord Robertson may hold up his head among his brother and sister amateur versifiers, confident that he is as good as most of them.

Yet will his volume give rise to a world of mystification. All the small fry of Scotch Tories—and all who at Offley's or the Cider Cellar have caught a transient glimpse of Peter before he was raised to the bench—will read on and on, ever expecting that next page the joking is to begin. His brethren on the seat of judgment will be flattered as by "an eagle in a dove's cut." The president will bluster, and the justice clerk look grave, thinking this publication of poetry by a Lord of Session *infra dignitatem*; Lord Jeffrey will pick out some felicitous turn of expression, and compliment him upon it; Lord Murray will hesitate between reluctance to give pain and incapacity to be insincere, and remain silent; and Lord Cockburn will say, that "whereas the muse of his country found Burns at the plough and cast the mantle of her inspiration over him, she found Lord Robertson on the bench and dropped on him a 'double gown' after government had ceased to bestow such honors."

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From the Times.

OREGON.

It is convenient and desirable that the public in this country should be in possession of the views taken of the Oregon question by men of coolness and judgment on the other side of the Atlantic; and at the present moment the opinions contained in the last letter of our correspondent, "A Genevese Traveller," and in the speech delivered by Mr. Calhoun in the month of January, 1843, will have been read with the greatest interest. The argument of our correspondent scarcely touches the real merits of the case; it amounts simply to this,—that the Americans have on all occasions claimed the whole of the territory in dispute, and that the compromise they offered in 1826 is the utmost limit of concession on their part. We anticipated some weeks ago the difficulty which Mr. Polk might have to encounter, if he were disposed to conclude a convention on any terms less favorable to the United States than those which constituted the *ultimatum* of the commissioners of 1826, namely, the prolongation of the 49th degree parallel of latitude from the Rocky Mountains to the sea. But, in reality, those former abortive negotiations have nothing to do with the matter. If this was a question of absolute, indefeasible right to the territory, it would admit of no surrender and no delay on either side; but it is, on the contrary, a joint, indefinite, and abstract right, and it is only by some species of concession or partition that it can ever receive any concrete shape or real character at all. The opinion of Mr. Gallatin is reported to be, "that the American claim to Oregon up to the 49th degree of latitude is clear and indisputable; beyond that point to the 55th degree it is fairly the subject of argument and

compromise." Whereas the opinion of the best authorities in this country is precisely the inverse, namely, that the British claim from the 55th to the 49th degree is clear, indisputable, and exclusive, but that south of the 49th degree the territory is open to joint occupation and ultimate partition. This is the view taken by the French writer, M. Duflot de Mofras, as the most favorable to the Americans which he can at all bring himself to entertain; and it is the principle upon which alone Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Addington negotiated on behalf of the British government in 1826. In point of fact, however, this distinction with reference to the 49th parallel of latitude appears to us to be arbitrary and unfounded; that line has never been mentioned in any of the earlier treaties; and it has now crept into the discussion apparently for no better reason than that it is the boundary of the two states east of the Rocky Mountains established by the convention of 1818.

It is, however, to be feared that the unsuccessful negotiations which were terminated by the temporary convention of 1827, will materially embarrass both parties in the course of that arrangement which is now pending. The question we are trying to untie has unluckily run into a knot; and neither country cares to yield one jot more than it would twenty years ago;—a memorable example, be it observed, of the danger of abortive attempts at negotiations, when the very fact and cause of a former failure becomes hereafter a serious aggravation of the real difficulty! In this instance, as between the two parties to the dispute, the point of honor thus raised long ago has more real weight than the geographical merits of the case or the actual amount of interest. But it is by the merits of the case and the fair interests of

the parties that the controversy ought to be decided; and the only mode in which such a decision can be obtained, with a perfect safety to the honor of both states, is by the arbitration of a third power. This is the expedient which the British government has more than once urged on that of the United States.

We have already stated, on a former occasion, what, in our opinion, ought to be the alternative—namely, a notice on the part of the British government, that the convention of 1827 shall terminate at the expiration of twelve months. But this opinion, which has not been lightly taken up, receives the strongest corroboration from the language used by Mr. Calhoun, in January, 1843. Assuming the rights of the two nations in Oregon to be equal, and the resolution to defend those rights to be on both sides the same, the late American Secretary of State pointed out to the Senate, in the most forcible language, the absolute impossibility of sustaining a contest with Great Britain at the present time in and for the Oregon territory. That coast is separated from our mighty eastern establishments by only a few weeks' sail across the Pacific; an American squadron must circumnavigate Cape Horn by a route of 18,000 miles before it could reach the Columbia. By land the difficulties are still more insurmountable; for who ever transported an army across 1,200 miles of pathless desert, where the only food to be obtained is the game still in undisturbed possession of those midland solitudes! The country is, as we have repeatedly observed, inaccessible to any people or any forces but our own; and moreover, it is already in the possession of our Hudson's Bay Company.

"But," says Mr. Calhoun, after establishing these certain, though unpalatable facts, "the way by which Oregon can be secured is to bide our time. All we want to effect our object in this, is *wise and masterly inactivity*." He repeats Mr. Greenhow's recommendation, which we quoted on a former occasion, to let the matter rest until the forces of the claimants are somewhat more equal than they are at present; and this is the only argument, be it observed, which has been used to restrain the American people. If you snatch at it, they are told, it is lost; if you wait, it is yours.

And is this argument to be lost upon us? Can we doubt that if this aggressive policy is bequeathed to another generation of Americans it will be faithfully carried out against another generation of Englishmen? Are we to stand unmoved, or to wait with stolid complaisance, because our aggressor tells us he is not quite strong enough at present to fulfil his intentions and wrest a province from the dominions of the crown? Are these fair conditions of joint occupancy, or an honest interpretation of an amicable convention? Fortunately for ourselves, Mr. Polk thought fit to throw off this "wise and masterly inactivity," and to tell the citizens of the United States that he is prepared to use all his constitutional powers for the immediate prosecution of what he terms their clear and unquestionable rights. It might have appeared overbearing if this country had availed herself of the superior advantages of her position to demand a settlement of the Oregon question, and had used menacing language in case of a refusal. But these pretensions have been raised by the other, and, as we believe, the weaker side—weaker both as to the merits of the case and as to the power of supporting it. The time for inactivity is past, for that is the very weapon

which we are told, by the best authority, is to be used against us. It is still as desirable and as possible as it has ever been, that the question should be settled by an equitable arrangement, sanctioned, if necessary, by an arbitration. But if the American cabinet slinks back into that inactivity of which we now thoroughly understand the meaning and the motive, it becomes the British ministers to put an end to a convention that only affords a cloak for hostile designs against a British province, which have been already openly avowed by the President of the United States, and are only postponed by the superior craft of other American statesmen.

From Bell's Messenger, 17 May.

OUR RELATIONS WITH AMERICA.—American papers have arrived to a late date, and we are happy to say that they fully justify our anticipation that there is no fear of war between Great Britain and the United States. Indeed, as regards the American government, all common sense was opposed to such an apprehension. As the Oregon district is the terminus with the Western American boundary, there is absolutely nothing but the physical difficulties of the journey to prevent the immigration of American citizens in any numbers or at any time, and there is not a power on earth which could prevent their settlement in this disputed district at pleasure. There is nothing to prevent them going either singly or in masses, and there is no power can reach them to prevent their settlement, or afterwards to dispossess them. They are wholly beyond the reach of fleets and armies. Under such circumstances it is obvious that nothing is wanting but time to put them in as full an occupation of the country as they could desire. Mr. Calhoun, one of the oldest members of Congress, seems fully aware of this circumstance, and in answer to a former proposal for more decided measures upon this point, concluded his speech with the following emphatic words:—"If the house would take my advice, they will let the matter rest, until by the course of time the forces of the claimants become more equal than they are at present. The way by which Oregon is to be secured is to bide our time. All we want to effect our object in this case is a wise and masterly inactivity."

The majority of the American papers now arrived, entirely adopt this view of the case. "We do not believe," says one of them, "that there is any hazard of war. The question is preëminently one for arbitration. Great Britain, as heretofore, has offered to submit it to arbitration under the most liberal conditions. Should this offer be renewed, we have no hesitation in saying that it should be at once accepted. We should run no risk of losing anything to which we have a right; and when rights are conflicting, mutual concessions which a neutral party would deem just, should then reconcile them."

If it should be objected that the British government is now so committed, that in point of honor and dignity we cannot ourselves come forward with this offer, the American papers here also afford a very satisfactory answer; so far at least as regards the leading point that, in fact, there is no apprehension of any war. It appears by the journals now arrived, that the American government itself is about to imitate this proposal of referring the whole matter to arbitration, and some of them proceed to the length of stating that Mr. Van Buren has been selected as the Minister to England for this purpose. Our own opinion is that it will come to this.

From Chambers' Journal.

DR. EDWARD JENNER.

THIS celebrated man, the discoverer of the art of vaccination, was born in the vicarage of Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, on the 17th of May, 1749. He was the third son of the vicar, and his mother was descended from an ancient and respectable family in the neighborhood. Losing his father at an early age, he was indebted for his education to the care and solicitude of an elder brother. Young Jenner chose the profession of medicine, and after acquiring the elements of the art at Sodbury, near Bristol, he went to London, and became a pupil and inmate of the celebrated John Hunter. From this enthusiastic and successful cultivator of the science of life Jenner caught the true art of philosophic investigation. They instantly became friends, and this friendship continued during life. Having finished his preliminary studies, he now returned to his native village to practise his profession. Other offers were then and subsequently held out to him, but his love of the country made him proof against them all. He was indeed a true lover of nature. With an inquiring and ever active mind, which prompted him to the investigation of nature's works, he had also that deep feeling of the beautiful and fair which accompanies a poetic temperament. His professional journeys through the district were lightened and diversified by scientific pursuits, and many of his leisure hours devoted to discoveries in natural history. His remarks on the singular and anomalous habits of the cuckoo excited the attention of the members of the Royal Society, and found a place in their printed transactions.

But one subject took possession of his mind, and engrossed his chief attention even from his earliest youth. In the great dairy county of Gloucestershire, where his inclination, and, it may be said, his destiny had placed him for a great purpose, it was a prevalent opinion that a disease was communicated from the teats of the cows to the hands of their milkers, by which the latter were ever afterwards protected from small-pox. While Jenner was a student at Sodbury, a young country woman came to seek advice. The subject of small-pox was mentioned in her presence: she immediately observed, "I cannot take that disease, for I have had cow-pox." This incident riveted the attention of Jenner, and the impression then made took full possession of his mind, and was never effaced. He communicated his views some time afterwards to John Hunter, who, although he had not turned his mind to the subject, was far from stifling any inquiry of the kind, and who, in his characteristic way, replied to the young philosopher, "Don't think, but try; be patient, be accurate." From his professional friends in the country, however, his theory met with nothing but discouragement: they, too, as well as Jenner, had heard the vulgar reports of the country people; but the circumstance was so out of the common routine, that they gave it no credit, and never thought of putting it to the test of experiment. In vain did Jenner urge on the discussion of the subject at their professional meetings—they refused to listen, and even laughed him to scorn. But Jenner, though he was thus compelled to fall back upon his own solitary thoughts, was not the character thus to be persuaded from his pursuit; like every man destined to achieve great things, he was firm of pur-

pose. For twenty years he brooded over the subject, collected facts, and made experiments; till at last, being fully convinced in his own mind that he had compassed the whole bearings of the subject, he came to the resolution of presenting the great discovery as a gift to mankind. The conclusions to which he arrived were as follows:—

The disease called *variola*, or small-pox, is common to man, and to several of our domestic animals, as the cow, horse, goat, &c.; but while in man it presents a severe and virulent disease, in passing through the system of brutes it becomes a mild and innocent affection.

The heels of horses are often affected with this disease, which, though frequently accompanied by what is called grease, is not identical with this latter. If a portion of the matter from the *vesicles* or little blisters on the heel of the horse, be taken and applied to the nipples of the cow, the peculiar disease is communicated to the cow; or, on the other hand, the horse may be infected from the cow. Matter taken from the vesicle of the horse or the cow, and inserted below the skin of the human subject, produces there a similar vesicle of a peculiar nature, which, running its course, protects the individual from an attack of the small-pox.

In order to insure complete success in this operation, certain cautions are necessary. The lymph must be taken before the expiry of a certain number of days, and the person to be vaccinated must be free from any other disease of the skin. Unless these conditions are attended to, a true vaccine disease will not be produced, and consequently no protection will follow.

In the true small-pox, it is a well-ascertained fact, that occasionally there are cases where persons who have gone through the disease regularly have again been seized with a second attack.

The same thing holds true with cow-pox. Although the great majority of those vaccinated are forever afterwards protected from the disease, yet cases occur where, after vaccination, an attack of small-pox has followed.

Vaccination, then, though not an absolute and universal protection, is as much so as small-pox is from a second attack of the same; with this important recommendation, that it substitutes a mild and harmless affection, or rather, it may be called, a remedy, for a violent and dangerous disease.

Even in those rare cases where small-pox occurs after the most careful vaccination, the disease is always mitigated, and very rarely proves fatal.

Such are briefly the conclusions to which Jenner had arrived at this early period of his investigations; and as a proof of his superior sagacity and accuracy of observation, it may be stated that little more has ever been added to his great discovery, and that subsequent experience has only illustrated the truth of his opinions and the efficacy of his practice.

The first "Inquiry into the Nature of Cow-Pox," published by Jenner, was a calm, philosophical, and extremely modest statement of his discoveries; and perhaps on this account it was received with the greater favor by the reflecting portion of the public. Some writers have hinted that he too sanguinely maintained the efficacy of cow-pox, and its future power of totally extirpating small-pox. Some degree of enthusiasm might be pardoned in the original discoverer of such a remedy; but on candidly comparing Jen-

ner's conclusion with the facts which have subsequently occurred, there seems nothing overstrained, and little that can be deducted from his statements.

In the spring of 1780, while riding in company with one of his earliest and dearest friends, his mind being full of the subject, he ventured to unbosom himself of his cherished hopes and anticipations; and after a detail of his opinions—"Gardner," said he, "I have intrusted a most important matter to you, which I firmly believe will prove of essential benefit to the human race. I know you, and should not wish what I have stated to be brought into conversation; for should anything untoward turn up in my experiments, I should be made, particularly by my medical brethren, the subject of ridicule, for I am the mark they all shoot at."

It was not, however, till 1796, on the 14th day of May, that the first attempt was made to convey, by artificial means, the vaccine virus from one person to another. On that day Jenner took some matter from the hand of Sarah Nelones, who had been infected by her master's cow, and inserted it by two slight scratches of a lancet into the arms of James Phipps, a healthy boy of eight years of age. The disease took effect, and went through its stages in the most regular and satisfactory manner. But now the most agitating part of the experiment remained: it was necessary to ascertain whether this boy was secured from the infection of small-pox. In the following July, variolous matter was carefully inserted into his skin by various incisions, and to the delight and satisfaction of Jenner no disease followed—the protection was complete. He now pursued his experiments with redoubled ardor: the goal of all his ardent hopes was seen close at hand. It was his custom at this time to meditate much as he rambled in the meadows under the castle of Berkeley. He has left us a picture of his feelings at this period full of interest:—"While the vaccine discovery was progressive, the joy I felt at the prospect before me of being the instrument destined to take away from the world one of its greatest calamities, blended with the fond hope of enjoying independence and domestic peace and happiness, was often so excessive, that, in pursuing my favorite subject among the meadows, I have sometimes found myself in a kind of reverie. It is pleasant to me to recollect that these reflections always ended in devout acknowledgments to that Being from whom this and all other mercies flow."*

It was in 1798 that Jenner's discovery was first published. His intention was, that it should have appeared in the Transactions of the Royal Society; but the subject was so strange, so novel, and, withal, so improbable, that some of the learned members hinted in a friendly manner that he should be cautious not to diminish, by any other doubtful discovery, the partial fame which his account of the cuckoo had already gained him. Such facts as these impart some idea of the difficulties his discovery was doomed to encounter. On the publication of his "Inquiry," he proceeded to London in person, in order to exhibit to the profession there his process of vaccination, and the success attending it. But—will it be believed!—he remained two months there, and at last returned home without getting any medical man to make trial of it, or any patient to submit

* Barron.

voluntarily to the simple and harmless process. That process, which in a few years afterwards millions of individuals eagerly availed themselves of, could not be exhibited, even for a bribe, in a single being. It was only after his return home that Mr. Cline, the surgeon, almost clandestinely inserted the matter into a patient, by way of an issue for a diseased joint! Yet it is a wise provision of affairs in this world, that truth will at last and infallibly prevail. The subject of vaccination began to engross public attention; and although many were incredulous, and scoffed at the matter, as is ever the case with what is new and uncommon, yet many, on the other hand, had faith to make trial of it; and finding success attend their experiments, the practice of vaccination extended on all hands. But there never was a discoverer yet who has not in a greater or less degree suffered martyrdom—the ignorant, the envious, the narrow-minded, the purely malicious, forever hang on the footsteps of the discoverer, irritating and obstructing his progress, and raising a clamor in which they hope the sober and subdued voice of truth will be drowned. Poor Jenner passed many harassing days and sleepless nights, less fearful about the wreck of his own honest fame, than for the success of his great and darling project. He had to answer every blunderer, who, in spite of the plainest directions, was sure always to go wrong in the most essential points—every failure of every careless experimenter was laid to his door—he was caricatured as a magician, who by and by would turn the human race into cows; and, baser than all, some of those who at one time scoffed at his theories, and despised his attempts to put them into practice, now endeavored to avert the discovery from Jenner entirely, if not to appropriate it to themselves. Yet time and circumstances, and his own tact and perseverance, seconded by his unyielding confidence in his opinions, brought him many friends and supporters. "The drop of pearl upon a rose-bud," as he poetically described the vaccine vesicle to the great statesman Fox, was such a simple, and easy, and beautiful substitute for the loathsome and dreaded blotches of small-pox, that the public at large, and more particularly the female part of it, became the warm and active propagators of the limpid virus. From Britain the practice extended rapidly to the continent. In America, the early cases were most successful; and at last the remotest countries in the world began to share its benefits, till there was not a corner of the peopled globe where the name of Jenner did not become familiar, and where his life-preserving process was not eagerly adopted. Among the many honors and acknowledgments which now and afterwards continued to be poured in upon him, not the least interesting was a document from a race of the North American Indians, authenticated by the symbolical signatures of their chiefs.

The discovery of vaccination now evidently appeared as a manifest boon to mankind. In several countries on the continent of Europe, where the nature of the government allowed of a free control over the habits of the people, the practice of vaccination was so systematically pursued, that small-pox was almost entirely eradicated. In the British navy and army, under a similar surveillance, small-pox was also unknown; but though in the British dominions several vaccinating boards were instituted, yet from the habits of the people, and the absence of a compulsory law, vaccination

was not there, and never yet has been, so complete and universal as to banish entirely the lurking malady of small-pox from our shores.

Considering, however, what devotion Jenner had bestowed on the subject, both theoretically and practically; considering the generous and disinterested manner in which, the moment that he became acquainted with its perfect efficacy, he hastened to lay his discovery before the world, his claim to a national compensation and reward could no longer be denied. In 1802 a committee of parliament was appointed to investigate his discovery, and decide on a remuneration. Of the many claimants on national bounty, few ever came forward with better pretensions than Jenner. Yet much caution was employed; and, in the first instance, a grant of only £10,000 was voted, subject to the delays and deductions of fees with which such grants are too often encumbered. This, as Jenner and his friends affirmed, was barely equal to the expenses he incurred, considering his multifarious correspondence, as well as his relinquishment of private practice, and the actual toil of responding to the queries from every region of the globe. Yet it is not to be wondered at if parliament had a wary suspicion of the reports of cures of any kind; for who does not hear of wonderful cures accomplished every day, and well-authenticated also, and yet experience, or further inquiry, proves them all ultimately fallacious; nor could it be forgotten that half a century had not elapsed since the same parliament voted its thousands for a nostrum which was utterly worthless. Happily for the fame of the legislature, however, and for the honor of the country in all future times, in the present instance it judged aright: even its caution was commendable: and allowing an interval of five more years, a further grant of £20,000 re-deemed their sense of the progressive importance and continued efficacy of the vaccine discovery. In the mean time, Jenner had taken up his residence in London, with a view to the better furtherance of the interests of vaccination, and with an idea of establishing himself in practice in the metropolis. But his was not a character fitted for the artificial bustle of the vast city, or the jarring conflicts of professional interests; his mind sickened amid the smoke, as one of his own meadow cowslips would have done, and he hastened back to his fields and his pure country air, and never left his beloved village again.

But he did not return to apathy or indolence. In London some finessing on the part of his professional brethren prevented him from acting as director of the national vaccine board, to which he had been in the first instance appointed; but now, in his own words, he retired to be "director-general to the world." In addition to this, the country people from all the districts around flocked to him for the benefits of vaccination, and his time and skill were ever at the service of the poor. He now, too, enjoyed his favorite pursuits of the study of nature, and shared his leisure hours among his fossils, his birds, his flowers, and the society of his family and his friends. Of every man who has achieved great things, we have a desire to know something not only of his thoughts and habits, but of his personal appearance. An early sketch of Jenner is thus given by his friend Gardner.

"His height was rather under the middle size; his person was robust but active, and well

formed. In his dress he was peculiarly neat, and everything about him showed the man intent and serious, and well prepared to meet the duties of his calling. When I first saw him, it was on Frampton Green. I was somewhat his junior in years, and had heard so much of Jenner of Berkeley, that I had no small curiosity to see him. He was dressed in a blue coat and yellow buttons, buckskins, well polished jockey boots, with handsome silver spurs, and he carried a smart whip with a silver handle. His hair, after the fashion of the times, was done up in a club, and he wore a broad-brimmed hat. We were introduced on that occasion, and I was delighted and astonished. I was prepared to find an accomplished man, and all the country spoke of him as a skilful surgeon and a great naturalist; but I did not expect to find him so much at home in other matters. I, who had been spending my time in cultivating my judgment by abstract study, and smit from my childhood with the love of song, had sought my amusement in the rosy fields of imagination, was not less surprised than gratified to find that the ancient affinity between Apollo and Æsculapius was so well maintained in his person." At a later period, his biographer, Dr. Barron, then a young man, thus gives an account of a first interview with him. "He was living at Fladong's hotel, Oxford street, in the summer of 1808, making arrangements for the national vaccine establishment. The greatness of his fame, his exalted talents, and the honors heaped upon him by all the most distinguished public bodies of the civilized world, while they made me desirous of offering my tributes of respect to him, forbade the expectation of more than such an acknowledgment as a youth circumstanced as I was might have expected. I soon, however, perceived that I had to do with an individual who did not square his manners by the cold formality of the world. He condescended as to an equal. The restraint and embarrassment that might naturally have been felt in the presence of one so eminent, vanished in an instant. The simple dignity of his aspect, the kind and familiar tone of his language, and the perfect sincerity and good faith manifested in all he said and did, could not fail to win the heart of any one not insensible to such qualities. He was dressed in a blue coat, white waistcoat, and nankeens. All the tables in his apartment were covered with letters and papers on the subject of vaccination. He spoke with great good humor of the conduct of the anti-vaccinists, and gave me some pamphlets illustrative of the controversy then carrying on. The day before I saw him, he had had an interview with the Princess of Wales, and he showed me a watch which her royal highness had presented to him on that occasion." The same friend, at a much later period of their acquaintance, again remarks—"Dr. Jenner's personal appearance to a stranger at first sight was not very striking: but it was impossible to observe him, even for a few moments, without discovering those peculiarities which distinguished him from all others. The first things that a stranger would remark were the gentleness, the simplicity, the artlessness of his manner. There was a total absence of all ostentation or display, so much so, that in the ordinary intercourse of society he appeared as a person who had no claims to notice. He was perfectly unreserved, and free from all guile. He carried his heart and his mind so openly, so undisguisedly, that all might read them. His profes-

sional avocations, and the nature of his pursuits, obliged him to conduct his inquiries in a desultory way. At no period of his life could he give himself up to continued or protracted attention to one object: there was, nevertheless, a steadiness in working out his researches amid all the breaks and interruptions which he met with, that can only belong to minds constituted as his was."

With all the simple and genial qualities of an unsophisticated heart, Jenner had, when the occasion required, all the firmness and dignity becoming a man conscious of the possession of talent. On one occasion, in the drawing-room of St. James', he chanced to overhear a noble lord mention his name, and repeat the idle calumny which had got abroad, that he himself had not really confidence in vaccination. He with much promptitude refuted the charge, and stepping up to the noble lord, to whom he was unknown, calmly observed, "I am Dr. Jenner." Any unpleasant recollection of this circumstance was most likely, on the part of Jenner, soon dissipated; but not so with the noble statesman; his remarks some time afterwards, in his place in parliament, when Jenner's claims came to be discussed, showed that he had not forgotten it.

When the continental sovereigns visited London in 1814, Jenner was presented to the Emperor Alexander of Russia by his sister, the grand duchess of Oldenburg. In describing this interview, he says, "I was very graciously received, and was probably the first man who had ever dared to contradict the autocrat. He said, 'Dr. Jenner, your feelings must be delightful. The consciousness of having so much benefited your race must be a never failing source of pleasure, and I am happy to think that you have received the thanks, the applause, and the gratitude of the world.' I replied to his majesty that my feelings were such as he described, and that I had received the thanks and the applause, but not the gratitude of the world. His face flushed; he said no more; but my daring seemed to give displeasure. In a short time, however, he forgot it, and gave me a trait of character which showed both great goodness of heart and knowledge of human nature. My inquiries respecting disease of the lungs had reached the ears of the grand duchess, the most interesting being that I had ever met with in a station so elevated. She was present, and requested me to tell to her brother, the emperor, what I had formerly said to her imperial highness. In the course of my remarks I became embarrassed. She observed this, and so did the emperor: 'Dr. Jenner,' said she, 'you do not tell my brother what you have to say so accurately as you told me.' I excused myself by saying that I was not accustomed to speak in such a presence. His majesty grasped me by the hand, and held on for some time, not quitting me till my confidence was restored by this warm-hearted and kind expression of his consideration."

As his life was an active and benevolent, so, on the whole, may it be termed a prosperous and a comparatively happy one. Latterly, he had domestic afflictions, which to a sensitive heart are the heaviest of sorrows. He lost his favorite son, his newly-married daughter, and at last his amiable wife, whose delicate constitution he had tended with all the assiduity which deep affection and respect could dictate. He reached a good old age, with his general health and mental powers unimpaired to the last. On the 26th January, 1823, he

died suddenly of apoplexy, in the 74th year of his age. He lies buried in the chancel of the church at Berkeley, where a monument has been erected to his memory by his professional brethren.

It is now almost half a century since the first introduction of vaccination, and at least forty years since its general adoption—a sufficient time, one would think, to test its efficacy, and yet there are several circumstances relating to it which have not yet been definitely determined. In the first place, it cannot be denied that on the whole it has been a successful remedy, and that it has produced a remarkable effect on the general population. Small-pox, if it has not been entirely eradicated, has been disarmed of most of its terrors; and notwithstanding the cases of failure of protection from its ravages which occasionally occur, yet the general confidence never has been withdrawn from the practice of vaccination.

Both before and since the death of Dr. Jenner, it became known that cases sometimes occurred where persons who had been vaccinated were seized with small-pox. At first, it was supposed that those cases were instances where vaccination had not taken proper effect, either from an imperfect quality of the virus used in vaccination, or from a peculiar habit of the person vaccinated. But it was afterwards ascertained that persons in whom the process had been practised with the utmost care, and in whom the disease appeared to go through its course in the most favorable manner, were yet not protected from small-pox. It is true, in all these cases of seizure the affection was of a much milder kind than even the inoculated small-pox, and in a very small proportion indeed did death occur, perhaps not one case in several thousands; yet there could be no doubt but that the disease was in reality true small-pox, under a mild and modified form.

It became evident, then, that there were exceptions to the universal protection against small-pox, and that this disease might occur after vaccination, just as an individual might be seized with a second attack of small-pox. This was a fact known to Dr. Jenner even before he gave his discovery to the world. In his early pursuit of the inquiry he was much staggered by it, but further experience enabled him to perceive that it was only an exception to a general rule; and all experience since, both in public vaccine institutions and in private practice, has only tended to confirm it.

Seeing, then, that such exceptions from time to time continued to occur, and as they multiplied in number by time and the general diffusion of vaccination, another question began to be agitated—whether the vaccine matter, by passing through innumerable human beings, had not lost its character and consequent efficacy; and whether it would not be necessary again to have recourse to the cow?

The most experienced vaccinators seem to give no countenance to this opinion. They affirm that the character of the vaccine vesicle is exactly the same, and its development, in all its stages, as regular and complete as it was when first discovered; and that, when compared with vesicles produced by matter directly from the cow, there is no difference; that even in the early stages of the employment of vaccination, failures, as already stated, began to appear; and that these failures are probably not more in proportion now than they were then.

A suggestion of another kind has been advanced—that probably the protection of the vaccine matter is only of a temporary nature, and that it becomes exhausted in the course of time, and thus leaves the constitution open to an attack of small-pox. If this had been the case, then in the course of the last forty-five years all those persons vaccinated should have by this time successively had attacks of small-pox when exposed to infection. This, however, has by no means happened; so that the fact cannot be true as a general rule, though, as we shall afterwards state, it may hold in some respects as regards individuals at different periods of life; and thus the propriety of a second vaccination about the age when the individual is entering on the period of manhood has been frequently suggested.

Taking all these exceptions into account, there can be no doubt but that the practice of vaccination, with its partial drawbacks, has been an inestimable boon to mankind. It has been ascertained that every fourteenth child born was cut off by small-pox; and that in most cases where adults were infected, a death occurred out of every seven. If to this we add the other fatal diseases called into action by this malady, the influence on the increase of population by the check it has received from vaccination must be held to be very considerable. We accordingly find that, previous to 1780, the annual mortality in England and Wales was rated at one in forty; whereas at the present time it is one in forty-six. No doubt other causes have combined to improve the general health, but that the preventive power of vaccination has been mainly instrumental, appears, even from the diminished deaths from small-pox, sufficiently evident. Indeed, we have only to call to mind the scarred and pitted faces, marred features, and opaque and sightless eyeballs of former days, to be convinced of the essential service which has been rendered to the community.

From Chambers' Journal.

SOPHIA OF WOLFENBUTTEL.*

CAROLINA CHRISTINA SOPHIA of Wolfenbittel, sister of the wife of the emperor Charles VI., was united in marriage to the Prince Alexis, son and presumptive heir of Peter the Great, czar of Muscovy. In her were mingled the fairest gifts of nature and education: lovely, graceful, with a penetrating and cultivated mind, and a soul tempered and governed by virtue; yet with all these rare gifts, which softened and won every other heart, she was nevertheless an object of aversion to Alexis, the most brutal of mankind. More than once the unfortunate wife was indebted for her life to the use of antidotes to counteract the insidious poisons administered to her by her husband. At length the barbarity of the prince arrived at its climax: by an inhuman blow, he reduced her to so wretched a state, that she was left for dead. He himself fully believed that which he so ardently desired, and tranquilly departed for one of his villas, calmly ordering the funeral rites to be duly celebrated.

But the days of the unfortunate princess were not yet terminated. Under the devoted care of the Countess of Konigsmark, her lady of honor, who had been present at the horrible event, she

slowly regained health and strength, while her fictitious obsequies were magnificently performed and honored throughout Muscovy, and nearly all the European courts assumed mourning for the departed princess. This wise and noble Countess of Konigsmark, renowned as the mother of the brave marshal of Saxony, perceived that, by not seconding the fortunate deceit of the Prince Alexis, and the nation in general, and by proclaiming her recovery, the unhappy Princess Carolina, already the sport of such cruel fate, would expose herself to perish sooner or later by a more certain blow. She therefore persuaded her wretched mistress, who had scarcely strength to undertake the journey, to seek refuge in Paris, under the escort of an old man, a German domestic. Having collected as much money and jewelry as she was able, the princess set out, with her faithful servant, who remained with her in the character of father, which he sustained during his life; and truly he possessed the feelings and tenderness, as well as the semblance, of a parent.

The tumult and noise of Paris, however, rendered it a place of sojourn ill adapted to the mind of Carolina, and to her desire of concealment. Her small establishment having been increased by a single maid-servant, she accordingly embarked for Louisiana, where the French, who were then in possession of this lovely portion of South America, had formed extensive colonies. Scarcely was the young and beautiful stranger arrived at New Orleans, than she attracted the attention of every one. There was in that place a young man, named Moldask, who held an office in the colony; he had travelled much in Russia, and believed that he recognized the fair stranger; but he knew not how to persuade himself that the daughter-in-law of the Czar Peter could in reality be reduced to so lowly a condition, and he dared not betray to any one his suspicions of her identity. He offered his friendship and assistance to her supposed father; and soon his attentive and pleasing manners rendered him so acceptable to both, that a mutual intimacy induced them to join their fortunes, and establish themselves in the same habitation.

It was not long before the news of the death of Alexis reached them through the public journals. Then Moldask could no longer conceal his doubts of the true condition of Carolina, and finding that he was not deceived, he offered with respectful generosity to abandon his pursuits, and to sacrifice his private fortune, that he might reconduct her to Moscow. But the princess, whose bitterest moments had been there passed, preferred, after her adventurous flight, to live far from the dazzling splendor of the court, in tranquillity and honorable obscurity. She thanked the noble-hearted Moldask; but implored him, instead of such splendid offers, to preserve her secret inviolable, so that nothing might trouble her present felicity. He promised, and he kept his promise: his heart ardently desired her happiness, in which his own felicity was involved. Living under the same roof, in daily communion, their equal age and ardent feelings kindled in the young man's soul a livelier flame than mere friendship; but respect controlled it, and he concealed his love in his own bosom.

At length the old domestic, who, in the character of father, had shielded the princess, died, and was followed to the tomb by the sincere grief of his grateful mistress—a just recompense for such

* This extraordinary, but, we believe, true story, is translated from the *Novelle Morali* of Francesco Soave.

fidelity. Propriety forbade that Moldask and Carolina should inhabit together the same dwelling after this event. He loved her truly, but loved her good fame more, and explained to her, not without grief, that it was necessary he should seek another abode, unless she, who had already renounced all thought of pride and rank, were content to assume a name dearer and more sacred still than that of friend. He gave her no reason to doubt that vanity, instead of love, was the origin of this proposal, since the princess herself was firm in her desire to remain happy in private life. With all delicacy he sought to assure her that he could not but remember, in case of a refusal, that it was scarcely undeserved. Nor could he ever forget how much was exacted from him, by the almost regal birth of her to whose hand he thus dared aspire.

Love, and her desolate and defenceless condition, induced the princess willingly to consent; and, in constituting his felicity, she increased her own. Heaven blessed so happy a union; and in due time an infant bound still closer the marriage tie. Thus the Princess Carolina, born of noble blood, destined to enjoy grandeur, homage, even a throne, having abandoned the magnificence of her former state, in private life fulfilled all the duties of nature and of society.

Years passed happily on, until Moldask was attacked with disease, which required the aid of a skilful surgeon. Carolina was unwilling to confide a life so precious and beloved to the care of surgeons of doubtful skill, and therefore resolved to visit Paris. She persuaded her husband to sell all their possessions, and to embark. The winds were propitious to this pilgrimage; and the medical skill of Paris restored Moldask to health. Being now perfectly cured, the husband sought to obtain employment on the island of Bourbon; and was successful.

Meanwhile, the wife was one day walking with her graceful little girl in a public garden, as was her wont. She sat down on a green bank, and conversed with her child in German, when the Marshal of Saxony passing by, was struck with the German accent, and stayed to observe them. She recognized him immediately, and, fearing the same from him, bent her eyes to the ground. Her blushes and confusion convinced the marshal that he was not mistaken; and he cried out, "How, madame! What do I see! Is it possible?" Carolina suffered him not to proceed, but drawing him aside, she declared herself, praying him to keep sacred the needful secret, and to return with her to her dwelling, where she might with greater care and security explain her situation. The marshal was faithful to his promise; visited the princess many times, though with all due precaution, and heard and admired her history. He wished to inform the king of France, that this august lady might be restored to her rightful honors and rank, and that he himself might thus complete the good work begun by his mother the Countess of Konigsmark. But Carolina wished neither to consent, nor openly to oppose his generous design. She asked him to defer this project, until certain plans now pending were accomplished, the termination of which could not be long delayed. Thus she, too happy in being united to a wise and virtuous consort, and contented to live in happy obscurity, kept the marquis at bay.

Near the end of the specified time he again visited her, and learned that, two days previous, she had departed with her husband for the isle of

Bourbon. He quickly informed the king of all, who gave orders, through the governor of the island, that Moldask and his wife should be treated with the greatest consideration. Afterward he treated with the Empress Maria Theresa in what way her august aunt should be restored to the splendor due to her rank. The haughty wife, and mother of the czar, knew how to please the most Christian king, and not less generously sent letters to Carolina, in which she invited her to Vienna, promising to overwhelm her with distinctions. But Carolina, foreseeing that a return to her pristine rank at this regal court would debar her from fulfilling the sweet duties of wife and mother, in which all her felicity consisted, refused this offer courageously, but without haughtiness. "I am so used," she said to the officer who proposed to reconduct her to the court—"I am so used to this domestic and private life, that I will never change it. Neither to be near a throne, nor to receive the greatest homage, nor to enjoy riches, nor even to possess the universe, would give me the shadow of the pleasure and delight I feel at this moment." So saying, she tenderly embraced the one and the other of her dear family.

She lived long with her husband and daughter, serene and contented, dividing her cares and occupations between assisting and amusing the one, and educating the mind and heart of the other. Death snatched from her, within a short interval, these two beloved ones, who had filled her heart with such sweet emotions; and for a long time that heart was a prey to one only sentiment of the deepest grief. Yet not even this sorrow affected her so much, but that she believed the unhappiness of grandeur to be still greater. She constantly refused the repeated invitations to Vienna; and accepting only a small pension from the liberality of the empress, she retired to Vitry, near Paris, where she wished still to pass under the name of Madame Moldask; but it was impossible longer to conceal her high birth and illustrious ancestry. Notwithstanding this, she never abandoned her accustomed simplicity and retirement of life, in which alone she had begun to find, and found to the last, true felicity.

PEEL'S PATHETIC APPEAL TO DANIEL O'CONNELL.

I GIVE thee, Daniel, all I can,
 Though poor the offering be,
 The Maynooth Grant is all, my Dan,
 That I can yield to thee:
 I might give up the Irish Church,
 But if I did, what then?
 My friends would leave me in the lurch,
 I mean, my party men.

Perhaps 't is just, perhaps 't is fit
 That I should more concede;
 But then the House won't suffer it
 They won't, they won't indeed.
 Believe me, I my conscience pinch
 Much more than words can tell,
 To grant thee thus a single inch;
 And thou wouldst take an ell!

Oh! do be quiet, Daniel, pray,
 Be moderate, I implore;
 Take what I cede; another day
 I may allow thee more:
 Keep Ireland out of water hot,
 I beg thee, on my knees,
 And I won't say that she shall not
 Have justice—by degrees. *Punch.*

From Chambers' Journal.

HISTORY OF THE FIREPLACE.

DURING the last few years, public attention has been laudably directed to the defective means which still exist for warming and ventilating houses. Although we have arrived at a high state of civilization in some respects, yet the method still in use for producing an artificial climate in modern habitations, is perhaps more primitive and defective than any of our domestic contrivances. We burn coal in a vessel or stove which is no whit better in principle than the ancient fire-basket. Whilst the chimney-wall in each room is often heated like an oven, those opposite and at the sides are but a few degrees above the temperature of the atmosphere. In this respect the ancients evinced much greater ingenuity than we do; and many of the so-called inventions of modern date were, it appears, in general use hundreds and thousands of years ago. By the research of a recent author, many curious and interesting facts concerning warming and ventilation have been brought to light;* and as in this country all ideas of comfort and sociality are centred around the hearth, we doubt not that a historical sketch of the "fireplace," chiefly drawn from the above source, will prove interesting.

The history of the fireside may be said to commence in the dark ages; for it reaches back to a time when man was unacquainted with the existence of fire. The early records of nearly all nations refer to a time when that element was unknown. Indeed, instances of such ignorance have been met with in comparatively modern times. When Magellan visited the Marian Islands in 1521, the natives believed themselves to be the only people in the world. They were without everything which we regard as necessaries, and in total ignorance of fire. Several of their huts being consumed, they at first considered the flame to be a kind of animal that attached itself to the wood, and fed upon it. Some who approached too near, being scorched, communicated their terror to the rest, who durst only look upon it at a distance. They were afraid, they said, that the terrible animal would bite them, or wound them with its violent breathing. They speedily learned to use fire with as much address as Europeans. Few historical facts, therefore, are less doubtful than that man was once without means of artificial heat. A Phœnician tradition attributed its discovery to a hunter observing a conflagration that had been excited in a forest by the attrition of some trees during a storm. Another tradition varies the account; in the winter season, Vulcan the king, coming to a tree on the mountains that had been fired by a thunderbolt, was cheered by its heat; and adding more wood to preserve it, he invited his companions to share in his pleasure, and thereupon claimed to be the inventor of flame. Fire once discovered, the primeval savages, though at first alarmed, gradually felt its blessed influence; and it is thus that tradition gives us an account of the earliest fireside; for around the embers of the burning trees men first learned to herd; "and as the intercourse continued under the bond of the common enjoyment, the incoherent sounds by which they expressed their emotions were by degrees roughly cast into the elements of speech;

thus the discovery of fire gave rise to the first social meeting of mankind, to the formation of language, to their ultimate union, and to all the wonders of subsequent civilization."† The Chinese historians attribute the earliest power of producing fire at will, by the friction of two pieces of dried wood, to Souigine, one of their first kings. This power once known, the nomadic races in all countries ever availed themselves of it; though a fire made of dried wood or grass in the open air, or in a rude tent, was their sole provision against cold for many ages.

Increased intelligence induced mankind to seek for greater warmth under substantial cover, and the first houses they took to were ready built, being chiefly caves. In the middle of these they made fires, in spite of the smoke, for which there was no other outlet than the hole by which the inhabitants came in and out. The same rude method was continued even when men learnt to build houses, and to congregate in cities; only they made a hole in the roof to let the smoke out, exactly like the Laplanders and some of the Irish at the present day.

The parents of western civilization, the Egyptians, although they built themselves excellent houses, and were scrupulously nice in their domestic arrangements, either made their fires (for it is cold enough even in that warm climate to need them occasionally) on a central hearth, or used pans of live charcoal to carry about from one room to another. To them is ascribed the invention of bellows to concentrate the energy of fire. The reader will see in the second volume of Wilkinson's *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*, copies of that instrument taken from paintings on tombs, at least three thousand years old. During the exode and wanderings of the Jews, their fireplaces were precisely like those both of the primitive races and of the modern Arabs—small bonfires in conical tents, with a hole in the apex of the cone to let out the smoke; but after their establishment in Canaan, their houses, it has been inferred, resembled those of the Egyptians, "wide, thorough aired with windows, and large chambers ceiled with cedar, and painted with vermilion;"‡ and, judging from the terms they had to mark the position, size, and manner of closing the apertures, they must have paid great attention to domestic accommodation. The winter in Palestine being cold and long, and wood abundant, particular apartments were appropriated to the season when fires were wanted, to avoid the nuisance of smoke pervading the house, and soiling its furniture and ornaments. About the latter end of November, King Jehoiakim was sitting in his "winter house," when he threw the roll of Baruch "into the fire that was burning on the hearth before him." The prophet Amos alluded to the same custom, when he declared that the "winter house, with the summer house," would be destroyed. From the hearths and braziers in these brumal apartments, the smoke was emitted at a hole in the roof, or by the *arubbah*; for, notwithstanding what some rabbis have written about the Jews being so scrupulous to preserve the purity of the Holy City, that they would not permit the erection of a chimney in Jerusalem, they were, perhaps, as ignorant as the Egyptians of that contrivance. The great improvement that

* On the History and Art of Warming and Ventilating Rooms and Buildings, &c. By Walter Berman, Civil Engineer. 2 vols. Bell: London.

† Vitruvius, b. ii., c. 1.

‡ Jerem. xxii. 14.

chimneys would have made on Mount Sion itself, is graphically described by Baruch, when he notices "the faces that were blacked by the smoke that cometh out of the temple."

The method of using fuel among the Greeks was the same as among the Hebrews, but perhaps without their care for ventilation. Homer describes his princes undressing themselves in the palace, to kill with their own hands the sheep, oxen, and swine they were to eat at dinner; roasting the entrails, and during the entertainment handing them to each other as delicacies. The repast being finished, he shows them sitting for their pleasure on the piled skins of the animals they had slain and devoured, and playing at games of chance, and one of them taking a pastern bone out of a basket in which it was lying, and throwing it at the head of a beggar, but on missing its aim, making a grease spot where it fell on the opposite wall. From this picture of the grossness of ancient manners, it may be concluded that when the poet says, Penelope's maids threw the glowing embers out of the braziers upon the floor, and heaped fresh wood upon them, he did not mean to depict his immortal barbarians burning odoriferous fuel on purpose to sweeten what must have been a vitiated atmosphere. The fire that was quickly to blaze on the hearth, had to diffuse the comforts of light as well as warmth; and the fragrant logs were known to abound with the resinous material of illumination. In the heroic age, they had oil and tallow in abundance, but were ignorant of the method of burning them in lamps; and the only use they appear to have made of wax, was to put it in the ear to shut out sound. Burning fuel was carried into the apartment where light was required, and sometimes placed on altars for the same purpose; and long thin pieces of lighted wood were carried in the hand when they moved from one place to another in the night.

Coal, it has been thought, was known to the Greek naturalists. Theophrastus speaks of fossil substances found in Liguria, and in Elis, in the way to Olympia, and used by smiths, that when broken for use are earthy, and that kindled and burned like wood-coal. The general fuel was green wood; and where that was unattainable, other vegetable and even excrementitious substances were used on the hearth for combustibles. On days of ceremony, it was also customary to burn fragrant substances. When Alexander the Great was at an entertainment, given in the winter by one of his friends, "a brazier was brought into the apartment to warm it. The day being cold, and the king observing the small quantity of fuel that had been provided, jeeringly desired his host," says Plutarch, "to bring more wood or incense." The supply of the precious firing appeared to the king too scanty for producing the required warmth; and if it arose from his host being niggardly of the costly fuel, he hinted that some even of the common sort would be acceptable.

The Romans made vast strides of improvement in fireplaces, although they were quite unable to rid themselves of the smoke nuisance. Vitruvius, in his work on architecture, directs that the walls of rooms "in which fires or many lights are burned, should be finished above the podium with polished panels of a black color, having red or yellow margins round them; and he advises that delicate ornaments should not be introduced into the cornices, because they are spoiled, not only by

the smoke of the house, but also by that from the neighboring buildings." The principal fireplace in a Roman house of the best kind was built in the bath, chiefly to heat the *caldarium* or sweating-room of a bath. It was a sort of furnace, and called a *hypocaust*, and served also to heat the walls of the whole habitation; quite upon the principle of the hot-air system which has recently been introduced as a modern invention. "The hypocaust being constructed in the under story of a building in the manner described by Vitruvius, several pipes of baked clay were then built into the walls, having their lower ends left open to the hypocaust. These pipes were carried to the height of the first or second story, and had their upper orifices made to open into the chamber that was to be heated. They were closed by movable covers. While green wood was burning in the furnace, and the hypocaust filled with its acrid smoke, the covers were not removed from the caliducts; but as soon as the wood was charred, the upper orifices of the pipes were opened, and the hot vapor from the hypocaust then flowed into the chamber." It is singular, that although these hot-air ducts would have answered to carry off smoke, the Romans never hit upon the expedient of applying them to that purpose.

The excavations of Pompeii have revealed to us the family hearths of the Romans, such as were used in rooms not sufficiently heated by the hypocaust. The general method of procuring a warm in-door climate, was by burning charcoal in a brazier on the pavement in the middle of the room, and allowing the vapor to exude at the door and window. These braziers and tripods, formed of all sizes, in iron and bronze, occasionally displayed great elegance of design and neatness of workmanship, and sometimes were contrived to heat water. One of this description, in the museum at Naples, is twenty-eight inches square, and has four towers, one at each angle, fitted with a lid that can be raised by a ring. The fire-hearth is placed in the square part in the middle, which is lined with iron, as in the common braziers. The fluid to be heated was contained in the towers. Another use of these cup-like towers reminds us once more that there is nothing new under the sun. When Dr. Arnott's stove was introduced, it was found to have an injuriously drying effect upon the air, consequently a vase of water was added, to supply the necessary humidity by evaporation. Now, what says Mr. Bernan on the use of these *foculari*? "The cold dry air of an Italian winter and spring was dedicated to a high degree after being expanded by the heat of a hypocaust, or a fire of charcoal; and these braziers appear a very elegant method of diffusing that quantity of moisture in the air of an apartment that was necessary to make it agreeable and salubrious. Perhaps the evaporation was partially regulated by shutting or opening the lids of the water vessels."

When the Romans landed in Britain, they found our savage forefathers living either in detached wigwams of wicker-work, in huts of loose stones, without chimney or window, or in excavated caves, like the Germans, surrounded by their winter provisions, and stifled with smoke. The following fireside picture is drawn from the Welsh historian Gyraldus:—"Families inhabit a large hut or house, which, having a fire in the midst, serves to warm them by day and to sleep round by night; and he describes the bands of young men who fol-

lowed no profession but arms, visiting families to whom they were always welcome, and passing the day with the most animated cheerfulness. At length, sunk into repose on a thin covering of dried reeds, spread round the great fire placed in the middle, they lay down promiscuously, covered only by a coarse-made cloth called *brychan*, and kept one another warm by lying close together; and when one side lost its genial heat, they turned about, and gave the chilly side to the fire. The great men endeavored to improve on this custom during the day. A Welsh prince had an officer in his court called a foot-bearer, whose duty it was, at meal-times, when his master was seated at table, to sit with his back to the fire, and keep the princely feet warm and comfortable by cherishing them in his bosom." In the later feudal times, the spacious lofty hall, left open to the roof, had its windows placed high from the floor, and filled with oiled linen or louver boards, or occasionally with painted glass. The floor of stone or earth had a part at one end raised a little above the general level, and laid with planks. On this platform or dais stood a massive table, and ponderous benches or forms, and a high-backed seat for the master under a canopy. On the hearth, in the middle of the hall, were placed the andirons for supporting the ends of the brands, that were arranged by means of a heavy two-pronged fork, the type and predecessor of the modern poker. On the roof over the hearth was a turret or louver, filled with boards arranged so as to exclude rain and wind, and permit the escape of smoke; and this was sometimes an object of considerable architectural beauty in the external aspect of the building. In this gaunt and aguish apartment, heated by a single fire, the company were in a position not much different from what they would be in the open air: not a particle of heated air could add to their comfort, for as fast as produced, it escaped through the louver: light was the only solace the greater number could derive from the blazing fuel; and the few who were in a situation to feel the radiant heat, were incommoded by the current of cold air sweeping like a hurricane along the floor towards the fire. From the height of the louver, and low temperature of the smoke, few of the buoyant flakes of charcoal found their way into the atmosphere; and the larger the bonfire the thicker was the layer of soot deposited on each individual. Boisterous weather also brought its annoyance. Had the fire been made in an open field, they might have moved to the windward of the smoke, but in the hall, where could they flee to from its miseries! The country houses of inferior landholders and farmers were generally one story high. If they were built with two stories, the roof was so deep as to reach to the ceiling of the lower room. The hall and kitchen forming one apartment, and roughly plastered, was open to the timbers of the roof, and sometimes had a louver, and a window that could be closed with a shutter:

"Barre we the gates,
Cheke we and cheyne we and eche chine stoppe,
That no light loopen yn at lover ne at loupe."

When these houses had a room to sleep in, old and young reposed in the same apartment, and several in one bed; servants made their beds on the floor in the kitchen.

* Ritson. *Metrical Romances*.

Cottages had neither louver nor loupe, and their inmates lay round the fire. Longlande describes one of a vagrant group:—

"Suten at even by the hote coles,
Unlouk his legges abrod other lygge at hus ees,
Rest hym and roste hym and his ryg turn,
Drynke drue and deepe, and draw hym than to bedde."

In lodging-houses, the same packing system was followed, and when a person had a bed to himself, it was a mark of distinction, and recorded accordingly. In the magnificent strongholds, built near the time of the conquest, a central hearth is seldom found. Having several stories in height, and their roofs being used as a terrace for defence, an exit in the common form for the smoke, even from the uppermost chambers, would have been impracticable. A huge recess, therefore, was built at one side of the hall, and on its hearth fuel was burnt, the smoke finding access by a contrivance which may be regarded as a chimney in its infancy. Over the hearth was a sort of huge funnel, or hole in the wall, which sloped up through its thickness, till it reached daylight in the outer side of the wall.

Wood, turf, and furze were almost the only fuel. The first legal mention of coal was made in 1239, when Henry III. granted a charter to the inhabitants of Newcastle to dig for it; but so great was the prejudice against it, from an erroneous notion that it was injurious to the health, that it was not in general use till the seventeenth century. Meanwhile, the funnel-like smoke-duct of the feudal castle became gradually improved into a chimney. Leland says in his *Itinerary*, speaking of Bolton Castle, "One thynges I muche notyd in the hawle of Bolton, how chimeneys were conveyed by tunnells made on the sydes of the walls betwyxt the lights in the hawle, and by this means, and by no covers, is the smoke of the hearthe in the hawle wonder *strangely* conveyed."

Chimneys were afterwards generally adopted. To old buildings they were added, whilst new ones were never constructed without what a wordy author calls "the elegant and commodious tube now known by the name of a chimney." By its help the fireside was greatly improved.

The following description applies to the firesides of the end of Henry VIII.'s reign, by which time chimneys or flues had become universal:—"The windows had curtains, and were glazed in the manner described by Erasmus; but in inferior dwellings, such as those of copyholders and the like, the light-holes were filled with linen, or with a shutter. The hearth-recess was generally wide, high, and deep, and had a large flue. The hearth, usually raised a few inches above the floor, had sometimes a halpas or dais made before it, as in the king's and queen's chambers in the Tower. Before the hearth-recess, or on the halpas, when there was one, a piece of green cloth or tapestry was spread, as a substitute for the rushes that covered the lower part of the floor. On this were placed a very high-backed chair or

* Though many authors antecedent to Leland use the term "chimney," yet they mean by that word simply "fireplace," or "hearth-recess;" and the verbal equivalent to the word in the Reformer's Testament is "furnace." Leland himself, in using the word, almost defines it by saying, "that the chimneys were conveyed by tunnells;" or, in other words, the fireplace was continued by a tunnel to the top of the building.

two, and footstools, that sometimes had cushions, and, above all, high-backed forms and screens—both most admirable inventions for neutralizing draughts of cold air in these dank and chilling apartments. Andirons, fire-forks, fire-pans, and tongs, were the implements to supply and arrange the fuel. Hearth-recesses with flues were common in the principal chambers of houses of persons of condition; and were superseding what Aubrey calls flues, like louver holes, in the habitations of all classes. The adage, that ‘one good fire heats the whole house,’ was found true only in the humbler dwellings; for in palace and mansion, though great fires blazed in the presence chamber, or hall, or parlor, the domestics were literally famishing with cold. This discomfort did not, however, proceed from selfish or stingy housekeeping, but rather from an affectation of hardihood, particularly among the lower classes, when effeminacy was reckoned a reproach. Besides, few could know what comfort really was; but those who did, valued it highly. Sanders relates that Henry VIII. gave the revenues of a convent, which he had confiscated, to a person who placed a chair for him commodiously before the fire, and out of all draughts.”

This description of an English fireside is accurate, even applied to a much later period—to indeed all the intervening space between the time of Queen Mary and that of William, Prince of Orange; for it was not till the latter reign that coal became the staple fuel. The prejudices against it, which we have before adverted to, was as strong as it was unaccountable. As an instance of it, we may mention, in passing, that when first introduced, the Commons petitioned the crown in 1306 to prohibit burning the “noxious” fuel. A “royal proclamation having failed to abate the growing nuisance, a commission was issued to ascertain who burned sea-coal within the city and in its neighborhood, and to punish them by fine for the first offence, and by demolition of their furnaces if they persisted in transgression; and more vigorous measures had to be resorted to. A law was passed making it a capital offence to burn sea-coal within the city of London, and only permitting it to be used in forges in the neighborhood. Among the records in the Tower, Mr. Astle found a document, importing that in the time of Edward I., a man had been tried, convicted, and executed, for the crime of burning sea-coal in London.” It took, then, three centuries to efface this prejudice; but when once coal was adopted, the whole aspect of the fireside was changed. For the capacious hearth, was substituted the narrower, less social, though compact and tidy one now in use. Chimney-pieces were introduced, at first elaborately carved in wood, and afterwards of marble. The fire—held in a grate or stove—was smaller and more concentrated to one part of the room. Despite the hosts of inventions which have for more than a century been in use to improve the grate, it still remains in principle and general utility the same as it did from the first day coal was generally burned. And despite the patents of Polignac, Bernhard, Evelyn, Rumford, for open grates, and those of Arnot and others for closed ones, our family circles still draw around a fireplace differing in no very essential particular from that which warmed our grandfathers and grandmothers. So little good have all modern contrivances really effected, that we of the present hour suffer the same inconveniences as the occupants of the Welsh fire-

side in the dark ages: when we remain near the fire, the part of our bodies nearest to it is liable to be roasted, whilst our back feels freezing, so that we are obliged, when “one side has lost its genial heat, to turn about and give the chilly side to the fire.” No invention has as yet enabled us to preserve a uniform and genial artificial climate in every part of our dwellings—an art in which even the Romans excelled us. Yet this is the age of ingenuity and luxury.

LITERATURE GOING TO THE WALL.—The following advertisement seems to open a new field to men of letters:—

INTELLECTUAL PAPER-HANGINGS, in which the writings of various authors are inserted in ornamental patterns, &c., &c.

There are many authors who will no doubt be very happy to treat with the trustees of public buildings, and we shall ourselves have much pleasure in supplying the walls of Westminster Hall, at per yard, according to quality. We have fitted up a few panes in our office-window with specimens, and a sheet of jocular paper-hanging may be seen in daily operation at 92 Fleet street.

We should say that various authors should be selected to do the mural literature for various apartments. George Jones, who must by this time be sadly in want of a job, would be invaluable as a writer for sleeping-rooms; and Jenkins, if he is to be found, could undertake to cover the walls of the servants’ hall with *belles-lettres* of the most appropriate character. The industrious author of “Jack Sheppard” might do the whole of the paper-hanging for Newgate; and some of our dramatists could furnish the walls of the condemned cell with productions of a genial nature. We are happy to see the paper-hangers coming forward in aid of the literature of the country, which has had no such friends since the old original trunk-maker, whose services to the cause of letters are recognized by Sir Gilbert Norman in Mr. Jerrold’s new comedy. Of the two, we prefer the celebrity of the walls to the semi-immortality of the portmanteau; for though the latter may last longest, the former is calculated to bestow a larger popularity. The literature of the trunk seldom meets the eye of any but the owner and the custom-house; while the author who

“Paints a panel or adorns a wall,”

is sure of his productions coming under the observation, at least, of all classes.—*Punch*.

It is but three or four weeks since that we gave an account of the extraordinary age of Mr. and Mrs. Plaisance, then living in Redmoor Fen, in the Isle of Ely, the husband of the age of 107, the wife 105!—a case without parallel perhaps in England or in the world. On Wednesday, strange to relate, after a short affliction, both expired on the same day; their united ages 212. The greater part of their lives were passed when agues were so prevalent in the Fens that very few escaped the disorder, yet their lives were prolonged to this extraordinary period; and Providence seems to have ordained that as they had lived so long together, in death they were not divided. They have left one daughter, who lived with them, of the age of 84.—*Bury Post*.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON,
AGED THREE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he 's poking peas into his ear)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)
Thou little tricky Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the
stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents (Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)
Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit playfellow for Fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble—that 's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from nature's
mint,
(Where did he learn that squint?)
Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?) -
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that 's his plan!)
Touched with the beautiful tints of dawning life,
(He 's got a knife!)
Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball—bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk
With many a lamblike friak,
(He 's got the scissors, snipping at your gown),
Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy, and breathing music like the south,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn and brilliant as its star,
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write unless he 's sent above!)
T. Hood.

We are saddened at the tidings of Mr. Hood's death. The following circular was about to be issued:—

"This distinguished writer—who has for upwards of twenty years entertained the public with a constant succession of comic and humoristic works, in the whole range of which not a single

line of immoral tendency, or calculated to pain an individual, can be pointed out; whose poems and serious writings rank among the noblest modern contributions to our national literature; and whose pen was ever the ready and efficient advocate of the unfortunate and the oppressed (as recently, for instance, in the admirable 'Song of the Shirt,' which gave so remarkable an impulse to the movement on behalf of the distressed needlewomen)—has left, by his death, a widow and two children in straightened and precarious circumstances, with no other means of subsistence than a small pension, terminable on the failure of the widow's life, barely sufficient to supply a family of three with common necessaries, and totally inadequate for the education and advancement of the orphan children. Even this scanty resource has been, of necessity, forestalled to a considerable extent during the last five months, in order to meet the heavy sick-room and funeral expenses. Under these circumstances a few noblemen and gentlemen, admirers of Thomas Hood's genius and humanity, have formed a committee for the purpose of raising a sum by subscription, to be held in trust for the benefit of the family during the widow's life, and at her death to be divided between the children, whom that event will leave destitute. Publicity is given to this design, in order that Thomas Hood's admirers throughout the country may have an opportunity of publicly testifying their recognition of his genius, and their sense of his personal worth." We heartily hope the design may prosper. Lords Northampton and Francis Egerton, and Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, are on the list of committee; and some handsome donations have already been made.

Will not some of the "merchant-princes" of Boston head an American movement to show gratitude and respect to an eminent FRIEND OF MAN?

A NEW article of import has been introduced by the Trent steamer, from the West Indies, in new potatoes; which have been successfully cultivated in the Bermudas, for the early supply of the English market, grown from the best seeds. The climate and soil is well suited for their growth, and about a ton has been brought over as a sample by the above steamer. In boiling, they are said to be even of superior quality to those of home produce, being less watery. The same vessel has also brought over a quantity of pine-apples, preserved in their juice in bottles, which are likely to be a very valuable addition to the kitchen.—*Morning Post.*

A LUSUS NATURÆ.—The Court Newsman tells us that the queen and Prince Albert postponed their visit to Claremont on account of the royal children having been "unexpectedly attacked by the hooping-cough." The Court Newsman being a perfect courtier, has, of course, no right to expect that anything so common as the hooping-cough should approach the royal infants. Our contemporary appears to be utterly taken aback at the idea of the vulgar hooping-cough having made its appearance in the nursery at Buckingham palace. How it got there is a marvel to the Court Newsman, who uses the word "unexpectedly" to mark his sense of the impertinent intrusion which the malady has been guilty of.—*Punch.*

MRS. CAUDLE HAS BEEN TO SEE HER DEAR MOTHER. CAUDLE, ON THE "JOYFUL OCCASION," HAS GIVEN A PARTY, AND ISSUED THE CARD OF INVITATION.

It is hard, I think, Mr. Caudle, that I can't leave home for a day or two, but the house must be turned into a tavern: a tavern!—a pothouse! Yes, I thought you were very anxious that I should go; I thought you wanted to get rid of me for something, or you would not have insisted on my staying at dear mother's all night. You were afraid I should get cold coming home, were you? Oh yes, you can be very tender, you can, Mr. Caudle, when it suits your own purpose. Yes, and the world thinks what a good husband you are! I only wish the world knew you as well as I do, that's all; but it shall, some day, I'm determined.

"I'm sure the house will not be sweet for a month. All the curtains are poisoned with smoke; and, what's more, with the filthiest smoke I ever knew. *Take 'em down then?* Yes, it's all very well for you to say, take 'em down; but they were only cleaned and put up a month ago; but a careful wife's lost upon you, Mr. Caudle. You ought to have married somebody who'd have let your house go to wreck and ruin, as I will for the future. People who don't care for their families are better thought of than those who do; I've long found out *that*."

"And what a condition the carpet's in! They've taken five pounds out of it, if a farthing, with their filthy boots, and I don't know what besides. And then the smoke in the hearth-rug, and a large cinder-hole burnt in it! I never saw such a house in *my* life! If you wanted to have a few friends, why could n't you invite 'em when your wife's at home, like any other man! not have 'em sneaking in, like a set of housebreakers, directly a woman turns her back. They must be pretty gentlemen, they must; mean fellows that are afraid to face a woman! Ha! and you all call yourselves the lords of the creation! I should only like to see what would become of the creation, if you were left to yourselves! A pretty pickle creation would be in very soon!

"You must all have been in a nice condition! What do you say! *You took nothing!* Took nothing, did n't you? I'm sure there's such a regiment of empty bottles, I haven't had a heart to count 'em. And punch, too! you must have punch! There's a hundred half-lemons in the kitchen, if there's one: for Susan, like a good girl, kept 'em to show 'em me. No, sir; Susan *shan't* leave the house! What do you say! *She has no right to tell tales, and you will be master in your own house!* Will you? If you don't alter, Mr. Caudle, you'll soon have no house to be master of. A whole loaf of sugar did I leave in the cupboard, and now there is n't as much as would fill a tea-cup. Do you suppose I'm to find sugar for punch for fifty men! What do you say! *There was n't fifty!* That's no matter; the more shame for 'em, sir. I'm sure they drank enough for fifty. Do you suppose I'm to find sugar for punch for all the world out of my house-keeping money! *You don't ask me!* Don't you ask me! You do; you know you do: for if I only want a shilling extra, the house is in a blaze. And yet a whole loaf of sugar can you throw away upon—No, I *won't* be still; and I *won't* let you go to sleep. If you'd got to bed at a proper hour last night, you would n't have been so sleepy now.

You can sit up half the night with a pack of people who don't care for you, and your poor wife can't get in a word!

"And there's that China image that I had when I was married—I would n't have taken any sum of money for it, and you know it—and how do I find it! With its precious head knocked off! And what was more mean, more contemptible than all besides, it was put on again, as if nothing had happened. *You knew nothing about it?* Now, how can you lie there, in your Christian bed, Caudle, and say that? You know that that fellow, Prettyman, knocked off the head with the poker! You know that he did. And you had n't the feeling—yes, I will say it—you had n't the feeling to protect what you knew was precious to me. Oh no, if the truth was known, you were very glad to see it broken for that very reason.

"Every way, I've been insulted. I should like to know who it was who corked whiskers on my dear aunt's picture! Oh! you're laughing, are you? *You're not laughing!* Don't tell me that. I should like to know what shakes the bed, then, if you're not laughing! Yes, corked whiskers on her dear face—and she was a good soul to you, Caudle, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself to see her ill-used. Oh, you may laugh! It's very easy to laugh! I only wish you'd a little feeling, like other people, that's all.

"Then there's my china mug—the mug I had before I was married—when I was a happy creature. I should like to know who knocked the spout off that mug! Don't tell me it was cracked before—it's no such thing, Caudle; there was n't a flaw in it—and now I could have cried when I saw it. Don't tell me it was n't worth twopeace. How do you know! You never buy mugs. But that's like men; they think nothing in a house costs anything.

"There's four glasses broke, and nine cracked. At least, that's all I've found out at present; but I dare say I shall discover a dozen to-morrow.

"And I should like to know where the cottage umbrella's gone to—and I should like to know who broke the bell-pull—and perhaps you don't know there's a leg off a chair—and perhaps—"

"Here," says Caudle, "Morpheus came to my aid, and I slept; nay, I think I snored."—*Punch*.

From the *Examiner*.

THE PORTENDICK BLOCKADE.

THIS is one of the many questions in foreign policy of the true merits of which the public are not in the least aware, and yet on several occasions within the last few years, when the subject has been brought before parliament, noble lords and honorable members have expressed themselves in terms of strong indignation against the supposed violence and injustice of France, and of sympathy with the *unfortunate sufferers* in the city, who have assumed the character of victims of French audacity and oppression. We entertained long ago a strong suspicion that the claims put forward in this matter by the merchants to the extent of 75,000*l.* were enormously exaggerated, and the result has fully justified that suspicion, for, according to the award of the king of Prussia, the entire indemnity allotted to the claimants has been fixed at about 1,700*l.*

We take for granted, that when the British

government submitted this matter to the arbitration of the King of Prussia, the whole of the claims were fairly laid before his majesty, and that no material feature in the case was withheld from his notice. This being so, the award appears to us a cutting reflection upon the absurd pretensions of these merchants, which have been so largely curtailed by the Prussian award. It is, however, a gratifying circumstance, that the case has been so disposed of as to prevent the rupture (at one time seriously threatened) of our pacific relations with France, and also to preclude the possibility of any just demand being made upon parliament by parties whose claims have already been thoroughly sifted and adjusted at Berlin.

There has, however been a dispute between the *Times* and *Chronicle* upon the question whether the agreement between England and France, referring the matter to Prussia, was defective by excluding from the consideration of the arbitrator the question of the legality of the blockade. The *Chronicle* maintains that the claims were referred to Prussia with the reservation that those claims, which turned upon the legality of the blockade, being the greater part of the whole, should not be adjudicated upon;—*ergo*, they have not been determined—M. Guizot has juggled Lord Aberdeen—the victims must be indemnified by the nation—and John Bull must pay the piper. We agree with the *Times* in pronouncing the existence of such a juggle to be wholly incredible. The fact appears to have been simply this—all the claims, and all circumstances and questions connected therewith, were referred to the royal arbitrator, and among those circumstances the validity of the blockade was one which was forced upon him to consider and determine. But the agreement of reference contained a clause stipulating that the general belligerent right to blockade the Bay of Portendick in time of war—claimed by France and disputed by England—should not be affected by the award;—that is, that the award should not be a precedent, whichever way it might decide. Nothing, then, can be clearer than that the Prussian award has disposed of the question of the blockade, in so far as it affected the claims of these merchants, but that the general international question between England and France, of the right of the latter to blockade Portendick in time of war, remains exactly where it did before the arbitration.

So far as we can make out the merits of this latter question, (which has been fully stated by the *Times'* correspondent *Mercator*.) we are clearly of opinion that France possesses, and always did possess, the right to blockade any part of the coast of Africa in the occupation, either permanent or temporary, of her enemies with whom she is at war. The King of the French was at war with the king of the Trarzas (for the Trarzas are a nation having a monarchical government,) and in order to cut off the supplies of the Trarzas through Portendick, the French blockaded the coast within certain limits. Upon what grounds a British minister disputed so legitimate a proceeding we are at a loss to discover. Certainly there are many cases in which a British squadron has established and maintained blockades, both in Africa and other parts of the world, under circumstances not more justifiable. There was, indeed, a clause in an old treaty, which concedes to the English the right of carrying on the gum trade between Portendick and the River St. John, but that right became, of course, suspended when the French

were *bona fide* at war, and found it necessary to establish a blockade for belligerent purposes.

We rather think, then, that the king of Prussia's award in this dispute will teach our government some useful lessons, and among them that of using more caution and circumspection before espousing these alleged mercantile grievances, and attempting to force them for compensation upon foreign powers. So far from our having sustained any considerable injury from the French, the truth is that France has no small reason to complain of us, for having presented her with a demand to the amount of 75,000*l.*, when, in fairness, we were only entitled to 1,700*l.* Our executive, of course, owes deference to the opinion of parliament; but we trust parliament will never be deficient in the respect due to the rules of international law, nor will ever be so far misled by the clamor of interested parties as to sacrifice to it one jot of strict justice, or one opportunity for the conservation of peace.

ARBITERS IN DISPUTES BETWEEN NATIONS.

PROJECTS for the establishment of a great European Council to exercise jurisdiction in national controversies, and thus prevent wars, are as old as the age of Henri Quatre. The increased frequency in modern times of the practice of referring disputes between two governments to the decision of a third independent government has been hailed by philanthropists as preparing the minds of men for the establishment of such a council. When arbitration, it has been said, becomes the rule and war the exception—when a number of arbitral decisions sufficiently large to form a body of precedents has accumulated—a fixed code of international law may be said to have been formed, and governments will hesitate less to recognize a court authorized to apply its rules to special cases than they do at present when all is vague and unsettled.

The experience of England, however, has not hitherto been of a kind to inspire us with confidence in the judgments of arbiters. Take for example the recent decision of the King of Prussia in the Portendick controversy between this country and France. The only question between the two countries was, whether in inflicting injury upon British traders France was acting on its right. Respecting the amount of injury received there has been ultimately no dispute. France maintained that the injury complained of was unavoidably inflicted in the process of enforcing a legal blockade. The French minister admits that the intended blockade was never intimated to the British government. There was no legal blockade. Yet the King of Prussia, for what reason is not stated, pares down the restitution to be made to a miserable fraction of the property actually abstracted or destroyed.

Again: when the controversy between Great Britain and the United States respecting the southeastern boundary of Canada was referred to the arbitration of the King of Holland, an award was made, which, though it did not give us all we claimed, could not exactly be called an adverse decision. But from this award we derived no benefit. A pettifogging technical plea, as to the competency to pronounce such a judgment under the terms of the reference, was raised by the United States government, and negotiations began anew.

This country, at least, seems to have no chance of justice under the arbitration system. Either it is denied us by the arbiters themselves in consequence of some inexplicable refinement of reasoning, or it is evaded by our co-referees on some technical quibble. A nation ought to sacrifice much to avoid war, but there are limits to the application of this principle. A nation is not bound—is not entitled—to submit to a series of unjust decisions or evasions. Acquiescence may invite arbiters to decide against the party which has always shown itself most yielding; and many small robberies may make up a large sum, besides encouraging to more wholesale plunder. England has sacrificed enough already to give the arbitration experiment a fair trial. It is proposed that the Oregon controversy should also be referred to arbiters: with the recent experience of the Canadian boundary and Portendick controversies, England had better keep the maintenance of her rights in Oregon in her own hands for the present.—*Spectator*.

THE MIRROR OF THE DANUBE.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

On forests bright with fading leaves,
On hills of misty blue,
And on the gathered gold of sheaves
That by the Danube grew,
The setting sun of autumn shed
A mellow radiance rich and red,
As ever dyed the storied flood,
Since Roman blent with Dacian blood.
But Rome and Dacia both were gone,
Yet the old river still rolled on;
And now upon its sands, apart,
A peasant mother stood,
With beaming eye and bounding heart,
Marking the fearless mood
Of her young children's mirth that rang
Where late the joyous reaper sang.
She blessed each yet unsaddened voice,
Each head of golden hair,
Her rosy girl, her blooming boys,
And their young sire: for there
Was gathered all that meek heart's store:
The earth for her contained no more.
Yet with the love of that long gaze,
Were blent far dreams of future days;
And oh to learn what time's swift wing
To her life's blossoms yet might bring.
Then came a sound like passing wind
O'er the old river's breast,
And that young mother turned to find,
Upon the wave impressed,
The mirrored semblance of a scene
That never on its banks had been.
It seemed a pillared fane that rose
For justice far away,
In some old city at the close
Of a long trial day;
When hope and doubt alike were past,
And bright the midnight torches cast
Their splendor on a breathless crowd,
Dense as the summer's thunder cloud;
Ere the first lightning breaks its gloom,
Waiting the words of death and doom.
But far amid that living sea
Of faces dark and strange,

One visage claimed her memory;

In spite of time and change,
And all that fortune's hand had done,
The mother knew her first-born son.
Sternly he sat in judgment there;
But who were they that stood
Before him at that fatal bar!

Was he—the unsubdued
In heart and eye, though more than age
Had written on his brow's broad page
The fiery thoughts of restless years,
Whose griefs had never fallen in tears;
Unblanched by guilt, untouched by scorn,
Her beautiful, her youngest born,
And he upon whose hair and heart

Alike had fallen the snows
Of winters that no more depart;

The worn of many woes
And hopeless years—was he in truth
The loved, the chosen of her youth?
She knew not what of woe and crime

Had seared each form and soul,
Nor how the tides of fate and time
Had borne them to that goal;

So much unlike that peaceful scene
Of stream, and corn, and sunset sheen:
And they, oh how unlike to those
Whose fearless joy around her rose!
And yet through sorrow, guilt, and shame,
She knew they were the very same.

Their judge, perchance, he knew them not;
For o'er his brow there passed
No troubled shade of haunting thought

From childhood's roof-tree cast;
Save that his glance, so coldly bright,
Fell with a strange unquiet light
Upon a face that still was fair,
Though early worn and wan.

Yet lines of loftier thought were there;

The spirit's wealth, that ran
To waste, for sin bore darkly down
What might have worn an angel's crown.
And o'er that mother's eye, which yet
Beheld, and wept not till it met
The gaze of her lost girl, there came
A sudden gush of sorrow's stream,
As though the drop that overflowed
Its urn had fallen there.

But when it passed that darkening cloud,
And she looked forth again
On the old river, vanished all
Were city, crowd, and judgment-hall.
The autumn night, with sudden gloom,

Came down on sea and shore,
And silently her cottage home

She sought; but never more
Gazed on the Danube's slumbering wave,
Nor wept above an early grave;
Or cast one look of pride and joy
On rosy girl or blooming boy;
And even from their haunts of play
Her glance was sadly turned away;
But deep in dreamless slumber sealed
Her eyes from all the tears

Whose coming that bright eve revealed.

And all the after years
Kept the dark promise of that hour.
And had the earth's old rivers power
To mirror the far clouds that lie
So darkly in life's distant sky,
How many a loving heart would turn,
Like hers, for comfort to the urn.

From *Alasworth's Magazine*.

A BIT OF "STILL LIFE" AMONG THE HILLS OF CONNEMARA.

ON a fine bright August morning, some ten years since, with my trusty Manton in my hand, and accompanied by a favorite setter, I strolled up the mountain, which overhung a friend's shooting-lodge in Connemara. For some time, I was tolerably successful in my sport; bird after bird sprang up from the heather, only to find its way into my capacious pockets; and by twelve o'clock I found I had secured more game than I could well stow away. Cursing my want of forethought, which had prevented me from accepting the services of at least one of the dozen lazy hangers-on at the lodge, I determined on retracing my footsteps, with what feelings I leave it to my brother sportsmen to decide.

Fortune, however, had better luck in store for me. I had not moved ten yards from the spot where I had been standing, when a thin blue wreath of smoke, curling over the shoulder of a mountain far away to the right, attracted my attention. Certain, now, of discovering some house where I might deposit my spoil, and obtain shelter from the heat which was becoming intense, I drew my shot-belt tighter around me, and, shouldering my gun, pushed briskly forward—now plunging to the hips in the tall heather, now threading my way through a morass—till, after half-an-hour's hard work, I reached a small low cabin at the top of a narrow glen, and out of the chimney of which the smoke was pouring in considerable volumes.

I had been long enough in Connemara to more than half suspect I had come unawares on an illicit still; indeed, the day before, I had heard there was one in full operation somewhere in these mountains, so, without farther ceremony than the usual Irish benediction of "God save all here," (to which the over-scrupulous add, "except the cat,") I pushed open the door and entered the cabin.

A tall, fine-looking girl, whom I immediately recognized as an old acquaintance, having frequently seen her at the lodge, was seated on a low stool in the centre of the apartment, while a stout, middle-aged countryman, dressed in a long frieze coat and knee breeches, but without shoes or stockings, was on his knees in a corner blowing away with a pair of old bellows at a turf fire, on which hung what appeared to my uninitiated eyes an immense pot. My sudden entrance evidently startled him not a little, for, springing to his feet, he grasped a stout blackthorn stick that lay beside him, and stared at me for a moment with a countenance in which fear and rage were curiously blended. Not so the girl. She rose from her seat and welcomed me to the cabin, with that gay, frank, and peculiarly Irish hospitality, which, I'll be sworn, has gladdened the heart of many a weary sportsman like myself.

"A, thin, bud yer honor's welcome. It's happy and proud we are to see you. Tim, you unmannerly thief, what are you starin' for, as if ye seen the gauger! Don't ye see the master's frind standin' foreninst you! and yer caubeen on your head, ye amathaun!"

Tim doffed his hat with much reverence. He "axed my honor's pardon; but the thieven gaugers war gettin' so plenty, that a poor boy could

hardly get done a hand's turn without havin' them on his tracks."

I looked at the fellow as he spoke. There was none of that brutal, debauched look about him which distinguishes the English law-breaker. On the contrary, he was a very fair specimen of an Irish peasant; and, as I examined his honest, manly countenance, I could not help feeling strong misgivings as to the righteousness of the excise laws. Whether this feeling was caused by the delicious smell of the "potheen" that pervaded the room, I leave it to the charitably disposed reader to decide.

Meantime, a bottle filled with the aforesaid potheen was placed on the table by the girl, and consigning my Manton to a corner, and emptying my pockets on the dresser, I speedily came to the conclusion that there are worse places than an Irish still-house for a tired sportsman to rest in.

I had hardly drained the first glass to the health of my fair hostess, when a little ragged, sunburnt gossoon rushed into the cabin, and, clasping his hands above his head, broke out into the most unearthly yell I ever heard.

"Och! wirr-as-thru, murder!—och hone! och hone! Save yourselves for the sake of the blessed Vargin! We're sowld!—the peelers is an us!"

Tim jumped from his seat as he spoke, and, seizing him by the collar, shook him violently,— "Who! what!—How many is in it! Spake, you young reprobate, or, by Jabers, I'll make short work of you!"

"There's two!—bad luck to them!" sobbed out the poor boy. "They kem round the priest's pass, and were an me afore I could bless myself."

"Then the devil resave the drop of sparits they'll seize there to-day!" said Tim, as his eye fell on my double-barrel that was leaning against the wall beside me.

"Come, my fine fellow," I cried, "that won't do. I'll do what I can for you. But you had better not try that."

We had no time for farther parley, for the next moment the heavy tramp of footsteps was heard without, and two revenue policemen, with fixed bayonets, entered the cabin.

"A purty mornin's work you have made of it, Mистер Connolly," said the foremost of the pair, "but a mighty expensive one, I'm thinkin'. Long threatenin' comes at last. I towld you I'd be on your thrack afore long, and I've kept my word. Guard the door, Jim, and let no one pass out."

"An' I towld you," said Tim, his face darkening as he spoke—"I towld you I'd be even wid you for what ye did to poor Hugh Connor. So pass on your way, and lave me and mine alone, or it'll be the worst job ever you put a hand in."

"I must first see what you have on the fire, my good lad," said the man: "so make way there, in the queen's name."

"It ill becomes the like of ye to have the queen's name in yer mouth, ye dirty informer," said Tim. "So pass on yer way—I say again—or the devil a bit of this world's bread ever you'll eat."

"We'll try that presently," said the policeman, coolly: "Jim, keep an eye on the girl that she does n't bolt on ye—she's as cunnin' as a fox."

So saying, and lowering his carbine, he attempted to pass Tim, but, in doing so, he evidently reckoned without his host, for, with a shout like a Delaware Indian, Tim sprang within his guard and seizing him by the collar, in a second both men were rolling over on the ground, grappling one another like two bulldogs.

My hostess, like myself, had hitherto remained an inactive spectator; but she now evidently determined not to let them have all the fun to themselves, for, taking up a pair of heavy iron tongs, she would soon, no doubt, have made a considerable diversion in Tim's favor, had not the other policeman jumped forward and caught her by the wrist.

"So that 's yer game, is it, my lady! then I'll take the liberty of fittin' you wid a pair of bracelets," producing at the same time a pair of handcuffs which he attempted to force on her wrists; but the girl struggled desperately, and, in doing so, must have irritated him greatly, for the ruffian struck her a heavy blow with his closed fist.

My blood was now fairly up, and grasping my gun I inserted the butt-end under the fellow's ribs, and dashed him into the corner; where, his head striking heavily against the sharp edge of a table, he lay apparently insensible.

"Run for it, Master Harry—never mind Tim—run or you'll be cotched!" shouted Mary, as she vanished out of the back door, while I bolted at the front. The ringing sound of a stick against the policeman's shako, telling me, as I went, that Tim's blackthorn was doing its office.

I had got about fifty yards up the mountain, when I turned and witnessed a sight I shall not easily forget. I have mentioned before that the cabin was built at the top of a glen, between two mountains. Down this glen bounded Tim with the speed of a hunted stag, his long frieze coat streaming in the wind behind him, while the worm (the only valuable part of the apparatus) was bobbing up and down over his shoulder, keeping time to the motion of his bare legs, which were taking the ground along with them at an awful pace. In front of the cabin was his antagonist ramming a cartridge down his carbine, with unmistakable energy, which the moment he had accomplished he fired slap after the caubeen, but the ball only tore up the ground some yards to his right, and with a yell of triumph I saw Tim disappear round the corner of the glen.

It was late in the evening when, tired and travel-stained, I entered the dining-room at the lodge, where I found a large party assembled.

"Harry, my boy," said my friend, "we had given you up in despair. Ellen insisted you had fallen over a precipice, or were drowned in a bog-hole, or something of the kind. You look tired, too," filling me a tumbler of claret as he spoke; "there, now, take off that."

I never was remarkable for setting the table in a roar; but, on this occasion, if Theodore Hook himself had been relating my adventure I doubt whether he could have succeeded better than I did myself, and the old oak ceiling rang again, as my friend starting up and pointing to a short, punchy, red-faced, little man, said:—

"Let me introduce you to Lieutenant Cassidy, late of H. M.'s 88th regiment, and now commander of the Clifden revenue police."

"And an officer," said the lieutenant, bowing,

"who would be sorry to interfere with any gentleman's diversions, even if he chose to break the heads of every scoundrel in the squad. The only thing I would recommend," he added, lowering his voice as he spoke, "is change of air; after your praiseworthy exertions this morning, I am sure it would be of service."

From Ainsworth's Magazine.

THE VICTIMS OF DIPLOMACY.

We take credit to ourselves for having already grappled with this subject, which is daily assuming a more important aspect. We gave to it originally, the title now adopted by Captain Grover; but, if his views are correct, the phrase to be used should rather be the "victims to diplomacy," as expressive of a new order of political atomements, offered up in the persons of ambassadors and envoys to political expediency. This is a kind of political drama, which can only be well enacted in semi-barbarous countries; and it is therefore, as yet, confined to Anglo-Russian rivalry. For a time it concerned itself more with the loss of political and commercial advantages, as the resignation of the Euphrates and the Tigris, the retreat from Afghanistan, and many minor cessions made to Russian influence; but Russia began with disavowing agents, in the person of the unfortunate Vicovitch, and Great Britain carried out the principle wholesale, in the almost simultaneous sacrifice of Wyburd, Stoddart, and Conolly. There is no mincing the matter now; all the points are ascertained, all the details established beyond controversy; and it will never do to allow a transaction, involving the utmost disgrace and the most humiliating dishonor to the nation, to pass by unnoticed.

Notwithstanding the disavowal of government, the fact of these gentlemen being politically employed, is now placed beyond question. Lieut. Wyburd was sent, in 1835, by Sir John Campbell, who then represented the sovereign of Great Britain at the court of Persia, on a very important secret mission to Khiva. He has never been heard of since; and apparently, indeed, scarcely inquired after. Dr. Wolff's mission to Bokhara suggested the opportunity of making such inquiries; and Captain Grover, as president of the committee, addressed a letter to the foreign office, calling attention to the case. The answer was, that the foreign office "was not aware that Lieut. Wyburd was sent on any mission at all to Khiva." This Gothic expression "at all" betrays considerable irritability upon the subject. The dauntless Grover immediately responded, that he had Sir John Campbell's authority to the effect that he was employed. The foreign office was obliged to cry "peccavi," and acknowledge that it had overlooked the possession of a dispatch to that effect; sheltering itself also under the statement, that the British embassy at the court of Persia was at the time of Lieutenant Wyburd's mission under the direction of the East India Company, and not of the foreign office. It would scarcely be conceived, that in consequence of this, not only is an envoy overlooked and lost sight of, but being denied and repudiated by the foreign office, and dead to the East India Company, a pension to Lieutenant Wyburd's aged and unfortunate mother is refused, by the latter, because, although an officer in their service, he was sent on this mission, not by the company, but by Queen Victoria's government.

Well may Captain Grover, in his letter to the Earl of Aberdeen, of May 2nd, 1844, say—

“Should the notion get abroad that British officers are to be sent on perilous duties, to be then abandoned, the honor of the British army, and the prosperity of the British nation, will soon be among the things past.”

The same year that poor Wyburd was sent off, never to be again made mention of, till some generous, humane and gallant Grover asks the whereabouts of his official grave, Colonel Stoddart was attached, as military secretary, to Mr. Ellis' mission to Persia. Three years afterwards, in 1838, Russia sent a large and rich caravan to the frontiers of Bokhara, the pretended peaceable merchants of which were in reality agents and officers of the government. It was expected that so rich a prey would tempt the nomades of the Oxus; and, to reclaim its subjects, Russia intended an invasion of Central Asia. The thing happened as anticipated: the caravan was beset, and the sham merchants converted into willing prisoners. This was at the time when the expedition into Afghanistan was preparing. The Czar was also assembling troops for the Oxus. In order to prevent this, Lord Palmerston despatched orders to send some clever and intrepid member of the Persian mission into Bokhara, to prevail upon the Amir to restore the supposed merchant prisoners, and thus to deprive Russia of a pretence for war. Colonel Stoddart was selected for this purpose.

“It is impossible,” says the *Revue de Paris*, in noticing this mission, “not to envy England these courageous agents, which it always finds ready to devote themselves to its service. The merit is so much the greater, as the fate that awaits them in these perilous enterprises is scarcely ever doubtful. For one Burnes, whose name becomes known throughout the civilized world, how many victims of this patriotism fall obscurely, disappear without leaving any more traces than the straw which is carried away by the wind! These examples of devotedness are sublime; they deserve to be held out to the just admiration of people.”

Success attended upon the mission. The Russian prisoners were liberated, and the Czar deprived for a time of an excuse for the conquest of Bokhara. But the Amir, frightened by the progress of the British in Afghanistan, determined upon detaining Colonel Stoddart, in order that if his own territories or surety should be affected by the war, he should be enabled to negotiate with better chance of success. This is now the opinion of all best able to judge of Oriental actions. It was the explanation given by the Khan of Khiva to Captain Abbot; it is the explanation admitted by Captain Grover, and by the *Revue de Paris*. But the Amir was also irritated that the envoy, in whose detention he had placed his hopes of safety, could not obtain from a timid or forgetful government the proper vouchers for his authority; and he added cruel tortures to what was at first a mere captivity. On a former occasion, we surmised the possibility of the British envoy having been confined in the horrid well full of ticks. Captain Grover now makes the positive circumstance of that confinement known to the public.

The detention of Colonel Stoddart betrayed the secret of the embassy to the Russians. It was to be expected that the czar would be irritated at having been outwitted in the caravan plan; and it appears to have caused less compunction at the

foreign office to disavow and abandon an agent full of integrity and honor, and a gallant officer, than to be obliged to wince under the imperial frown. It is not that such a disavowal of an agent would satisfy Count Woronzow or his imperial master of the innocence of Great Britain in having thwarted their measures in Central Asia, but it is that the humiliation of such a proceeding is considered, in the Anglo-Russian international diplomacy, as an equivalent for the success temporarily obtained through the means of the now repudiated envoy.

The arrival of Conolly gave greater complication to the affair. This officer—according to Sir Robert Peel's statement, made in the House of Commons on the 28th of June, 1844, in answer to a question by Mr. Cochrane—had been sent by the Indian government to make communications at Khiva and Cokan. An intimation was made to Colonel Stoddart that Captain Conolly was at Khiva, and if he thought he could be useful to him, he had authority to send for him from that place. Colonel Stoddart, guided by these direct official instructions, wrote to Captain Conolly, who in consequence repaired to Bokhara. On the same occasion Sir Robert Peel stated before the House that Colonel Stoddart had been authorized to repair to Bokhara, and was directly employed by the government to make communications at Bokhara; putting that part of the question which refers to the disavowal of both these envoys beyond a doubt. And yet these were the two officers, employed on so perilous a mission, and as deeply engaged in the service of their queen and their country as the foreign secretary and the governor-general themselves, whom Lord Ellenborough wrote to the Amir, claiming as “innocent travellers”—that is, declaring them to be impostors and spies. “A mode of intervention,” says the *Revue de Paris*, “which succeeded in destroying them.”

But as the detention of the British emissaries was persevered in by the Amir, in order to ensure safety to his own territories, he could have nothing to gain by their death. He might subject them to cruel tortures, when disavowed by their government, but it could never have been his interest to actually destroy them. With the capriciousness of an Oriental despot they might be tortured to change their faith, and then liberated to practise openly the rites of the Christian religion: they might be one day in a dungeon, and another in favor at court; but unless disease and suffering may have carried them off, there is no reason to believe that the Amir would cause them to be slain. When Captain Grover was at St. Petersburg, he heard that the prisoners had been removed to Samarcand before Dr. Wolf arrived at Bokhara; and the circumstances attendant upon the interview of that excellent man with the Shakh-haul (secretary of state for foreign affairs) are highly corroborative of this opinion.

It makes the blood run cold to read the following. Dr. Wolf writes—

“The time of evening approached, and the military band played ‘God save the Queen,’ which most agreeably surprised me.”

Dr. Wolf makes no observation whatever upon this very extraordinary circumstance.

“At Bokhara,” says Captain Grover, “they have not the least idea of music, according to our acceptance of that term;” and Dr. Wolf says, “there was not a man at Bokhara who knew any-

thing of England or the English language, except the Nayib's 'halt-front,' and 'no force.' What then means this 'God save the Queen,' played passing the doctor's residence, or I should say prison?

"I will give the reader my opinion, upon which he will place his own value.

"During the Cabul disaster numerous British soldiers and sepoy were taken prisoners, and I have good reason to believe were sold at Bokhara. One of the chief objects of Dr. Wolff's mission was to purchase the release of these unfortunates, and he had authority to draw upon my small fortune for that purpose. Among these prisoners would probably be found some musicians, and the king would most likely form these men into a band. The king of Bokhara would of course be most anxious to conceal from Dr. Wolff the presence of these men at Bokhara, while they would be most anxious to make themselves known; and the safest and most natural means of doing this would be to play our national air. Such modes of communication have been commonly employed from the time of Richard Cœur de Lion, ('Richard, O mon Roi!') down to Silvio Pellico. Had I, at Bokhara, heard a man humming 'Au clair de la lune,' I should immediately have been sure that a Frenchman was near, and should have whistled 'Dormez, dormez,' to show that I was 'wide awake.'"

Captain Grover proves, from Dr. Wolff's reports, that the accounts of the public execution of Colonels Stoddart and Conolly, for which Saleb Mohammed received 3000 rupees, and on the faith of which the name of as brave a man as ever wore the British uniform was struck out of the list of the army, must have been false. It will not appear remarkable, after what we have related of intentional diplomatic sacrifice, that government should have paid 3000 rupees for such information, although they would not contribute a farthing to the rescue of their suffering emissaries. Her majesty's government, in following out the same determination that these envoys should be publicly dead, whether actually alive or not, published in the papers a communication from the Russian minister to that effect: but to this day they have never published the contradictory statement received shortly afterwards from the British minister, Colonel Shiel; it did not suit their purpose to do so. After the disavowal of the envoys by their government, the Russians expressed their wish to convey them away in safety from Bokhara as travellers; but Colonel Stoddart refused to avail himself of such a dishonorable subterfuge. "Had I known," said the Russian envoy to Captain Grover, "that these gentlemen were agents of the government, I could have saved them at once."

The public owe a heavy debt of gratitude to the chivalrous and generous Captain Grover, for the uncompromising manner in which he has taken up this important subject. He throughout exposes the demoralizing results of such conduct, and the contempt brought by it upon the British nation in a masterly and unanswerable manner:—

"I consider it my duty," he says, in his address to the queen, "to state to your majesty, that the circumstances attending this extraordinary case are degrading to the British nation, and are of a nature to dim the lustre of your majesty's crown!"

It is sincerely to be hoped that the work of

Captain Grover, and the details which Dr. Wolff may soon be expected to communicate, will raise the authorities to a sense of what is due to the national dignity. If not, the nation itself must insist upon some effort being made to rescue her envoys, and to ensure the extinction of this newly-invented system of sacrificing honorable and brave men to political expediency. The thing must not stop where it now rests.

STEAM COMMUNICATION WITH FRANCE.

GREAT competition at present exists between the ports of Dover and Folkestone as to rapidity of communication with the French coast. The South-Eastern Railway Company having made Folkestone a principal station, and improved its harbor, several fine iron steamers were built and regularly connected with it—namely, the *Princess Alice*, the *Princess Mary*, the *Princess Maude*, and the *Queen of the Belgians*, which last vessel was launched only a few months ago. Each of these, in the order stated, was an improvement upon the former one, and was considered the fastest steamer in the world, until at length the Dover people, determined not to be outdone, induced the General Steam Navigation Company to send down the *Magician*, also an iron steamer, to ply between that port and Boulogne. The *Magician* has since proved herself equal in speed to the best of the Folkestone boats.

Another iron steamer has lately been launched, named the *Ondine*, to run on alternate days betwixt Dover and Boulogne, with the *Magician*; and a very lively interest has been created along both coasts as to whether the palm of speed belonged to the Dover or the Folkestone boats.

On the 2nd inst., the *Ondine*, in going from Dover to Boulogne for the Indian mail, on account of the *Morning Herald*, accomplished the run, thirty miles, in one hour and fifty-one minutes, the quickest passage, we believe, ever made. The inhabitants of Dover, Folkestone, and Boulogne were on the *qui vive*, as it was known that a trial would take place betwixt the *Ondine* and the *Queen of the Belgians*, which was waiting at Boulogne for the Indian mail on account of the *Times*.

On that occasion the *Queen of the Belgians* performed the distance in one hour and fifty-three minutes, beating the *Ondine* by sixteen minutes; but the cause of this apparent superiority was an accident to the *Ondine's* machinery, one of the slides having given way. But as on the previous day the *Ondine* had made the voyage in two minutes' less time—namely, one hour and fifty-one minutes—it was resolved by the owners that as soon as her machinery was repaired another trial of speed should take place on the first opportunity.

Everything having been set to rights on board the *Ondine* by the 13th inst., she proceeded on that day from Dover to Boulogne, to try her qualities with the *Princess Maude*, which has hitherto had the reputation of being the fastest boat on the station.

The following account of the interesting trial has been transmitted to us by eye-witnesses.

"The *Ondine* was put into the roads this morning, and went over to Boulogne to meet the *Princess Maude*, and met her accordingly about half an hour after she had left Boulogne. The weather was thick at the time, the wind blowing fresh; she

was, however, made out, the *Ondine* being to the windward of her. The *Ondine* bore down and hoisted her red flag of defiance. She took her station about a cable's length behind the *Maude*. Some few minutes elapsed before it could be told which of the vessels would prove the victor. The *Maude* had her staysail and foresail set. The *Ondine* soon set two sails also. In ten minutes the competitors were paddle-box and paddle-box, and in twenty minutes the *Ondine* was so far ahead that she actually put the *Maude* into her wake. The *Ondine* proceeded on to Folkstone, and when within about a cable's length of that harbor she hove to in sight of all the Folkstone people, who had apparently assembled to witness the issue. In eight or ten minutes the *Maude* passed close to the *Ondine's* stern, and went into the harbor. Knowing that she had to land her passengers and return to Boulogne, the *Ondine* waited, standing off and on, till she backed out; and when she had got her head right for Boulogne, and considerably ahead of the *Ondine*, the latter once more started after her, when a most interesting struggle took place. The *Ondine*, however, was soon again paddle-box and paddle-box with her opponent; the sea was very rough, and, apparently, the *Maude*, at times, shipped a great deal of water; the *Ondine* threw it off both sides of her paddle-boxes. When sufficiently ahead of the *Maude*, so as to run no risk, the *Ondine* crossed her bows and went round her!! thus demonstrating, a second time, the great superiority in speed of the *Ondine* over the *Princess Maude*. Both the *City of London* and *Magician*, in crossing to and from Boulogne and Dover, saw the trial, and bore to each place the news of the *Ondine* having gone twice round the *Maude* in so short a distance. It is the general opinion that the *Princess Maude* is superior to the *Queen of the Belgians*. The rate was seventeen and seventeen and a half miles per hour.'

This splendid little vessel, the *Ondine*, was built and fitted with machinery by Messrs. Miller, Ravenhill, and Co., of Blackwall. The engines of the *Ondine* are two fifties only, while those of the *Princess Maude* are, at least, twenty horse power more. The *Princess Mary*, the *Princess Alice*, and the *Queen of the Belgians*, were constructed by Messrs. Ditchburn and Mare.—*Morning Herald*.

From the Examiner, May 17.

HOW TO DEAL WITH IRISH TREASON.

WE were assured by Sir Robert Peel's admirers that the Maynooth grant was to be looked upon as earnest of more important measures of conciliation. What the happy effect of it has been, with the premier's adroit explanation of the unworthy motives for it, we need not repeat; but what has been the reception of the next act of grace, the establishment of the three lay colleges? Why, the Catholic organs denounce the plan, agreeing with Sir Robert Inglis that it is a scheme of godless education, and Mr. O'Connell condemns it as a plan as idle as ever came from the lips of man, and promises it all the negative opposition in his power.

Sir Robert Peel's conciliation seems to be tapering away very quickly, "small by degrees and beautifully less." For grant the first he got a little flummery, a few fair words of acknowledgment, of which he made the most; but for grant

the second he gets nothing but contempt. If this be his way of following up his appeasing measures, in what excess of exasperation will it end!

It is clear that as yet nothing but mischief has been done. The temper of Ireland is at this moment worse than it has been at any other time since the rebellion. The popular press teems with the worst sort of treason; not treason against the state, not the treason that would overthrow a form of government, but the treason that would arm one part of the population against another; a treason not against the crown, but against the people; a treason ready to league with any foreign foe, French, Russian, American, careless of the cause, no matter whether the ally be despot or democrat, enmity and injury to England being the only bonds of alliance regarded. There is nothing very heroic in this, it must be confessed. If seven millions of spirited people were as inflamed with wrong as the popular organs of Ireland represent, they should need no foreign aid; they would scorn to lie by waiting a juncture of difficulty or danger to their oppressors, but would straight, by their own power and a just cause, work out their own redemption. But allowing for much exaggeration, yet the anti-Anglican feeling prevails to such an extent, and is still so spreading, as to warrant serious apprehension for the future. The repeal agitation is a minor evil; the hostility of race to race is what we regard as the serious and menacing evil. Men hacknied in public affairs are likely to make light of this source of danger. The cry of wolf has been so often raised in Ireland that they think little of alarms in that quarter. But they have to observe that the mind of Ireland was never before at once so alienated and inflamed, and so marshalled as it is now. It is a thoroughly disciplined malignity, and while it is biding its time for mischief, it is making its time too.

Mark the language of the *Nation*, which, having enumerated the concessions that should satisfy Ireland, (with one or two exceptions judiciously selected,) proceeds thus:—

"But we fear that ere he (Sir R. Peel) would be induced to yield even a few of these just measures, the war should have got to its summer heat, the *American privateers* should have been busy with the ships of London, the tricolor of France should have begun to flutter, and the organization of 'the Irish brigades' have been reported forward by his New York spies.

"Fervently attached as the Irish are to the greatness of England, these events would doubtless cause them bitter agony. *How our coasts would be thronged with weeping citizens as the Yankee frigates floated by with their prizes.* How our corporations and reading halls would storm against the threatening French. Sure there would be moans in every cabin when the word passed on that the exiles were ready; and every parish would have its volunteer company preparing to expel the enemy.

"How painful to think that a struggle which would so peril England, and so distress Ireland, should be a means of gaining for us franchisees, tenures, representation, resident landlords, native administration, perhaps a native parliament! *How wicked of the minister to make his justice conditional on such events! How insane of him to avow that the cloud of coming war was full of benefits to Ireland!*"

But how is the state of feeling here represented to be dealt with? It is not unprovoked, though it

may exceed the provocation. It is encouraged, too. It is the only language that has succeeded with tory administrations. Appeals to reason, justice, humanity, have been slighted; wrongs have been and still are insolently persisted in, and the only avowed motive for any act of grace or equity is fear. Can we then wonder that menace, which alone has been successful and encouraged, is carried to the pitch we witness. And though vapor, yet as vapor it is not to be despised; for we must not be too sure that the vapor is not of that sort which fires and explodes in a great mine of disaffection.

There is but one safe way of dealing with it, and of the causes under it—the removal of every ground of just complaint, the establishment of a thoroughly impartial system of government, placing the Catholics in every respect on an equal footing with the Protestant portion of the community. England having thus put herself in the right towards Ireland, freed herself from the incumbrances and impediments of unjustifiable provocations, her course, if the enmity should survive the causes, and threaten her peace and safety, would be of that firm and bold character in which true prudence lies. She would not wait to be stabbed in the side when attacked by a foreign foe in front. With all parties united in Great Britain, and with the reasonable part of the Irish nation coöperating, she would put down the treason before its opportunity of mischief arrived. As the *Morning Chronicle* remarks, "They who announce beforehand their intention of resorting to civil war, are not always allowed to bide their time, and to wait their opportunity; and if the leaders of *Conciliation Hall* (what an appropriate name!) continue to go on declaring that it is their intention to join the enemy on the first occasion when their country may be at war, it is just possible that this intention of theirs may be defeated beforehand, in a manner somewhat inconvenient to them."

While England is, however, to any extent in the wrong, there would not be the union necessary to coping with the intentions in question. Full justice must first be done, conciliation in the largest sense exhausted, before resort to such means as the self-preservation of the empire may dictate.

Much important time has already been culpably lost. First, there was the loss of time in the policy of doing nothing; next, in the more abortive plan of repression through injustice; and now, in these petty palliatives, while the great oppressions and affronts are maintained. Every day that the reforms, which must come at last, are delayed, the evil spirit of hatred to England is growing, and the probability of its dying away with the removal of the irritating causes is diminishing. The rate at which the Sybil's books are burning may be marked in the reception of Sir Robert Peel's concessions, such as they are, and the time may come when the tardy discharge of the debt of justice to Ireland, though it may relieve the conscience of England, will be unavailing to the restoration of concord between the races, a result which we regard as the most baneful calamity that can befall the empire.

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

We understand it is the intention of government, in conjunction with the Chester and Holyhead Railroad Company, to have the electric tele-

graph established on that important line, reaching from London to Holyhead, a distance of between 200 and 300 miles, and embracing in its route the commercial capitals of Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham. The adoption of this invention on a scale of magnitude bids fair to effect a change in the entire correspondence of the country, by bringing, as it were, momentarily into close consolidation and communion the exchanges of London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, conveying with lightning-like velocity every fluctuation of affairs, and telegraphing from mart to mart, with marvellous exactitude, and over areas of hundreds of miles, intelligence that may be received and reciprocated almost simultaneously by every mercantile community in the kingdom. Great advantages have already been developed to the admiralty and commercial world by its adoption between London and Gosport. The old semaphore system is now nearly superseded, and important government orders and intelligence, that formerly occupied hours in transmitting by the ordinary semaphores between London and Portsmouth, are now forwarded and fulfilled in a few seconds, the communicating wires which will shortly be carried from Nine Elms to the Admiralty, at Whitehall, terminating in the very barracks of the garrison at Gosport. The establishment of telegraphic communication between Liverpool and Holyhead, Lloyd's and London, will give every facility for shipping purposes; and in this respect the invention has worked most efficiently between London and Southampton, where, as at Gosport, there is a telegraph station, telegraphic notices being daily despatched, on the arrival of important mails and merchantmen. The advantages, moreover, that may accrue from a line of wires to Holyhead, in establishing a closer connexion between the metropolis and the sister isle, is of a nature not to be overlooked, either in a political or social point of view. Lines of telegraph, we understand, have been or are about being adopted on the following, amongst other, lines:—On the South-Western, as a government telegraph for the Admiralty to Portsmouth, 90 miles; on the same line, as a commercial telegraph, from Nine Elms to Southampton, 77 miles, with branch to Gosport, 21 miles; on the South Devon atmospheric line, now in progress, 52 miles; on the Great Western from Paddington to Slough, 18 miles; on the Yarmouth and Norwich, 20 miles; on the Dover line, from Tonbridge to Maidstone, 15 miles; on the Croydon atmospheric; on the Blackwall; on part of the Manchester and Leeds, and its branch to Oldham; on part of the Edinburgh and Glasgow; upon the Dalkey atmospheric branch of the Dublin and Kingstown, applicable alike to the conveyance of commercial intelligence and to the safe conduct and working of the line. The above embraces an extent of nearly 250 miles over which the telegraphic principle is already in operation; and its adoption between London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Holyhead will add about 300 miles more.—*Globe*.

In a letter to a clerical friend, the Reverend Theobald Mathew announces that his debts have now all been liquidated, to the amount of 7,000*l.*, principally by contributions from England, with some partial aid in Ireland. [What has become of the annuity that was to be secured to Mr. Mathew? Was not Mr. O'Connell to be active in that behalf?]

From the Examiner.

IMPUNITY OF MILITARY MISCONDUCT.

A CORRESPONDENCE between Mr. Barker, of Drury Lane Theatre, Captain Sutton, of the 7th Hussars, and the commander-in-chief, the Duke of Wellington, has been published by Ridgway, under the title of *Impunity of Military Insolence and Licentiousness*. The question involved in it is of no small importance to society, as it relates to the security of female reputation.

The main facts seem briefly to be these: Sir W. Russell, of the 7th Hussars, publicly stated that Captain Sutton had boasted of a criminal intercourse with Mrs. Barker. The husband wrote to Captain Sutton, asking whether he had ever uttered such a boast. The reply was, that he (Captain Sutton) had never mentioned the name of the lady in any disrespectful or disparaging way.

Mr. Barker then called upon him to take steps to contradict the calumny circulated, on his alleged authority, by his friend. Captain Sutton's answer to this, in no very intelligible style, was, in effect, that, as he found upon inquiry that Sir W. Russell and another gentleman had not spread the report, there was nothing more to be done, and with this curt decision he peremptorily closed the correspondence.

The husband, on the contrary, avers that he was prepared to prove that the calumny had been extensively circulated.

Upon this stage of the case Mr. Barker remarks, in a memorial to Colonel Whyte, in command of the regiment—

"It is to be observed, that Captain Sutton has not denied that Sir William Russell had stated that he had heard him, Captain Sutton, boast of an intrigue with Mrs. Barker. As he does not deny this important fact, he must be understood to admit it. Captain Sutton denies, indeed, that he ever spoke disrespectfully or disparagingly of Mrs. Barker, which is tantamount to a denial that he ever uttered the gross calumny attributed to him, but this leaves either Sir William Russell or him committed to an untruth.

"It might have been expected that Captain Sutton would have followed up his own denial of the calumny, by immediately procuring from Sir William Russell an admission that he had grossly misrepresented him, (Captain Sutton,) in citing him as his authority; this is the course which a gentleman of truth and spirit would have naturally taken, in such a case, but nothing of the sort has been done by Captain Sutton. He appears to have rested content with denying that he had uttered the slander, which Sir William Russell declared publicly and notoriously he had spoken.

"If such a wrong as has been done to my wife, in this case, can be committed with impunity, and without reparation, what woman's character can be secure, what reputation may not be blasted by the same cruel sort of attack?

"Upon the avowal of a boast, the character is defamed, described as the most wanton and infamous, the alleged boaster when called upon denies, makes protestations to the contrary, but will do no more; he is asked, as an act of mere justice, to do what lies in his power to correct the wrong that has been done on the abused authority of his name, he cavalierly refuses, and does not even show that he has made the repeater of his

alleged boasts conscious that he has promulgated a gross and injurious falsehood.

"Surely, when a man of honor finds that the authority of his name has been used to give currency and credit to a calumnious falsehood, he feels bound to use all the means in his power to counteract the mischief, and he regards the person who has taken such unwarrantable liberties with his name, and misrepresented his words, as guilty of a wrong to himself, only second to that to the cruelly aspersed woman.

"The laws of honor, indeed, imperatively forbid such practice, and to the rules for the regulation of the army, I therefore make my appeal, to protect me and mine against the injurious effect of it in this instance; and I trust that measures will be taken to ascertain the fact, whether one gentleman bearing her majesty's commission has falsely reported a brother officer to have made the statement, that he had a criminal intimacy with my wife, or whether another gentleman bearing her majesty's commission has falsely denied such statement, he having made it?"

Colonel Whyte refused to interfere, on the score of the impracticability of a military inquiry requiring the testimony of several civilians not amenable to the jurisdiction. Mr. Barker then carried his appeal to the commander-in-chief, and was informed by Lord Fitzroy Somerset that his grace could not interfere, as the subject of complaint could only be fully investigated and decided upon by the civil tribunals.

Upon this he took counsel's opinion, and was advised by Mr. Peacock that an action could not be supported unless special damage could be proved.

So that under our boasted laws any unscrupulous boaster can claim any married woman as his mistress with impunity, provided that no specific damage can be traced and proved (and the damage may have been done, though it may not be detected.)

The higher the character of the woman, indeed, the greater the safety of her slanderer; for if her reputation be so fair as to forbid belief in the story, no special damage results, and no action consequently can lie. If her repute be less good, and the tale be accordingly credited and acted upon to her prejudice, there may be a case for redress. What a monstrous absurdity is this, denying protection to the characters most deserving of it.

Let it not be said that the good repute is the sufficient protection. A virtuous woman's name cannot be so indecently brought into question without an injury and pain to her, which she has a right to be spared, and which it is a scandal to the laws for her to be subjected to.

Finding that he could have no redress from the civil tribunals, Mr. Barker again appealed to the commander-in-chief.

"Your grace having declined to take cognizance of my complaint under the impression that it fell within the jurisdiction of the civil tribunals, which, unfortunately, proves not to be the case, I now again most respectfully renew my appeal to your grace to afford me that justice which it is now certain can be obtained in no other quarter.

"It is a boasted maxim that there is no wrong without a remedy. Is it no wrong that Sir William Russell has publicly declared that Captain Sutton had boasted of a criminal intercourse with my wife, and that he could sleep with her when-

ever he liked? And for this wrong, so wanton, so thoroughly unprovoked, so cruel, so intolerable, I have yet in vain sought the redress which is said to be obtainable for every wrong. The law, as your grace will see, does not afford me a remedy, because I am unable to discover and adduce any specific damage as the direct consequence of the calumny. It is not for me to point out to your grace the great hardship and anomaly of this point of law, the worst working of defamation being in its subtlety, and that good opinion is lost, and ill opinion formed in place of it, without any avowal or betrayal of the causes.

"I cannot but feel confident that your grace will comply with this prayer, because every one must be aware that the discipline of the army cannot coëxist with a license outraging both manners and morals. The uniform of an officer has hitherto been supposed to be a guarantee for truth and honor; but if it can be worn by men permitted with impunity to indulge in boasts, profligate and base if true, unutterably wicked and villanous if false, there must be an end to the respect in which the service has as yet been held, and a serious diminution of the self-respect of the members of the profession; for true gentlemen must feel degraded by finding that conduct not only unworthy of gentlemen, but disgraceful to men in any condition of life, is permitted and suffered in the service to which they belong.

"I rely then on cognizance of my case by the military tribunals, because the charge which I am well prepared to maintain, impugns the truth and honor of officers, and because vital to the discipline of the army as upholding the standard of conduct in its officers, and correcting any license which would involve them in disgraceful quarrels, and subject them justly to public odium. If I am not much misinformed, this principle of policy in the military administration may be traced in various proceedings taking cognizance of conduct not directly relating to technical points of discipline, but bearing importantly on the higher essential of discipline—gentlemanly conduct.

Your grace's anxiety to discountenance and repress duelling in the army has not been unmarked by the public; and it is calculated to encourage me in the expectation that your grace will be as determined to repress the spirit of insult and injury, and to check intolerable provocations, as to prevent the settlement of quarrels arising too often from such causes, in the mode which has so long had the sanction of evil custom."

To this the Duke of Wellington replied as follows:—

"Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Barker.

"The officers of the army are, equally with all her majesty's subjects, amenable to the courts of law, for any offence which they may commit, or any injury they may do to any individual.

"The act complained of, whether alleged to have been committed by Sir William Russell or Captain Sutton, if not a calumny, slander or defamation, or a provocation to a breach of the peace, by one or both of these officers cognizable by a court of law, cannot be considered a breach of military discipline.

"It may be a slander or calumny by Sir William Russell against Captain Sutton.

"It may be a slander, calumny, or defamation by one or both officers against Mrs. Barker, of which a court of law would take cognizance

if criminal, or affording ground for civil proceedings.

"But if not considered an offence at law, it does not appear practicable to constitute a military offence; and to found it upon loose conversation, however reprehensible."

To this unmeaning twaddle, which amounts to this nonsensical conclusion, that, if the act complained of was not an offence against law, it could not be a breach of military discipline, there being notoriously a multitude of breaches of military discipline which are no offences at law, Mr. Barker rejoined thus—

"I beg most respectfully to remind your grace, that it is not as a breach of military discipline that I have solicited your cognizance of the conduct in question, but as ungentlemanly conduct, which is so closely connected with military discipline, that the 31st article of war provides that 'any officer behaving in a scandalous, infamous manner, unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman,' shall be tried by court-martial, and punished on conviction.

"I submit, then, to your grace, that the slander of an innocent woman is scandalous, infamous, and unbecoming the character of a gentleman. I submit also that the utterance of a falsehood is scandalous, infamous, and unbecoming the character of an officer and gentleman.

"I beg to repeat that I am fully prepared with proof, that either Captain Sutton has told a falsehood in denying that he ever uttered the calumnious boast attributed to him by Sir William Russell, or that Sir William Russell was guilty of falsehood, in asserting that such slanderous boast was ever made by Captain Sutton.

"One of these officers must be guilty of falsehood, the thing most 'scandalous, infamous, and unbecoming the character of a gentleman;' and coming, therefore, most strongly within the description of the misconduct for which the articles of war direct the cognizance of the military tribunals.

"My charge is two-fold; first that a wicked calumny has been spoken of my wife; secondly, that in the very denial of that calumny by the officer to whom it was attributed, the conclusion is inevitably involved, either that the denial is a cowardly falsehood, or that the original representation (that of Sir William Russell) was a wanton falsehood, and double calumny—a calumny upon Captain Sutton, described as a profligate boaster, and a calumny against my innocent wife.

"If this be not the conduct unworthy of the character of a gentleman, for which the articles of war provide cognizance and punishment, what vice or villany can come within the scope of the words?

"Your grace writes lightly of 'loose conversations,' but slander must be conveyed in conversation, and the malignity of its purpose and cruelty of its effect are not diminished by attaching the epithet 'loose' to the vehicle or mode of promulgating it.

"I find that there are many precedents for cognizance of conduct, not involving any breach of military discipline in the technical sense of the term, and I beg most respectfully to draw your grace's attention to one case in point, in which the offence seems far less grave than that of which I complain.

"There was a race ball, at the Bell Hotel,

Gloucester, in September, 1831, at which were present two officers, one Captain _____ of the _____ infantry* _____ the other Lieutenant _____ of the _____ dragoons. Two stranger ladies were introduced by Captain _____ and Mr. _____; after a time one of the Gloucester gentlemen (believed to be Mr. Goodrich) expressed an opinion as to the character, &c., and description of the ladies, and as Captain _____ declined to give any explanation as to who the ladies were, the suspicion was strengthened, and subsequently confirmed; a great sensation was excited, and the ladies expelled, and the gentlemen (the officers) left too.

“After some time Mr. Goodrich represented the circumstances to Colonel _____ of the _____ Dragoons, and he brought it under the notice of the officers, and Lieutenant _____ was offered his choice of sending in his resignation, or to stand a court-martial; he preferred the former and left the regiment.

“A similar representation of the facts was afterwards made to his Royal Highness the Duke of _____ (Colonel of the _____), and Captain _____ was called on to leave the regiment, which he did, it is believed, at the recommendation of a court of inquiry.

“The ladies were from London, and had been intimate with Captain _____, and followed him to Cheltenham, and he brought them to Gloucester. Captain _____ had known Lieutenant _____, and prevailed on him to join him in this frolic, after dining with him. Mr. _____'s case excited considerable sympathy at the time, as he was not the original offending party, and it was in consequence of this feeling that Captain _____ was complained of to his commanding officer.’

“The act complained of in this instance was ‘not cognizable by a court of law,’ and ‘could not be considered a breach of military discipline,’ and nevertheless the military authorities were prepared to grant a court-martial if the officers implicated had not preferred the offered alternative of retiring from the service.”

The duke, in reply, referred to the drivelling letter above quoted, and declined any further correspondence.

The Duke of York, we are sure, would have come to a very different conclusion. He would not have allowed a charge of falsehood to rest upon one of two officers without clearing it up one way or the other, and either disproving it or relieving the service of the officer who had brought disgrace on it.

The doctrine that a charge of falsehood does not come under the class of offences against discipline, in behavior unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman, has been reserved for the Duke of Wellington's advanced age. The boast of an intrigue may be licensed in the new chivalry of the army, but that is not all in this case; the alleged boaster denies the boast, and he and the brother officer who so reported him are left most awkwardly at issue as to a matter of fact. The question to be answered, as Mr. Barker has shown, is, has Sir W. Russell slandered Captain Sutton, or has Captain Sutton in effect slandered Sir W. Russell, by denying words which the other truly asserted he had uttered? Is it for the credit and honor of the service that such questions as these should remain unanswered?

* In the statement sent to the commander-in-chief the names and regiments are given.

PORCELAIN PAINTING.

Mrs. M'IAN has given a report to the Council of the Government School of Design, of a journey undertaken by her to Paris, and to the Staffordshire Potteries, during which she inspected the processes of porcelain painting at the different manufactories; the result of her comparison of the artists of the two countries is by no means unfavorable to English ability.

At Messrs. Copeland's manufactory, in Staffordshire, more especially, she saw specimens of flower painting in porcelain, equal to the best productions at Sèvres, where that branch is most admirably executed. This, she remarks, implies, in the English artist, a much greater degree of merit, because he has been wholly unassisted; development of talent being left to individual energy and perseverance; whilst in France he has had the advantage of systematic and special training for the employment, and the emulating patronage of a royal manufactory, munificently supported by the government.

The colors used by the French, she observes, are superior to those of the English; for flesh tints, they have reds and yellows, that will mix and burn together, which, with the colors used in our potteries, is chemically impossible; the media made use of by the French are also superior. In neither country is there any attempt at originality in design, the artistical labor consisting in a continual process of copying. Mrs. M'ian thinks that if, in the Female School at Somerset House, a class was formed for studying the art of painting porcelain in a superior manner, the more skillful pupils would find employment at their own homes, as the manufacturers would be happy to transmit to them work for execution.

From the Examiner, 17 May.

AMERICAN DESIGNS REGARDING OREGON.

MR. CALHOUN, after having recapitulated the history of the Oregon negotiations, asks—

“Has the time arrived when it would be wise and prudent for us to attempt to assert and maintain our exclusive right to the territory against the adverse and conflicting claim of Great Britain? I answer—No, it has not; and that for the decisive reason, because the attempt, if made, must prove unsuccessful against the resistance of Great Britain. We could neither take nor hold it against her; and that for a reason not less decisive—that she could in a much shorter time, and at far less expense, concentrate a far greater force than we could in the territory. We seem to forget, in the discussion of this subject, the great events which have occurred in the eastern portion of Asia during the last year, and which have so greatly extended the power of Great Britain in that quarter of the globe. She has there, in that period, terminated successfully two wars; by one of which she has given increased quiet and stability to her possessions in India; and by the other, has firmly planted her power on the eastern coast of China, where she will undoubtedly keep up, at least for a time, a strong military and naval force, for the purpose of intimidation and strengthening her newly-acquired possession. The point she occupies there, on the western shore of the Pacific, is almost directly opposite to the Oregon territory, at the distance of about 5,500 miles from the mouth of Columbia river, with a tranquil

ocean between, which may be passed over in six weeks. In that short time she might place, at a moderate expense, a strong naval and military force at the mouth of that river, where a formidable body of men, as hardy and energetic as any on this continent, in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, and numerous tribes of Indians under its control, could be prepared to sustain and cooperate with it. Such is the facility with which she could concentrate a force there to maintain her claim to the territory against ours, should they be brought into collision by this bill. I now turn to examine our means of concentrating an opposing force by land and water, should it become necessary to maintain our claim. We have no military or naval position in the Pacific Ocean. Our fleet would have to sail from our own shores, and would have to cross the line and double Cape Horn in 56 degrees of south latitude; and turning north, recross the line, and ascend to latitude 46 north, in order to reach the mouth of Columbia river—a distance from New York (over the straightest and shortest line) of more than 13,000 miles, and which would require a run of more than 18,000 miles of actual sailing on the usual route. Instead of six weeks, the voyage would require six months. I speak on the authority of one of the most experienced officers attached to the Navy Department. These facts are decisive. We could do nothing by water. As far as that element is concerned, we could not oppose to her a gun or a soldier in the territory. But, as great as are the impediments by water, they are, at present, not much less so by land. If we assume some central point in the State of Missouri as the place of rendezvous, from which our military force would commence its march for the territory, the distance to the mouth of the Columbia river will be about 2,000 miles; of which much more than 1,000 miles would be over an unsettled country consisting of naked plains or mountainous regions, without provisions, except such game as the rifle might supply. On a great portion of this long march the force would be liable to be attacked and harassed by numerous and warlike tribes of Indians, whose hostilities might be readily turned against us by the British traders. To march such a distance without opposition would take upwards of 120 days, assuming the march to be at the usual rate for military forces. Should it be impeded by the hostilities of Indians, the time would be greatly prolonged. I now ask, how could any considerable force sustain itself in so long a march, through a region so destitute of supplies? And how could supplies be found to return, if a retreat should become necessary? A few thousand regulars, advantageously fortified on the Columbia river, with a small naval force to support them, could, with the aid of the men employed by the Hudson Bay Company, and the cooperation of the Indians under its influence, bid defiance to any effort we could make to dislodge them. If all other difficulties could be surmounted, that of transporting a sufficient battering-train, with all its appurtenances, to so great a distance, and over so many obstacles, would be insuperable." After showing that Great Britain would infallibly resist, and that America would have no chance, Mr. Calhoun continues:—"But it may be asked, 'What then? Shall we abandon our claim to the territory?' I answer, 'No.' I am utterly opposed to that. The territory has

commercial advantages, which will in time prove to be great. We must not overlook the important events to which I have alluded as having recently occurred in the eastern portion of Asia. As great as they are, they are but the beginning of a series of a similar character, which must follow at no distant day. What has taken place in China will in a few years be followed in Japan, and all the eastern portions of that continent. Their ports, like the Chinese, will be opened; and the whole of that large portion of Asia, containing nearly half of the population and wealth of the globe, will be thrown open to the commerce of the world, and be placed within the pale of European and American intercourse and civilization. A vast market will be created, and a mighty impulse will be given to commerce. No small portion of the share that would fall to us with this populous and industrious portion of the globe, is destined to pass through the Oregon territory to the valley of the Mississippi, instead of taking the circuitous and long voyage round Cape Horn, or the still longer, round the Cape of Good Hope. It is mainly because I place this high estimate on its prospective value, that I am so solicitous to preserve it, and so adverse to this bill, or any other precipitate measure which might terminate in its loss. If I thought less of its value, or if I regarded our title less clear, my opposition would be less decided."

Mr. Calhoun then goes on to show that the only means by which Oregon can be secured is to bide our time. "All we want," says he, "to effect our object in this, is *wise and masterly inactivity.*"

From the Congregational Magazine.

AND IS THERE CARE IN HEAVEN?

"And is there care in heaven? and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base?"—SPENCER.

Oh that this palled but hungry soul, could find
That bread of life which stays the fainting mind,
Drink of that living spring whose waters flow,
At once to cleanse the heart and heal its woe;
Or catch some kindly voice, whose cheering sway
Might wake this palsied will to soar away,
Trusting no more its refuges of lies,
Touched by a power descending from the skies,
In showers as gentle as the summer dew
That dropt on Hermon, and as copious too.

Oh! to launch forth from earth's perplexing dream;
Oh! for a draught of that immortal stream,
Which, redolent of heaven transports us there,
And on its crystal wave makes haste to bear
The sympathies of angels back to men,
And raise the spirit from the dust again!
Are they not ministers who day and night
Stand round the throne in robes of spotless white?
And all the care these bending myriads know,
Lives it not only for this world below?
And thrills there not even in this widowed breast,
A chord in tune with those which never rest,
Cold though it be, and impotent to raise
Its voiceless breathings in the Father's praise?

Yes there are cares and sympathies above;
And earth, the wedded of those realms of love,
Partakes the glory, and reflects the bliss,
When that world's fulness overflows on this.

From the Spectator.

MAYNOOTH: A VOICE FROM THE PAST.

THE Protestant Gathering, in the course of their church-militant agitation, have concocted a circular in support of "our common Protestantism," which bears the respectable signature of their chairman, Sir Culling Eardley Smith, and has been freely addressed in all directions. Unluckily, as it turns out, one of these letters-missive was sent to the Very Reverend Heneage Horsley, the son of that Bishop Horsley whose "mighty spear," in the words of Gibbon, "has repeatedly pierced the Socinian shield of Priestley;" whose labors in the cause of biblical literature show that to zeal he united knowledge, (which is not always the case;) and whose Toryism, or rather whose resistance to unconstitutional change in church or state, is well known. A short residence in Ireland, added to other opportunities has convinced Mr. Heneage Horsley that "there are but two ways by which the Irish church can be preserved: the one is, by acts of conciliation, similar to the one now pending in Parliament; the other, by holding Ireland as a conquered province; to accomplish which, it will be necessary to maintain constantly within her borders a standing army of not less than 60,000 men." Mr. Horsley, therefore, could not go along with the views of the exclusive Protestants of Exeter Hall and the Crown and Anchor; and having, a year or two ago, before this Maynooth extension was thought of, explained his opinion to the Archbishop of Dublin, he did not feel inclined to submit to the imputation of a want of Protestant principle, which the Crown and Anchor circular imputes to those who refuse to admit the infallibility of the self-elected holinesses. Instead, however, of putting forward his own arguments, Mr. Horsley, in a short pamphlet before us,* falls back upon his father; and shows, by extracts from his speeches in the house of lords, from 1794 to his death, that, *fifty years ago*, Bishop Horsley was prepared to advance further than Sir Robert Peel is even now—that, besides advocating the abolition of the penal laws to the extent of Catholic emancipation, he was really prepared to recognize the Pope, and pay the Roman clergy. These extracts are interesting for their vigorous and manly style; but still more curious for their suggestions. How slow is the progress of opinion and "the march of mind!" Half a century ago, all the great political leaders of every party—Pitt, Fox, Burke, Grenville—were anxious to concede Catholic emancipation, to endow the priests, (if paying them is endowment,) and to open up diplomatic relations with Rome; whilst one of the most eminent prelates and stoutest champions of the established church was willing to march with them *pari passu*. Now, a miserable addition of 17,000*l.* a year is denounced as "destructive," and "damnable," and certain to draw down the direct vengeance of Heaven upon the whole country by those who take upon themselves to

"Deal damnation round the land."

Yet as a matter of principle, it is impossible to

* A Letter from the Very Reverend Heneage Horsley, to Sir Culling Eardley Smith, Bart., on the subject of the Maynooth Grant; embodying the opinions of the late Bishop Horsley, on the policy and necessity of extending measures of legislative relief to the Roman Catholics. Published by Longman and Co.

suppose that such a Protestant monarch as George the Third would ever have permitted the original establishment of Maynooth, could the most lynx-eyed bigotry, in a state of reason, have detected Romanism in it: and with respect to amount, a large addition might be claimed as a mere matter of bargain, from the increase in prices, the more expensive, the *gentleer* style of living among the middle classes, and, greater than all, the effect which our improved and improving modes of locomotion have had in equalizing prices between the capital and the provinces. All things considered, it is probable that 1,000*l.* a year, in Ireland in the last century, was equal in real value to at least 2,000*l.* now.

There is more of Bishop Horsley than of his son in this letter to Sir Culling; the writer's own arguments are chiefly incidental or subordinate. Two points, however, are so well put—the talk about the uselessness of "conciliation," and the fact of the state of Maynooth (denied by some Protestant orator)—that we will quote them for the benefit of Sir Robert Inglis and the rest, who will come up on Monday like giants refreshed to oppose the third reading.

"I have heard it frequently asked, in the course of my last visits, and more than once in the four days I have now been here [in Dublin]—what is the use of *conciliation*? what benefit is to be expected from it? what good has it as yet effected? *CONCILIATION*, sir! why, this is surely mockery. Does anything which the British parliament has as yet done to improve the condition of the Roman Catholics in Ireland, when the manner of the doing of it, and the delay in the doing of it, are taken into consideration, deserve the name? The old adage, '*Bis dat qui cito dat*,' is in no instance of greater force and verity than when applied to cases of legislative grace and favor. When conferred *promptly, cheerfully, and freely*, they do win the hearts and affections of those on whom they are conferred; but when wrung from an unwilling senate *by fear and apprehension*, they are totally valueless. Where, in the name of all that is equitable and just, has been the '*cito*,' in the all-viatory dealings of England with Ireland?

"I remember well the period of the union. I was then at an age when the discussion of such topics of exciting interest by men of powerful minds, as those topics were that were connected with that measure, leave a lasting impression on the mind. It was my good fortune frequently to hear such discussions, at the table of my father, of Lord Thurlow, of Mr. Windham, of Sir John Cox Hipplesey. On all these occasions, and on several others of a similar kind, I heard it averred again and again, that one of the most powerful inducements employed to reconcile the Irish people to the union, was an *explicit promise* given by the then rulers of the country, that emancipation, or in other words the repeal of the penal laws, should follow '*hard upon*.' Was a delay of nine-and-twenty years a following hard upon? No wonder, sir, that hope so long deferred made the hearts of the Roman Catholics sick. No wonder that a people should fret and groan, and become clamorous, unruly, and turbulent, under such long-procrastinated justice. Then again, this silly—for silly it really is—*Protestant* agitation, and revival of the absurd '*No-Popery*' cry about Maynooth!! Sir Culling, I have visited the establishment there. Two years ago, I narrowly inspected all its miserable, and wretched, and destitute, and, I

will add, (I mean no offence, for it must be the poverty of its means and not the will of its directors that consents,) its *dirty*, and *nasty*, and *filthy* economy; and I confess, sir, I blushed for the meanness of my countrymen, that can dignify the paltry pittance their government at present doles out to the institution, with the title of an act of bounty to the Irish Roman Catholic church.

"No, sir; such acts of bounty and conciliation will effect nothing. They must be of a different character: more in number, and more promptly (or they will come too late) and more cheerfully rendered: and even then it will take time to soften down and entirely extinguish the asperities and bitterness of feeling which a long train of injury and oppression have engendered. But, under God, time will extinguish them."

From the Spectator.

SIDNEY'S LIFE OF LORD HILL.

THE late Commander of the Forces was rather a good lieutenant than a great captain. His orderly habits and his kindness of heart made him an excellent administrator; for his influence extended not merely to material but to moral results. His military skill, his courage, and experience, rendered him a successful subordinate, as his prudence made him a safe commander: nor was he devoid of daring conception and "warlike wiles" in secondary affairs. But he was too merely a soldier ever to have been a great chief; who must have a large portion of the statesman in his capacity, to plan his campaigns with a view to ultimate effects, to render his victories resultful, and his defeats only a *pro tanto* loss, not entire destruction. As far as fighting goes, mere soldiers may often fight battles not less skilful, and much bloodier, than the Marlboroughs, Bonapartes, or Wellingtons; but the "be-all and end-all" is so many killed, wounded, and missing. The operations do not, like Blenheim or Ramilies, Marengo or Montenotte and its suite, the passage of the Douro or Torres Vedras, (without fighting at all,) clear a country of the enemy. Lord Hill wanted this larger power; for although it may be said that he had no opportunity of displaying his qualities as a commander, it is tolerably certain that he could not seize them when working out before his eyes. It seems clear from his letters when he was with the army in the Peninsula, that he had not a glimpse of the strategy of his chief, but thought that the occupation of Portugal was dependent on what a day might bring forth.

In justice, however, to this worthy English gentleman, it should be said that he made no pretensions to be chief or politician, but had the good sense to refuse office in either capacity. In 1827, the command of the Forces in India was offered him, but declined, partly on account of his health. He was twice offered the Ordnance: and the last time he gave his reasons for refusing the Mastership, in a letter to the premier, Lord Goderich.

"My feelings of gratitude," he said, "for so marked a proof of his Majesty's gracious favor, are, if possible, increased by the very flattering terms in which your lordship has been pleased to address me on the subject. It will probably be in your recollection, that when offered the Lieutenant-Generalship of the Ordnance some years ago by my friend the Duke of Wellington, I assigned the following reasons for declining it—namely,

that I had never been accustomed to office duty; that I feared I should ill perform the services required of me; and that a permanent residence in town would most materially affect my health.

"As these objections still remain in full force, it would be inconsistent in me to accept an appointment of so much greater importance, the duties of which I am informed are not confined to the military profession alone, but are intimately connected with the financial expenditure of the country."

But if not a very great, Lord Hill was a very good man. In boyhood his tenderness of disposition had been so remarkable, that his old schoolmistress could not afterwards believe that Hill was conspicuous in the bloody battles of which the newspapers were full: and the same kindness of feeling attended him through life, except when professional duty interfered. His domestic affections were strong, and equally permanent: the same may be said of the simplicity of his tastes. During the most bustling period of the Peninsular war, and in the height of his greatness as commander-in-chief, his letters to his family are full of home affections, and home reminiscences of dogs, plants, field-sports, and neighbors. The love of gardening and rural improvements stuck to him to the last; and a short time before his death, in his last letter, he is full of a pond he appears to have been draining.

The family of the Hills, though unennobled, was old and respectable—one of that "Old English gentleman" class which is perhaps peculiar to England, and has strongly operated upon the national mind. This, in fact, was the character of the general himself; and, according to one of his officers, his appearance greatly influenced the rustic recruits, he looked so much like a country gentleman in regimentals; whilst serious soldiers from the towns looked up to him for his relationship to the Reverend Rowland Hill—whose fame, good man, is dying away. His mind was as much affected by his real status as his appearance. He had none of the genius of the adventurer, and none of his vices, or pretence, or littleness. A dutiful loyalty to the crown was an impulse of his nature; but beyond this, he seems to have looked upon life with a philosophic eye—weighing wealth, rank, and fashion, as extrinsic circumstances, and taking his own advancement very quietly, as something that came to him in return for services, and to which he was entitled, but not as a thing that had changed him. Nor, in truth, did it seem to have enlarged his comprehension: his rage might expand with his elevation, but his style of considering things was much the same.

There is nothing very striking in the life of Lord Hill beyond what is known from the Gazette. He was born in 1772; and having chosen the army for his profession, was sent to a military academy at Strasburg. He was appointed to an ensigncy in March, 1791; and in 1800 had attained the rank of colonel, through luck, interest, and strict attention to his duties, conjoined with his services at Toulon. He subsequently served in Egypt and Ireland; went with the absurd expedition to the Weser; was with Moore during the Corona campaign; embarked with Wellington on the first expedition to Portugal; served throughout the whole of the Peninsular war; and commanded the army in the Netherlands during the Hundred Days, till Wellington's arrival from Vienna. In 1828 he was appointed to the office

of commander-in-chief; he resigned it from failing health in August, 1843; and died in the following December.

The volume which gives the narrative of Lord Hill's life is not so overdone as many late biographies; but it is not a very striking or skillful production: being impeded by reflections, and interrupted by needless remarks upon the original materials the author is using. We suspect the hero had better have been allowed to tell more of his own story, by means of his correspondence, and the journal or memorandums of his life that he was in the habit of keeping, and which are used by bits in the volume before us. The true function in Lord Hill's case was an arranging editor rather than a compiling biographer: for the real value of the work consists in its anecdotes and letters, which require little more than telling or explaining. Many of these are interesting from their domestic character, or from the persons and events to which they relate. We will take our extracts from the latter class. The following letter from the Duke of Wellington exhibits the duke's way of offering a loan, Hill's father having got involved in difficulties. The offer is handsome, liberal, and business-like; settled at once, without any necessity for further discussion.

"Paris, 20th Feb., 1816.

"My dear Hill—I received only yesterday evening your letter of the 16th; and I am very much concerned for the unfortunate circumstances which have occasioned the necessity for your return to England. I consent to it, as well as to that of Sir Noel. Let him apply through the official channel; but he need not wait for the answer.

"In the existing state of public and private credit in England, I am apprehensive that you will find it difficult to procure the money which you will require. I have a large sum of money which is entirely at my command; and I assure you that I could not apply it in a manner more satisfactory to me than in accommodating you, my dear Hill, to whom I am under so many obligations, and your father, for whom I entertain the highest respect, although I am not acquainted with him. I trust, therefore, that if you should experience the difficulty which I expect you will in finding money to settle the disagreeable concern in which your family is involved, you will let me know it, and I will immediately put my man of business in London in communication with yours, in order to apply it to you. Ever yours most sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

There is another letter in reply to one from Hill, who had had an application from some common friend for papers for Southey's history of the Peninsular war. The duke had observed the laureate's leaning to the Spanish patriots; who were such objects of admiration thirty or forty years ago to those who knew nothing about them. It also conveys his idea of what a *true* history ought to be.

"London, 25th October, 1821.

"My dear Hill—I have received your letter; and sincerely congratulate you upon the success of your nephew, [in his election,] and this fresh instance of the deserved respect in which you and your family are held in the county of Salop.

"In respect to Mr. Southey, I have heard in the whole that he was writing a history of the war in the Peninsula; but I have never received an application from him, either directly or indirectly, for

information on the subject. If I had received such an application, I would have told him what I have told others, that the subject was too serious to be trifled with; for that if any real authenticated history of that war by an author worthy of writing it were given, it ought to convey to the public the real truth, and ought to show what nations really did when they put themselves in the situation the Spanish and Portuguese nations had placed themselves; and that I would give information and materials to no author who would not undertake to write upon that principle. I think, however, that the period of the war is too near; and the character and reputation of nations, as well as individuals, are too much involved in the description of these questions for me to recommend, or even encourage, any author to write such a history as some, I [fear,] would encourage at the present moment.

"This is my opinion upon the subject in general; and I should have conveyed it to Mr. Southey, if he and his friends had applied to me.

"In respect to your reference to me, I receive it, as everything that comes from you, as a mark of your kind attention to me. Unless you approve of the principle which I have above stated, there is nothing to prevent you from giving Mr. Southey any information you please. But I should wish you not to give him any original papers from me, as that would be, in fact, to involve me in his work without attaining the object which I have in view, which is a *true* history.

"Believe me, ever yours most sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

From some passages in the volume it would seem that William the Fourth stuck closer by the reform bill than some at the time supposed him to have done, and took upon himself a canvass which rather belonged to the premier, one would think.

"The position of affairs at the period of the reform bill greatly tried him. No slight honor is due to his memory from his own political party, for the way in which he maintained his independence in office at that time. Not only did he remain firm under the difficulties of being opposed to the government, but he was unmoved by the intimation of the king himself, his kind and indulgent master, that his majesty wished him to vote for the bill. 'Sir H. T.,' he says in his memoranda, 'communicated to me H. M.'s wish that I should vote for the second reading of the reform bill. I gave no reply; but said I would consider the subject.'

"When the bill was again brought forward in the house of lords, the following conversation took place between his majesty and Lord Hill. I give it from his lordship's own notes. 'The king sent me a note desiring my attendance at the palace. His majesty, after speaking on the subject of the college, said, the discussion on the reform bill was about to be again brought forward in the house of lords; and that he could not but wish that it should go into committee, which would show the country that the lords were not averse to *some* reform, and might make alterations when in committee. In consequence of what Sir H. Taylor said to me on this subject about a fortnight ago, and from the manner in which the king spoke to me, I felt that he expected me to state my sentiments and intentions. I therefore told his majesty, that on the last occasion I had acted in a way which I understood was satisfactory to him, namely, by not voting at all; that I still entertained the same objection to the bill; and that, according to

my present feelings, I could not vote for the second reading of the bill when it was brought forward again. Such, I assured his majesty, were my conscientious feelings; and I added, that if I were to act contrary to them and to my known declarations, I should so lower myself in the eyes of the world and the army, that I should not be able to render service to his majesty or the country. The king said, he could understand my feelings, and that every one had a right to have his own: he had his. His majesty appeared kind, and not angry, but perhaps was not pleased. On my saying that I wished I had not a seat in parliament as long as I was at the head of the army, he replied, "But as you have one, you cannot give it up, or must attend it," or something to this effect."

Here is another occasion of Hill's opposing royalty.

WHO WAS THIS?

In one of his memoranda there is the following note of an audience with the king, which proves the truth of this assertion, and is most honorable to his lordship's royal master. "In consequence of a letter in the king's own hand this day, respecting _____, I saw his majesty, who said he was positively decided that _____ should be _____: upon which I remarked, that if such were his majesty's commands, they should be obeyed; but, as commanding the army, I felt it my duty to say that it would create great dissatisfaction, and that I entreated his majesty to consider the subject well before he came to such a final conclusion. The king very kindly said, it was my duty to point out to him all objections on the present occasion: he would not press the question." Lord Hill went directly to the officer alluded to, related the whole affair, and added, "I assure you it was all my doing."

MAYORAL MISTAKE.

His good-humored way of taking everything will be seen in a note he sent to the lord mayor and lady mayoress, on their inviting Lord and Lady Hill to a banquet at the mansion-house—"Lord Hill presents his compliments to the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, and begs to acquaint them that as he has not the good fortune to be married, he cannot have the honor of presenting Lady Hill at the mansion-house on Thursday the 20th inst. Horse Guards, 15th January, 1831."

Waterloo is a well-worn subject, yet always fresh. The following extract from a memorandum by Sir Digby Mackworth, written in the early morning after the action, whilst the rest of the staff were asleep, describes the last charge with more accuracy and reality (notwithstanding a dash of fine writing) than any account we have read. The result of the fire upon the French column is painted more naturally, as working by "wit, not by witchcraft."

"About six o'clock we saw heavy columns of infantry supported by dragoons returning for a fresh attack. It was evident it would be a desperate, and we thought probably a decisive one. Every one felt how much depended on this terrible moment. A black mass of the Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, with music playing and the great Napoleon at their head, came rolling onward from the farm of La Belle Alliance. With rapid pace they descended. Those spaces in our lines which death had opened and left vacant were covered with bodies of cavalry. The point at which

the enemy aimed was now evident; it was an angle formed by a brigade of guards and the light brigade of Lord Hill's corps. Lord Hill was there in person. The French moved on with arms sloped, *au pas de charge*. They began to ascend the hill. In a few seconds they were within a hundred paces of us; and as yet not a shot had been fired. The awful moment was now at hand. A peal of ten thousand thunders burst at once on their devoted heads. The storm swept them down as a whirlwind which rushes over the ripe corn: they paused—their advance ceased—they commenced firing from the heads of their columns, and attempted to extend their front: but death had already caused too much confusion among them—they crowded instinctively behind each other to avoid a fire which was intolerably dreadful. Still they stood firm—'*la garde meurt, et ne se rend pas.*' For half an hour this horrible butchery continued. At last, seeing all their efforts vain, all their courage useless, deserted by their emperor, who was already frown, unsupported by their comrades who were already beaten, the hitherto invincible old guard gave way, and fled in every direction. One spontaneous and almost painfully animated 'Hurrah!' burst from the victorious ranks of England. The line at once advanced, generals, officers, soldiers, all partaking in one common enthusiasm."

THE NIGHT AFTER WATERLOO.

When the tremendous day was over, Lord Hill and his staff again reoccupied the little cottage they left in the morning. His two gallant brothers, Sir Robert Hill and Colonel Clement Hill, had been removed wounded to Brussels: the party was, nevertheless, nine in number. A soup made by Lord Hill's servant from two fowls was all their refreshment, after hours of desperate fighting without a morsel of food. Lord Hill himself was bruised and full of pain. All night long, the groans and shrieks of sufferers were the chief sounds that met their ears. It was to them all a night of the greatest misery. The men whom the nations of Europe were about to welcome with acclamations, and to entertain in palaces, could only exchange sigh for sigh with each other in a wretched cottage.

EXACT TIME.

In reading the various accounts of this battle, it is curious to observe the discrepancies as to the time it commenced. Lord Hill has, however, settled this point. On arriving in London the autumn after the conflict, he passed his first evening at the house of his friend Lord Teignmouth. "Can you tell me," said Lord Teignmouth, "at what time the action commenced?" Lord Hill replied, "I took two watches into action with me. On consulting my stop-watch after the battle was over, I found that the first gun was fired at ten minutes before twelve."

THE fifteenth meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science will be held at Cambridge, commencing on Thursday, 19th June. The time was fixed thus early in order to suit the "Commencement," which brings a large concourse to the university. The great feature of the ensuing session will be a congress of the observers at the different magnetical observatories stationed throughout Europe. Sir John Herschel is the president for the present year.

From the North British Review, [the organ of the Free Church of Scotland.]

Des Sciences Occultes, ou Essai sur la Magie, les Prodiges, et les Miracles. PAR EUSÈBE SALVERTE. Paris, 1839. 2 Vols. 8vo.

THE appearance of a work on the Occult Sciences is almost as great a deviation from the ordinary routine of our literature, as any of the prodigies which it unfolds is from the recognized laws of the material world; and did we not know how little interest is aroused by any volume which bears the proscribed name of science, we should have expressed our surprise that a work so well written, and on a subject so popular and exciting, should have existed for fifteen years without being either translated into our language, or submitted to the processes of criticism or analysis. Had our author been a conjurer who dealt in wonders, he would have gathered round him a numerous and an eager ring; but as a scholar and a philosopher he has attracted few disciples, and in an age oscillating between utilitarianism and frivolity, his genius and learning have failed to command that applause which they so justly deserve.

There are, however, other causes which may account for the indifference with which this work has been received. More familiar with literary than with scientific inquiries, M. Salverte is less successful than he might have been in referring to natural causes the various illusions and prodigies which pass in review before him; and, though we rise from the perusal of his learned and ingenious details with a certain gratification of our curiosity, it is seldom with the conviction that we have obtained a clear and satisfying explanation of the mysteries which they involve. His decisions, indeed, even when he himself confides in them, fail to inspire confidence in the reader; and in discussions of so peculiar a character, where the mind has to pass from the excitement of an apparently supernatural event to the calm repose of a truth in science, we require the prestige of a name to accomplish the transition. Nor is it a defect of a minor kind, or one less injurious to the popularity of the work, that in selecting his materials he has not confined himself to that wide and productive field which constitutes the legitimate domain of the occult philosophy. The records of divine truth are presented to us under the same phase as those of civil history; and the miracles of the Old and New Testament are submitted to as rigorous an analysis as the legends and prodigies of the ancient mythology. This unseemly blending of the sacred with the profane is distasteful even to the less serious inquirer; and the Christian, though he asks no immunity for his creed from the fair scrutiny of human wisdom, would yet desire to throw the veil of faith over its holier events and its deeper mysteries, and protect from an unhallowed paraphrase what transcends reason, and must ever spurn the inquisition of philosophy. M. Salverte was led to study the nature and object of the Occult Sciences as the subject of a chapter in a larger work which he contemplated, on *The History of Civilization from the Earliest Historic Times to the End of the Eighteenth Century*, but his materials accumulated to such a degree that he was induced to give them separately to the world. So early as 1813, the introduction to his principal work appeared at Paris, and in 1817 he published in the *Esprit des*

Journaux for July—a periodical printed at Brussels—the general principles of the work before us, and many of the facts and arguments upon which they rest.*

In tracing the origin and progress of science, we find that the earliest vestiges of knowledge were the cherished possessions of priests and kings; and it was doubtless by their agency that barbarous and untractable communities were first subjected to the restraints and discipline of law. To the ignorant observer of nature everything beyond the range of his daily notice is an object of wonder. The phenomena of the material universe, which have no periodical recurrence, assume the character of supernatural events, and every process in art, and every combination in science, become valuable agents, at first of government and at last of civilization. Thus early did knowledge become power—not what it now is—a physical agent enslaving and controlling the elements for the benefit of man—but a moral sceptre wielded over his crouching mind, acting upon his hopes and his fears, and subjugating him to the will either of a benefactor or a tyrant.

Nor was this sovereignty of a local nature, originating in the ignorance and docility of any particular race, and established by the wisdom and cunning of any individual tyrant. It existed wherever the supremacy of law was established, and was indeed a spurious theocracy, in which the priest and the king appeared as the viceregents of Heaven, displaying as their credentials a series of miracles and prodigies which deceived the senses and overawed the judgment of the vulgar. In this manner did the rod of the conjurer become the sceptre of the king, and the facts and deductions of science his statute-book; and thus did man, the creature of hope and fear, believe, and tremble, and obey.

A system of imposture thus universal in its reception, and having its origin in the strongest principles of our nature, was not likely to suffer any change, either in its form or its character, amid the turbulence of civil broils or the desolations of foreign conquest. Our passion for the marvellous, indeed, and our reliance on supernatural interference, increase with impending danger, and the agitated mind seeks with a keener anxiety to penetrate into the future. Hence is the skill of the sorcerer more eagerly invoked "when coming events are casting their shadows before;" and whether our curiosity be indulged or disappointed, or our fears rebuked or allayed, our faith in the supernatural acquires new intensity by its exercise. Nor were the evils of such a system abated by the advancement of civilization and knowledge. Every discovery in science became a new link in the chain which bound the intellectual slave, and in the moral tariff of antiquity, knowledge was the article of contraband, which, though denied to the people, never failed to find its way into the bonded crypts of the sanctuary. The lights of science were thus placed under a bushel, and skilfully projected from its spectral apertures to dazzle and confound the vulgar.

In this manner did the powers of science and the sanctities of idolatry exercise a long and fatal sway over the nations of the world; and when Christianity had extended itself widely throughout Europe, and had lost the simplicity and purity

* This Memoir is entitled, *Essai sur la Magie, les Prodiges, et les Miracles.*

of its early days, there sprung up from its holiest mysteries a system of imposture hostile to the progress of truth, and not less fatal to the spiritual advancement of man than that which prevailed among heathen nations. Though the instruments of delusion were changed, the system remained the same; truth and fable entered in definite proportions into the legends of the church;—the lying miracles of saints, the incantations of the necromancer, and the presumptuous forgeries of the alchemist, deluded the Christian world for many centuries, and in place of having lost their influence they have been embalmed amid the civilization of modern times. Under this system the spiritual element obtained the ascendancy, and powerful and haughty kings laid their willing necks beneath the feet of the bishop of Rome. But in modern Europe the church has become the slave of the state—the sovereign as its spiritual head has usurped the powers of the Roman pontiff, and in retaliation for the wrong, the humblest depository of episcopal ordination lays claim to a supernatural influence which neither his guilt nor his ignorance can paralyze. The priest of lying oracles, who forged the responses of his God, and the clerical charlatan of the middle ages who pretended to rouse the dead from the recesses of the tomb, were less guilty in their imposture than the educated and unregenerated priest of our own day, who attributes to his unclean hands the renovating influence of the baptismal element, or than the godless bishop who pretends to give the Holy Spirit to some blaspheming and unconverted aspirant.

But it is not among ecclesiastical functions only that this love of the supernatural has arisen with such fearful luxuriance—the pursuits of laymen have been marked with the same extravagances of pretension, and with even a higher demand upon our faith. The Morpheus of the present day, be he the weakest or the wickedest of our race, can distil from his moving fingers the soporific influence, and obtain possession of the mental and corporeal will of his sleeping Alcyone. At his bidding the red current hurries along the stiffened arteries; over the enslaved limbs supervenes the rigor of death; new senses arise; the patient sees where there is no eye, and hears where there is no ear;—nay, he tastes with the palate of his master, moves with his muscles, and thinks with his faculties. Thus have we reproduced the Siamese twins, united, not by a muscular, but by a spiritual ligament. But in this illicit commerce of sensations the magician is subject to an unequal tariff. After he has imparted his tastes and his thoughts to the sleeping partner of the firm, he receives nothing in return; and, so singular is the character of his generosity, that he gives what he does not himself possess, and what he has not even taken from another. The patient discovers the seat and nature of his own diseases, though the sorcerer be no physician; he compounds drugs for their cure, though he be no apothecary; and he predicts future events, though he be no prophet. To these gifts he adds the highest privileges of our suffering nature—an immunity from pain! The executioner might break him on the wheel without the sensation of a strain; and a mesmerized Antonio might give to the Jew his pound of flesh without feeling the inroad upon his skin.

Had such theories stopped here, and occupied merely isolated positions in the intellectual field,

some advantage might have been gained from the antagonism of their errors, and time and reason might have slowly and quietly dialogued them. But they have entered into a fearful covenant, the consequences of which have neither been foreseen by its friends, nor detected by its enemies. The centaur of Phreno-Mesmerism has been its monster offspring, and unless some Theseus, with his Lapithe, shall drive it into exile, *Materialism*, and its kindred heresies, will have a speedy triumph.

Whatever may be the truth of the theory, it is yet consistent with the soul's immateriality, that the mind, acting through material organs, may exercise higher and lower functions in proportion to the form and magnitude of its instruments, and it is equally consistent with the same cardinal truth, that the senses may be quickened, and impeded functions restored during certain states of sleep; but if it be true that the mechanical pressure of a human finger upon an inch of human cuticle, propagated, it may be, through an inch of subjacent bone, and impressed upon an inch of the mental organ—if it be true that such a pressure can excite emotions of piety, and evoke sentiments of devotion, thus summoning into active exercise the noblest functions of the soul, then is that soul but an aggregate of dust—a solid of kneaded clay, which shall die at man's death, and crumble at his decay.

In a country where wonders like these are exhibited to enlightened audiences, and received with faith even by the most sceptical, it may not be uninteresting to take a rapid view of the Occult Sciences of ancient times—to survey the apparently miraculous in nature, and the seemingly supernatural in art—to separate the prodigies which science and ocular evidence have established, from the phantoms which ignorance has created—and to impress upon the young or the unsettled mind the irrefragable truth, that if among the arrangements of the physical world, and under the laws by which Providence directs man's sublunary concerns, there are phenomena and results which transcend our faith and our intelligence, there must be also in the coexisting spiritual world, which is to survive our preparatory state, events and laws which, though they transcend human reason, may yet be established by human testimony, and which, though foolishness to the wise, are yet wisdom to the simple.

After pointing out, in his first chapter, the interest which attaches to the mysteries and magic of the ancients, M. Salverte directs our attention to the motives which give credibility to miraculous recitals. These motives he finds in the number and accordance of the recitals themselves, and in the confidence which we can place in the observers and witnesses, and likewise in the possibility of eliminating what is marvellous by discovering the principal causes which give to a natural fact a supernatural character; and, in the discussion of these topics, instead of exhibiting any sceptical tendency, he evinces an extent of faith which some of our readers may regard as bordering even on the credulous.

"Wherever," says he, "a religious revelation does not overpower the judgment, what motives of credibility can make a judicious mind admit the existence of prodigies or magical works! The doctrine of probabilities will serve for our guide. That a man is deceived by appearances more or less specious, or that he seeks to deceive us if he

has an interest in doing it, is much more probable than the accuracy of a recital which involves in it anything marvellous. But if at different times and in different places several men have seen the same thing or things similar, and if their recitals are numerous and accordant with each other, their improbability diminishes, and may ultimately disappear. Is it credible that, in the year 197 of our era, a shower of quicksilver* fell at Rome in the Forum of Augustus? Dion Cassius did not see it fall, but he saw it immediately after it fell. He collected drops of it, and by rubbing them on a piece of copper, he gave it the appearance of silver, which, he says, it retained three whole days. Notwithstanding his positive testimony, and notwithstanding the tradition reported by Glycas, according to which the same event took place in the reign of Aurelian, this wonder is too strange to be admitted in the present day. Must we therefore absolutely reject it? The impossible, says one, is never probable—surely not; but can we assign the limits of the possible; let us examine—let us doubt—but let us not hasten to deny. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the most distinguished of the French Savans, a few days after they had rejected, with some severity, an account of a shower of aerolites, (meteoric stones,) were compelled not only to acknowledge the existence but the frequent occurrence of this phenomenon. If a prodigy similar to that witnessed by Dion, had been reported at different epochs by different writers, and if it had occurred in our own day, and had been seen by skilful observers, it would no longer have been a fable—an illusion, but a phenomenon which, like the fall of aerolites, would take its place in the annals where science consigns facts which it has found to be certain, without pretending to explain them.

“With what disdain, with what ridicule and contempt would we have spurned any ancient author who informed us ‘that a woman had a breast in her left thigh with which she suckled her own child and several others.’ This phenomenon was actually maintained to be true by the Academy of Sciences at Paris (at the sitting of the 5th June, 1827.) In order to place the fact beyond a doubt, we require only to know the accuracy of the philosopher who observed it, and the strength of the testimonies by which his veracity is confirmed.”—*Tom. i., p. 11-15.*

In support of the sentiment contained in the preceding extract, that we ought to be cautious in denying the prodigies recorded by the ancients, M. Salverte describes a prodigy in our own day, to which he himself bears a secondary testimony, and which, he avers, would have been treated as a fable had it been related by any ancient author.

“On the 27th May, 1819, at four o’clock in the evening, the commune of Grignoncourt, in the arrondissement of Neufchateau, and department of the Vosges, was desolated by an enormous hail. M. Jacoutot, then and at present (1829) Maire of this commune, collected and melted several hailstones, weighing nearly half a kilogramme (upwards of 1 lb. avoid.) He found in the centre of each a transparent stone of the color of coffee, and from 14 to 18 millimètres thick (from 6 to 8 tenths of an inch!) larger than a piece of two francs, flat, round, polished, and perforated in the

centre, with a hole which would admit the little finger. Wherever the hail had fallen there were found, when it had melted, many similar stones hitherto unknown in the commune of Grignoncourt. In a procès-verbal, addressed to the sub-prefect of Neufchateau, M. Jacoutot mentions this extraordinary phenomenon, and on the 26th September he himself gave to two other persons and to myself the above details, which he offered to have attested by all the inhabitants of the commune, and which M. Garnier, Curé of Chatillon sur Saone and Grignoncourt, spontaneously confirmed to me.

“On the banks of the Ognon, a river which runs at the distance of ten or twelve leagues from Grignoncourt, there is seen a great quantity of stones similar to those which have been mentioned, and equally perforated in the middle. Were they also the product of hail charged with aerolites?”—*Tom. ii., p. 14, 15, Note.*

Now, this story of a shower of transparent coffee-colored stones, embosomed in hail, which is given as an example of an undoubted modern prodigy, is defective in that very condition which M. Salverte considers necessary to command our assent. The phenomena was never seen in any other place, and by any other persons, and the enveloped stone was not a substance, like quicksilver, known to have a separate existence. A meteoric stone might be projected from the moon, however unlikely such a supposition is, or might be a fragment of a broken planet, or it might be an aggregate of mineral elements, which we know exist in the atmosphere; but a great quantity of circular perforated discs of a polished and transparent mineral, could only have come from a jeweller’s shop in the moon, consigned to another jeweller in the atmosphere, who set them in ice for the benefit of the Maire of Grignoncourt. If such quantities of so rare and curious a body not only fell in France, but were gathered on the banks of the Ognon, why did not M. Jacoutot show a single specimen to M. Salverte in 1826, and why do we not find specimens in the different museums in the capital cities of Europe? No mineralogist has described the stone—no chemist has analyzed it, and no devotee has worshipped it.

In the preceding extract, M. Salverte has embodied Mr. Hume’s celebrated argument against miracles, which has so long been the mainstay of the sceptic and the infidel; but though he has himself successfully replied to it, yet he has withdrawn from the benefit of his reply those prodigies and miracles which are witnessed by persons whose judgments are influenced by a “religious revelation,” and consequently the miracles of the New Testament. For this exclusion he has assigned no reason whatever, and it becomes necessary to remove any erroneous impression which it may have made upon the reader.

When we balance the probability that human testimony may err, against the probability that the operations of nature will continue in their ordinary course, we assume an uniformity in these operations of which we have no clear proof, and a fallibility in human testimony which does not universally characterize it. But if there be such an uniformity in the course of nature, and a continuity in her laws, the laws which govern our moral being are no less uniform. That man is often deceived, and is himself as often a deceiver, is a truth too general to be questioned; but it is just as probable, that the earth will stand still, and day and night

* Neither Dion nor Glycas call it quicksilver, but the former drops of dew like silver, and the latter drops of silver.

cease, as that a number of simple and intelligent men will concur in giving false witness when their interests and their happiness would be promoted by withholding it. In discussing a question of this kind, we must take the case of a sober and enlightened inquirer, who is called upon to believe a supernatural event upon the testimony of witnesses with whose character he is acquainted. Such an individual, however learned, can have no very overpowering conviction of the uniform course of nature. Whatever be its extent, it must be founded chiefly on his own limited observation. For anything he can understand, the earth, or any other planet, may stand still periodically, to keep its motions in harmony with the rest of the system; and for anything he knows, such an event may have often taken place. Various facts which history records, and events, perhaps within his own knowledge, may concur in giving some degree of probability to the occurrence of such interruptions of the course of nature. The Aurora Borealis, for example, seems to have presented itself to man for the first time within the last 900 years. The masses of meteoric iron in Siberia and in Brazil, must have fallen from the sky since the formation of the soil on which they rest; and in our own day we have seen pestilence tracking its desolating course over the world, and in lines where neither soil nor climate seem to have drawn it, as if it were a catastrophe in which second causes were either inoperative or concealed from our view.

In the records of human evidence, on the contrary, no examples can be found in which concurrent witnesses persisted in a false testimony, which exposed them to insult and persecution, and finally sealed that testimony with their blood. The sober inquirer after truth, therefore, cannot but regard such a species of evidence as an unerring guide, and by appealing to his own mind—which in a case of this kind must be the safest arbiter—he will find that he could not, under such circumstances, persist in a testimony that was false, and will thus arrive at the same truth which he had deduced from history and observation.

With regard to the limitation which M. Salverte has annexed to the admission of miracles, it does not clearly appear whether the "religious revelation" is supposed to influence the testimony of the witnesses, or the mind of the inquirer. If he means the mind of the inquirer, as the phrase of influencing the judgment might lead us to infer, then the limitation is unnecessary, as no person already convinced of the truth of the revelation, and overpowered by its grandeur, would ever think of inquiring farther into its evidence. If he means the testimony of the witnesses, then it is manifest that the ocular evidence of a believing witness, is, in the abstract, equally good with that of a sceptic, and that evidence, too, is corroborated by the consideration, that a witness who is to regulate his conduct by the truths to which he testifies, and on its account to expose himself to obloquy, if not to exile or martyrdom, will exercise, in the examination of it, a double caution.

In his third chapter, M. Salverte proceeds to enumerate and discuss the principal causes which give to a common fact a supernatural character. The simplest of these causes he finds in the illusory appearances of the works of nature themselves, which the imagination of the observer transforms into realities. The river in the valley

of Mount Ida, which every year ran with blood in commemoration of the death of Memnon, who fell in single combat with Achilles, is an example of this species of illusion. This fragment of Grecian fable originated in the more ancient tradition, that the river Adonis, which had its source in Mount Lebanon, was colored annually with the blood of the unfortunate youth who perished by the mortal bite of the wild boar which he pursued. An inhabitant of Byblos observed, that the soil watered by the river, was composed of a red earth, which being dried by the heat, was carried by the wind into the river, and thus communicated to it the color of blood. Among the poetical fictions of Greece, was the transformation into a rock, near the island of Corfu, of the Phœnician vessel which brought back Ulysses into Thrace. Pliny mentions, that a rock in that locality actually had the appearance of a vessel in full sail, and a modern traveller has described this curious resemblance.* In illustration of this class of illusory phenomena, to which the character of the marvellous has been given, M. Salverte refers to those impressions on the surface of rocks, which so frequently resemble the tracks of living beings. The foot of Buddha is imprinted on Adam's rock in Ceylon, and the impress of Gaudma's foot is revered among the Brhmins. Dr. John Davy conjectures that the one is a work of art, and Colonel Sym regards the other as resembling more a hieroglyphic tablet than a natural phenomenon. The Mussulmans exhibit the impression of Mahomet's head on the walls of a grotto near Medina, and the foot of his camel is sunk in a rock in Palestine. Even in the African desert, in the middle of Soudan, a gigantic impression of the foot of Mahomet's camel, is shown to the traveller. Diodorus Siculus informs us that on a rock near Agrigentum, are to be seen the tracks of the cows which were conducted by Hercules. The legends, however, of Catholic superstition have been more productive than any other, of this species of wonder. The Christian devotee has found on Mount Carmel the mark of the foot of Elias. That of Jesus is repeated four times near his tomb in the vicinity of Nazareth. Near the same village, the Catholic reveres the imprint of the knees of the Virgin Mary, and that of the feet and elbows of our Saviour, and he has even discovered the mark of the last step of the Saviour on earth before his ascension into heaven. Even in modern times, an inhabitant of Charente has recognized upon a rock the impress of the foot of Mary Magdalene;† and the prints of human feet, exquisitely natural, both in their form and position, have been found in our own day in the secondary limestone of the Mississippi valley, near St. Louis. In South America, too, similar human foot-prints, supposed by the Catholics to be those of the apostles, have attracted the attention of geologists.

These various statements, with the exception of the two last, have been adduced by M. Salverte as examples of the influence of the imagination, in seeing the likeness of familiar objects in forms accidentally produced, and he does not seem to be aware of the remarkable discoveries of the foot-steps of animals on solid rocks, which now form some of the most interesting data in geological

* *Bibliothèque Universelle, Littérature, tom. ii., p. 116, June, 1816.*

† *Mém. de la Société des Antiquaires de France, tom. vii., p. 42.*

science.* We have no doubt, therefore, that in several of the cases which have been quoted, the impressions were real and not imaginary, or at least as real as the limestone footsteps near St. Louis. M. Schoolcraft, the American geologist, who describes the latter, informs us that it was the opinion of Governor Cass and himself, formed on the spot, "that these impressions were made at a time when the rock was soft enough to receive them by pressure, and that the marks of the feet are natural and genuine;" and an eminent English geologist, writing on this subject, frankly states that he "is persuaded that the prints alluded to were the genuine impressions of human feet made in the limestone when wet. I cannot now go on," he adds, "with the arguments that may be urged in proof of my assertion, but, rely upon it, those prints are certain evidence that man existed at the epoch of the deposition of that limestone, as that birds lived when the new red sandstone was formed."†

The conversion of the natural into the supernatural, is produced, also, according to our author, by the mere exaggeration of the details or duration of a phenomenon, and hence it may be made to resume the aspect of truth, by restoring to it its natural proportions, or if the miracle has been presented to us as something energetic and permanent, by viewing it as feeble and transitory. The diamond, for example, and some other bodies, after imbibing the brilliant light of the sun, continue for some short time to radiate it in the dark; but the eastern fabulists have illuminated palaces, and lighted up the depths of a forest with their emanations. In like manner, the huge herculean *rocckh* of the same writers, is but the exaggerated *Condor* of America; and the monstrous *Kraken* which the northern mariners sometimes mistake, to their ruin, for an island, is probably but an individual of the cetaceous tribe. The ancients believed that there were some animals which produced their young from the mouth; and there is reason to think that this incredible deviation from the laws of Nature had its origin in the fact, affirmed by Mr. Clinton of New York, that the young of the rattlesnake often take refuge in the mouth of their mother, and of course emerge again when the alarm has ceased. The lake of Avernus, according to ancient authors, exhaled such pestilential vapors, that the birds which flew across it were suffocated in their passage, and long after Augustus had removed its insalubrity by cutting down the adjacent forests, the lake was considered as one of the entrances to the abodes of the dead. The story is doubtless true, and errs only in the duration ascribed to the phenomenon, and in the inference deduced from it. "The marshes of Carolina," says M. Bosc, "are so insalubrious in certain places, surrounded with extensive woods, and during the great heat of the day, that birds, which are not aquatic, are struck dead while passing over it."

A third source of the marvellous presents itself in the use of improper expressions, ambiguous in their nature, and either ill understood or ill translated. In the 2d book of Kings, for example, (chap. vi., v. 25,) we are told that there was a great famine in Samaria, and that it was besieged till the fourth part of a cab of *dove's dung* was sold for five pieces of silver! Now it has been

proved by Bochart, that this name was formerly given, and is now given by the Arabs to a species of peas, vetches, or parched pulse, resembling the dung of the pigeon. It is now a cheap and favorite food in the east, and is generally used when fried, as provisions for a journey. Great magazines of it are collected at Grand Cairo and Damascus. Midas, king of Phrygia, and other ancient princes, are said to have died after drinking the *blood of the bull*, and the death of Themistocles has been ascribed to the same cause, although that blood was never supposed to possess any deleterious property. In eastern temples, however, and also in some of the temples of Greece, the priests possessed the secret of compounding a beverage which had the property of producing sudden death without pain, and to this drink, which had a red color, the name of *bull's blood* seems to have been given.

Using the same metaphorical language, the Swiss have given to a particular kind of red wine the name of the *blood of the Swiss*; and M. Salverte thinks it not unlikely that this virtuous race may, in some future day, be represented as cannibals, when they find it recorded by some of their own historians, that ample libations of this ruddy wine had been quaffed at some of their civic feasts. Ktesias places in India a fountain which is annually filled with liquid gold. "It is emptied," he adds, "every year with an hundred earthen pitchers, which are broken, when the gold is indurated at the bottom, and in each of them is found gold of the value of a talent." This statement of Ktesias is ridiculed by Larcher, the translator of Herodotus, who dwells emphatically on the disproportion of the produce to the capacity of the fountain, which could not contain less than a cubic toise of the liquid. The recital of the historian, however, as M. Salverte justly remarks, is defective only in using the phrase, *liquid gold*, in place of *gold suspended in water*. The individual particles of the metal are not visible in the liquid medium, and it is only by the evaporation of the water, and the gradual subsidence of the heavy particles, that they are precipitated on the bottom and sides of the vessels which contain them.

The other sources of the marvellous assigned by our author, are the use of figurative expressions, and a poetical style—erroneous explanations of emblematical representations—and the adoption of apologues and allegories as real facts. In illustrating these different topics, M. Salverte makes frequent reference to the Old Testament as a record of ancient history, and though we cannot suppose that our readers would derive either pleasure or instruction, by the perusal of this part of the work, or from any brief analysis of it, yet we would recommend it to the notice of the biblical critic, who might draw from it some useful hints both for the exposition and defence of the Scriptures.

From the class of wonders which have their origin in enthusiasm, ignorance, and credulity, M. Salverte passes to the consideration of "real but rare phenomena, which have been extensively received as prodigies due to the intervention of Divine Power." Although our author has scarcely touched upon the subject, the most magical and at the same time the most inexplicable of those phenomena, are the showers of stones which have at different times, and in various places, fallen from the atmosphere. Many examples of these phenomena occurred long before the Christian era,

* See this *Journal*, No. I., p. 30.

† *American Journal of Science*, June, 1838, Vol. xxxiii., p. 268.

and when such phenomena were associated in point of time with political or even with domestic events, they could not fail to be regarded as of a supernatural character, and as indicating the immediate agency of the Almighty. Notwithstanding the distinct accounts that have been handed down to us of the fall of stones, metals, dust and rain of various kinds and colors, they were invariably discredited; and till within the last fifty years, or till the year 1803, when more than 3000 fell at Aigle, some of which weighed seventeen pounds, they excited little notice in the scientific world. The analysis of these stones, which proved them to be different from any other stones which had been found on the surface or in the bowels of the earth, opened the eyes of philosophers; and the subject of aerolites, as they were called, became one of the most interesting departments of modern science. The writings of the ancients were eagerly ransacked, and in these as well as in the records of the early and middle ages of the Christian era, numerous well authenticated examples of this phenomenon were found. In 1478, A. C., a thunder stone fell in Crete. In 1168 a mass of iron fell upon Mount Ida, and the Ancyli or sacred shield, which fell in the reign of Numa, and which had nearly the same shape as meteoric stones which in our own times fell at the Cape and at Agra, has been universally regarded as an aerolite. A large stone, the size of a cart, fell at *Ægopotamos* in A. C. 466, and was publicly exhibited in the time of Plutarch. So frequently, indeed, has this phenomenon occurred, that not a century has elapsed since the birth of Christ, without many examples of it having been recorded. It is singular, however, that so few accidents have attended the descent of aerolites. In 1790, when a shower of stones fell near Roquefort, in the vicinity of Bordeaux, one of them, which was fifteen inches in diameter, forced itself through the roof of a hut, and killed a herdsman and a bullock; and in July, 1810, a huge stone fell at Shahabad in India, which burned five villages, and several men and women.

Other substances, and those sometimes of a very singular character, have been thrown down from our atmosphere. Procopius, and other ancient writers, mention a heavy shower of black dust which fell at Constantinople about the year 472. Showers of red dust, and of matter like coagulated blood, have fallen at various times, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanying meteors, and sometimes along with aerolites. Showers of what has been called by some blood, and by others red rain, have been often recorded, and that so recently as 1803; showers of red snow occurred in various parts of Italy, the coloring matter consisting of silex, alumina, and oxide of iron. The most remarkable of these was the snow of a *rose color*, which fell to the depth of five feet ten inches over the whole surface of Carnia, Cadore, Belluna and Feltri. Snow and hail of a red color, with much red dust and red rain, fell over all Tuscany on the 13th and 14th March, 1813, and a brick-red snow fell on Tonal and other mountains in Italy, on the 15th April, 1816.

Among the prodigies of ancient times, there are none more remarkable than what were considered as *showers of pieces of flesh*. That such substances were found on the surface of the earth, and were, therefore, from their singularity, supposed to have fallen from heaven, there can be little doubt. On the surface of the thermal waters of Baden, and

also on those of Ischia, there has been found a substance called *zoogene*, which resembles the human flesh covered with its skin, and which, when distilled, furnishes the same products as animal matter. M. Gimbernat, who has given an account of it in the *Journal de Pharmacie* for April, 1831, has found rocks covered with it near the chateau of Lepomena, and in the valleys of Sinigaglia and Negropont.

But the meteoric wonders of the ancients, in which the color of blood was imparted to streams of water and showers of rain, have a close parallel in a phenomenon in natural history which has been observed in our own day, and which M. Salverte has mentioned only in a few lines. This phenomenon occurred in the spring of 1825, when the lake of Morat in Switzerland was dyed, as it were, with a red substance, which "colored it in a manner so extraordinary, that all the inhabitants on the banks of the river which issues from it were struck with astonishment." The phenomenon continued from November till April and even May. Early in the day nothing remarkable is noticed in the lake, but afterwards red lines, long, regular, and parallel, are observed along the margin of the lake, and at a little distance from its banks. The substance of these red streaks is pushed by the wind into the small bays, and heaped round the reeds, where it covers the surface of the lake with a fine reddish foam, forming colored streaks, from a greenish black to the most beautiful red. A putrid smell is exhaled during the night from this stagnant mass, and it afterwards disappears, to reappear, in a similar manner, in the following day. The perch and the pike, and other fish in the lake, were tinged red, as if they had been fed with madder; and several small fish, which came to the surface to breathe and to catch flies, died with convulsions in passing through this red matter. The curious phenomenon which we have now described, has been found by M. Decandolle to be enormous quantities of a new animal, which has received the name of *oscillatoria rubescens*, and which seems to be the same with what Haller has described as a *purple conferva* swimming in water. Although this phenomenon did not attract the notice of philosophers till 1825, it is said to happen every spring, and the fishermen announce the fact by saying that the lake is in flower.* M. Ehrenberg, while navigating the Red Sea, observed that the color of its waters was owing to a similar cause.†

In the natural history of our own species, M. Salverte finds many examples of the marvellous, which, though discredited by the sceptical, have been confirmed by modern authors. Some of the more ancient Greek writers, such as Trigoons and Aristæus, speak of pigmies two and a half feet high, of a people who have their eyes in their shoulders—of anthropophagi existing among the Northern Scythians—and of a country named *Albania*, where men are born with white hair, who can scarcely see during the day, but whose vision is perfect at night. Although Aulus Gellius has treated these relations as incredible, yet M. Salverte is of opinion that they are true, that the Laplanders and the Samoiedeans are the types of the two first races, and the *Albinos* of the third. Ktesias places the pigmies in the middle of Asia,

* *Les Mémoires de la Société de Physique et d'Hist. Nat. de Genève*. Tom. iii., part 2; and *Edinburg Journal of Science*, April, 1827. Vol. vi., p. 307.

† *La Revue Encyclopédique*. Tom. xxiii., p. 732.

and these are considered by Salverte to be similar to the *Ainos* of the Kurile Islands, who are only four feet high, and covered with long hair. Our own countryman, Mr. Horner, saw in Boutan an individual of a very diminutive race. "Some ancient authors," says M. Salverte, "have placed the pigmies in Africa.* A French traveller, M. Mollien, found in the Ten da-Maïé, on the banks of the Rio-grandé, a race which, he says, are remarkable for the smallness of their size, and the weakness of their limbs."† Sir Walter Raleigh and Keymis, were informed by the natives of Guiana, that there existed on the American continent a race of men who had their eyes in their shoulders and their mouth in their breast; or, as the French translator of Raleigh's account of Guiana puts it—who had very short necks and very high shoulders. M. Salverte has said nothing of the Patagonians, but we have heard on the authority of a recent traveller, that their apparent size arises from the great height of their shoulders; and if any of our tall male readers will draw himself up so that his head sinks through the room on tiptoe he will not fall short of the Patagonian giants.

M. Salverte has entertained his readers at some length with an account of a few of those monstrous births, which have been so ably classified and described as a branch of natural history by M. Geoffroy de St. Hilaire; but as we do not ourselves take any interest in this department of the marvellous, we shall presume that our readers have the same disrelish for it. The Siamese twins, who have been exhibited in our own times, and in our own country, and who formed the most elegant and interesting specimen of this kind of prodigy, have not even been noticed by our author. Were we to give the wonders of physiology a place among the occult sciences, we should occupy the rest of our space with the most marvellous details. There would pass in review before us:—youths with horns, and men with horny stumps; spotted and piebald negroes, and men who change the color of their skin; boys who recover their speech in a dream, and girls who preach in their sleep; men who lived eighteen years on water, and women fifty years on whey, and others without any drink at all; persons who survived six days without food under snow, and seven days in coal-pits; ladies who talk without tongues, execute difficult pieces of music in their sleep, and who lose and regain their musical ear; Englishmen who live on opium, and Mahomedans who eat corrosive sublimate; soldiers that are slain by the wind of a ball, and sailors who swallow buttons and clasp-knives;

* Aristotle places them among the marshes near the sources of the Nile. Herodotus assigns the same locality to his Troglodytes, and the correctness of this assertion is confirmed by Major, now Sir William Cornwallis Harris, who learned when in Shoa, that a pigmy race, called the Doko, inhabited the extensive wilderness which bounds Caffa on the south. They do not much exceed four feet in height. Both sexes go naked; the men have no beard. They live on roots and ants, which they dig with their unpaired nails. They are ignorant of fire, and have no king, no laws, no arts, no arms; and but a "glimmering idea of a Supreme Being." They are annually hunted by the slave dealers around them, and when surrounded in the bamboo forests, a thousand of the Doko will often surrender to a hundred of their enemies. See Harris' *Highlands of Ethiopia*. Vol. iii., p. 63-67.

† *Voyage dans l'intérieur d'Afrique*. Paris, 1820. Tom. ii., p. 110.

and we should bring up the rear with a heterogeneous array of tiny children that go into pint jugs, and gigantic ones that would fill a barrel; of fat men, and men with but skin and bone; and of giants and dwarfs, terminating with General Tom Thumb. We must leave these subjects, however, in the hands of the physiological conjurer, and restrict ourselves to the more inviting topics of natural magic.

The name *Magic* was given by the Greeks to that science in which they had been instructed by the Magi. In Egypt and in all the countries of the East, it prevailed from the earliest times, and wherever it did prevail, the belief in it was sincere and universal. The power of controlling the laws of nature was believed to reside both in good and evil spirits, and it was never supposed that the exercise of this power by human agency was any encroachment upon what was foreordained, or any interference with the regular and harmonious government of the universe. Every rival sect, however hostile to each other, admitted the power of their respective magicians, and the truth of their miracles; and, though a master spirit either of good or of evil exercised dominion over the rival necromancers, yet a higher power directed the depositaries of supernatural influence, and limited it to its proper bearing upon human affairs. When we see opposing principles come into competition, the inferiority of the evil principle becomes apparent. Zoroaster, who was supposed to be the inventor of magic, did not scruple to contend with the sorcerers of his day; and the superiority of his science, supposed to be the inspiration of the principle of good, never failed to triumph over the ignorance of his antagonists, as the depositaries of an evil influence. Even in the records of Divine Truth, we find the Egyptian magicians contending with the prophet of the true God. Confiding in the wisdom of his sorcerers, Pharaoh sat in judgment over the rival enchantments; but though he at first gloried in the successful miracles of his priests, he at last acknowledged their inferiority to Moses;—and even the magicians themselves, when they saw the genuine display of Divine power, voluntarily cried out that the finger of God was there.

But it was not often that the incantations of human skill, whether wholly acquired by the magician, or communicated to him by some higher power, were brought into collision with the marvellous influence which was given to the prophets. A continued struggle prevailed among the magicians themselves, and he who was the surest prophet, and the most expert wonder-worker, was regarded as the friend and favorite of the gods. The abettors of different religions, and the priests who presided over the temples of rival gods, were thus led to call to their aid all the knowledge, both theoretical and practical, which science could lend them; and thus did the heathen temple become at once the sanctuary of worship and the seat of knowledge.

According to an ancient author, the magic of the Chaldeans consisted of three parts. The *first* part embodied the knowledge of plants, animals, and metals; the *second* indicated the season of the year, and the state of the atmosphere, when marvellous works could be most readily produced; and the *third* was occupied with the details of gestures and cabalistic words, and other mummeries, which were held to be the necessary accompaniments of the magical art. This system of truth

and falsehood combined, varied from age to age, and assumed new forms suited to the character and superstition of the people over whom it was to be wielded. The common arts of life, which were in early times included among its mysteries, gradually diffused themselves among the uninitiated; the truths of science disappeared, while the processes and methods which sprung from them continued in practice; and the tricks of the charlatan, and the deceptions of the juggler became at last the staple commodities of the magician.

After a learned, but not very interesting, discussion of various questions connected with the history and degradation of the ancient mysteries, M. Salverte proceeds in his tenth chapter to enumerate the wonders which the practice of the occult sciences enabled the magician to exhibit, and he gives the following poetical account of the initiation of a youthful aspirant into the awful mysteries of his profession:—

“At first immovable, and, as it were, chained in the midst of darkness as deep as that of the infernal regions, if vivid lightnings pierce the gloom which surrounds him, it is only to display its horrors. By means of their terrific gleams, he sees, and yet cannot discover the monstrous figures and spectres which rise before him. Serpents hiss beside him; wild beasts howl; rocks tumble with a crash, and the echo repeats and prolongs in the distance these alarming sounds. An interval of calm succeeds; and such still is his emotion, that the slightest noise, and the most agreeable sound causes him to start. The scene suddenly brightens, and he sees it changing around him its aspect and its movements; the earth trembles under his feet, sometimes rising as a mountain, and sometimes sinking, as it were, into a deep gulf. He is suddenly lifted up, or quickly carried away, without knowing the impelling power which he obeys. The paintings and statues around him seem endowed with life. The bust of bronze sheds its tears. The colossal figures move and walk, and the statues give forth a harmonious melody. He advances, and centaurs, harpies, gorgons, and hydras with their hundred heads, surround and threaten him, while ghastly forms without bodies, make sport either of his fears or of his courage. Phantoms, having the perfect resemblance of men whom the grave has long concealed—men whom he admired or loved, flit before his eyes, and mock, without ceasing, the embraces which they seem to desire. The thunder growls, the lightnings flash, the waters kindle and roll in torrents of fire. A substance, dry and solid, ferments, melts, and transforms itself into waves of foaming blood! Here the condemned try in vain to fill a shallow urn, but the liquid which they unceasingly pour out, never rises above its level. There the friends of the divinity prove their right to their title by braving boiling water, red-hot iron, melted brass, and burning piles. They make the wildest and most ferocious animals obey them; they give the command, and enormous serpents crawl at their feet; they seize the asp and the viper, and they tear them in pieces, while the reptiles dare not retaliate by their bite. The aspirant now hears the near sound of a human voice. It calls him; he replies to its questions; it issues its orders to him; it pronounces its oracles, and yet everything around him is inanimate, and the nearer he approaches the place whence the words seem to issue, the less he per-

ceives the cause which produces them—the voice by which they reach his ear. At the bottom of a narrow vault, inaccessible to day, a light, as brilliant as that of the sun, suddenly breaks forth, and reveals to him, even in the distance, enchanted gardens, and a palace whose splendor and magnificence mark it as the abode of the immortal gods. There the gods themselves appear to him, and by the most august signs reveal to him their presence. His eye sees them, his ear hears them. His reason disturbed—his mind distracted—his thoughts absorbed by the many marvels, abandon him; and dazzled with the sight, and beside himself—he adores the glorious indications of superhuman power, and the immediate presence of the divinity.”—Tom. i., pp. 268–272.

When the aspirant has thus witnessed many of the most striking wonders, and has shown himself worthy of a place in the priesthood, he is initiated into secrets still more profound, and instructed in processes still more mysterious and sublime. These new powers over man and the elements, are thus eloquently expressed by our author, as if he were himself announcing them to the initiated aspirant:—

“Servant of a God, now beneficent and now avenging, but ever omnipotent—man and the elements shall obey thee. Thou shalt astonish the multitudes by thine abstinence from food; and thou shalt penetrate them with gratitude for rendering salubrious the unwholesome beverage, which an excess of thirst has forced them to accept. Thou shalt unsettle the spirits of men: thou shalt plunge them into animal stupidity, or into ferocious rage, or thou shalt make them forget their griefs; thou shalt rouse even to fanaticism their boldness and their docility; thou shalt fulfil in vision their most ardent desires; and, master of their imaginations, thou shalt often, without any material agent, act upon their senses, and rule over their will. The arbiter of their differences, thou shalt have no occasion, like themselves, to examine witnesses and to balance testimonies—a simple proof will suffice to distinguish the innocent and truth-speaking witness from the guilty person and the perjurer, struck down before thee by a painful and inevitable death. In their maladies, men shall implore thine aid, and at thy voice assistance from above shall heal their diseases. Thou shalt even rescue from death the prey which he has already seized. Woe be to him who shall offend thee. Thou shalt strike the guilty with blindness, with leprosy, and with death; thou shalt prohibit the earth from yielding its fruits; thou shalt poison the air which they breathe; the air, the vapors shall furnish thee with weapons against thine enemies. The most terrible of the elements, fire, shall become thy slave. It shall issue spontaneously at thy command; it shall dazzle the sight of the most incredulous, and water shall not be able to extinguish it. It shall burst forth terrible like thunder against thy victims, and tearing up the bosom of the earth, it shall force it to engulf them, and shall give them up to it to be devoured. The heavens even shall recognize thy power; thou shalt predict, either to gratify or alarm, the changes in the atmosphere, or the convulsions of the earth. Thou shalt turn aside the lightning; thou shalt make sport of its fires; and trembling man shall believe that thou hast the power of bringing it down upon his head.”—Tom. i., p. 272–274.

Such are the powers with which magic has

invested it votaries, and such the influence which it has in every age exercised over ignorance and superstition. To us, however, whom science has enlightened, and over whom a spurious faith has wielded none of its blighting energies, the illusions and deceptions so powerfully emblazoned in the preceding extracts, will appear but as the results of mechanical dexterity and scientific skill, or as the effects of soporific potions which drown the senses without deadening them—of chemical embrocations which protect the skin, or of pungent odors and penetrating liniments which disturb the senses, or act with energy upon the nerves.

In proceeding to show how all these effects have been produced, our author does not pretend to find in the writings of the ancients, positive indications of that scientific knowledge which a satisfactory explanation of them requires; but he believes that the ancients had the means of performing the wonders which they professed to perform, and he therefore supposes that the knowledge which was thus required has gradually disappeared during its transition through the temple worship and the secret societies to which it had been communicated.

In the display of wonders which were exhibited to the sacerdotal aspirant, the motion of the ground on which he stood, and his rapid transference from one scene of the drama to another, were obviously the principal parts of the performance, without which all the rest would have been insufficient; and hence an ingenious and concealed system of mechanical locomotion was required. That such machines actually existed, may be inferred, as M. Salverte has shown, from various passages in ancient authors. Casiodorus defines mechanics as "the science of constructing marvellous machines, the effect of which is to reverse the entire order of nature." Livy informs us, that in the disgraceful mysteries which were denounced by the Roman magistrates in the year 186 before Christ, those who refused to take a part in them were tied to machines, and were said to be hurried off by the gods into secret caves.* The persons who descended into the cave of Trophonius to consult the oracles, were placed at the entrance, which was too narrow to admit a man of the middle size. When his knees were introduced, he felt himself dragged inwards with great rapidity, and in addition to this mechanism, there was another which suddenly enlarged the width of the entrance. When the Indian magi conducted Apollonius into their temples amid a sacred procession, and the chanting of hymns, the earth, which they struck, keeping time, with their batons, moved like an agitated sea, and raised them to the height of two steps, and then replaced them on their former level. That such machinery actually existed, may be inferred also from the present state of some of the ancient temples, where grooves and apertures, and other indications of mechanism are still to be seen.

Ingenious, however, as these pieces of scenic mechanism must have been, they sink into insignificance when compared with the machinery of the present day, contemplated either in the vastness of its power, or in the ingenuity and delicacy of its applications: The mighty steam engine—

whether we view it in its individual grandeur or in its universal dominion over all inferior machinery—must ever be the great autocrat of the mechanical world. How wide are its provinces—how extensive its fields of enterprise—how numerous its subjects, and how diversified their aims! Over the ocean and the estuary, across the inland sea and the mountain lake, along the sinuous river and the placid stream, it passes in majestic sweep like the vapor-tailed comet athwart the planetary domains, dispensing blessings in its course, and gifts yet unrecognized by the recipients of its bounty. The merchant and the traveller, the naturalist and the voluntary exile, the philanthropist and the ambassador of heaven, are borne with speed and safety to the scenes of their respective labors. Man meets man, interchanging the works of their hands or the produce of the soil. Antipodes, who have hitherto been planted with foot opposite to foot, now stand in parallel intercourse and craniological proximity. The white man and the black, the serf and the freeman, the liberated slave and his repentant master, commune on each other's sufferings and aspirations, and prepare for that reign of peace which is gradually evolving from the mysterious cloud that now overhangs the nations. Nor are its labors less marvellous and less beneficent within the more limited range of our daily interests and observation. Here it stands at the mine head disembowelling the earth of its treasures—there delivering it from its superfluous waters or depriving it of its deleterious or explosive atmosphere. Here it has its fixed abode in the factory, giving life and motion to the various combinations of art which prepare for our use the necessaries and luxuries of life—there it takes its locomotive flight along our pathways of iron, shortening time and space, and uniting in one brotherhood the most distant and dissevered members of the commonwealth. Wherever, indeed, its throne is reared it exercises a beneficent sovereignty, feeding and clothing man—subjugating the material world to his use, and summoning all his intellectual powers to make new demands upon its liberality, and draw new prizes from its treasure house.

In the budget of wonders which the ancient priests opened to the astounded neophytes, the phenomena of sound performed an effective part. The roars of thunder were supposed to precede the approach of the gods, or to accompany the responses of their oracles. Pliny tells us that the labyrinths of Egypt contained several palaces so constructed that when the doors were opened the loudest peals of thunder were reverberated from its walls. The sweet sounds which at another time ravished the ears of the aspirant, issued from metallic rods or other acoustic instruments placed behind the wainscot of the temple, and, in Salverte's opinion, the sounds of human voices were produced by hydraulic organs, which were well known to the ancients. In the treatise on rivers and mountains, ascribed to Pausanias, we are told that a marvellous stone was placed as a sentinel at the entrance to a treasury, and that robbers were scared away by the trumpet accent which it sent forth. Mineralogy presents us with several stones which have the property of resonance, and it is probable that a stone of this description was so-suspended as to be struck by a metallic projection. when the external door of the treasury was opened. Strong boxes, or safes as they are called, have been made in modern times which,

* *Raptos a diis homines dici, quos machinis illigatos ex conspectu in abditos specus abripiant eos esse, qui sunt conjurare, aut sociari facinoribus noluerint.*—Tit. Liv. Lib. xxxiv., cap. 13.

emitted sounds to alarm their owners when broken into surreptitiously;* and we have seen similar boxes which, when opened by a false key, throw out a battery of cannon and shoot the intruder. The clinkstone indicates by its very name its sonorous qualities. The red granite of the Thebaid in Egypt possesses similar properties, and so musical are the granitic rocks on the banks of the Orinoco that their sounds are ascribed to witchcraft by the natives, while the stones themselves are called by the missionaries *lozas de musica*. Our countryman, Mr. Mawe, informs us that there are large blocks of basalt in Brasil which emit very clear sounds when struck, and hence this property of particular stones has induced the Chinese to employ them in the fabrication of musical instruments. Within the last few years, indeed, an artisan in Keswick has exhibited in many parts of the island a piano entirely composed of slabs of rock, upon which difficult pieces of music are performed.

Among the acoustic wonders of the ancients were the magical effects produced by ventriloquism. Children were made to speak at the moment of their birth, and statues, animals, and trees appropriated the words which issued from the closed lips of the ventriloquist. The apparatus called the *Invisible Girl*—an invention of modern times, in which questions are received and answered by the mouth of a suspended trumpet, belongs to the same class of deceptions. The *speaking heads* of the ancients contained the termination of tubes which communicated with living orators concealed either behind them or at a distance. The speaking head of Orpheus, of such celebrity among the Greeks and Persians, uttered in this manner its oracular responses at Lesbos. The head of the Sage Mimer, which the Scandinavian magician Odin encased in gold, gave forth its responses with all the authority of a divine revelation. Pope Gerbert constructed a speaking head of brass about A. D. 1000; and Albertus Magnus completed another which not only moved but spoke. Lucian informs us that the statue of Esculapius was made to speak by the transmission of a voice from behind, through the gullet of a crane to the mouth of the figure. An examination of the statues found at Alexandria, indicated the same process; and when the wooden head spoke through a speaking trumpet at the court of Charles II., a popish priest, to whose tongue it owed its efficacy, was found concealed in the adjoining apartment.

Our limits will not permit us to do more than mention the vocal powers of the granite statue of Memnon in Egypt. Sir A. Smith, an English traveller, distinctly heard the sounds issuing from it in the morning; and while others ascribe them to the same cause as the sounds in granite rocks, M. Salverte regards them as wholly artificial, and the work of Egyptian priestcraft; and he contrives a complicated apparatus of lenses, levers, and hammers, by which he supposes that the rays of the sun, as the prime mover, produce the marvellous sounds. Akenside, in his *Pleasures of the Imagination*, has also alluded to a mechanism of strings put in motion by the solar beams.

For as old Memnon's image long renowned
By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch

* M. Salverte states that Louis XV. possessed one of these, and that Napoleon was offered one at Vienna in 1809.

Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Concealing, sounded through the warbling air
Unbidden strains. Book i., p. 109.

But the most celebrated of all the acoustic wonders which the natural world presents to us is the *Jebel Narkous*, or the "Mountain of the Bell," a low sandy hill in the Peninsula of Mount Sinai, in Arabia Petrea, which gives out sounds varying from that of a humming top to thunder, while the sand, either from natural or artificial causes, descends its sloping flanks. It has been described in our own times by M. Seetzen, a German traveller, and also by Mr. Gray of University College, Oxford; but as their descriptions have been already published in different English works* we shall not again refer to them. A more recent traveller, Lieut. Wellstedt† of the Indian navy, who, while surveying a portion of the Red Sea in 1830, visited this celebrated mountain, and with whom we have had an opportunity of conversing upon the subject, has given the following description of its acoustic properties:—

"Jebel Narkous forms one of a ridge of low calcareous hills at a distance of three and a half miles from the beach, to which a sandy plain, extending with a gentle rise to their base, connects them. Its height, about four hundred feet, as well as the material of which it is composed, a light-colored friable sandstone, is about the same as the rest of the chain; but an inclined plain of almost impalpable sand rises at an angle of 40° with the horizon, and is bounded by a semi-circle of rocks, presenting broken, abrupt, and pinnacled forms, and extending to the base of this remarkable hill. Although their shape and arrangement in some respects may be said to resemble a whispering gallery, yet I determined by experiment that their irregular surface renders them but ill adapted to the production of an echo. Seated on a rock at the base of the sloping eminence, I directed one of the Bedowins to ascend, and it was not till he had reached some distance that I perceived the sand in motion rolling down the hill to the depth of a foot. It did not, however, descend in one continued stream, but as the Arab scrambled upwards it spread out laterally, and upwards, until a considerable portion of the surface was in motion. At their commencement the sounds might be compared to the faint strains of an Eolian harp when its strings first catch the breeze; as the sand became more violently agitated by the increased velocity of the descent, the noise more nearly resembled that produced by drawing the moistened fingers over glass. As it reached the base the reverberations attained the loudness of distant thunder, causing the rock on which we were seated to vibrate; and our camels, animals not easily frightened, became so alarmed that it was with difficulty their drivers could restrain them." —Vol. ii., p. 23.

In continuing his observations, Lieutenant Wellstedt remarked that the noise did not issue alike from every part of the hill. The loudest was produced by disturbing the sand on the north side, about twenty feet from the base, and about ten from the rocks which bound it in that direction. The sounds fell quicker on the ear at one time,

* Brewster's *Letters on Natural Magic*, Letter ix.; and the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, No. xi., p. 53, and No. xiii., p. 51.

† *Travels in Arabia*. Vol. ii., chap. 2, p. 23-26. London, 1833.

and were prolonged at another, apparently depending on the velocity with which the Bedowin descended. The sounds are said to have an inconceivably melancholy effect, and the tradition given by Burckhardt that the bells of the convent were heard here, was often repeated by the Arabs to Lieutenant Wellstedt.

Our author visited the Jebel Narkous on two other occasions. The first time the sounds were barely audible, and rain having fallen before his second visit, the surface of the sand was so consolidated by the moisture that they could not be produced at all. Hence Lieutenant Wellstedt ascribed the gratification of his curiosity at his third visit to the perfect dryness of the sand, and consequently to the larger quantities that rolled down the slope. The same sounds, he found, were produced when the wind was sufficiently high to set the sand in motion. He does not venture to explain this phenomenon; but he rejects without hesitation the generally received opinion, that the effects are originated by this sand falling into cavities, "because sounds thus produced would be dull, and wholly deficient in the vibrations he has noticed."

Sir John Herschel has pronounced the phenomenon of El Narkous, as described by Seezen and Gray, to be a very surprising one, and to him "utterly inexplicable," and we should doubtless have found ourselves in the same dilemma had we not perused the narrative of Lieutenant Wellstedt, and become acquainted with an analogous phenomenon recently observed in our own country by Mr. Hugh Miller.

This able geologist and accurate observer, when visiting, in the course of last summer, the interesting island of Eigg, in the Hebrides, observed that a musical sound was produced while he walked over the white dry sand which forms the sea beach of the island. At each step the sand was driven from his foot-print, and the noise was simultaneous with the scattering of the sand. We have here, therefore, the phenomenon in its simple state, disembarassed from reflecting rocks, from a hard bed beneath, and from cracks and cavities that might be supposed to admit the sand, and indicating as its cause either the accumulated vibrations of the air when struck by the driven sand, or the accumulated sounds occasioned by the mutual impact of the particles of sand against each other. If a musket ball passing through the air emits a whistling note, each individual particle of sand must do the same, however faint be the note which it yields, and the accumulation of these infinitesimal vibrations must constitute an audible sound, varying with the number and velocity of the moving particles. In like manner, if two plates of silex or quartz, which are but large crystals of sand, give out a musical sound when mutually struck, the impact or collision of two minute crystals or particles of sand must do the same, in however inferior a degree, and the union of all these sounds, though singly imperceptible, may constitute the musical notes of the Bell Mountain or the lesser sounds of the trodden sea-beach of Eigg.

The thirteenth chapter of the work before us is devoted to the discussion of those prodigies which are supposed to have been produced by optical combinations. This class of wonders is perhaps the most interesting of any of those which have a purely scientific origin. As the science of optics deals especially with images either of animate or inanimate objects which can be diminished or enlarged, multiplied or inverted, thrown upon

smoke, into the air, or upon the ground, or upon the walls or ceiling of an apartment, it is obvious that the magician may apply these resources in effecting the most extraordinary exhibitions. It is to the eye, rendered sensitive or faithless by fear, or even when in the full possession of its powers of scrutiny and detection, that the spectres and apparitions which form the staple of the supernatural, invariably present themselves. The illusions of the ear we may question; and even those of the taste, the touch, and the smell, may be liable to suspicion; but we never doubt the existence of what stands fully before us, whether it appeals to our individual observation, or to the concurring senses of our associates.

It is universally admitted that the ancients used mirrors of silver, steel, and of speculum metal, composed of copper and tin. It appears from a passage in Pliny, that mirrors of glass were manufactured at Sidon, though we have no reason to believe that they possessed the art of increasing the reflective power of their posterior surface; and therefore they could be used only when a very faint image was required, or when the person or object was highly illuminated. Aulus Gellius has mentioned another kind of mirror which, though it gave distinct images in one place, lost its power of reflection, or rather of forming images, when carried to another place (*aliorum translatum*.) M. Salverte regards this property as either the result of slight of hand, or of "something analogous to the phenomena of polarized light, which ceases to be reflected when it falls at a certain angle upon a reflecting body." The last of these suppositions is clearly inadmissible, and without having recourse to the magician's wand, we may deprive any mirror of its reflective power, by merely breathing upon it, or conveying to it a film of vapor which will disappear quickly or slowly, according to the temperature of the mirror, or the dryness of the atmosphere in which it is placed.

With mirrors and specula for his utensils, the magician is prepared for the most supernatural exhibitions. The ancients had particular places (*Nekyomantion*) specially consecrated to the raising of the dead, and the apparition of their images or shades. These were images either formed on the wall, or any white ground, and were generally dumb representations, unless when the ventriloquist added his science to perfect the illusion. Sometimes they were formed on the wreaths or clouds of smoke which rose from the burning incense. The objects from which these optical pictures were obtained, were either painted likenesses, or busts, or they might be living persons themselves, dressed and painted so as to resemble the god or the hero who was to be summoned from his retreat. In one of these magical abodes, Homer makes Ulysses converse with his friends raised from the dead, and a crowd of apparitions and a frightful noise interrupt the conversation. We are informed by Jamblichus that the gods, when evoked by the magician, appeared among the vapors disengaged from the fire; and when the statue of Hecate was made to laugh amid the smoke of burning incense, it was probably the image of a living person wearing the sorcerer's costume. But even this supposition is not necessary. The resources of the magician might enable him to dispense with his laughing friend: The grave image of the grave statue of Hecate might have been quickly replaced by a laughing

image from a laughing statue of the same personage.

But the same, and even more astonishing effects, might be produced by simpler means. It was stated by Sir David Brewster, at the British Association at York, that the rigid features of a white bust might be made to move and vary their expression, sometimes smiling and sometimes frowning, by moving rapidly in front of the bust a bright light, so as to make the lights and shadows take every possible direction, and various degrees of intensity. Hence, if such a bust is placed before a concave mirror, its image, like that of Hecate, may be made to do more than smile when it is cast upon the smoky wreaths.

The employment of phantasmagoric exhibitions by the ancients is clearly indicated by Damascius, in his account of the manifestation of Osiris by the Alexandrian priests. "There appeared," says he, "on the wall of the temple, a mass of light, which seemed at first very remote. It transformed itself, while contracting its dimensions, into a face evidently divine and supernatural, with a severe aspect, yet blended with gentleness, and extremely beautiful." This is precisely the manner in which the figures of the modern phantasmagoria, produced by mirrors or lenses, rise out of the luminous image, when put out of focus.

The celebrated feat of modern necromancy described by Benvenuto Cellini, in which he himself was an actor, though perplexed with unnecessary and misleading details, was clearly the work of a magic lantern which threw the pictures of gods and demons upon the wreaths of smoke, while the spectators were stupefied or intoxicated with noisome or exciting odors, which increased their liability to deception, if they did not add the phantasms of the imagination to the crowd of apparitions with which they were previously encircled.

Mirrors of a kind different from any of those we have described, and acting upon a different principle, may have been used by the ancients. A mirror of this kind was, about fifteen years ago, sent to India from China, where they were very uncommon. They are said to have been brought by a Dutch ship from Japan several years before, and to have excited general notice. One of these mirrors, which was described to us by George Swinton, Esq., was five inches in diameter, and made of copper and tin. On the back of it there is stamped in relief certain circles with a kind of Grecian border. Its polished face is so convex as to give an image of the human face half its natural size, and when it was made to reflect from that surface the rays of the sun upon a white ground, the image of the circles with the Grecian border, as stamped upon the back, was distinctly seen in the luminous area on the white ground. On the back of another mirror was a dragon, the image of which was, in like manner, reflected from the polished side. This is doubtless a very magical result, and the instrument which produces it might be made a fertile source of deception. There is here no object to be concealed. The elements of deception all lie within the mirror itself, and the apparition requires only a strong light to be evoked. Like the ablest conjurers, the artist has contrived to make the observer deceive himself—the most insurmountable of all kinds of deception. The figures stamped on the back are the source of this self-deception. The picture in the luminous area is not an image of

the figures on the back, and has no connexion with them whatever, excepting in their resemblance. The figures on the back are merely a copy of a concealed picture which is somehow or other formed or impressed in the polished surface which reflects it. The figure of the dragon, for example, may be delineated in shallow lines on the surface of the mirror previous to its being polished; or it may be eaten out by a diluted acid, so as to remove only the smallest portion of the metal. The surface must then be polished upon cloth, which will polish the slightly depressed parts of the metal as highly as the rest, so that the picture of the dragon will be wholly invisible to the eye. A curious example of this may be seen in highly polished gilt buttons, upon which no figure whatever can be seen by the most careful examination, and yet when they are made to reflect the light of the sun or of a candle upon a piece of paper held close to them, they give a beautiful geometrical figure, with ten rays issuing from the centre, and terminating in a luminous rim. If, in place of the sun or candle, we were to use a small bright luminous point, we have no doubt that the figure given by the Chinese mirror and the button would be much more distinct.*

A similar illusion might be produced by drawing a figure with weak gum water upon the surface of a convex mirror. The thin film of gum thus deposited on the outline or details of the figure would not be visible in dispersed daylight, but when made to reflect the rays of the sun, or those of a divergent pencil, would be beautifully displayed by the lines and tints occasioned by the diffraction of light, or the interference of the rays passing through the film with those which pass by it.

In accounting for the enchanted gardens and magnificent palaces, the residence of the gods, which were exhibited during the initiation of his aspirant, M. Salverte supposes that a method similar to that used in the diorama was employed. In this beautiful invention a fine painting, visible only by transmitted light, rises into existence during the disappearance of another on the same canvass, visible only by reflected light. In this manner a cathedral, perfect in all its parts, gradually passes into one destroyed by fire, and the splendid abbey of Notre Dame, at first illuminated by the setting sun, gradually passes through its different phases after sunset, till its interior is illuminated with artificial lights, and the appearance of the moon and the stars completes the midnight representation of the scene.

The *dissolving views*, another beautiful optical combination of the present day, but which was not known when M. Salverte wrote, would have been, or perhaps was, a valuable auxiliary in ancient mysteries. By means of two magic lanterns, in one of which is the summer representation, and in another the winter representation of the same landscape, the one is made to pass into the other with a beauty and effect which it is impossible to describe. The same effect might be produced, though less perfectly, by mirrors, so that the ancients might have effected any metamorphosis they chose by such an apparatus; they might have thus summoned the dead man from his grave, or given to the pallid corpse both life and motion.

Another optical apparatus which we believe has

* See *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine*, Vol. i., p. 438. Dec. 1832.

not yet been made an instrument of imposture, might be made available by the skilful conjuror. Could we alter the focal length of a large concave mirror, we might make the image of a statue or a living object move or walk backwards and forwards in the air, or through a lengthened wreath or a series of contiguous clouds of smoke suited to its reception. Now Buffon has actually taught us how to bend a large flat plate of glass into a concave mirror. He took glass plates two or three feet in diameter, and by means of a screw acting upon a piece of metal in the centre of the plate, he bent it by mechanical pressure into different degrees of concavity. He improved upon this idea by making the glass plate a part of an air-tight drum, and by exhausting the air with an air-pump, the pressure of the atmosphere forced the glass into a concave form. He next proposed to grind the central part of the plate into the shape of a small convex lens,* and in its focus to place a sulphur match, that when the plate was directed to the sun, his rays, concentrated by the lens, would inflame the match, produce an absorption of the air, and consequently a vacuum. In this way Buffon produced mirrors whose shortest focal length was twenty-five feet; but M. Zeiher of St. Petersburg, by adopting a better process, succeeded in bending a Venetian plate of glass, two lines thick and twenty Rhinland inches in diameter, so as to have a focal length of fifteen feet. He did this by placing a bar of iron across the centre of the plate when placed in a ring. The plate was kept in its place by a thin bar of iron stretched across it, and having a female screw in the centre. This thin bar was then pressed against the glass by a screw passing through the centre of the cross bar and working in the female screw. An apparatus similar to that of Buffon has, we understand, been lately constructed by our ingenious countryman Mr. Nasmyth, who produces the vacuum by simply sucking out the air from behind the plate of glass.

But of all the wonders of modern science the art of Photography furnishes us with the most striking. Beyond the violet extremity of the solar spectrum there exist certain invisible rays which, though not appreciable by their incidence on the human retina, have yet the power of exercising a chemical action upon a Daguerreotype plate or upon a sheet of paper rendered sensitive by the Calotype process of Mr. Talbot. If these rays, as suggested by Mr. Talbot, were introduced into a dark apartment so as to fall upon the persons and objects which it contained, the sharpest eye within would descry nothing athwart the thick darkness which surrounded it. But if a camera, furnished with the sensitive retina of an iodised plate, or a sheet of calotype paper, were directed to the party in the room, it would, in a few seconds, take their portraits, record their passions, and reveal their deeds. Were this dark abode the locality of crime, and the shroud of night the cover of the criminal, the blank yet pregnant tablet would surrender to the astonished sage its embosomed phantoms—the murderer and his bleeding victim.

Nor is this the only contribution which the photogenic art has made to natural magic. Professor Moser of Königsberg has discovered that all bodies, even in the dark, throw out invisible rays, and

that these bodies, when placed at a small distance from polished surfaces of all kinds, depict themselves upon such surfaces in forms which remain invisible till they are developed by the human breath, or by the vapors of mercury or iodine. Even if the sun's image is made to pass over a plate of glass, the light tread of its rays will leave behind it an invisible track, which the human breath will instantly reveal. Had the gigantic bird which, in the primæval age, left its footprints upon the now indurated sea beach as a stereotype of its existence and its character—had that bird marched over a surface of glass without leaving any visible trace of its path, and had that surface been exempted from other agencies, the breath of the modern geologist would have revealed, upon the vitreous pavement, the footprint and the stride of the feathered colossus.

But while *visible* objects thus leave behind them invisible phantoms, which may at any time be summoned into view, *invisible* objects may also impress, or leave behind them, visible and persistent images. This portraiture of the unseen and the unknown may be made upon surfaces with which the objects neither are, nor have been, in contact; and even in our very dwellings may this transmigration of forms, like the hand-writing on the wall, surprise or alarm us.

It has been noticed by several observers, and we have more than once seen it, that a plastered ceiling sometimes exhibits upon its surface the forms of the joists by which it is suspended. The plaster immediately beneath the beams dries less quickly than what is between them, and admits more freely into its pores the finely attenuated matter which the occasional smoke of the fireplace conveys. Were the magician, therefore, to construct the ceiling of his closet in the manner best adapted for his purposes, and place on its upper side, in the apartment above, either a skeleton or its imitation, the smoke of his incense, or the wreaths from his hookah, would soon display, on the whitened surface beneath, the hideous osteology which it conceals. By the exhalations thus modelled and fixed, through a physical agency, in which nature herself is the magician, the forms of things secreted might become manifest, and deeds of darkness revealed, which had baffled the most eager search. Had the lady of the Mistletoe-bough concealed herself above such a roof instead of in the "old oaken chest," the mystery of her melancholy fate might have been more quickly revealed.

Our narrow limits will not permit us to dwell on the wonders which the ancient magicians derived from the science of hydrostatics. The magic cup of Tantalus, which he could never drink though the beverage rose to his lips; the fountain in the Island of Andros, which discharged wine for seven days, and water during the rest of the year; the fountain of oil which burst out to welcome the return of Augustus from the Sicilian war; the empty urns which, at the annual feast of Bacchus, filled themselves with wine, to the astonishment of the assembled strangers; the glass tomb of Belus which, after being emptied by Xerxes, would never again be filled; the weeping statues of the ancients, and the weeping virgin of modern times, whose tears were unaccountably stopped by Peter the Great when he discovered the trick; and the perpetual lamps of the ancient temples,—were all the obvious effects of hydrostatical pressure.

The ascending vapor of fluids, as well as their downward tendency, was summoned to the aid of

* It is singular that Buffon did not think of the simpler method of cementing a lens on the centre of the plate.

superstition. Anthemius of Tralles, the architect of Justinian, being desirous to play a trick to the orator Zeno, his neighbor and his enemy, conducted steam in leathern tubes from concealed boilers, and made them pass through the partition wall to beneath the beams which supported the ceiling of Zeno's house. When the cauldrons were made to boil, the ceilings shook as if they had been shaken by an earthquake.* Another example of the application of steam to the purposes of imposture is given by Tollius.† History informs us that on the banks of the Weser *Busteric*, the god of the ancient Teutons sometimes exhibited his displeasure by a clap of thunder which was succeeded by a cloud that filled the sacred precincts. The image of the god was made of metal, and the head, which was hollow, contained an amphora (nine English gallons) of water. Wedges of wood shut up the apertures at the mouth and eyes, while burning coals, artfully placed in a cavity of the head, gradually heated the liquid. In a short time the generated steam forced out the wedges with a loud noise, and then escaped violently in three jets, raising a thick cloud between the god and his astonished worshippers. In the middle ages the monks availed themselves of this invention, and the steam *bust* was put in requisition even before Christian worshippers.

Although Chemistry, as a science, was scarcely known to the ancients, there is reason to believe that they were acquainted with some processes which were made available in their temples. In the middle ages, and in more recent times, when the alchemists formed a powerful community of impostors, the transmutations of chemistry became valuable elements of magic. A process for imitating blood performed high functions even in the Christian temple, and when this pabulum of life was seen to boil upon the altar and in the urn, disasters, both individual and national, were portended. Even in Provence, in the seventeenth century, when a worshipper approached the statue of one of the principal saints, his coagulated blood, contained in a phial supposed to be filled with it, became liquid, and suddenly boiled. Nor has this imposture ceased to be produced in our own times. In Italy it was universally exhibited at a public ceremony, where the blood of St. Januarius, which was said to have been preserved in a dry state for ages, liquified itself spontaneously, and rose and boiled at the top of the vessel which contained it. After the French took possession of Italy, the trick ceased to be performed; but we have been told by a gentleman who has seen it, that it has been again introduced, and is one of the most imposing of the lying miracles of antichristian Rome.‡ M. Salverte informs us that this blood of the saints is made by reddening sulphuric ether with alkanet root, and then saturating the liquid with spermaceti. This preparation will remain fixed at a temperature of 10° cent. above freezing, and melts and boils at 20°, a temperature to which it can be raised by holding the phial for some time in the hand.

In the story of Nessus and Dejanira, M. Sal-

* Agathias, *De rebus gestis Justiniani*. Lib. v., cap. 4.

† Tollius, *Epistola Lincaria*. p. 34.

‡ In confirmation of this, we may state that Mr. Warton, (the celebrated naturalist, who distinguished himself by riding upon a crocodile,) when at Naples, kissed *five times*, in the course of five hours, a bottle containing the solid blood of St. Januarius, and regarded all his adventures as utterly insignificant, when compared with this act of his life!

verte has found another example of the chemical sorcery of the ancients. When Hercules was about to offer sacrifices to Jupiter, he required a dress proper for the occasion. His wife Dejanira sent him a poisoned tunic, which she had received from Nessus, and no sooner had he put it on, than he was seized with the fatal distemper of which he perished. According to Sophocles, this garment had been smeared by Dejanira herself with what has been called *the blood of Nessus*, whom Hercules had slain. Venus gave her a phial of the liquor, instructed her to keep it in the dark, and to rub it over the garment with a flock of wool. When exposed to the sun, this flock of wool took fire, raised a foam upon the stone on which it lay, and was reduced to powder. M. Salverte supposes that it was a phosphuret of sulphur, composed of equal parts of these inflammable bodies, which remains liquid at a temperature of 10° cent., and takes fire at 25°. Thus when Hercules stood before the flaming altar, the heat of the fire and the moisture of the body, may, according to our author, have decomposed the phosphuret, and permitted the dry and caustic phosphoric acid to disorganize the skin and muscles, and finally produce death.

The sciences of electricity and magnetism yielded but a small tribute to the magic of the ancients, and the priestcraft of the middle ages. The art of bringing down lightning from the heavens seems to have been the only electrical charm which they possessed; and, in a very interesting chapter on the subject, M. Salverte has rendered it probable that the ancients defended their buildings from lightning by conductors, and that the Temple of Solomon was thus protected. Under the magnetical knowledge of the ancients, our author is disposed to rank the mariner's compass, which, after Mr. W. Cooke,* he supposes to be the "intelligence," which animated and conducted the Phœnician navy; and he conceives that the arrow which enabled Abaris to traverse the earth by an aerial route, was nothing more than a magnetic needle. But whether we refer the invention of the compass to an early age, or to the Finns in the twelfth century, it is quite certain that the ancients were acquainted with the attractive power of the magnet; and the great miracle of modern times, the suspension of Mahomet's coffin in the air, was more than once performed in the heathen temples. Pliny informs us that Democritus began to build a temple at Alexandria with loadstones, in order to suspend a statue of Arsinoe in the air, but that he did not live to accomplish it. According to Suidas, a brass statue of Cœrops was suspended in the vault of the temple at Alexandria, by means of a strong iron nail in its head. Cassiodorus, without mentioning a magnet, avers that an iron statue of Cupid was suspended in the air in the temple: and Isidore of Seville, without naming the temple, says that there was seen an iron statue suspended in the air by means of a magnet.

That these miracles were the result of imposition, there can be no doubt. A magnet suspending a weight may have been exhibited as a decoy to the ignorant; but the coffins, if they were suspended at all, were suspended with cords or wires, which, by a judicious arrangement of the lights, in reference to the position of the spectator, could be easily rendered invisible. The science of Magnetism, in its present state, and were it even to borrow

* *Enquiry into the Patriarchal and Druidical Religion*. Lond. 1794. p. 2.

from galvanism her stupendous magnets, is incapable of honoring Mahomet with an aerial mausoleum. It is the modern science of Electromagnetism alone that can perform this splendid miracle; and within the spiral coils of its wonder-working helix, we may yet see suspended the bones of Joanna Southcote; or the undecomposed remains of the chief of the Mormonites; or perchance the penance-worn frame of some Puseyite hierarch, who may have appealed to science as a forlorn hope against the Protestant faith.

In the remaining fourteen chapters of the work before us, occupying a little more than the second volume, M. Salverte discusses, with great learning and ingenuity, many interesting subjects, which have not a special connexion with any individual science. We shall endeavor to give our readers a brief and rapid sketch of the most important points which they contain.

The art of breathing fire—of protecting the human skin from the heat of melted metals or red-hot iron, and of rendering wooden buildings proof against fire, seems to have been practised from the earliest ages. Two hundred years before Christ, Eunus established himself as the leader of the insurgent slaves, by breathing fire and smoke from his mouth; and Barchochebas, the ringleader of the revolted Jews in the reign of Hadrian, claimed to be the Messiah from his power of vomiting flames from his mouth. The priestesses of Diana Parasya, in Cappadocia, as Strabo states, commanded public veneration by walking over burning coals; and, according to Pliny, the Hirpi family enjoyed the hereditary property of being incombustible, which they exhibited annually in the temple of Apollo, on Mount Soracte. Pachymerus tells us that he has seen several accused persons prove their innocence by handling red-hot iron; and, in 1065, the monks produced as a witness, in the great church of Angers, an old man who underwent the proof of boiling water, and that, too, as their reverences state, *from the bottom of the boiler, where they had heated the water more than usual!* Sylla could not set fire to the wooden tower raised on the Piræus by Archelaus; and Caesar could not burn the tower of larch, which was doubtless made fire-proof by a solution of alum. The use of certain chemical embrocations—the substitution of the fusible metal of Darcet, which melts at a low heat—and the application of plasters of asbestos to the feet—or of a saturated solution of alum to the skin—were among the arts thus called into use.

The influence of man over the lower animals was, in ancient times, a fruitful source of the marvellous. There were Van Amburghs, male and female, in those days. The influence of valerian upon the cat, of the oils of Rhodium, cummin, and anise-seed upon rats and mice, may serve to give us an idea of what may have been effected on a greater scale. Men condemned to destruction by wild beasts, are said to have protected themselves by the fetid odor of the fat of the elephant, with which they had been smeared; and Firmus is said to have swam with impunity in the midst of crocodiles, by rubbing himself with their grease. In the temple of Jupiter Olympus, there was a bronze horse supposed to have been anointed with the juice of the *hippomanes*, which roused the passions of every horse that approached it; and an analogous property is said to have been possessed by the brazen bull which was the chef-d'œuvre of Myron. The influence of music over

animals, the fascinating power of snakes, and the methods of taming them, by depriving them of their powers of mischief, are all treated by M. Salverte with much detail. The lumbering hippopotamus, and the massive elephant, rejoice in the notes of martial music, and the cat, the lizard, the iguano, the tortoise, and even the spider, are said to be susceptible of the charms of harmonious sounds.

The professors of ancient as well as of modern magic found powerful auxiliaries in the soporific drugs, and poisonous beverages which derange the intellectual as well as the physical condition of man. The waters of Lethe, and the beverage of Mnemosyne, which killed Timochares in three months after he had quaffed it in the cave of Trophonius, are examples of the soporific and stupefying drinks of the ancients. The *Nepenthes* of Homer, the *Hyoscyamus datura*, the *Solanum*, the *Potomantis*, the *Gelatophyllis*, and the *Achaemenis* of Pliny, the *Ophiusia* of the Ethiopians, and the *Muchamore* of Kamschatka, were all the instruments of physical and intellectual degradation. Carver informs us, that a bean is thrown into the mouths of the religious fanatics, and that the insensibility and convulsions which it occasions terminate only with its rejection from the stomach. The Old Man of the Mountain, in the time of the Crusades, is said to have enchanted his youthful followers by narcotic and exhilarating draughts. The Hindoo widow is supposed to ascend the funeral pile, physically as well as morally fortified against pain. The victims of the Inquisition similarly prepared, are said to have frequently slept in the midst of their torments; and M. Taboureaux assures us that the merciful jailors made their prisoners swallow soap dissolved in water, (the vehicle, doubtless, of more powerful medicaments,) to enable them to bear the agonies of the torture.

It would be difficult to study the history of imposture, whether founded on the miracles of nature or the devices of art, without learning, if we wish to learn, an important lesson. As the mere occupant of a terrestrial paradise, man cannot but appreciate the noble provision which has been made for his wants and his pleasures, and admire the beneficent arrangements which have superadded the refinements of domestic and social life. In his dominion over the animal world, he wields the sceptre of a king; and in the freedom of his range over "a thousand hills," the beauty and grandeur of nature hallow with their finer sensations the rude activity of his lot. From day to day is repeated the mysterious round of life and motion, and were he thus to live and die but in the exercise of his physical powers, the very source and purposes of his being would be the deepest mystery. But when he recognizes within himself the germ of intellectual life, the spiritual element which no chain can bind, and nothing sublunary satisfy, the mystery of his existence is wrapped up in the higher mystery of his fate, and life here and life hereafter combine their mysterious relations but to perplex and alarm him. Mysteriously ushered into life—imbibing mysteries in his earliest lessons—encountering them in his studies—and checked by them in his aspirations—he is yet unreasonable enough to expect that they will be cleared away from the only subject with which they are inseparably combined. We believe that races of animals, anterior to man, have been buried and embalmed in the solid rock beneath us,

and yet we know not why they lived, and by what catastrophe they perished. We believe that a deluge has swept over the earth with its desolating surge, destroying life, and moulding into new forms the hills and valleys which it covered; and yet we cannot discover whence its waters came, and what was their commission. We believe that masses of rock and stone have fallen from the heavens; and yet their source and their errand are equally unknown. But though cherishing even such mysterious convictions, we yet startle at the belief that the Creator of man has revealed to him his will, and that the Sovereign, whose subjects have rebelled, has sent a deliverer to their rescue. If the fulness of knowledge has gradually developed to our understanding the wonders of creation, the fulness of time will as certainly unfold the mysterious arrangements of Providence.

Nor is the power of the marvellous, as an instrument of government, less instructive than the comparison of what the sceptic rejects with what reason compels him to believe. Over our brightest hours there hangs a mysterious cloud, veiling or eclipsing the future, while it casts over the present a sombre and a fitful light. The worldly man seeks to dispel it, and the wise man to pierce it; but, however viewed, it is unceasingly before us, and the spiritual world, like our planet in her darkest eclipse, is still seen in shadowy outline, displaying its mountain tops and its caverns. And though "from that distant bourne no traveller has returned," we yet people it with the beings of our affections, and feeling as if, beneath their eye, and under their care, we willingly surrender ourselves to an influence invisible and undefined. Active at all times and in every place, this reverential fear finds a residence in every bosom. It is the homage of a created spirit to its Master—the becoming awe of a fallen and derived intelligence. Can we wonder, then, that minds thus constituted have, in every age, been slaves to the marvellous, and the easy dupes of every species of imposture that claimed an alliance with the world of spirits? The greater our own veracity the less do we suspect that of others, and the more willingly do we surrender our own judgment to that of our superiors in genius and knowledge. The rising doubt is speedily checked by the display of what, to such minds, must appear supernatural; and the positive possession of powers more than human is easily vindicated by those who have been initiated into the mysteries of science, and have discovered the easiest avenues to the uninstructed mind. So overpowering, indeed, is this kind of influence, and so irresistible is its appeal to the evidence of our senses, that the most accomplished and the least credulous individuals have surrendered themselves at its call.

But though the cunning priest and the needy conjurer still ply their work, yet the reform in religious worship, and the increasing intelligence of the age, have narrowed the magician's sphere, and paralyzed his influence. In place of being a tributary to imposture, knowledge has become its foe. Its empire of power, indeed, has ceased, but its empire of civilization has begun. It no longer governs but guides mankind. Formerly their oppressor, it is now their friend—once the chain which bound them to the earth, now it is "the wing on which they rise to heaven."

The transition from the supremacy of knowledge to the decline of its power, and from ecclesiastical to civil rule, is one of the most extraordinary phases of modern times. As science has become more valuable to the state, she has, in the same proportion, sunk in influence and esteem; and as religion has become more pure and simple, she has, even in a higher ratio, been shorn of her inherent and inalienable rights. An oligarchy of wealth has replaced the nobler oligarchy of knowledge, and a conclave of statesmen has usurped the hierarchy of the church. To compensate for misgovernment, or to quell turbulence, or, perchance, to purchase a temporary quiet, error, intellectually debasing and spiritually fatal, is about to be fostered and endowed, and that system of faith which claims a sovereignty over things temporal as well as eternal, is to be sustained by those very men who have denied to a Protestant church its spiritual jurisdiction, and whose hands are yet scarred with its destruction. If, in their thirst for power, hostile factions shall combine in support of an idolatrous creed, while Protestant truth enjoys but a partial toleration, it is time that the host of evangelism should be marshalled for the combat. The shadow of the coming conflict is already cast before us: Revelation has predicted the collision, and woe be to those who are blind to its indications, or who shrink from the stern duties which they impose.

A CURIOUS engineering project has been described recently before one of the railway committees. To secure a rapid communication with Ireland, it is thought desirable to continue the North Wales Railway across the Menai Straits to Holyhead. The existing suspension-bridge is too weak to bear the railway trains, and the erection of a stone bridge is deemed impracticable. In these circumstances, it is proposed to extend an iron tube or gallery across that arm of the sea, which, from the top of the one bank to that of the other, is 900 feet broad. There is a rock in the middle of the water which divides the space into two. The tube will, therefore, be in two lengths of 450 feet, built like an iron ship of strong plates fastened by rivets, and perhaps strengthened by longitudinal ribs of iron. Its section is to be twenty-five feet in height and fifteen in width. It seems to be thought that the tube will maintain a nearly horizontal position by its rigidity, at a height above the water sufficient to allow masted ships to pass; and that too, while it is loaded with a railway train, weighing sixty or eighty tons.

An immense brass mortar, brought from China by the Cornwallis, has arrived at Woolwich. It weighs eight tons seventeen hundred weight, having a diameter of bore of two feet three inches, and a chamber of twenty inches; the depth of the whole being about five feet. The mortar was found in the bush in China, and partly concealed under ground. It is composed of apparently very fine metal; and the trunions being corroded to a considerable extent, afford evidence that the mortar is of great age. It appears also as if the part where the vent is, which is very perfect and little worn, had been cast again, and inserted in its present position. Some guns recently made for Mehemet Ali in this country, with a bore of only fifteen inches diameter, took shot weighing 400 pounds.

From Chambers' Journal.

CAPABILITIES.

It has often been a question whether great men are the producers or the produced of great crises. We see a Cromwell live for forty years a quiet country-town life, till at length a national convulsion arising, he, being strongly interested in the views of one of the parties, dashes forward, and, before passing fifty, has all but the crown of England upon his head. Again, we see a French sous-lieutenant of artillery plunging into his country's history at a time of similar confusion, and making himself the most formidable sovereign upon earth before he is thirty-five. If we were to limit our regard to such facts as these, we should be disposed at once to conclude, that a man of powerful character is nothing, unless an opportunity arise for his entering upon a grand career. But, on the other hand, we often see a powerful mind arise in times comparatively tranquil, and work great marvels, apparently by its own inherent energies. We see at times what seem to be occasions for the coming forward of great men upon the stage, and yet they do not come. We then begin to think that perhaps a Cromwell or a Bonaparte contributes to some great, though indefinite extent, in producing the events to which his appearance at first seemed subordinate. We suspect that the civil wars of England, and the French revolution, would not have taken the turn they did, but for the potent and overmastering influence of these individual actors. Thus we are prevented from coming to a decision on the point. And, in fact, this is a question which stands unsettled amongst thinking men until the present hour.

The question, as it appears to me, can never be definitely settled on one side or the other; for neither view is wholly true. But I believe that the truth preponderates in favor of the argument which considers men as requiring circumstances to evoke their mental powers. Strong, active, and original minds will ever tell to some degree upon their circumstances, be these as impossible as they may; but they cannot tell to a great degree, unless at a time when the social elements are in some confusion. And this is simply because, let a single mind be ever so powerful, the fabric of society and its conventionalities is, in ordinary circumstances, stronger still, so that no one can do more than merely modify it in some slight degree, or prepare the way for future operations whereby it may be affected. If the matter be narrowly examined, it will always be found that, where an occasion for the appearance of a great leader passed over without any one coming forward, the necessary stir of the social elements was wanting. The *vis inertia* of the mass is what all single minds find fatal to them, when they attempt to do great things with their fellow-creatures. Hence a Luther, rising in the twelfth century, when the Romish church was at its highest pitch of power, would have only broken his head against its walls. As an obscure heretic, his name would have been forgotten in a few years. Such minds as his must, in the course of nature, have arisen at various periods among the conventual brotherhoods; but they would never become distinguished for more than a somewhat latitudinarian way of dealing with the authority of the prior, or perhaps an occasional fractiousness at the elections of sacristans. It is like the wind-sown seed, much of

which comes to nothing because it lights in stony places, while only what chances to fall on good ground fructifies. And there is another thing to be considered. The most powerful minds are more or less dependent upon things external to them, in order to be roused into due activity. Such a mind droops like the banner by the flag-staff, till the wind of occasion unfurls it. It may pine, and chafe, and wear itself out in vain regrets and ennui, like the prisoned huntsman, or, in the desperation of forced idleness, or unworthy occupation, waste itself upon frivolities idler than idleness itself. But still it will be for the most part a lost mind, unless circumstances shall arise capable of raising it to its full force, and eliciting all its powers. Here a consideration occurs, calling for some collateral remark. We are apt, at a tranquil period, to pity the men who have to fight through civil broils such as those in which Spain has for some years been engaged. In reality, these men are happier than we think them. They have the pleasure of feeling their faculties continually at the full stretch. Victorious or defeated, hunting or hunted, they are thoroughly engaged in the passing day; not a moment for the torture of excessive ease. Providence is kind to the men who undertake dangerous enterprises. Even when death comes to them—no matter how dreadful his shape—he is met in a paroxysm of mental activity, which entirely disarms him of his terrors.

It follows from these considerations, that there must, at all but extraordinary times, be a vast amount of latent capability in society. Gray's musings on the Cromwells and Miltons of the village are a truth, though extremely stated. Men of all conditions do grow and die in obscurity, who, in suitable circumstances, might have attained to the temple which shines afar. The hearts of Roman mothers beat an unnoted lifetime in dim parlors. Souls of fire miss their hour, and languish into ashes. Is not this conformable to what all men feel in their own case? Who is there that has not thought, over and over again, what else he could have done, what else he could have been? Vanity, indeed, may fool us here, and self-tenderness be too ready to look upon the misspending of years as anything but our own fault. Let us look, then, to each other. Does almost any one that we know appear to do or to be all that he might? How far from it! Regard for a moment the manner in which a vast proportion of those who, from independency of fortune and from education, are able to do most good in the world, spend their time, and say if there be not an immense proportion of the capability of mankind undeveloped. The fact is, the bond of union among men is also the bond of restraint. We are committed not to alarm or distress each other by extraordinary displays of intellect or emotion. There are more hostages to fortune that we shall not do anything great, than those which having children constitutes. Many struggle for a while against the repressive influences, but at length yield to the powerful temptations to nonentity. The social despotism presents the fêtes with which it seeks to solace and beguile its victims; and he who began to put on his armor for the righting of many wrongs, is soon content to smile with those who smile. Thus daily do generations ripe and rot, life unenjoyed, the great mission unperformed. Do angels ever weep? If they do, what a subject for their tears in the multitude of young souls who

come in the first faith of nature to grapple at the good, the true, the beautiful, but are instantly thrown back, helpless and mute, into the limbo of commonplace. Oh conventionality, quiet may be thy fireside hours, smooth thy pillowed thoughts; but at what a sacrifice of the right and the generous, of the best that breathes and pants in our nature, is thy peace purchased!

Is not one great cause of the dissatisfaction which rests on the close of most lives just this sense of having all the time made no right or full use of the faculties bestowed upon us? The inner and the true man pent up, concealed from every eye, or only giving occasional glimpses of itself in whimsical tastes and oddities—uneasy movements of undeveloped tendency—we walk through a masque called life, acting up to a character which we have adopted, or which has been imposed upon us, doing nothing from the heart, "going" our best thoughts to make them lie still. Piteable parade! The end comes, and finds us despairing over precious years lost beyond recovery, and which, were they recovered, we would again lose. And, if such be a common case, can we wonder at the slow advance of public or national improvement? There must be a design with regard to highly-endowed natures, that they are to bear upon all around them with such intellectual and moral force as they possess, and thus be continually working on for the general good. This we might consider as a sort of pabulum requisite for the public health—something analogous to air or food with respect to the bodily system. But is this moral necessary of life diffused as it ought to be? Let the endless misdirections and repressions of human capability answer the question.

From the Tribune.

SATURDAY NIGHT THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

THE six days' work is done.
The harsh realities, the tough turmoils,
The close consuming cares, the tasking toils
That hang around one's feet in cankering coils—
Their weekly course is run.

Sit thou in Sabbath peace;
Compose thy weary limbs in languor sweet;
Fold thy tired hands and rest thy faltering feet—
O, gratefully this mortal frame will greet
From care a short release.

Wipe from thy dusty brow
"Careful and troubled about many things;"
Unloose the cumbrous house-work robe which
clings
So closely that the struggling spirit-wings
Hang heavily and low.

Still on thee, on thee yet
The spirit of despondency is strong;
Still crowding cares unto thy lot belong;
Still must thou strive with outward ill and wrong,
And many a vain regret.

O, hurried life of mine!
How "few and far between" thy dreaming hours!
How shouldst thou turn aside to gather flowers
From faery-land, when on thy human bowers
The sun forgets to shine!

My yearning, yearning heart!
Is this intense aspiring to be free

A happy or a mournful thing for thee?
For, O! it hath but little harmony
With earthly lot and part.

Yes, there is pain in this
Most passionate longing to o'erreach the clay—
This exile-thirst which stronger grows each day
To take the morning-wings and flee away
To realms of purer bliss.

And yet, not all in vain!
Do not these cravings in the haunted breast
Whisper the soul, "Lo, this is not your rest;
A new existence, in a home more blest,
Is yours to gain!"

A home of such deep peace
As eye ne'er saw, nor hath it entered e'er
Man's heart to dream of that celestial sphere
Where God's own hand shall wipe away each
tear
And bid all sorrows cease!

Then strive, O, still strive thou
To keep, amid life's weary wearing din,
Polished and pure the immortal gem within—
So thou ere long that perfect rest shall win
Unrealized below.

And now o'erwheeled one,
With thy last waking thoughts give thanks to
Heaven
That to earth's toiling children He has given
A holy pause from care—that this seventh even
Findeth thy labors done.

Ask Him to lift thy heart
With all its human yearnings from the dust;
To strengthen thy weak soul, and fix its trust
Firmly on Him—and with the perfect just
Give thee thy better part!

PARAGUAY.—A letter which we have seen states that, on a stranger presenting himself at the frontiers, numerous interrogations are made as to his occupation, religion, and opinions. He is expressly told that he must neither speak of the form of his own government, nor make any remarks upon that which he finds established, and that if he indulge in any conversation that can be considered political, he will be sent out of the country under an escort of Indians. One of the singular circumstances attendant upon the dictator's death, has been the marriage of a large portion of the population previously living together on very equivocal terms. During his life no one was permitted to marry without his special permission, which was not very easily obtained. Fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, grandsons, granddaughters, nay even the fourth generation, as the female is marriageable at the age of twelve, have availed themselves on the same day of the benediction of the priest, and the holy bonds of wedlock have been entered into by whole villages. The society at Assumption is described as singular, in consequence of the severity with which ladies were treated who decked themselves with much finery. Their dress is formed of one single large vestment, with a belt round the waist. At the tertullas, after dancing, as the houses are scarcely furnished, it is usual for the lady to seat herself on her partner's knee; but no inference is to be drawn from this that the morals are more lax than in other countries; custom and habit reconcile us to strange circumstances.—*PolYTECHNIC.*

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CORRESPONDENCE.

ONE of the most important matters in the education of the American people, is a proper selection of the works of British writers, for republication in this country. A great publishing house which should be guided by good taste and sound principle in this business, would perform an invaluable public service. We have often mourned over the want of discrimination which our publishers have shown, and regretted that there should be no apparent sense of the responsibility which is incurred by those who introduce to our families these *silent friends*, which are to have so much effect upon them, for good or for evil.

With these feelings, we think it our duty to do what we can to bring before our readers again, a course of books which is superintended by a gentleman who has given already good proof of his fitness for the task, so far as good sense and good taste are concerned. It does not appear that anything further is intended in this course than to supply choice amusement, and to cultivate a refined taste for literature.

The following notice is copied from the *New York Evening Post*; and since it was written we have received another number—*The Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*, by William Hazlitt.

WILEY AND PUTNAM'S LIBRARY OF CHOICE LITERATURE.—We infer from the regularity with which this series of works is issued, that the tasteful enterprise of the publishers is generally sustained by the community. The plan of this library is admirably adapted to the times, as well as to the higher demands of readers. It combines economy with elegance, and convenience with sterling value. The volumes are beautifully printed and bound in paper covers—a mode long prevalent in France, which renders books more portable, and, at the same time, leaves purchasers

at liberty to adopt any style of binding they may choose. As to price, that of each number varies from two to four shillings; and this outlay, be it remembered, is not for flimsy romances which once perused are thrown aside forever, but for literature, in the genuine meaning of the term, "books which are books"—as the motto of the Library sets forth, that once read become friends, and will be again and again resorted to for information and refreshment. Thus far the series has been admirable, and we only hope a similar felicity of judgment will attend all future selections. In the first place we had Eöthen, decidedly the most brilliant volume of Eastern travels recently produced. Indeed, we know of no similar work to compare with it except Anastasius.

It is graphic, witty, scholar-like and poetical, free from egotism, yet full of individuality—in a word, the genial commentary of a man of education, refinement and enthusiasm, as he wandered over that mysterious region so eloquent in all its associations, alike to Christian, poet and philosopher. Of the Amber Witch and Undine, it is unnecessary to speak. Each had taken its rank as a standard exemplar of its class, before the present elegant reprints. These were much wanted, as the existing editions were either disposed of or executed in a manner that rendered them unworthy of preservation. Leigh Hunt's *Imagination* and *Fancy* followed next. This is one of those delightful productions of which we can never weary. It is a poet's talk of his own art and its great professors.

The effect of such reading is like that of the best society, awakening and satisfactory. In this volume are collected some of the choicest gems from the whole range of English poetry—interspersed with delicious criticism, anecdote, speculation and glowing commentary. Hunt is one of the most spontaneous and cordial writers of the day. He makes us relish anew the good things both of literature and life by his own sincere and hearty appreciation of them. He can be sensible without losing his cheerfulness, and exhibit very positive tastes without a particle of dogmatism.

We are gratified to perceive that his "Indicator" and "Seer" will be republished in the Library.

American readers who have yet to make the acquaintance of these delightful essays, have a rare treat in prospect. They will find them the most agreeable papers that have appeared, in their peculiar vein, since the days of Steele; and acknowledge that the author fully redeems the promise of his title-page and gives us "Common Places Refreshed."

"Lady Willoughby's Diary" has charmed every one for its simplicity, quaintness and nature. It represents, with a truly Flemish fidelity, the two extremes of public and private life, of civil war and domestic seclusion; the thoughts of a true woman absorbed in her home duties, and the cares of a statesman involved in the turmoil of political dissensions. We have read of the times portrayed both in novels and histories, but the glimpse afforded by the unpretending pages of this little diary, has brought us infinitely nearer the scenes and the persons of that extraordinary era, by intimately associating them with the person and feelings of an affectionate and pious woman, such as we have known and loved. Such books make us familiar with the past, not merely cognizant of it. There is the same difference between them and statelier records, as between Macready's Coriolanus and Placide's Grandfather Whitehead.

Another capital feature in this series of books, is the bringing out of Hazlitt's writings in a style such as their merits deserve. William Hazlitt possessed one of the acutest minds of his day. He lived upon literature and art. He was one of those men who seem born to make others appreciate genius. His perceptions were singularly keen and observant, and his powers of reflection of a high order. In many respects he is an excellent guide to truth, setting an example by his vigorous independence of thought, his earnestness of sympathy, and refined definitions of artistic excellence and personal character. At the same time he was a man of strong prejudices and perverted feelings. He is not to be implicitly followed, but to be read with constant discrimination. In his "Table-Talk," which forms two numbers of the "Library," there are innumerable attractive reminiscences of books and men, and suggestions of rare value both for the writer, the artist and the man who desires to improve the advantages which nature bestows. We know of few writers who, with all his defects, are so *alive* as Hazlitt. He had that mental activity which is contagious, and has done no little good by setting minds of more equanimity upon the track of progress. It appears this collection of essays is to be followed by his other works. They will be a valuable accession to the current literature of the day.

It is obvious, from this hasty survey, that there are two particulars in which these books deserve the name of "Choice Literature;" and which honorably distinguish them from the mass of reprints that has deluged the land with cheap reading. They contain ideas, and they have a style. The former will furnish the hungry mind, and the latter will refine the crude taste, so that an actual benefit, independent of the diversion attending such reading, will certainly accrue. We have dwelt at unusual length upon this series of books, because we regard their appearance and popularity as the best sign of the times, as far as literature is concerned, which we can now discern.

The apathy of our publishers, in regard to all compositions offered them, except fiction, and that of the most vapid kind; the apparent success of the cheap system, and the "angels' visits" of works of real merit, seemed to indicate a fatal lapse of wholesome taste.

The "Library of Choice Literature" was started on a different principle. It appealed to good sense and the love of beauty, rather than to a morbid appetite for excitement. We therefore regard the favorable reception it has met with, as evidence that the public, in the end, will, after trying all things, hold fast that which is good. We shall look for the American series, advertised by the publishers, with great interest. While we have criticism like that which occasionally redeems our periodical literature, such a prose poet as Hawthorne, such a speculative essayist as Emerson, such a brilliant tale writer as Willis, to say nothing of adepts in other departments, surely there is no difficulty in making a very respectable American Library of Choice Literature.

"THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS; OR, ROMANCES AND REALITIES OF EASTERN TRAVEL," by Elisha Warburton, is the name of the book which makes its appearance to-day in this series. We have already given some extracts, and propose hereafter to give more. It is a book which, we foresee, the public will devour eagerly first, and hear what the critics have got to say afterwards. No one who takes up the Crescent and the Cross can readily lay it down. It runs over with enthusiasm, and is brilliant and sparkling on every page. It will be another decided hit for "the series." Mr. Warburton's book embraces a wider field of observation than Eöthen, to which it bears a striking resemblance in style and execution. We think it, indeed, a more valuable book than Eöthen, not so brilliant, but more accurate and instructive.

From the same publishers we have received No. 6 of the AMERICAN REVIEW; a whig journal of Politics, Literature, Art and Science.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Nos. 3 and 4 of DR. LARDNER'S LECTURES ON SCIENCE AND ART, have been published by Messrs. Greely & McElrath, New York. Subjects: The Tides; Light; The Major Planets; Reflection of Light; Prospects of Steam Navigation; The Barometer; The Moon; Heat; Atlantic Steam Question; Galvanism. We cannot too often recommend this work to our readers of all ages; but it is especially important for young people to have a general, even if it be a superficial knowledge, of these matters. Knowing a little, they will be always learning more. The same publishers sent us a specimen No. of the Semi-Weekly TRIBUNE, with which we were very much pleased. The paper and printing were both good, and there was a large amount of good matter. There was a Stroll through the Philadelphia Market, by John S. Skinner, which very much pleased us. The lively and natural style of this gentleman is refreshing, and will give life to his FARMER'S LIBRARY, which Messrs. Greely & McElrath are about to publish. The earnest admiration with which he speaks of the Philadelphia butter, creates a feeling in our heart akin to that with which the Israelites in the desert remembered the *leash-pots* of Egypt!

From *Tait's Magazine*—("Liberal" in Politics and Religion.)

ENGLAND, IRELAND AND AMERICA.

We cannot profess any very lively sympathy with those Tory discontents, of which, on several recent occasions, Mr. D'Israeli has been the organ. Nor, much as we admire, and in a certain sense enjoy, the very brilliant and, in the main, just attacks of that extremely clever gentleman on the present premier, can we feel that he is the man to administer, with the best moral effect, the castigation due to political versatility. Those who helped to "organize" the "grand hypocrisy," and to enthroned the "dynasty of deception," have scarcely a right to complain of the result. They have themselves to thank for it. They might and ought to have known their man. Those politicians who, seven years ago, or five years ago, believed that Sir Robert Peel would make an honest Tory minister, believed without evidence and against evidence.

So far from fixing on this present session of 1845 to begin complaining of hypocrisy, deception, and imposture, we rejoice rather to see how rapidly hypocrisy is unmasking, and the reign of imposture drawing to a close. Sir Robert Peel was never less open to the charge of deception than at this moment. Instead of deceiving, he is undeceiving the world with all possible despatch and completeness. He is demolishing, with steady and unsparing hand, the false pretences by which he and his party climbed into power, and cutting the ground from under the feet of any public man who shall ever again dream of getting together a great party without a great principle. He is laying bare, at every point, the great hoax—tearing to rags and tatters the enormous make-believe. He is the general spiking his own guns, the conjuror letting us into the secret of his tricks. "Protection" and "Protestantism," it is clear, will soon cease to vex mankind.

The extraordinary cross and confusion of parties, both in and out of parliament, which has been produced by the great measure of the past month—the Maynooth Endowment Bill—aptly represent the medley of good and evil contained in the bill itself. The matter is one of which it is hard to speak, except in contradictions and antitheses, after the fashion of Master Touchstone. In respect of itself, that it is a bill for endowing Irish Catholic doctors in divinity, out of the pockets of English and Scottish Protestant laymen, it is naught: in respect that it is a bill for conciliating one third of the British empire, it is a good bill. In respect that it has a spice of "restitution" in it, we like it very well: in respect that the restitution is made in the shape of a new robbery from those who have never touched the plunder, and have therefore nothing to restore, it is a very vile bill. In respect that it is a bill for education, it pleaseth us well: in respect that the education is to be of the exclusive and sectarian sort, it is odious. As it is an attack on the Protestant ascendancy, it fits our humor well: but as it is "Popish," it goes much against our stomach. It is not wonderful that this bill has set Great Britain together by the ears, Tory against Tory, Liberal against Liberal—produced the oddest dislocations of party, and the oddest combinations. There has not been a political question agitated in our time on which there is so "much to be said on both sides."

But we cannot satisfy either ourselves or our

readers, by dismissing the matter thus lightly. There is, in every great public act or measure, however complicated by conflicting principles and tendencies, a preponderant *on-the-whole* right or wrong, which it is the business of the public journalist to ascertain and expound, according to the best of his ability. On a question of this magnitude and seriousness—involving, as it does, considerations of first-rate moment with regard to the contentment and pacification of Ireland, and the future course of our ecclesiastical legislation—we feel bound both to have a distinct opinion, and to give it distinct expression.

Practically, substantially, and on the whole, then, this Maynooth Endowment bill seems to us—with most serious faults of detail and even of principle, which must entirely preclude many sincere Liberals from giving it an active support—a measure of justice to Ireland; a blow at sectarian ascendancy; a move towards religious equality; an attempt, partial, indeed, in degree, and highly objectionable in mode—at rectifying the most outrageous injustice that ever disgraced the ecclesiastical legislation of a civilized community. As such, we must wish it well. And while we feel the difficulty of supporting a measure containing so much that every religious Liberal must strenuously disapprove, and have all respect for those Liberals who deem themselves bound to oppose it, we should deeply regret the success of the opposition.

That this measure is, in many grave respects, a highly disagreeable one to us, it must be needless to assure our readers. State endowment of a particular form of religious belief, a new ecclesiastical impost, taxation of the public in favor of the creed of a sect, the salaried of theologians out of the consolidated fund—nothing can possibly be worse, *except that state of things of which this scheme is a slight corrective*. But we cannot overlook the "circumstances" which turn this wrong into a sort of right. That gigantic iniquity, the Church of England in Ireland, is a circumstance, which, in our apprehension, completely forbids, so long as it continues to exist, the application of the principle on which we would otherwise deal with the matter. We confess we have no heart to introduce the "voluntary principle" into this business. It is not a case for the voluntary principle. If voluntarism is to be the rule of our ecclesiastical legislation, make it the rule—Irish Catholics have no sort of objection. But voluntarism is not the rule. Do what we will, we cannot yet get it made the rule. Not voluntarism, but state endowment is the rule of the ecclesiastical polity of Great Britain; and, this being so, it is hard that the case of the poorest, and most oppressed and insulted body of religionists in the empire should be made an exception. *Do-the-boys Hall* is scarcely the fittest field for a first experiment in ecclesiastical economy and *laissez-faire*. We must begin somewhere else the war against state endowment of theological creeds. We should be indeed delighted, if we could stop this Maynooth grant, in the pure, unaided strength of the voluntary principle; for, were the principle strong enough for that, it would be strong enough for some other things of considerably more practical moment. But we cannot. Voluntarism has, really and practically, no voice in the matter. The protestations of voluntarism are lost and drowned in the clamors of "No-Popery" and "Protestant Ascendancy." The strength of the

agitation is not in the voluntary principle, but in the no-popery and ascendancy passion. Voluntaryism is perfectly powerless in the matter, except as a subordinate ally of no-popery and ascendancy. As it is powerless, we think it should be neutral. One thing at least is clear; if the advocates of the voluntary principle feel themselves bound actively to oppose this bill, they are most especially bound to *oppose the opposition*—the most illiberal, bigoted, and fanatical opposition—with which it is assailed by men whose principles are as contrary to theirs as darkness to light.

We have nowhere seen the "Voluntary" view of the Maynooth endowment scheme better stated, than in the resolutions of the Independent Congregation of Argyle Square Chapel, in this city, adopted at a meeting held on the 31st of March, for considering the propriety of petitioning parliament against the bill. Our Independent friends, while disapproving of the bill, decided not to express their disapprobation in the form of a parliamentary petition, for reasons, the chief of which are stated as follows:—

"Because the most zealous opponents of the grant are the parties who have appropriated to themselves the largest share of the public property, which has been devoted to upholding ecclesiastical establishments, and whose object evidently is to rouse the zeal of dissenters to cooperate with them in maintaining their present ascendancy.

"Because, if we were to petition against this grant, on the ground that it was for the support of theological dogmas which we consider unscriptural and dangerous, we should thereby imply that the state has a right to judge what creeds are to be countenanced as true and scriptural, and thus admit a principle subversive of religious liberty.

"Because large grants have been made to colleges exclusively Protestant, and extensive revenues have been forcibly taken from Catholics and bestowed on Protestant institutions; and considering the system which is at present acted on by government, it does appear partial and unjust, that munificent funds should be expended on one class, while a comparative pittance is refused to another.

"Because, while we testify against all grants from the public funds for the promotion of any theological creed, we do not consider that we should be justified in joining in the clamor now raised against a particular sect, and that the sect which has suffered from the domination of a high church party, who, while they take every opportunity of lording it over dissenters, are now desirous to use them as tools for the accomplishment of their own purposes."

Nothing can be truer in fact, sounder in principle, or wiser in policy, than this. Liberal dissenters have nothing to do with agitating against Maynooth. Whatever the agitation may be in name and form, it is, in fact, substance, and practical tendency, an agitation against every principle most dear to them. It is an agitation, not for voluntaryism and equality, but for ascendancy and tyranny. It is an agitation, not against state establishments of religion, but in favor of one of the corruptest and most extortionate establishments under heaven. Its success would be a victory gained, not by, but over, religious equality and political justice. The defeat of the Maynooth grant would be the triumph of the Church of England in Ireland. The Independents of Argyle Square truly call this agitation a "clamor against a particular sect." The life and soul of the move-

ment is the no-popery fanaticism; and nothing that liberal dissenters can say or do, will make it anything else. With whatever generality of phrase they may word their opposition, so as to direct it against state endowments of religion in the abstract, it has the practical effect of a special attack on the Catholics and their creed. It has this effect, and it has no other. Those dissenters who have joined the movement on the Voluntary principle, have not thereby advanced the Voluntary principle one iota. They have only allowed themselves to be used as tools by their old oppressors; and when they are done with, they will be thrown aside. With the most perfect respect for the sincerity of such of our friends as have suffered themselves to be thus entrapped, we must take leave to more than doubt the wisdom of their course. The *John Thorogoods* and the *Charles Jameses*—the men who go to prison sooner than pay church taxes, and the men who send and keep them there—have really too little in common to render political cooperation on a church question natural or seemly.

We gladly turn from the disagreeable side of this matter, to notice those topics of congratulation which the ministerial proposal affords to all friends of religious liberty, and of justice to Ireland. This Maynooth scheme, with all its faults, is a most telling and decisive blow at the principle of ecclesiastical exclusiveness and ascendancy in general, and at the Church of England, in Ireland, in particular. It is now ruled, once for all, that the great ecclesiastical monopoly is a nuisance which must be abated—a wrong which must be righted. That the attempt is made to right it by the infliction of a little counter-wrong—a "reacting grievance on the other side," as Mr. O'Connell calls it—is, comparatively, a very subordinate consideration. By the consent of both the great parties in the state, it is declared and settled, that, not sectarian sympathies and antipathies, but "public feelings, and considerations of public policy," are henceforth to be supreme in Anglo-Irish politics; that we are to look at things, not as theologians, but "as legislators and statesmen;" and that "concession" is so far from having "reached its limits," that it can scarcely be said to have yet commenced. Nothing can now undo this. Though the Maynooth bill happened to be lost, for this session, no power on earth could put things back to where they were before. What has been said cannot be unsaid. The principles which have been so fully and formally recognized can never be ignored. All our leading public men, of all parties, now stand pledged, more or less, in one way or in another, to beat down ecclesiastical ascendancy, to open ecclesiastical monopoly, to rectify or abate the wrong of governing one third of the empire on sectarian principles.

We regard this Maynooth bill—taken in connexion with the avowals of purpose, or admissions of tendency, that have been made in the debates on it—as virtually sealing the fate of the Irish church establishment. Nothing can be plainer than that, if we are to have one established church in Ireland, we must make up our minds very shortly to have two, one for the few, and one for the many; a Protestant church, subsisting on tithes and lands, and a Catholic church, charged on the consolidated fund. *Two church establishments, or none*, is the alternative to which we are visibly and rapidly coming. As this is a question

in which the people of Great Britain will have to be consulted, and as we have no sort of doubt as to what their answer will be, we can only say, the sooner it is asked the better. Whether a state provision for the Irish Catholic hierarchy be a necessary logical consequence of giving Maynooth students separate beds, salarizing Maynooth professors at a higher rate than gentlemen's butlers, mending broken windows, and turning the "deserted barrack" into a decent and comfortable abode for Christian people, is an inquiry on which we need not enter too curiously. But it sufficiently appears, from indications given in debate, on both sides of the House, that the attempt to deduce this consequence practically will by-and-by be made. This is good news for the cause of religious liberty, equality, and voluntarism. The attempt cannot be made (if made at all) too soon. It will quite certainly break down, and the Irish Protestant state church will break down with it. When "restitution" comes that length, it will begin to be understood, that taxing the British people to restore to Ireland what the British people never took from Ireland, is a practical hull of too gross a sort to be tolerated even in Hibernian politics. The restitution must be made by the party in possession of the plunder. The wrong must be undone, not neutralized by a "reacting" wrong inflicted on an offending third party. Protestant ascendancy has got the plunder, and Protestant ascendancy must make the restitution. The national property of the Irish people must be unsectarianized—restored from unnational and antinational, to national uses. Meanwhile, we are disposed, for our own part, to acquiesce, as patiently as may be, in our share of the little "reacting grievance," which will facilitate the perception, and accelerate the redress, of the great original grievance. A state tax for the endowment of Catholic ecclesiastical education, is a quite bearable nuisance, considered as an *interim* arrangement—a transition measure towards the abatement of an immeasurably greater nuisance—a preparative of the public mind for that grand act of public policy and justice, the appropriation of Irish ecclesiastical property to the promotion of the moral and social welfare of the Irish people.

On the Oregon question, which has suddenly started into new life and importance, in consequence of the American president's cool assumption of a "clear and unquestionable" right to territory that has been for more than a quarter of a century, and is still, under negotiation, accompanied by the not vaguely hinted menace of a prompt settlement by *voie de fait*, we do not wish to enter now at any length; but we must express our satisfaction that ministers have taken the prudent course of giving America to understand, that, while all the policy, interests, and feelings of this country are profoundly averse to war, Great Britain does not mean to surrender clear and unquestionable rights of her own to mere bluster. We believe that the firm and pacific tone taken by Lord Aberdeen and Sir Robert Peel has very greatly diminished the risk of war in connexion with this frivolous and paltry affair. Now that the dangerous delusion has been dispelled—dangerous alike to the Americans and to ourselves—that "Ireland," or "the debt," or anything else, renders it absolutely impossible for Great Britain, in any case or contingency, to resist aggression by force, the governments of the two countries will meet on equal terms, and be able, we doubt not, to

settle the matter in a rational way. The case is clearly one for negotiation, "founded," as Lord Aberdeen says, "on the principle of an amicable adjustment, by mutual concession of extreme claims." The extreme claims of the Americans are, we think, sufficiently shown by the Earl of Clarendon and Lord John Russell to be preposterously extravagant; while our extreme claims have been over and over again compromised beyond recovery by concessions made in the course of negotiation, and are in themselves so barren of practical value, that it is only a pity we cannot, under present circumstances, handsomely and honorably make the Americans a present of them without more words. It is satisfactory to learn from the explanations given in parliament as to the joint-occupation convention at present in force—and dissoluble only by a year's notice, which notice has not yet been given—that the question is not of that instant urgency in point of time which the tone of the president's speech had at first led the public to suppose. The declarations of ministers justify the hope, that the interval yet open for negotiation and amicable arrangement will be industriously improved, and that the existing truce will end in a permanent and assured peace.

Although we do not see any serious reason for apprehending that this trumpety Oregon dispute will issue in that most hideous of calamities—that wildest and wickedest of follies—a war between Great Britain and America, it is impossible not to feel that the relations between the two countries are, generally, in a most unsafe and unsatisfactory state. We have become of late far too familiar with the idea of war with our transatlantic brethren. Question after question has arisen within the last eight or ten years that has brought us to the very verge of rupture, and has required all the resources of a skilful and laborious diplomacy for its adjustment. It is impossible that things can go on so forever. This habitual and growing familiarity with the idea of war—this perpetual talk of war—this "armed peace," which is ever on the brink of war, must, in the nature of things, come to war at last. Peace between two such countries as Great Britain and the United States, so closely related by all the ties that should bind nation to nation—a common ancestry, a common history, a common language, a common religion, similar laws, analogous institutions, and identical interests—is a thing that ought to be utterly incapable of ever being called in question. It should be, like representative government, freedom of worship and of the press, security of property, and the like, a fundamental political postulate—a tacitly-assumed first principle, needing no logical defence, and admitting of no possibility of a controversy. Why is this not so? The answer is to be found in our barbarous and suicidal commercial legislation, which has hindered the growth of interests and habits conservative of peace, and fostered the passions and antipathies stimulant of war. Were the natural relations of the two countries their actual relations—Ohio prairies feeding the workers of Lancashire looms, and Lancashire looms clothing the tillers of Ohio prairies—the inexhaustible powers of production, and fitnesses for exchange, represented by the words "American Corn," and "British Manufactures,"* freely developing themselves for mutual good—questions

* See the valuable pamphlet lately published under the title "American Corn and British Manufactures," by Clarke, London.

like this of Oregon, might, indeed, arise from time to time, but they would be comparatively innocuous. Two nations, the business of whose existence should be to feed and clothe each other, would find their diplomacy a wonderfully simple affair. Any way of settling such matters as those which now we find so full of embarrassment and irritation, would be cheerfully acquiesced in by each, as a preferable alternative to the wicked madness of a war, ruinous to both. Most unhappily, we have, so far as possible, deprived ourselves of those securities of peace, to be found in extended and various commerce. We have minimized, to each nation, both the terrors of war, and the benefits of peace. We have kept up a sort of war in the midst of peace—the “war” (to use the words of Mr. Macgregor, of the board of trade) “of material interests, or, more properly speaking, of material injuries—that is, a war of custom-houses or fiscal forts, with their garrisons of revenue-officers and servants.” We have followed a policy of commercial isolation, jealousy, and contention, which has fatally impaired the natural guarantees of peace, and exasperated the passions whose natural language is war.

The present state of commercial opinion, on both sides of the Atlantic—of which, as regards America, the recent presidential election is a decisive sign—affords ground for hope that we are nearly come to the end of our “war of material interests, or injuries,” and that the hour is not remote, when the two great nations of the Anglo-Saxon race will conclude that best and most enduring of all possible treaties of peace, whose terms are registered not in protocols, but in bills of exchange and merchants’ ledgers—whose ultimate guarantees are not powder magazines and cannon-balls, but flour barrels and cotton bales. There is still, thank Heaven! with all our monopolies, intercourse enough left between Great Britain and the United States, to render war horribly calamitous to the material interests of each country; and with this, and firmness and good temper, on the part of our statesmen, we shall no doubt be able to weather the difficulties of the Oregon question. For the future, we must trust to the efforts of the Free-Traders of the two countries, to produce a state of things that will render war a commercial, political, and moral impossibility.

From the Christian Remembrancer.

“THE HOST OF GOD.”

“And Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him. And when Jacob saw them, he said, This is God’s host; and he called the name of that place Mahanaim.”—Gen. xxxii. 1, 2.

“The Host of God!” from whence came they,
And whither are they bound?
Are they of those that watch by day,
And keep their nightly round?
Come they from realms celestial, sent
On God’s high message here?
Guide they the nightly firmament?
Guide they the rolling sphere?

“The Host of God!”—How seemed that show,
In heavenly pomp arrayed?
Marched they in bright angelic row,
With glittering wings displayed?
Or were they clad in flesh and bone,
Like children of the earth,
While but their stately step and tone
Betrayed their glorious birth?

“The Host of God!”—How did they greet
Our faint and wandering sire?
Passed they his train with flying feet,
And chariot wheels like fire?
Or did they cheer his spirit there
Amid that desert lone—
Tell him that granted was his prayer,
His secret sorrows known!

“The Host of God!”—How wild the thought,
That lowly man should meet,
Mid the drear realms of wolf and goat,
The step of holy feet;
Whence come they—whither go—is dark;
Their purpose, all unknown;
Yet shine they as a meteor spark
Through midnight darkness thrown.

Still may they wheel their bright career
By lonely rock or tree,
Had we the Patriarch’s ear to hear,
His holy eye to see!
The desert wild, the crowded way,
By heavenly step is trod;
Through earth and air—by night, by day—
Walks still—“The Host of God!”

From the Home Missionary Magazine.

“THERE WAS SILENCE IN HEAVEN.”

CAN angel spirits need repose,
In the full sunlight of the sky?
And can the veil of slumber close
A cherub’s bright and blazing eye?

Have seraphims a weary brow,
A fainting heart, and aching breast?
No, far too high their pulses flow,
To languish with inglorious rest.

How could they sleep amid the bliss,
The banquet of delight above?
Or bear for one short hour to miss
The vision of the Lord they love?

Oh! not the deathlike calm of sleep
Could hush the everlasting song:
No fairy dream or slumber deep,
Entranced the rapt and holy throng.

Yet not the lightest tone was heard
From angel voice or angel hand,
And not one plumed pinion stirred
Among the bowed and blissful band.

For there was silence in the sky,
A joy no angel tongues could tell,
As from its mystic point on high
The peace of God in stillness fell.

Oh! what is silence here below?
The quiet of concealed despair,
The pause of pain, the dream of wo,—
It is the rest of rapture there.

And, to the way-worn pilgrim here,
More kindred seems that perfect peace
Than the full chants of joy to hear
Roll on, and never, never cease.

From earthly agonies set free,
Tired with the path too slowly trod,
May such a silence welcome me
Into the palace of my God!

From Chambers' Journal.

STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT, ST. PETERSBURG.

THE rapid change which Russia underwent during the reign of Peter the Great, her extraordinary advances under this sage legislator, are among the most important events of which history preserves the record. Proud of his glory, the nation wished to erect a monument in commemoration of his great actions, which in his own city should be a distinctive object to all posterity. In the then young state of their art, some deliberation took place before the design of the structure was decided on; during this the hero died, and the erection of the monument was consequently reserved for the reign of the empress Catherine II. The first step to be taken was the appointment of an artist capable of undertaking such a work. The choice fell upon M. Falconet, who, in his conception of an equestrian statue, determined that the subordinate parts should bear an equal impress of genius. He found that the pedestals in general use have no distinctive feature, and adapt themselves equally well to any subject; and being of so universal application, they produce no new or elevated feeling in the mind of the spectator. He wished to make the czar appear in his principal character—the father and legislator of his people; great and extraordinary in all; undertaking and completing that which others were unable to imagine. To carry out this conception, a precipitous rock was fixed on for the pedestal, on which the statue should appear with characteristics distinguishing it from those erected to other sovereigns.

The first idea was to form this pedestal of six masses of rock, bound together with bars of copper or iron; but the objection was urged that the natural decay of the bands would cause a disruption of the various parts, and present a ruinous aspect, while it would be difficult to insure perfect uniformity in the quality and appearance of the different blocks. The next proposal was to form it of one whole rock; but this appeared impossible; and in a report to the senate, it was stated the expense would be so enormous, as almost to justify the abandonment of the undertaking; and even if made of six pieces, as first proposed, the outlay would be excessive. At length it was determined to transport to the city the largest rock that could be found, and add other portions to it as might be judged necessary. Still, great misgivings prevailed as to the possibility of removing the contemplated mass. The search was then begun, but with less success than had been anticipated, as the country around St. Petersburg is flat and marshy, affording no traces of stone, while the nearest mountains are in the province of Finland. A whole summer was passed in exploration; and the idea of forming the pedestal of several smaller portions was again entertained, when a large stone was discovered near Cronstadt, which it was determined to apply as the principal mass; and the task of its removal was confided to the admiralty, who, however, as well as many other mechanics applied to in turn, refused to undertake it. The search for the smaller blocks was nevertheless continued, although no one appeared to have any definite notion of the use to be made of them in the event of their discovery.

Under these unexpected difficulties, the forma-

tion of the pedestal was intrusted to an officer of the corps of cadets, who had already given proofs of his mechanical skill. A native of Cephalonia, he had been compelled, for an offence against the laws, to seek refuge in Russia, where he lived under the assumed name of Lascary. He had strenuously recommended the adoption of the original design; and a few days after his appointment, he received information from a peasant of a large rock lying in a marsh near a bay in the Gulf of Finland, about twenty miles from the city by water. An examination was immediately instituted: the stone was found covered with moss; and on sounding around it, the base was fortunately ascertained to be flat. Its form was that of a parallelepipedon, 42 feet in length, 27 feet in width, and 21 feet in height—dimensions sufficiently extensive to realize the conceptions of M. Falconet, the sculptor. But when the authorities, under whose direction the work was placed, saw the prodigious size of the rock, they again hesitated, and recommended its division into smaller portions. The fear of accidents, however, and the hardness of the stone, caused them to yield to the representations of the engineer, who was now favored by the support and encouragement of the minister Batsky; and the intelligence of the empress being superior to the senseless clamor raised by the envious and the ignorant, she gave orders for the commencement of the work.

A working model of the machinery with which it was proposed to remove the rock from its situation was first made. M. Lascary resolved on effecting this removal without the use of rollers, as these not only present a long surface, which increases the friction, but are not easily made of the great diameter that would have been required, owing to the soft and yielding nature of the ground on which the work was to be performed. Spherical bodies, revolving in a metallic groove, were then chosen as the means of transport. These offered many advantages. Their motion is more prompt than that of rollers, with a less degree of friction, as they present but small points of contact. Stout beams of wood, 33 feet in length, and 1 foot square, were then prepared. One side was hollowed in the form of a gutter, and lined, the sides being convex, to the thickness of two inches, with a compound metal of copper and tin. Balls of the same metal, five inches in diameter, were then made, to bear only on the bottom of the groove. These beams were intended to be placed on the ground in a line, in front of the stone, while upon them were reversed two other beams, prepared in a similar manner, each 42 feet long, and 1½ feet square, connected as a frame by stretchers and bars of iron 14 feet in length, carefully secured by nuts, screws, and bolts. A load of 3000 lbs., when placed on the working model, was found to move with the greatest facility; and the inventor hoped to satisfy the minister as well as the mechanics by its public exhibition. The former was well pleased with the experiment, and expressed his belief in the possibility of removing the stone; while the latter raised absurd objections, with the cry of: "the mountain upon eggs."

The first thing to be done, as the rock lay in a wild and deserted part of the country, was to build barracks capable of accommodating 400 laborers, artisans, and other persons required, who, with M. Lascary, were all lodged on the spot, as the readiest means of forwarding the

work. A line of road was then cleared from the rock to the river Niva, a distance of six versts,* to a width of 120 feet, in order to gain space for the various operations, and to give a free circulation of air, so essential to the health of the workmen in a marshy district, as well as to the drying and freezing of the ground—a point of much importance, when the enormous weight to be removed is considered. In the month of December, when the influence of the frosts began to be felt, the operation of disinterring the rock from the earth, in which it was imbedded to the depth of 15 feet, was commenced: the excavation required to be of great width—84 feet all round—to admit of turning the stone, which did not lie in the most favorable position for removal. An inclined plane, 600 feet in length, was afterwards made, by means of which, when the stone was turned, it might be drawn up to the level surface.

Among the objections urged against the possibility of removing the rock, was the anticipated insurmountable difficulty of placing it upon the machine destined for its transportation. But the engineer was confident, and wisely preferring simplicity to complication, resolved on employing ordinary levers, known technically as levers of the first order; these were made of three masts, each 65 feet in length, and 1½ feet in diameter at the larger end, firmly bound together. To diminish the difficulty of moving these heavy instruments, triangles 30 feet high were erected, with windlasses attached near the base, from which a cord, passing through a pulley at the top, was fastened to the smaller end of the lever, which, being drawn up to the top of the triangle, was ready for the operation of turning: each of these levers was calculated to raise a weight of 200,000 lbs. A row of piles had been driven into the ground at the proper distance from the stone on one side, to serve as a fulcrum; and on the other a series of piles were disposed as a platform, to prevent the sinking of the mass on its descent. Twelve levers, with three men to each, were stationed at the side to be lifted, and the lower extremities being placed under the mass, the upper ends were drawn downwards by the united action of the twelve windlasses. When the stone rose to the height of a foot, beams and wedges were then driven underneath, to maintain it in that position, while the levers were arranged for a second lift. To assist the action of the levers, large iron rings were soldered into the upper corner of the rock, from which small cables were passed to four capstans, each turned by 36 men, thus maintaining a steady strain; while the stone was prevented from returning to its original position when the levers were shifted. These operations were repeated until the rock was raised nearly to an equipoise, when cables from six other capstans were attached to the opposite side, to guard against a too sudden descent; and as a further precaution against fracture, a bed, six feet in thickness, of hay and moss intermingled, was placed to receive the rock, on which it was happily laid at the end of March, 1769. As it was of great importance that all the workmen should act at one and the same time, two drummers were stationed on the top of the stone, who, at a sign from the engineer, gave the necessary signals on their drums, and secured the certainty of order and precision in the various operations.

Meantime the machinery for the removal had been made. Of the lower grooved beams already

* A verst is 3500 English feet.

described, six pairs were prepared, so that when the rock had advanced over one pair, they might be drawn forward and placed in a line in advance of the foremost, without interrupting the movements. The balls were laid in the grooves 2 feet apart; the upper frame, intended as the bed for the rock, placed above: the mass, weighing in its original form, 4,000,000 lbs., was then raised by means of powerful screws, and deposited on the frame, when it was drawn up the inclined plane by the united force of six capstans. The road did not proceed in a direct line to the river, owing to the soft state of portions of the marsh: in many places it was impossible to reach a firm foundation with piles fifty feet in length. This naturally added to the difficulties of the transport, as the direction of the draught was frequently to be changed. Piles were driven along the whole line, on both sides, at distances of 300 feet apart; to these the cables were made fast, while the capstans revolved; two of which were found sufficient to draw the stone on a level surface, while on unequal ground four were required. The rate of motion was from 500 to 1200 feet daily, which, when regard is had to the short winter days of five hours in that high latitude, may be considered as rapid. So interesting was the spectacle of the enormous mass when moving, with the two drummers at their posts, the forge erected on it continually at work, and forty workmen constantly employed in reducing it to a regular form, that the empress and the court visited the spot to see the novel sight; and, notwithstanding the rigor of the season, crowds of persons of all ranks went out every day as spectators. Small flat sledges were attached to each side of the stone by ropes, on which were seated men provided with iron levers, whose duty it was to prevent the balls, of which fifteen on a side were used, from striking against each other, and thus impeding the motion. The tool-house was also attached, and moved with the stone, in order that everything might be ready to hand when required. Experiments were tried with balls and grooves of cast-iron; but this material crumbled into fragments as readily as if made of clay. No metal was found to bear the weight so well as the mixture of copper and tin; and even with this the balls were sometimes flattened, and the grooves curled up, when the pressure by any accident became unequal. The utility of rollers was also tried; but with double the number of capstans and power, the cables broke, while the stone did not advance an inch.

The work went on favorably, when it was suddenly checked by the sinking of the stone to a depth of 18 inches in the road, to the great chagrin of the engineer, who was suffering under a severe attack of marsh fever. He was not, however, disheartened, and speedily remedied the accident, spite of the idle clamors of the multitude; and in six weeks from the time of first drawing the stone from its bed, he had the satisfaction of seeing it safely deposited on the temporary wharf built for the purpose of embarkation on the banks of the river, when the charge fell into the hands of the admiralty, who had undertaken the transport by water to the city.

A vessel or barge 180 feet in length, 68 feet in width, and 17 feet from deck to keel, had been built with every appliance that skill could suggest, to render it capable of supporting the enormous burden. Great precautions were now necessary to prevent the possibility of the falling of the rock into the stream: water was let into the vessel until

she sunk to the bottom of the river, which brought her deck on a level with the wharf; the rock was then drawn on board by means of two capstans placed on the deck of another vessel, anchored at some distance from the shore. Pumps and buckets were now brought into use to clear the barge of the water with which she had been filled: but to the surprise and consternation of those engaged, she did not rise equally: the centre, bearing most of the weight, remained at the bottom, while the head and stern, springing up, gave to the whole the form of a sharp curve; the timbers gave way, and the seams opening, the water reëntered rapidly: 400 men were then set to bale, in order that every part might be simultaneously cleared; but the curve became greater in proportion to the diminution of the internal volume of water.

M. Lascary, who, from the time the rock had been placed on the deck of the vessel, had been a simple spectator of these operations, which occupied two weeks, now received orders to draw it again upon the wharf. He immediately applied himself to remedy the error—which had been committed in not distributing the weight equally—without removing the stone. He first caused the head and stern of the barge to be loaded with large stones, until they sank to a level with the centre; the rock was then raised by means of screws and beams of timber, diverging to every part of the vessel, placed under and against it; and on the removal of the screws, the pressure being equal in every part, she regained her original form. The water was next pumped out, the stones removed from the head and stern, a ship lashed on each side of the barge, which, on the 22d September, arrived opposite the quay where it was intended to erect the statue.

Not the least difficult part of the work, the debarkation, remained to be done. As the river was here of a greater depth than at the place of embarkation, rows of piles had been driven into the bottom alongside the quay, and cut off level at a distance of eight feet below the surface: on these the barge was reared; and, to prevent the recurrence of the rising of the head and stern when the supports should be removed, three masts, lashed together, crossing the deck at each extremity, were secured to the surface of the quay. It was then feared that, as the rock approached the shore, the vessel might heel, and precipitate it into the river. This was obviated by fixing six other masts to the quay, which projected across the whole breadth of the deck, and were made fast to a vessel moored outside; thus presenting a counterpoise to the weight of the stone. The grooved beams were laid ready, the cables secured, and at the moment of removing the last support, the drummers beat the signal: the men at the capstans ran round with a cheer; the barge heeled slightly, which accelerated the movement; and in an instant the rock was safely landed on the quay.

Such was the successful result of an undertaking, extraordinary in its nature and the circumstances in opposition to it.* An example is here afforded to those who may have to struggle with difficulties in mechanical art, that will stimulate them to attempt what may appear impossible to the timid and unreflecting. He who contends successfully with the adverse opinions of men of learning, and the blind prejudices of the multitude,

*The whole expense of the removal did not exceed 70,000 roubles, or £14,000; while the materials which remained were worth two thirds of the sum.

achieves a moral as well as a physical triumph, deserving of high praise and imitation.

It is to be regretted that the effect of this unrivalled pedestal was marred by the diminution of its size. Under the directions of the artist who had so successfully formed the statue, it was pared and chiseled, until the weight was reduced to 3,000,000 lbs.; and the outline, instead of being left bold and broken, as best suited the character of the group, was made smooth and uniform. It forms, however, one of the chief attractions of St. Petersburg, standing "in the square opposite the Isaac Bridge, at the western extremity of the Admiralty. Here the colossal equestrian statue of the founder of this magnificent city, placed on a granite rock, seems to command the undivided attention of the stranger. On approaching nearer, the simple inscription fixed on it, in bronze letters, 'Petro Primo, Catharina Secunda, MDCCCLXXXII.', meets the eye. The same inscription in the Russian language appears on the opposite side. The area is enclosed within a handsome railing, placed between granite pillars. The idea of Falconet, the French architect, commissioned to erect an equestrian statue to the extraordinary man at whose command a few scattered huts of fishermen were converted into palaces, was to represent the hero as conquering, by enterprise and personal courage, difficulties almost insurmountable. This the artist imagined might be properly represented by placing Peter on a fiery steed, which he is supposed to have taught, by skill, management, and perseverance, to rush up a steep and precipitous rock, to the very brink of a precipice, over which the animal and the imperial rider pause without fear, and in an attitude of triumph. The horse rears with his fore-feet in the air, and seems to be impatient of restraint, while the sovereign, turned towards the island, surveys with calm and serene countenance his capital rising out of the waters, over which he extends the hand of protection. The bold manner in which the group has been made to rest on the hind legs of the horse only, is not more surprising than the skill with which advantage has been taken of the allegorical figure of the serpent of envy spurned by the horse, to assist in upholding so gigantic a mass. This monument of bronze is said to have been cast at a single jet. The height of the figure of the emperor is 11 feet, that of the horse 17 feet. The bronze is, in the thinnest parts, only the fourth of an inch, and one inch in the thickest part; the general weight of metal in the group is equal to 36,636 English lbs.**

EGGS PICKLED.—The farmers' dames in some parts of Hampshire, in their notable endeavors to turn everything to good account, have acquired much fame for pickling eggs, which, whilst they constitute a somewhat novel feature in the catalogue of condiments generally, are at the same time particularly relishing. When eggs are plentiful, they take from four to six dozen of such as are newly laid, and cause them to be boiled hard; then, divesting them of the shells, they place them in large-mouthed earthen jars, and pour upon them scalded vinegar, well seasoned with whole pepper, allspice, ginger, and a few cloves of garlic. When the pickle is cold, the jars are stopped down quite close, and the former will be fit for use in the course of a month afterwards. The eggs thus treated are held in high esteem by all the farm-house epicures in that part of England.

*Granville's Travels to St. Petersburg.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE MISHAPS OF A YOUNG GERMAN.

A TRUE STORY.

In the year 1790, Alexander Facqz, Viscount de Honig, a young and enthusiastic German, determined to see the world, and acquire in the course of a few months a quantity of knowledge sufficient to last him the rest of his life. Leaving his mother's house in Suabia, he repaired first to Paris, for the purpose of getting some insight, if possible, into the French Revolution, which was then going on; but chancing shortly after his arrival to meet with a commercial friend who was on the point of setting out for London, he resolved to accompany him to that capital. The great metropolis afforded him occupation for some time; but at length beginning to think that he had exhausted London, and having heard much about the sister island, he resolved to pay a visit to Dublin. An essential preliminary to his trip was the receipt of a remittance from his mother. This having been written for and procured, the month of March, 1791, found him walking idly up and down the streets of Dublin, looking at Irish sights with German eyes, and forming from all that he saw the most German conclusions. Somehow or other, however, his money wore away much faster than he wished; and he soon found it necessary to send another letter to his mother, requesting the too-indulgent lady to forward him a second remittance.

Living in lodgings in expectation of money is at no time a very agreeable predicament, whether in Dublin or anywhere else; and in the year 1791, the transmission of letters, and especially of money letters, between this country and the continent, was attended with even greater risk than in these days of more correct management. Our young German waited and waited on, but the money never came. He told his landlord the true state of the case, and for a while his gentlemanly manners, his young honest-like face, and his interesting foreign accent, operated in his favor. The landlady would not allow the landlord to use him ill. Still, landladies are but human beings, and there are limits to the power of a lodger's face in attesting his promises of payment; and at length, after the bill had run up to a considerable amount, the landlady went over to her husband's way of thinking, and our young German was arrested for the debt, and thrown into prison.

"A situation more dreadful can scarcely be conceived," a novelist would say; and, without going quite so far as this, we can well believe that, for a young German of birth and education, who had left his country to acquire a knowledge of men and manners, thus to find himself locked up in a Dublin prison, was somewhat unexpected, and certainly anything but pleasant.

A Dublin prison of the old school was quite a different thing from its modern representative. There was no obligation by law to support prisoners for debt; and there were cases in which such prisoners were supposed to have died of want, and many more in which deaths from want would have occurred, but for the charity of fellow-prisoners. Our hero's only hope lay in the expected arrival of his mother's long-delayed remittance. Alas! the remittance had miscarried. The viscount had made no secret of his expectation of a money letter; and when a bill drawn on a house in Dublin was addressed to him from London, some evil-disposed persons had managed to get possession of it, and

feloniously converted it into cash. It was not till a month after that the viscount received another letter, apprizing him that the money had been sent. Why he did not pursue the parties for forgery, or at least compel the payers of the bill to do so, and by that means recover the amount, is not stated. The circumstance of being a stranger, and poor, may perhaps explain what is otherwise so unaccountable. Be this as it may, this unfortunate, and, as we must pronounce him, heedless young man, would have perished for want in prison but for the compassion of his fellow-captives. His case was so peculiar, and his appearance so unusually interesting, that a prepossession was soon established in his favor, so strong, indeed, that they not only supported him by their charity in prison, but even set on foot a subscription for the purpose of discharging his small debt, and setting him at liberty. But here was another difficulty. What was he to do when he got out of prison, without any money in his pocket! Any ordinary person, with hands accustomed to work, and a mind used to buffet the world, would have found no difficulty whatever; would have launched out of prison and exerted himself nobly; but to our languid and lugubrious German, with his white hands and inactive disposition, there seemed no resource whatever. He thought himself positively the most wretched man on the face of the earth; and when he looked out at the prison window, it was with the sickly feeling of a man who, never having had to rely upon himself, could not conceive how locomotion was possible in this world without money, nor how money was procurable in any other way than by asking one's mother for it. Accordingly, a letter was despatched to his mother acquainting her with his situation, and begging an immediate remittance; and in the mean time he remained in prison, and shared the bounty of Mr. Fawcett and Monsieur Lafontaines, two debt prisoners who had taken a particular fancy to the unhappy foreigner.

Sunk pretty nearly to the verge of despair, in an evil hour temptation triumphed over the integrity of the weakly young man. About this time considerable sums were raised in England and Ireland by benevolent persons for the benefit of the French refugees; and it was suggested to Facqz, that, by representing himself to be a French refugee, he might obtain a sum of money sufficient to maintain him for some time, and so put an end to all his difficulties. It would be only a sort of loan; he could repay the money afterwards. So spake necessity; and our young hero had too yielding a constitution to resist the temptation. Having procured the money under the false pretence of being a French refugee, he prepared to leave prison and go in search of a lodging. It so happened that two men, who had been in the habit of visiting a friend in the Marshalsea, and who had become acquainted with Facqz, offered to accompany him, and find out a cheap and suitable lodging. Their names were James Jones and Thomas Neville. Seeking a lodging is a sore trial to anybody: greater men than our hero have sunk under it. It is an art only to be acquired by long practice; and it was with no small delight that Facqz accepted the kind offer of his two acquaintances to put him on the right track. Away went the three friends to seek lodgings. This street and that street were tried; this knocker knocked, and that bell rung; here a little slattern girl came to the door with a thin squeaking voice, there a huge dirty landlady; still the

right place was not found. At last they came to a house with Mr. James P—— on the door-plate. Here surely was a respectable house; quite the thing that was wanted.

Mr. Jones, who seems to have been the obliging spokesman of the party, said they would be obliged to Mrs. P—— for a sight of the rooms up stairs. By all means, said the lady; and so Jones and Facqz proceeded on their exploratory tour of the apartments. Neville declined to ascend. He was very much fatigued, and begged to be allowed to take a seat in the parlor till his friends came down. This arrangement being quite agreeable to all parties, Mr. Neville seated himself in the room below, and before the return of Jones and Facqz, he contrived with little difficulty to appropriate a watch which hung over the mantelpiece. Something was wrong about the lodgings, and the party left the house; but hardly had they proceeded twenty paces when an alarm was raised. They were pursued and captured, and the watch found on Neville's person. On the 5th of October, 1791, they were tried before the recorder and magistrates of Dublin. Facqz, of course, protested his innocence, and no doubt he was innocent. But he had been in the company of two notorious swindlers, and to all appearance a coadjutor in the crime; and to crown his misfortune, it was now shown that he was a German, and not a Frenchman, as he had formerly declared himself to be. No man, it was argued, could be an honest man who had committed such a deliberate falsehood. Influenced by these considerations, the jury included Facqz in the guilt of watch-stealing, and along with his two acquaintances he received sentence of transportation.

Behold our poor languid hero again in prison, and this time not for debt, but for felony, and waiting transportation. The mere imprisonment in such a place would have been punishment enough for the greatest crimes. There was then no established system of prison discipline; the prisoners were left to the tender mercies of the turnkeys; and those who could not bribe them, suffered the harshest treatment. Facqz had no money, and he became one of the victims.

In these dark days Mr. Samuel Rosborough was the Howard of Ireland. The poor forgotten prisoners were his peculiar charge. For twenty years he had been accustomed to visit the prisons, rendering assistance to those who had no other friend. Facqz had heard of his name and character; and in the depths of his despair sent him the following letter:—

"SIR—From the many acts of generous kindness done by you to the unfortunate in this prison, I am induced to hope you will suffer my present melancholy tale to be heard by you, and interfere in my behalf.

"I am under the dreadful sentence of transportation, charged with committing a crime at which my nature revolts. To enter, however, upon any justification of myself at this time is not my object. From the 7th of this month, I have been lying in a cell, loaded with irons, which have been put on by Mr. Walsh, the turnkey, when he knew I had no money to give him. Well knowing you will not suffer me to remain any longer in this loathsome place without your merciful interference, I shall look with anxious expectation for you.

"During these five last days, my mind has enjoyed a calm by attentively listening to the prayers of an unfortunate man in the next cell, who, I hear,

is shortly to suffer death. Oh that I were so near that period, for then I would be released from my sufferings!

"Excuse this freedom, and permit me, in addition to my fervent prayers for your welfare, to subscribe myself—Your most obedient and devoted servant,

ALEXR. FACQZ.

October 26, 1791."

Mr. Rosborough immediately visited him; and his interference had the effect of procuring him better treatment. The poor prisoner began to hope that the same benevolence might be of use in procuring his release; and accordingly he sent many letters to Mr. Rosborough, giving an account of himself, his previous mishaps in Dublin, and the manner in which he had been brought into his present situation. A person possessed of more sense would have told his story in a plain, straightforward, matter-of-fact way; but our young German's letters to Mr. Rosborough were so fanciful, so sentimental, and so full of ohs, and ahs, and adjectives, that the good philanthropist read them with considerable distrust. At length, however, owing to the considerate interposition of Mr. Lafontaine, who had now left prison, and who had procured some knowledge of the viscount's family, Mr. Rosborough was induced to listen to what Facqz told him, and to attribute the sentimentalism of his letters to their right cause—namely, to his being a German, and one of weak character. "From me," wrote Facqz to him, "you dissipate every gloom, and cheer and vivify my whole soul. May you long live to enjoy that ennobling virtue which alone gives dignity. May every instance of benevolence and humanity shown by you in this and every other place, be blessed with success; and when the hoar-frost of winter's age shall besprinkle your head, and the divine lamp of life yield its last gleam, may you enjoy that felicity which is the portion allotted by him who said 'I was in prison and ye visited me.' I have requested Mr. Lafontaine to call on you. He will tell you who I am. If not redeemed from this horrible place, I shall perish. Mine eyes can scarce see what I have written; they are sore with weeping; my head aches for want of rest, and mine ears are tormented with hearing blasphemies. Oh that I had never been born, then should I be a stranger to such a place as this!"

Moved by these wailings, and by his own innate benevolence, Mr. Rosborough did make some interest with the recorder in the young man's behalf. But the sad fact of his having passed himself off as a French refugee, and obtained money on false pretences, again rose up against him; for the recorder himself had been connected with the management of the refugee fund. Nothing could be done for such a person, and again Mr. Rosborough gave him up. Oh that terrible falsehood!

Meanwhile, poor Facqz had been thinking of another way of effecting his escape. He had heard that money could do it, and he had written pressingly to Germany for money. Many wonderful escapes had been effected from the prison about this time, the mode of which was not discovered till afterwards. The principal agent in these escapes was the head-turnkey's wife. She had offered to give Facqz his liberty for forty pounds, and the following was to be the plan adopted. She was to administer to him draughts of tobacco water, and other narcotics, report him ill, and have him transferred to the hospital, where he was to grow gradually worse and die. When he was

fairly dead, he was to be let out of prison; a corpse having been procured to be laid in his bed, for the satisfaction of the doctor. The plan may appear doubtful to our readers; but it had succeeded before, and Faqz hoped it might succeed in his case. But the forty pounds were still wanting; and the beginning of the year 1792 found him still languishing in jail.

Letter after letter he sent to Mr. Rosborough, beseeching him to reconsider his case; and at length the good gentleman began to get a notion of the real simplicity of our hero's character. He interested himself again in his behalf, and represented the affair as well as he could to the recorder. Here was a young German, he said, of good family, who had got into a scrape, whether owing to folly or criminality, he would not say; but would it not serve all the purposes of banishment to send him home to his friends in Germany, instead of incurring the expense of sending him to Botany Bay! The recorder was induced to use his influence with the lord-lieutenant, and the consequence was, that Faqz received a free pardon. The rapture of Faqz on this announcement being made to him, threw him into a fever, from which he did not recover without difficulty. On his recovery, he plead his majesty's pardon in court, and was set at liberty, as will be seen from the following copy of a certificate, the original of which may be inspected by any one who chooses to consult the records of the clerk of the crown's office in Dublin:—"Certificate"—At an adjournment of sessions on the 31st of May, 1792, Alexander Faqz de Honig pleaded his majesty's free pardon, which was allowed by the court, and he was thereupon discharged.—Extracted from the crown books—ALLEN and GREENE, Clerks of the Peace."

Our hero's mishaps were not yet over. Taking leave of his kind friends, Mr. Rosborough and Mr. Lafontaine, he proceeded to Liverpool with a little money in his pocket, supplied by them. "I had scarcely landed in Liverpool," he says in the account which he afterwards wrote to Mr. Rosborough of his adventures, "when I narrowly escaped breaking my leg in consequence of the absence of enclosures for the cellars in that filthy town. Into one of these holes I fell, and stripped thereby the bone of my leg completely of the flesh from the ankle to the knee." Detained in Liverpool for a long time by this injury, his money was again all expended; and we hardly know by what means he arrived at York, whither it appears he had gone, with a view of proceeding thence to Hull, where he hoped to procure a passage to Hamburg. "I arrived at York," he says, "about five o'clock in the evening, with fourpence in my pocket, my shoes worn to pieces, the big toe of my right foot projecting out." Strolling into York minster, he attracted the notice of a benevolent and venerable clergyman, who entered into conversation with him, and after hearing his story, and putting its truth to the test by asking him questions which none but an educated man could answer, showed him much kindness, and not only paid his coach fare to Hull, but gave him a letter of introduction which secured his passage to Hamburg. At length, after several ups and downs more, he reached his home in Suabia, and was clasped in the arms of his own dear remittance-sending mother. One of his first cares, after reaching home, was to write to his friends, enclosing the amount of money he had borrowed from them.

Our hero had probably obtained more wisdom and business talent in the course of his Irish misfortunes, than he would have obtained by any other mode of training; for the remainder of his life exhibits more sense and sedateness than might have been expected. Having procured a commission in the Russian army, he proceeded to St. Petersburg, where the only drawback to the pleasure he took in his military duties was, that it was very cold. His abilities and accomplishments appear, however, to have succeeded in gaining him good friends; for, after serving in some inferior diplomatic situations, he was sent by the Empress Catherine on a mission to the English cabinet in the year 1796. He embraced the opportunity of doing two things, both of which were characteristic; in the first place, he bought a splendid carriage in London, with which he said he meant "to cut a dash in St. Petersburg;" and in the second place, revisited his friends in Ireland. "One morning," says Mr. Rosborough in narrating the story, "I received a message from the Kildare street hotel, informing me that a gentleman just arrived there wished to see me immediately. On repairing thither, I was received by a servant in gorgeous livery, who spoke with a foreign accent, and introduced me into a room, in which to my unspeakable astonishment, I saw Viscount Faqz and Mr. Lafontaine seated at breakfast."

The three friends spent several happy days together. Unluckily, however, during our hero's visit, Mr. Lafontaine, whose circumstances were still embarrassed, was again arrested for debt; and it bespeaks the true character of our hero, that, though he had bought a splendid carriage, and was living in a princely style, he yet had no other means of extricating his friend out of his difficulty than by pledging his watch. After staying a week in Dublin, during which he visited his old prison, he returned to London, and thence to St. Petersburg, from which he kept up a constant correspondence with his two friends. In one of his letters, he tells them that he had recovered his estate of Honig, which had been taken possession of by the Carmagnoles; and he expresses his anxious wish that they were all three together living upon it, where he says "he would nurse and cherish them, and make them so happy, that they should be like *diamonds in cotton*." It was not till 1803, however, that, after having seen some hard service, and been completely shattered in health, he was able to retire to the Chateau de Honig. His last letter to his Irish friends is dated February, 1803, and in it he is as sentimental as ever. He appears to have died in the same year.

And now, what was this Alexander Faqz, Viscount de Honig! He was a specimen of what we often see in the world—an accomplished, amiable, interesting young man, with a tolerably good head, a very affectionate heart, and a weak, haughty, unmuscular character, that always began crying when a difficulty came in the way.

Like *Æsop* of old, we may conclude our tale with a moral, which it may be well for all young persons, including gentlemen under the age of twenty-five, to bear in mind. Let nothing tempt you to tell a falsehood; take care of the company you keep; labor honorably for your bread; and try to depend as little as possible on remittances from your mother.

From Chambers' Journal.

SHIPWRECK OF THE DELPHINE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

[THE subjoined, though perhaps less characterized by startling occurrences than many other narratives of a similar nature, may yet possess some claims to our attention from the successful issue of the persevering efforts adopted for the safety of the isolated victims of calamity. The painful interest attaching to events of this nature, is increased in the present instance from its having taken place in the same region as the shipwreck of the *Wager*, one of Anson's squadron, of whose wreck so interesting an account has been left by the ancestor of the poet Byron. The peninsula of *Tres Montes*, mentioned in the following translation, is the same over which, it may be remembered, Byron and his companions passed with their Indian guides. All the travellers who have visited that part of America agree in their description of the climate, which is bad in the extreme. Everything is always wet: there are scarcely ten days in a year on which snow or rain does not fall; and not more than thirty on which it does not blow with the greatest violence. The island of *Chiloe* is situated in a great bay at the southern extremity of *Chili*, and is the largest of a group the number of which, comprehending those of *Chonos*, is eighty-two. With these remarks, which were necessary for the proper understanding of what is to follow, we proceed at once to the narration.]

We sailed from *Havre* for *Valparaiso* on the 30th March, 1840, in the ship *Delphine*, Captain *Coisy*, with a crew of sixteen sailors and four passengers. In three days we were clear of the channel, and, the wind being favorable, saw the *Canaries* and *Cape de Verd Islands*, and soon after crossed the line. In short, at the expiration of thirty days from the time of our departure, we had reached the latitude of *Rio Janeiro*. The wind then became contrary, and, forcing us to lie to, so retarded our progress, that we did not arrive in the latitude of the *Falkland Islands* until the 28th May. On the 30th we saw *Staten Island*, and on the 9th June, *Cape Horn* and *Terra del Fuego*. In spite of the usual stormy weather of this region, and the enormous masses of floating ice which we encountered in all directions, we doubled the *Diego Islands* on the 11th. The bad weather still continued: but on the next day a short interval of brightness enabled us to take an observation, for the last time, as it proved, on board the *Delphine*. The wind then veered round to the south, and we believed ourselves sure of a speedy termination to the voyage, when, without any warning, it chopped round to the north-east, bringing its attendant fog. We were steering our course by computation, when in the night of the 19th, a few hours before daylight, we were suddenly awoken by the frightful grinding of the ship's keel upon the rocks. "Land, land!" cried out the second mate; and in an instant every one, crew and passengers, was on the deck. On all sides the vessel was surrounded by rocks and breakers, while through the gloom the outline of high land was visible at a distance, exaggerated by the obscurity, and adding to the terrors of the moment, which it would be difficult to describe. The ship was yet afloat, but the shock had been too severe to leave any hope that she would continue to swim; every instant we feared she was

sinking under us. The passengers ran to the pumps, and the crew, by orders of the captain, flew to the rigging. The pumps were soon dry, when, on hastening to the tiller, we found to our consternation that the rudder had been carried away. The ship struck again. We braced the yards round, to allow her to drift off the land, and cut the lashings which held the long-boat and yawl to the deck, during which time the grinding of the keel on the rocks became more violent than before, threatening the entire destruction of the vessel. We let go the best bower, in the hope of keeping her from drifting farther in; but the anchor dragged over the smooth rocky bottom. The water gained on us so fast, that we hastened to get the long-boat overboard: a work of great difficulty, as it dashed against the bulwarks with every roll of the ship, and endangered the lives of the men. At length we succeeded in getting her afloat; and throwing in some provisions, we all jumped in, followed by the captain, who was the last to leave the deck. It was then five o'clock, and we waited for daylight among the rocks and sea-wrack, watching the ship, which at last struck on some rocks surrounding a small island. At daybreak we perceived a bay, towards which we rowed, and landed ourselves and the provisions on a sandy beach. The captain, with the sailors, returned immediately to the ship, to save, if possible, a greater quantity of provisions, and other matters necessary to our existence. They found her quite fast about half a mile from the place of our landing; all the between decks full of water, with the exception of the stern. They returned to the shore three hours afterwards, bringing the yawl, both boats laden with everything they could lay their hands on. A temporary tent was hastily set up, in the centre of which a great fire was lighted; round this we spread some sail-cloth saved from the cargo, which served us for beds during the night. The two following days were passed in saving more provisions from the wreck, while a party who remained on shore got up another tent with the fore-sail, that had been brought for the purpose. A few days afterwards, a violent squall drove the long-boat on the rocks and staved her in, which obliged us to haul her on shore, to prevent her entire loss.

A fortnight passed in this manner, the yawl replacing the long-boat in our visits to the ship, when the weather would permit. The captain took an observation, from which we learned that our position was in 49 degrees south latitude, upon an island two leagues in length, separated by a narrow channel from the great island of *Campana*, as we ascertained from the English chart which the captain had taken the precaution to save, with his sextant and two compasses, on the first day of the wreck. Everything conspired, unfortunately, to render a long abode in this dreary region inevitable—the winter just commenced, the continued northerly winds of the season, and the distance which separated us from any settlement of Europeans. We calculated that our stock of biscuits and flour would last nearly four months, and determined that our wisest course would be to wait until the bad season was over, before venturing to seek for assistance in the long-boat, which by that time, as was proposed, would be repaired and decked in.

The captain did not forget that, in our present circumstances, the preservation of the health of the men from the inclemency of the climate was

the first duty. Another tent was built with the mainsail, of greater dimensions than the former, in which the beds were so arranged as to be at some distance above the surface of the ground. The spot fixed on for the erection was the entrance of a wood which overlooked the whole bay, and in the first days of July* we took possession. The old tent was left standing, in which, although the materials at our disposal were very scanty, we managed to build an oven.

Certain unequivocal indications had led us to believe that the island was occasionally visited by savages. We had seen in different places a rude kind of hut, constructed of branches of trees, in which we found the remains of shell-fish and the bones of animals. Shortly after we entered on our new habitation, the captain's dog, which had been saved along with us, growled all night in spite of our efforts to pacify him. We were all on the alert the next morning on learning that the prints of naked feet had been seen on the sand: none of our party went barefoot, and the traces were those of persons running from the wood where our tent was situated. This circumstance led us to suspect that we were watched; and indeed, on the 9th July, while our party had gone on the usual salvage trip to the wreck, one of the passengers who had wandered to a distance returned hastily, telling us he had seen the savages. We armed ourselves immediately with all the offensive weapons within reach; and the captain, having advanced with a few men, soon came in sight of what he was in search of. There were nine of them, unarmed, their only clothing being the skin of a seal hanging over their back. At first they hesitated to move; but seeing that we approached with friendly demonstrations, they became familiar. We gave them some presents; but prevented their going to our tent, which they seemed greatly to desire. After staying a short time they left us, but soon repeated their visit, bringing with them their wives, whose clothing did not differ from that of the men. Subsequently, we permitted them to enter our tent, and went several times to visit them upon the different islands to which they transport themselves in canoes. Their huts were similar to those we had seen in our island, but were covered with skins. These savages are generally of middling height, strong, and well formed. They are evidently the same race as the Indians of Chiloe, and are always accompanied by great packs of dogs, which they use for hunting seals, on whose flesh, with occasional supplies of shell-fish, they principally subsist. This food, however, often fails them in rough weather, when their canoes cannot put to sea. In their visits to us they were always asking for food, which was most probably their principal object; at the same time they often stole some of our things without being detected. In short, they appeared to us to be very miserable, and lazy to excess. The wreck of the *Delphine* was a fortunate event for them, as they picked up many articles floating about among the rocks.

During the earlier period of our residence on the island our time passed in a very uniform manner. The shore party provided wood for the fire, of which the consumption was indispensably great, on account of the continued rainy weather, and for the prevention of sickness. Another party was regularly employed with the yawl in saving things

from the wreck. Our young lieutenant, *Lepine*, took charge of this laborious duty, and, by his zeal and activity, sustained the courage of the sailors both on the ship and among the islands after she was broken up. Meantime the month of September drew on. The carpenter had finished the repairs of the long-boat, which was covered with a deck, and rigged as a schooner, as well as was possible in our state of privation. Although the weather remained unseasonable, we always hoped it would change for the better. The captain, however, resolved on putting his project into immediate execution—to sail with a few men for San Carlos of Chiloe, to seek the means of rescuing the whole party from their perilous situation. The necessary preparations were made in consequence, and on Tuesday the 3d September our little vessel was launched, in order to be ready for the first favorable wind. But what was our disappointment when we saw that she filled with water before our eyes! We tried at first to stop the leaks while she was afloat; but this being impossible, we were compelled to haul her again on shore, where we took away a portion of the lining, and carefully examined the seams, and then caulked and stopped every chink by which it was possible the water could enter; and on Saturday evening, at high water, she was again launched. The next day we found her again half full of water; for her timbers were old and crazy. The captain, however, persisted in his resolution, and gave orders for her to be baled out—replying to those who expressed uneasiness that the wood would swell up in the water. A quantity of sail-cloth was used for ballast, which at the same time served for beds, although, in order to prevent their complete soaking, the baling was kept up incessantly. The provisions, calculated for eight days, with wine and spirits, were put on board; and a generous allowance of wine was given at dinner to the master and four men who were selected to accompany the captain and Lieutenant *Lepine*. At two in the afternoon they set sail, with fine weather and a stiff breeze from the south.

Seven of our number had left us; thirteen remained behind. We watched for a long time, from the top of the cliffs and rocks, the departure of our companions in misfortune, on whom our fate depended. The day was far advanced when we lost sight of them, and we returned to our tent with a feeling of sadness, justified by our actual position; for, leaving out of sight the probability of the loss of those who had gone away—an event but too possible—how much was there, in our own position on the island, to give cause for uneasiness. Was it not to be feared that the savages, who, until then, had been inoffensive, would become emboldened on seeing our diminished number; and that their greediness, or possibly want alone, might lead them to attack us, and take by force our little remaining provisions, as well as other things in our possession which had excited their cupidity? These reflections, however, were soon banished by the majority of our little band. Those who had drunk farewell to their companions in a pitcher of wine, were not sorry to drink a few more bumpers to their prosperous voyage: conviviality, in short, was the prevailing feature of the moment, when an unexpected incident drew us all out of the tent. A small hut, built of wood and moss by one of the sailors and a passenger, not far from our tent, had taken fire, and was nearly consumed, with all its contents, before

* A winter month answering to the January of Europe.

we could succeed in putting it out. This event finished the day, and each one threw himself, dispirited and melancholy, on what was called his bed.

Next day, nothing else was thought of but what was best for us to do under our present circumstances. Just before the departure of the long-boat, the daily ration for each man was eight ounces of biscuit. At this rate our stock would not last more than three weeks, and we could not expect to be released at least before a month. We therefore reduced our allowance to six ounces, and of wine one quart a-day. We had a great quantity of spirits, and were thus enabled to continue the usual allowance to the sailors. In this way we hoped to go on for more than a month. The savages came to visit us as before, and soon saw our diminished strength; but their demeanor towards us did not alter. The first thing they did whenever they landed was to come and warm themselves at our fire, so that we were careful to leave some one to keep guard when we went out to fish.

The month of September went by; our biscuit diminished rapidly; we reduced the ration to four ounces a-day. Towards the middle of the first week of October we began to feel uneasy. We remembered that, on the third day after our companions sailed, a heavy gale had set in. Was it not to be feared that they had perished? And, without taking the worst view, it was still possible that the captain might not find the expected succor at Chiloe. In this case, as our abode on the island would be lengthened, we decided on another reduction of our ration of biscuit to two ounces; just sufficient for a little daily sop. We succeeded in making the savages understand that, if they brought us food, we would repay them with the things they most desired; from which time they began to bring us the eggs of sea-fowl. Thus we went on until the middle of October, the sixth week since the long-boat sailed. Our anxieties now augmented, and many of us began to think of the means for our own rescue.

We had already, as a precautionary measure, collected the planks and pieces of wood of the shattered vessel. The idea occurred to us of constructing a boat capable of carrying the whole party, and we recommended to those who went out fishing to bring in the masts, yards, planks, or other portions of the wreck which they might find floating. By this means a great quantity of materials was collected; and the carpenter began to work upon the keel, which was thirty feet long.

On the 15th October our little ration of two ounces of biscuit failed us entirely, and we were reduced to the indifferent shell-fish, and the eggs—which were almost always addled when the savages brought them to us—and to some birds which we occasionally killed. We wished the natives to bring us some of the flesh of the sea-wolf, which we had seen them eat; but whether the season was unfavorable, or they caught no more than sufficient for themselves, we could never obtain any. They gave us some dogs, and appeared greatly astonished when they saw that we had eaten them; for, notwithstanding the repugnance of some among us to eat dogs' flesh, our hunger was so great that we devoured them all. At the end of October we had ceased to hope, except in ourselves. Some of us were always occupied in seeking for wood or food; while the

others were as persevering in their labors on the vessel, which went on very slowly, as much from the weakness to which our privations had reduced us, as from the bad weather which often prevented our working, and the want of proper tools. Thus the time wore away until the middle of November, all of the party suffering more or less from attacks of dysentery: still, in spite of the continual rain and prevailing humidity, and the want of shoes, no one was so ill as to be detained in the tent. The hope of eventually succeeding in our efforts to escape from this dreary life supported our courage. We could see that, although slowly, our vessel approached completion: the slips, with the necessary inclination for the launch, were securely placed; the head and stern-posts were fixed on the keel; the greater portion of the ribs were made, and we cut others every day in the woods, to complete the number.

If we were deceived in the hope of saving ourselves, and in the means for its prosecution, the resolution of attempting it never failed us. Such was our situation when, on the morning of the 12th November, we heard a sailor who had just left the tent cry "Sail, ho! sail, ho!" with all his might. Although this same sailor, deceived by a false appearance, had raised the same cry a month previously, we all ran precipitately towards the shore. This time the report was not false; we saw a vessel anchored in the bay. A heavy shower prevented our seeing distinctly, but we thought she belonged to some ship of war. The yawl was afloat in a moment, and a few men jumping in, were soon on board, not the boat of a man-of-war, but a *lanche* of San Carlos. Those on board of her were not strangers; they were Captain Coisy, Lieutenant Lepine, our sailors and companions, who came to deliver us and bring us provisions. It would be useless to dwell on the universal joy that prevailed, and the eagerness with which both parties inquired about what had transpired.

The long-boat had left the island on the 6th September in so leaky a condition, that two men were constantly engaged in baling; during the first night the sea broke over her repeatedly, threatening to carry all to the bottom. On the fifth day they passed Cape Taitachoun, and intended to double the island lying to the north of it, but were prevented by a gale, which obliged them to lie to for better weather. After some days, alarmed by the diminution of their provisions, they made sail, keeping as near their course as the wind would permit, and two days afterwards entered the great channel which separates the Chonos Archipelago from the Cordilleras. Thus they continued, with alternations of fair and foul weather, sometimes rowing, at others driven back, or landing to collect shell-fish for food, for twelve days, when one afternoon they saw smoke at a distance, to which they immediately directed their course, taking precaution to look to their arms, for fear of savages. The smoke was found to rise from a fisherman's fire, who, as soon as he understood their critical situation, set off to fetch provisions from his *casa*, three leagues distant, while they waited his return. After this they crossed to the islands of the Chiloe group, at one of which, marked Valasco Port, they were detained nine days by stress of weather, and were driven back in another attempt to cross the channel: but on the 3d October they again set sail, and on the 4th happily arrived at Chiloe, where they landed,

for the purpose of procuring provisions at the first inhabited spot they saw. On the 10th, thirty-five days after their departure from our island, they reached San Carlos, having had incessantly rainy weather during the whole of this perilous voyage.

The captain lost no time in his endeavors after his principal object; the consular agent gave him all the assistance in his power; but, unfortunately, no ship of war or merchant vessel was lying in the port; there were only the miserable *lanches* of the country, quite unfit for such a voyage as that to the place of our detention. Everything in the shape of a vessel was examined, in the hope that one might prove serviceable, but in vain. The captain then heard of a large and commodious *lanche* at a place twenty-five leagues higher up the channel, and, without a moment's delay, he took a whale-boat and started for the settlement indicated; but what was his disappointment to find, on arrival, that the vessel was yet on the stocks, and only half completed. He returned immediately to San Carlos, and determined, as nothing better was to be had, to hire a *lanche* in good condition which had arrived during his absence. This kind of vessel, which is used only for the transport of wood or potatoes from one island to the other, is not decked, and a deck for the voyage to the open sea was indispensable. In spite of all the diligence that could be used, it was the end of October before she was ready. Provisions for two months, in the mean time, had been collected, with the consul's assistance; and on the 30th, the captain, with the lieutenant and four men, sailed from San Carlos in the *lanche*, which had been rigged as a lugger. The master was left behind, as fatigue and privation had rendered him incapable of undertaking the return voyage: the others embarked, confiding in the generous hope of saving their companions. They took a whale-boat in tow, for convenience in landing; but, after beating about among the islands for some time, when they reached the open sea it labored so much that the seams opened, and they were compelled reluctantly to cut it adrift. Finally, after repeated delays, vexations, and dangers, they recognized the approaches to our island, and at seven in the morning of the 13th November, as already described, they were at anchor in the bay.

The unexpected return of the captain, after seventy-three days' absence, when we thought him lost, placed us immediately in a state of abundance as regarded provisions; but we were not the less desirous of quitting a place where we had been so long detained in spite of ourselves. It was impossible, however, to go off in the teeth of the north wind, and we were obliged to wait three weeks for a favorable change. On Thursday the 3d December, we sailed at three in the afternoon, towing our yawl, whose preservation had cost us so much labor. We did not keep it long, for when off Cape Taitachaoun it broke loose, and drifted away in a squall. This was a serious misfortune, as it deprived us of the means of going on shore to cook our provisions, and of the chance of escape in case of wreck. The squall was the precursor of a furious gale, from which we incurred the greatest danger; the waves breaking over us from stem to stern, and pouring down into the confined space below, where we were crowded one on the other. Our situation was indeed a terrible one. We had given up all hope of safety, and resigned ourselves to the worst, when the storm began to

moderate. We were quite uncertain as to our position, and steered for some land that was in sight: but what was our astonishment to find, when we drew near, that it was the island from which we had so recently sailed. We must have drifted sixty leagues during the four days that the gale continued. In our present circumstances, we were glad to reënter a place we had so much desired to quit eight days previously. Having lost the yawl, we were forced to make a raft, which we drew from the shore to the *lanche*. The savages had not, as we feared, destroyed our tent; it was still standing. The miserable creatures had dug up the potatoes which we planted, with the view of leaving them a resource in the article of food. We divided our party: one half went every night to sleep on board the *lanche*, as a measure of precaution. The weather seemed to grow worse as the season advanced. We were covered with vermin, and dreaded that we should again be without provisions. On the 2d January, 1841, the weather moderating, we were enabled once more to put to sea. No sooner had we cleared the bay than a heavy sea broke our rudder, and forced us to lie to. We secured it as well as possible with lashings, which quickly wore out and snapped. We then cut a few fathoms off our small chain, with which we secured the rudder from further danger. The weather continued stormy; but as the wind was in our favor, we shortly after passed the peninsula of Tres Montes; and once among the islands, we looked upon ourselves as saved.

After this we had fine weather. On the 14th, we landed for fresh provisions, of which we were in great need; and on the 20th, to our great joy, we arrived at San Carlos, eighteen days after our last departure from the island, and seven months and one day from the date of the wreck. We had great reason to congratulate ourselves that, during this long period of privation, suffering, and danger, not one of the party was lost. The captain had neglected nothing in his power to prevent such a misfortune, not only while we were on the island, but in moments of danger, never hesitating to expose himself the first to whatever might happen. To his courage and perseverance must be attributed the success of his great object—the safety of all.

On our arrival at San Carlos, the French consul, M. Fauché, who had so generously assisted the captain on his former visit, hastened to supply our wants. To him were we indebted for the means of pursuing our voyage, and eventually returning to our native country.

NEW MANURE.—The German papers give currency to the statement that M. Liebig, the celebrated professor of chemistry at the University of Glessen, has discovered a mineral substance, which, when combined with guano, will produce one of the most fertilizing manures known. It is added, that a joint-stock company, with a capital of 120,000*l.* sterling, composed for the most part of leading English capitalists, was, immediately on the discovery being made, formed for the purpose of carrying on, upon a large scale, the manufacture of the new compound. Among the subscribers are, however, several eminent professors of agriculture, who, according to the *Impartial du Rhin*, give out that the application of this substance to the culture of land will produce an entire revolution in the agricultural system.

From the North British Review.

The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit.
By CHARLES DICKENS. London, 1844.

A Christmas Carol in Prose, being a Ghost Story of Christmas. By CHARLES DICKENS. London, 1844.

The Chimes—A Goblin Story. By CHARLES DICKENS. London, 1845.

THE career of Mr. Dickens has been a singular and splendid one. Ten years ago he was toiling obscurely in the service of the London daily press; but a series of sketches, contributed to the columns of a newspaper, and afterwards published in a separate form, received so much praise that their author was stimulated to greater efforts. The *Pickwick Papers* at once established his reputation, and ensured for him fame and affluence in a literary career. He has now given to the world, besides smaller compositions, six voluminous works of fiction, each nearly twice as long as *Waverley*. These have been circulated by tens of thousands at home, and have been translated into foreign languages. They have been eagerly read by all classes of his countrymen, from the polished lady of rank to the astute man of business, from the grey-headed philosopher to the schoolboy. They may be seen, not only in every drawing-room, every club, and every tavern, but lying unhidden on many a merchant's desk, and lawyer's table, and student's shelf, and even lurking in the chamber of the judge, and the closet of the clergyman. They have relieved, with the play of fancy and feeling, the gloomy languor of many a sick-room. Their author has been honored and caressed; criticism has never worn a frown; the great and learned have assembled in festive halls to do him honor, and the voice of praise from his native land has been loudly echoed from the other side of the Atlantic.

It can scarcely be doubted that, with so large and so enthusiastic an audience, his works are exercising very considerable influence; and it is not perhaps surprising that Mr. Dickens, perceiving this, should, in his later publications, have assumed the tone of a public monitor and moral teacher, with somewhat too ostentatious and dictatorial an air. It may be interesting, therefore, as it is now several months since his last work of any magnitude was circulated, to glance rapidly over his writings, dwelling chiefly on the most recent, and endeavoring to estimate their influence, as a class, on the public taste and tone of feeling.

The "Sketches by Boz" are written by one well acquainted with every phase of the low life of London, and are graphic, lively, and varied; but they are nearly all of an unpleasant cast—they depict chiefly vice, vulgarity, and misery. The drunken clerk "making a night of it;" the degraded and desperate female convict; the abandoned drunkard hurrying on his own fearful end; the retired shopkeeper making a fool of himself by falling in love; the contemptible squabbles and intrigues of a city boarding-house; the over-taxed youth expiring in the arms of a widowed mother;—such are the principal subjects of his pencil. But his lighter wit is also sometimes conspicuous, as in the very amusing description of a balloon ascent from Vauxhall. It is interesting to find here the quarry from which he has since dug the material for all his best figures, and to light on many a rough block, since hewn and squared. Thus, in a scene at the Old Bailey, we have the

first rude idea of the trial and condemnation of Fagin the Jew; in "the Parish Beadle" we recognize the original of Mr. Bumble, and in one corner (vol. i., p. 33) we trace the distinct outline of the delectable Mrs. Gamp.

The Sketches, however, would soon have been lost in oblivion had they not been followed up by "The *Pickwick Papers*." There, amidst an infinite diversity of fun and frolic, of merry satire and biting sarcasm, of serious description and the broadest farce, the genius of a master has drawn the inimitable portraits of *Pickwick* and *Sam Weller*. They are depicted with the most perfect truth, consistency, and humor; and while they represent general classes, stand before us in the clearest individuality. Who does not know Mr. *Pickwick*, his bald head and circular spectacles, and "those tights and gaiters, which, had they clothed an ordinary man, might have passed without observation, but which, when Mr. *Pickwick clothed them*, inspired involuntary awe and respect?" who is not fond of this simple-hearted man, so unsuspecting of vice and imposition, but so unaffectedly indignant at them when discovered; so indomitably sincere, that when, to vent his anger at *Dodson* and *Fogg*, he attempted, for the first time in his life, to call up a sneer, he failed most signally to accomplish it; so fond of personal comfort, yet so ready to forego it to do a service to any human being; placed in so many ridiculous situations, and getting into so many laughable adventures, and yet always retrieving himself by his persevering kindness, delicacy, and honour! Yet who would recognize Mr. *Pickwick* without the faithful *Sam Weller* as his attendant, whose attachment to his master is perhaps the best feature in the character of both! This model of the ready-witted, impudent, imperturbable, Londoner of the lowest class, is thrown into a hundred various situations, and is equally cool and ready in them all. With scarcely any coarseness, he has the most racy peculiarity of dialect, and the most diverting variety of jest and banter. Whether, as at his first appearance as boots at the *White Hart Inn*, he describes the company in the house:—

"There 's a wooden leg in number six, there 's a pair of Hessians in thirteen, there 's two pair of halves in the commercial, there 's these here painted tops in the snugery inside the bar, and five more tops in the coffee-room. Stop a bit; yes, there 's a pair of Vellington's, a good deal vorn, and a pair o' lady's shoes, in number five"—

or telling stories of the rogueries and follies of his venerable parent—a topic on which he runs on, he tells us, "like a barrow with the wheel greased;" or as a witness, foiling *Sergeant Buzfuz*; or copying with *Job Trotter*; or inditing a love-letter; or communicating to *Bob Sawyer* his theory of dead donkeys and post-boys;—he is never once tiresome or dull. About all the other numerous characters there is great life and energy; and the whole book, although having little story or plot, is full of animation, except some occasional tales, which, we venture to say, no one ever read a second time. We have some glimpses into the haunts of London wretchedness; but the chief merit lies in the pleasantries of the numerous playful caricatures or parodies, where the absurdities and humors of provincial politics, the courts of law and dishonest attorneys, lionizing ladies, and scientific societies, are shot at in the election, the

trial, the fête champêtre, and the club, with pointed, but not envenomed, shafts of ridicule. There have been few happier hits than Mr. Blot-ton of Aldgate's apology:—

"He had no hesitation in saying he had used the word in its Pickwickian sense. Personally, he entertained the highest regard and esteem for the honorable gentleman; he had merely considered him a humbug in a Pickwickian point of view."

The still life and scenery are painted with quaint accuracy, not descending to extravagance; as the large melancholy parlor at the Great White Horse, Ipswich, where "a small fire was making a wretched attempt to be cheerful, but was fast sinking beneath the dispiriting influence of the place." There is a vein of good, manly, and flexible, if not elegant, English writing, which we wish the author had continued to cultivate. It is not wonderful that this work was hailed with a burst of admiration, and we may safely class it as a most original and valuable addition to our literature.

In his next publication—"Nicholas Nickleby"—Mr. Dickens turned his power of graphic and humorous description to good account, by awakening sympathy for the unhappy inmates of certain Yorkshire schools. His portraiture of Wackford Squeers and his amiable family was so happy, the internal economy of Dotheboys' Hall, and its weekly distribution of brimstone and treacle, so inimitably depicted, and the story of poor Smike told with so much delicate and touching pathos, that while his readers laughed and cried almost in the same breath, we rejoice to believe that the author's purpose was attained in the exposure of the shocking system, and that he has earned the blessings of many an emancipated little victim. But although Squeers and his academy formed the principal and most original feature in this tale, it abounded with other spirited delineations. Who can forget Mrs. Nickleby, the garrulous, senseless, yet withal respectable, English matron of the middle ranks; or her generous and dutiful son; or her daughter, the gentle, assiduous, and high-minded Kate! Who would pass over the brothers Cheeryble—although, as characters in a fictitious narrative, they have the fault of being too truly individual portraits, and have, it is to be feared, no class to correspond to them; or the eccentric non-descript, Newman Noggs! Can any one repress a smile at the remembrance of the rare fun with which the Mantalins are described! and Mr. Crummies, with the infant phenomenon, and the rest of his company of strolling players! The more sunny passages stand in pleasant contrast to the dark shade thrown by the grim, iron-hearted Ralph Nickleby, and the profligate Sir Mulberry Hawk, with his patron and victim, Lord Verisopht. There is sometimes, however, a little prolixity, and the mere dull vulgarity of the Kenwigs family, Miss Petowker, and Mr. Lillyvick, and the low baseness of Arthur Gride and Peg Sliderskew, are blemishes on the work. There is much less playful caricature and quaint satire than in the Pickwick Papers, but more earnestness and a higher tone, with the same good, expressive, unaffected style of composition.

"Oliver Twist" is the shortest of these tales, and the most compact. It has fewer traces of having been written in monthly portions. The story makes more regular and rapid progress, and the characters are more strikingly grouped and

contrasted; while it yields to none in the vigor and power with which many of the scenes are drawn. But, on the other hand, the main interest is made to depend on the most debased and villainous agents; and the work has done much towards creating in the public a morbid interest in such heroes and their mode of life. A relish for such writing speedily becomes a craving, and the public learn to demand an insight into the haunts of crime, and to desire a familiarity with the habits and adventures of the profligate and brutal. With what an array is the reader here brought into contact! Fagin, and his den of thieves and cut-throats; the ferocious Sikes, with his crimes of violence and blood; the wretched Nancy, and her dreadful life and shocking fate; the melo-dramatic villain Monks, with the sensual Noah Claypole, and the selfish Bumble, are the prominent figures, and are minutely described with all the author's ability and power. If we laugh at all, it is at the comic adventures of Master Charley Bates and the Artful Dodger. We almost imagine the author an incipient Eugene Sue, and that *Oliver Twist* is but the English version of "The Mysteries of Paris." There is some pleasant writing in the other parts of the book, and some pretty little touches of pathos in the scenes between Oliver and Dick; but none of the good characters are remarkably graphic, or indeed above mediocrity, while Mr. Grimwig, who is always threatening to eat his head, is rather below it. Oliver is a nice enough little boy—very unlike what would be natural amid such scenes, and very perversely, by his persevering goodness, doing credit, contrary to the author's intention, to the training he had received under Mrs. Mann and the "parochial authorities." Mr. Dickens' prejudice against these personages has, it must be owned, much the air of an unreasonable and narrow-minded antipathy; but there are some excellent scenes in which they are satirized—such as the pauper's funeral, and the consternation at the workhouse when "Oliver asks for more."

The names of "Master Humphrey's Clock" and the "Old Curiosity Shop" bring with them the recollection of little Nell. It is, perhaps, hard to call her unreal, when we know that she was meant to represent the once living and beloved object of the author's affection; but we cannot conceal that, to our mind, there is something vague, undefined, and abstracted about this little heroine. It is difficult, indeed, to give individual character to the description of children in romance, and Mr. Dickens has here scarcely done more than embody, in a shadowy form, the general qualities of youth, innocence and sweetness. Nell is too good and pure—there is a want of human passion and imperfection; and while we weep, and admire, and love, we refuse to conceive the object of our feelings as a living thing of the same earthly mould. She might be an allegoric Una, or a Peri from an ærial paradise; but not a sister child of clay. Nevertheless, there are many beautiful passages, where the strokes of the same magic pencil which so often moves our laughter, melt us in unbidden tears; such as the anxious watching of the child over her grandfather when lured away by the gamblers, and the sad but peaceful scene of her deathbed. The gradual ebbing of mortality in the old man is also touched with a feeling hand, and we are compensated for much that is painful and even unnatural in his feverish and wild career. Quilp, still more unreal than his poor victim Nell,

is a grotesque monster, an impossible incarnation of fiendish attributes. Yet the plots hatched by this strange wretch, with Sampson and Sally Brass, have some attractions for the taste that has learned to be pleased with Sikes and Fagin. But how shall we characterize Dick Swiveller? or fathom the fun that lurks in his tipsy gravity, his delicious mock heroics, his "prodigious talent in quotations?" How can we remember gravely his despondency when eclipsed by the market-gardener, which he soothes by playing "A way with Melancholy" on the flute all night; his adventures with the small servant, and his happy discovery that "there had been a young lady saving up for him after all." But we fear that the inimitable Dick is a dangerous character, for his vices are forgotten or even loved in the excessive diversion he affords us.

What train of villainous shapes have we next crossing the stage like a dance of the seven deadly sins? The chief actors in "Barnaby Rudge." The polished, selfish, unprincipled Sir John Chester, the detestable hypocrite Gashford, the murderer Rudge, the savage Hugh, the vile hangman Dennis, the contemptible but wicked Sim Tappertit, and the loathsome Stag—a goodly regiment. They are brought before us again and again with tedious repetition, and the horrors of the riot of 1780 are detailed with sickening minuteness and interminable length, under pretence of teaching a useful lesson against "a religious cry." Mr. Dickens is as little at home on the ground of history and philosophical politics, as on that of natural scenery and rustic manners. There is little in the other characters to relieve the monstrous tissue of horror and villainy. Indeed, Barnaby's raven, Grip, is much the most sensible and spirited personage in the whole piece. The tale has certainly some redeeming points; but it dragged its slow length along from week to week, until the public, and we dare say, the author too, were heartily sick of it.

In the "Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit," Mr. Dickens has a more definite and important moral aim, which is to expose the vice of selfishness in various forms, and, in some cases, exhibit its cure. In his hero, young Martin, he has been very successful, and has drawn a most instructive character. He is represented as a young man possessed of many good qualities, and capable of strong and permanent attachments; but so habitually selfish, that even in friendship and love he regards his own comforts, his own wishes, and his own sacrifices—for he can make sacrifices—exclusively. There is great merit in the development of this feature of Martin's character, and in the interest the reader is made to take in it, and in its discovery and cure, although the principles upon which his conversion takes place are not very intelligible or satisfactory.

Mr. Pecksniff, the sentimental hypocrite, may be intended for a portrait, but is undoubtedly a caricature. The author may have meant to draw a probable and consistent person to represent a class, like Mr. Pickwick and Mrs. Nickleby; but, if so, he has failed, chiefly because he has of late spoiled his hand for so delicate a task, by drawing Quilps and Dennises, and Sim Tappertits. But we are content to accept Mr. Pecksniff with his "moral crackers," as a grotesque exaggeration of a very amusing kind, tending to deepen our horror at the knavery which hides itself "under

covert and convenient seeming," and to enjoy the humor with which the adventures of this "false and simular man of virtue" are described, without critically and nicely examining under what category he ought to be placed. We cannot help observing, however, in passing, that the world, already suspicious enough, has no great need to be put on its guard against deliberate hypocrisy, and that the conscions and crafty hypocrite is not very likely to profit by the exhibition of himself. It would be a more useful task for the novelist to expose with kindness and candor that unconscious hypocrisy, the right name of which is *inconsistency*, and which is practised, perhaps, by all men in a greater or less degree, and certainly by multitudes who are perfectly sincere, but whose practice, for want of self-discipline and self-control, does not keep pace with their principles—who are worse than they think themselves, but better than their captious enemies would make them out to be.

Tom Pinch is placed at the opposite pole of the moral world from Pecksniff, and is the most simple-hearted, unselfish, affectionate creature imaginable. He is devotedly attached to his master Pecksniff, whom he believes to be his benefactor, and to be all that he pretends to be. He "steeps the Pecksniff of his fancy in his tea, and spreads him out upon his toast, and takes him as a relish with his beer," and is supremely happy in his credulous dream. But the truth is flashed on him by one unequivocal circumstance, and then he suffers acutely.

"His compass was broken, his chart was destroyed, his chronometer had stopped; his masts were gone by the board, his anchor was adrift (!) ten thousand leagues away."—P. 371.

But his sister Ruth is presently committed to his charge, and "now that he had somebody to rely upon him, he was stimulated to rely a little more upon himself," and his blundering honesty bears him through. There are some charming scenes between Ruth Pinch, her lover John Westlock, and her simple-hearted brother; and we fancy we see her sticking a sprig of geranium in Tom's button hole, which she is obliged to fasten there, because otherwise "the dear old fellow would be sure to lose it." Tom Pinch teaches us many a quiet and useful lesson of self-denial, cheerfulness, and kind considerateness; but certainly more by his example than by the stilted and scarcely intelligible jargon in which the author sometimes pauses to apostrophize him. Such efforts as the following "to moralize his tale," remind us not a little of the "moral crackers" which he puts into the mouth of his Pecksniff, and teem with every possible fault of composition.

"There are some falsehoods, Tom, on which men mount as on bright wings towards heaven. There are some truths, cold, bitter, taunting truths, wherein your worldly scholars are very apt and punctual, which bind men down to earth with leaden chains. Who would not rather have to fan him in his dying hour, the lightest feather of a falsehood such as thine, than all the quills that have been plucked from the sharp porcupine, reproachful truth, since the world began!"—P. 162.

"Tom, Tom, the man in all this world most confident in his sagacity and shrewdness; the man in all this world most proud of his distrust of other men, and having most to show in gold and silver as the gains belonging to his creed; the meekest

favorer of that wise doctrine, 'every man for himself, and God for us all,' (there being high wisdom in the thought that the eternal Majesty of heaven ever was, or can be, on the side of selfish lust and love!) shall never find—oh never find, be sure of that, the time come home to him when all his wisdom is an idiot's folly weighed against a simple heart."—P. 462.

Jonas Chuzzlewit is scarcely worthy even of the pencil that drew Sikes, and Quilp, and Sir Mulberry Hawk. He is a mean, cowardly villain, with no speck of goodness for the eye to rest on, without one redeeming quality—for even his craven fear cannot awaken the sympathy of the reader. He is too hideous and revolting an incarnation of evil. The account of his misdeeds and evil qualities composes one of the most monstrous dishes on which an indiscriminating public ever "supped full with horrors." Not but that there is often much power in the delineation. Mr. Dickens cannot write feebly: for instance, how much truth is there in the description of the murderer's conduct when he first meets his family after the crime—

"In his secret dread of meeting his household for the first time after what he had done, he lingered at the door on slight pretexes, that they might see him without looking in his face; and left it ajar while he dressed, and called out to have the windows opened, and the pavement watered, that they might become accustomed to his voice."—p. 489.

Nothing can be more clumsy than the plot which leads to the death of this worthy. He thinks that he murdered his father, although he did not; he murders his associate in other villainies to prevent him revealing this fact, which, however, is known to others, and is not true after all. A great deal of machinery is employed to prove him guilty of his father's death, which is instantly disproved; the real murder, however, committed solely to conceal the imaginary one, is brought home to him, and in his vexation and despair he attempts to cut his throat, but has not courage to do it, and immediately after swallows poison.

Revolting as Jonas is, he is not so offensive and intolerable a personage as Sarah Gamp, a midwife, or "monthly nurse," in whom the selfishness and greediness of attendants on the sick are coarsely satirized. Her dialect is doubtless copied very faithfully from nature, but her cue is to entertain the reader with a succession of jests, the point of which always lies in sly allusions to the events and secrets of her particular calling. She seems such a favorite of the author that we meet her at every turn, even in the preface, till we are almost provoked to laugh in spite of our disgust.

The author, as usual, luxuriates in the delineation of vulgar people, and in the imitation of the London dialects and idioms. We have not space to criticize minutely this part of the work; yet we cannot pass without observation, a very uncalled for, and, we will say, unfeeling attack on a respectable class of tradesmen, in the person of Mr. Mould the undertaker. He is satirized, not for any individual vices, but for the unavoidable peculiarities of his indispensable craft. His offences are, that when conducting funerals, he wears a grave, serious countenance, (ah, hypocrite!) although feeling no real sorrow, and that he is happy and comfortable in a thriving business, (ah, selfish wretch!) in spite of the mournful casu-

alties which furnish him employment. Surely Mr. Mould is as well entitled to feel satisfaction in earning his bread honestly and usefully, as the lawyer is, who grows rich because men quarrel and oppress; or the physician, who thrives because they grow ill and die; or the novelist, who amasses wealth and fame, because the rich have their foibles, and the poor their distresses.

We must also find fault with the American scenes, clever and amusing as they are. These chapters are an unaccountable excrescence, and while they add to the bulk, mar the unity and effect of the book as a work of art. They are, in fact, a book of travels dramatized, and not in the best or most candid spirit; they form a new and more pungent edition of the American Notes, but with only the harshest censures distilled over and concentrated.* They have no connexion with the rest of the story, although at first we imagined it might be the intention of the author to trace the influence of selfishness in disfiguring a national character. In a series of figures with ugly names, Diver, Scadder, Chollop, Pogram, and several others, the well known faults of social life in the United States are powerfully, but somewhat too coarsely, and bitterly satirized; and then these personages vanish finally from the stage.

There is much clever description throughout the book, but our limits do not admit of many quotations. We may instance the opening scene and the amusing personification of the wind and its gambols. One paragraph we may quote:—

"It was small tyranny for a respectable wind to go wreaking its vengeance on such poor creatures as the fallen leaves; but this wind, happening to come up with a great heap of them just after venting its humor on the insulted dragon, did so disperse and scatter them, that they fled away, pell-mell, some here, some there, rolling over each other, whirling round and round upon their thin edges, taking frantic flights into the air, and playing all manner of extraordinary gambols in the extremity of their distress. Nor was this enough for its malicious fury; for, not content with driving them abroad, it charged small parties of them, and hunted them into the wheelwright's saw-pit, and below the planks and timbers in the yard, and, scattering the saw-dust in the air, it looked for them underneath, and when it did meet with any, whew! how it drove them on and followed at their heels!" * * * "Being by this time weary of such trifling performances, the boisterous rover hurried away rejoicing, roaming over moor and meadow, hill and flat, until it got out to sea, where it met with other winds similarly disposed, and made a night of it."—Pp. 7, 8.

The storm at page 488 is also finely imagined, and the following extract from the description is an exquisite piece of fancy:—

"The heavy rain beat down the tender branches of vine and jessamine, and trampled on them in its fury; and when the lightning gleamed, it showed the tearful leaves shivering and cowering together at the window, and tapping at it urgently, as if beseeching to be sheltered from the dismal night." P. 489.

* The shrewd suggestion of Mr. Weller, senior, seems not to have been thrown away upon the author himself—"Have a passage ready taken for Merriker; and then let him come back and write a book about the Merrikins, as 'll pay all his expenses and more, if he blows 'em up enough."—*Pickwick Papers*, p. 468.

The following is not a bad imitation of Sterne :—
 "A Dragon man came stamping up the stairs and made a roguish bow to Tom (to whom in common times he would have nodded with a grin) as though he were aware of what had happened, and wished him to perceive it made no difference in him. It was clumsily done; he was a mere waterer of horses; but Tom liked the man for it, and felt it more than going away."—P. 377.

It is however in incident and character that Mr. Dickens excels; we have just room to insert his portrait of Mr. Pecksniff, which is no bad specimen of some of the faults as well as merits of his present style :—

"It has been remarked that Mr. Pecksniff was a moral man. So he was. Perhaps there never was a more moral man than Mr. Pecksniff; especially in his conversation and correspondence. It was once said of him by a homely admirer, that he had a Fortunatus' purse of good sentiments in his inside. In this particular he was like the girl in the fairy tale, except that, if they were not actual diamonds which fell from his lips, they were the very brightest paste, and shone prodigiously. He was a most exemplary man; fuller of virtuous precepts than a copy-book. Some people likened him to a direction post which is always telling the way to a place and never goes there; but these were his enemies—the shadows cast by his brightness; that was all. His very throat was moral. You saw a good deal of it. You looked over a very low fence of white cravat, (whereof no man had ever beheld the tie, for he fastened it behind,) and there it lay, a valley between two jutting heights of collar, serene and whiskerless before you. It seemed to say on the part of Mr. Pecksniff, 'There is no deception, ladies and gentlemen; all is peace: a holy calm pervades me.' So did his hair, just grizzled with an iron-gray, which was all brushed off his forehead, and stood bolt upright, or slightly drooped in kindred action with his heavy eyelids. So did his person, which was sleek though free from corpulency. So did his manner, which was soft and oily. In a word, even his plain black suit, and state of widower, and dangling double eye-glass, all tended to the same purpose, and cried aloud, 'Behold the moral Pecksniff.'"—P. 10.

We said the faults of the present style of Mr. Dickens; and certainly no one can read even a single chapter of Martin Chuzzlewit without perceiving a very striking declension from the purity and unassuming excellence which marked his earlier compositions. This is apparent, first, in various impurities of expression, and even some gross offences against the English language. For instance, many words, in themselves good and classical, are used in such a collocation, that to make any sense of them at all, we must suppose that the author has imported some new meaning of them from America during his transatlantic trip. Thus, we have *impracticable* nightcaps, *impossible* tables and *exploded* chests of drawers, *mad* closets, *inscrutable* harpsichords, *undeniable* chins, *highly geological* home-made cakes, *remote suggestions* of tobacco lingering within a spittoon, and the *recesses and vacations* of a toothpick. Then again we have the pages bristling over with various strong words employed in their improper colloquial usage—such as *tremendous*, *terrible*, *monstrous*, *desperate*, *frightful*, *awful*, *horrid*, *horrible*, *unearthly*, *appalling*, *dreadful*, *enormous*. "No doubt a *tremendous* fellow to get through his

work." "It was a *monstrous* comfortable circumstance." "Martin was *monstrous* well-disposed to regard his position in that light," and so on. It is surely improper for an author of established reputation to give his sanction to this vicious habit of speaking, which naturally leads to an exaggerated way of viewing trivial things; and he ought not to degrade these important words from their appropriate functions to the performance of the meanest services in a light and laughing page. But he goes further, and offends grievously against the rules of grammar; catching the infection from his own actors, he adopts their forms of expression, and offends the shade of Lindley Murray with such barbarisms as "It had not been painted or papered, had n't Todgers", past the memory of man." "She was the most artless creature, was the youngest Miss Pecksniff." "Nature played them off against each other; they had no hand in it, the two Miss Pecksniffs." Indeed, Mr. Dickens seems often purposely to cast his language into the mould of the vulgar characters he represents, and as it were, to fondle their phrases, idioms, and ideas. He makes occasional use of the interjections "bless you!" "heaven knows!" &c. He speaks of a place where "black beetles got mouldy and had the shine taken out of their backs by envious mildew;" of a grimace of Master Bailey as "an easy, horse-fleshy, turfy, sort of thing to do;" of a boorish action at a Yankee table as having "a juiciness about it that might have sickened a scavenger," and thus describes the Miss Pecksniffs' contrast of character :—

"To behold each damsel in the very admiration of her sister, setting up in business for herself on an entirely different principle, and announcing no connexion with over the way, and if the quality of goods at that establishment don't please you, you are respectfully invited to favor me with a call."—P. 10.

Slang, also, seems to come naturally to his lips, for he founds a cumbrous joke in the first chapter on the words *my uncle*, and gives his readers credit for knowing them to be slang for the pawnbroker; he describes some young ladies as having, "in the figurative language of the day, a great amount of steam to dispose of;" and Mr. Pecksniff as getting a bruise "on what is called by fancy gentlemen the 'bark' on his shin;" and the head of one of his American heroes as "shaking involuntarily, as if it would have said, in the vulgar tongue, on its own account, no go."

It is impossible not to contrast this style with that of Sir Walter Scott, who, in the homeliest scenes, and amidst the lowest company, never allows us to forget the difference between the gentleman who is narrating and the persons of whom he tells, and whose own allusions, similes, and even jokes, are refreshing and instructive, because deeply imbued with his rich store of historical and literary knowledge.

The deterioration of style is further observable in the descriptions. Mr. Dickens was always famed for giving life to inanimate scenes, and catching the little characteristic traits of conduct and character; but he now carries minute description to an excess that sometimes, indeed, degenerates into mere extravagance—his interiors are often inventories rather than pictures. Here is one :—

"The drawing-room at Todgers' was out of the common style; so much so indeed, that you would hardly have taken it to be a drawing-room, unless you were told so by some one who was in the se-

erest. It was floor-clothed all over, and the ceiling, including a great beam in the centre, was papered. Besides the three little windows, with seats in them, commanding the opposite archway, there was another window looking point blank, without any compromise at all about it, into Jinkins' bed-room; and high up, all along one side of the wall, was a strip of panes of glass, two deep, giving light to the staircase. There were the oddest closets possible, with little casements in them like eight day clocks, lurking in the wainscot, and taking the shape of the stairs, and the very door itself (which was painted black) had two great glass eyes in its forehead with an inquisitive green pupil in the middle of each."—P. 109.

Mr. Fip's office is portrayed with similar minuteness, and the author especially chronicles—

"A great black sprawling splash upon the floor, in one corner, as if some old clerk had cut his throat three years ago, and had let out ink instead of blood."—P. 457.

In another place are pointed out—

"Very mountebanks of two-pronged forks, which seemed to be trying how far asunder they could possibly stretch their legs, without converting themselves into double the number of iron tooth-picks."—P. 461.

After the interior of a tavern has been elaborately described, the window is thus disposed of:—

"It was a little below the pavement, and abutted close upon it, so that passengers grated on the window-panes with their buttons, and scraped it with their baskets; and fearful boys suddenly coming between a thoughtful guest and the light, derided him, or put out their tongues as if he were a physician, or made white knobs on the end of their noses by flattening the same against the glass, and vanished awfully like spectres."—P. 412.

The frequent recurrence of such ludicrous minuteness in the trivial descriptive details induces us to compare Mr. Dickens' style of delineation to a photographic landscape. There, everything within the field of view is copied with unflinching but mechanical fidelity. Not a leaf, or stone, or nail is wanting, or out of place; the very bird is arrested as it flits across the sky. But, then, the imitating agent takes exactly the same pains with the dunghill and the gutter, as with the palace and the forest tree; and it is as busy with the latchet of the shoe, and the pattern of the waistcoat, as with the noble features of the human face. Mr. Dickens' pencil is often as faithful, and not more discriminating. He lavishes as much attention on what is trivial or useless as on the more important parts of the picture, as if he could not help painting everything with equal exactness. Neglecting the effective outline, the charm of harmonious grouping, and of contrasted light and shade, he crowds his canvases with figures, and notes the very hat, and neckcloth, and coat buttons of each; dwelling upon his city scenes, whether connected or not with the business in hand, till he has enumerated the tables and chairs, and even counted the panes of glass. There is no judicious perspective, and withdrawing from view of disagreeable particulars. We stand as close to the most offensive object, and see its details as nakedly, as if it was the most agreeable. Thus, when Tigg is murdered by Jonas, the author affects not to describe the actual deed of blood, but, in the reflections of the murderer afterwards, he thrusts on us the most revolting details. He paints the criminal "in fancy approaching the dead body, and start-

ling the very flies that were thickly sprinkled all over it, like heaps of dried currants."—P. 578.

And again, Jonas sees in imagination, "the body of a murdered man. In one thick, solitary spot, it lay among the last years' leaves of oak and beech, just as it had fallen headlong down. Sopping and soaking in among the leaves that formed its pillow; oozing down into the boggy ground, as if to cover itself from human sight; forcing its way between and through the curling leaves—as if these senseless things rejected and foreswore it, and were coiled up in abhorrence—went a dark, dark stain, that dyed and scented the whole summer night from earth to heaven."—P. 541.

Mr. Dickens never trusts to a vigorous sketch, or a few characteristic touches; he accomplishes his purpose by minute description and copious dialogue, and leaves no work for the imagination of the reader. This leads us to observe, that the vast popularity of these works may, perhaps, in some degree be owing to the indolence of the reading public, and that the very clever "illustrations" which accompany them all, may have contributed greatly to their success. No reader need ever task his mind's eye to form a picture corresponding to the full description; he has but to turn the page, and there stands the Pickwick, Pecksniff, or Tom Pinch, embodied in his hand, and kindly saving him the labor of thought.

It is not much to be wondered at that, in such long works, with his fondness for minute delineation, and with his limited range of scenery and class of actors, Mr. Dickens should be apt, in describing places and the every-day incidents of life, to repeat himself. We have much sameness in many of the street scenes in London, and in the interiors of taverns and solicitors' offices; and the wretched effects of intoxication form a very frequent subject for the pencil. In this work we have the drunken humors of Jonas, and Chevy Slime, and Mr. Pecksniff, and Mrs. Gamp, and more if we could recall them. There is a more amusing instance of repetition—for the pleasant diversion of kissing is very circumstantially depicted no less than nine times, perhaps oftener: we have Martin kissing Mary in the park; Mark kissing Mrs. Lupin; Pecksniff kissing Mary; Martin kissing Mary in Pecksniff's parlor; John Westlock kissing Ruth; Martin kissing Mary the third time; and so on.

The deterioration of style extends even to what are intended as the lighter graces of the composition. We could not have supposed it possible that Mr. Dickens could have ornamented any work of his with such pieces of wit, such miserable puns, as he has thickly scattered through *Martin Chuzzlewit*. As when he tells us that "Mr. Pecksniff was a *land-surveyor* on a pretty extensive scale, as an extensive prospect was stretched out before the windows of his house;" and facetiously observes, in sketching Mr. Montague Tigg, "in respect of his dress, he could hardly be said to be in any *extremities*, as his fingers were a long way out of his gloves, and the soles of his feet were at an inconvenient distance from the upper leather of his shoes;" and talks of a lady with "what might be termed an *exciseable face*, or one in which starch and vinegar were decidedly employed." These examples, however, are quite eclipsed by this extravagant piece of silliness in describing Mr. Moddle:—

"He is very frail and tearful, for being aware

that a shepherd's mission was to pipe to his flocks, and that a boatswain's mission was to pipe all hands, and that one man's mission was to be a paid piper, and another man's mission was to pay the piper; so he had got it into his head that his own peculiar mission was to pipe his eye."—P. 382.

There is, in fact, a continual straining after merriment and facetious remark, as if the natural buoyancy and fun of the writer had been unable to keep pace with the frequently recurring demands on his pen. He has recourse sometimes to irony; but that he fails in that figure of speech will be evident from the following not unfair specimens:—

"The great American eagle, which is always airing itself sky-high in purest ether, and never—no, never, never, never tumbles down with draggled wings into the mud."—P. 385.

"The great discovery made by the ancient philosopher for securing health, riches, and wisdom; the infallibility of which has been for generations verified by the enormous fortunes constantly amassed by chimney-sweepers and other persons who get up early and go to bed betimes."

Our quotations have shown, what might be verified by fifty more, that many parts of this work are composed in the most careless and even slovenly manner; bearing evident marks of having been written, as it were, at a canter, by a man of consummate ability, with great exuberance of spirits, but sometimes affecting an unnatural vivacity that he may hide an occasional flagging, perfectly familiar with all the habits and modes of speech of certain classes of society, well able to catch with fidelity the tone of dialogue appropriate to various situations, with good intentions in the main, but rendered confident, careless, and somewhat presumptuous, by the unexampled brilliancy of his success.

We must now glance at the moral tendency of these works. For it ought never to be forgotten that the able novelist exercises great power in moulding the feelings and judgment of his readers. He is like the physician in the Eastern tale, whose royal master disliked the disagreeable process of swallowing drugs, and who accordingly fell upon the expedient of administering medicine to him in the handle of a racket. As the medicine, unknown to the patient, entered the pores of his body while his hand was heated by exercise, so instruction and health may flow into the mind when it seeks only to relax itself by congenial amusement. But, in the hands of a careless or unskilful physician, the same hours of relaxation may become the occasion of impairing its vigor and planting disease in its constitution. A good moralist would surely tell us, that an intimate acquaintance with the haunts of profligacy and crime, and a minute knowledge of the habits of life, modes of speech, and turns of thought of the degraded, the vicious, and the brutal, must be injurious to a high tone of virtuous feeling. The judicious parent will not allow his children to mix with persons of vicious habits, or of mean and dishonest propensities. The youth deems it a high privilege to be admitted to the society of the well-bred, the pure, the high-minded. Our moral health is dependent on the moral atmosphere we breathe. The novels are just an artificial experience, and the well-drawn character becomes a kind of companion. With whom, then, does Mr. Dickens bring us into close and familiar contact? Lackeys, stable-boys, thieves, swindlers, drunkards, gamblers, and mur-

derers: and where is his scene most frequently laid, but in their haunts of vulgar revelry or dens of profligacy and crime? Such scenes and characters he dwells upon, until we are intimate with all the details. It has been attempted as an apology by his admirers, that, besides the ability with which he writes, and the witty humor of his characters, he paints very delicately, and withdraws what is offensive, so that the most sensitive cheek need not blush over his writings. We do not accept this apology. Are not the gross language and revolting manners of the vicious, one of the most useful safeguards to virtue? Shall we say that "vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness?" Is it not rather our daily experience that we more easily catch the tone and tolerate the vices of those with whom we associate, if they are refined and polite as well as witty and entertaining? Shall we then applaud him who takes away our safeguard, and leads us habitually to think of vice without the repulsiveness that should ever belong to it?

We do not say that the chief evil to be apprehended from Mr. Dickens' works is, that they will teach people, at least of the higher ranks, to commit crimes. Yet it is not impossible that they may give suggestions to vices. There is a story of a Roman Catholic hostler, who, on going one day to confession, was asked by the priest if he ever greased his horses' teeth to prevent them eating their corn. He answered that he never did; but the next time he confessed himself this was among the number of his sins. On the priest expressing his astonishment, the poor fellow replied, "I never thought of it till your worship put it in my head." Now, in the same way, we will not undertake to say that some may not have imbibed a lesson of callous dissimulation from Sir John Chester, or learned to "pass the rosy" with Dick Swiveller, or to go a "fogle-hunting" with the Artful Dodger. The chief evil, however, undoubtedly is, that the perceptions of moral purity are blunted, exactly as when we mix in company with profligate persons of wit and agreeable manners; the delicate sense of right and wrong, and the instinctive feeling of honor and propriety are lost; the blush ceases to rise spontaneously on the female cheek at a coarse jest or depraved allusion; and vice can be made a subject of merriment in place of causing sorrow and indignation. The voice of true wisdom will tell us to be averse to all such objects of contemplation as abound in these volumes, to forbid our imaginations to dwell on what is degraded and impure, however conveyed, and rather to occupy our thoughts with habitual study of the qualities and actions of the noble and pious, which will enable us to imbibe their spirit and follow their example.

In estimating the probable effects of these writings of Mr. Dickens, we must remember that, in the shape of plays, they have been represented at most of the theatres in the country. In this process of transmutation the better and more sober parts necessarily disappear, and the striking figures, amusing low life, smart vulgar conversation, and broad farce, are naturally preserved with care. It is not therefore surprising to find, in the drama of Martin Chuzzlewit, that Master Bailey, with his cockneyisms, draws the chief attention; and that the tipsy quarrel between Mrs. Gamp and Betsy Prig is the most effective scene in the piece. The higher ranks thus laugh publicly at

the scenes of most hurtful tendency; and it is these principally which are made widely known to the lower classes.

One of the most remarkable effects of these works has been the singular patronage and favor which has marked the reception of those slang forms of expression, of which Mr. Dickens has presented us with so copious a variety, that from his writings alone we might compile grammar, dictionary, and phrase-book, with a treatise on their Doric, Ionic, and more purely Attic idioms. Even in polite circles, and sometimes in the mouths of the fair sex, Mr. Weller's flowers of rhetoric, and Dick Swiveller's graces of speech, might be heard frequently quoted with zest; and still these vulgarisms, this "well of English *sore-defiled*," threatens to infect the tone of conversation, and to color the language of social life. No one who reflects on the nature of this sort of dialect can fail to regret that it should be spread abroad and come into vogue, as it thus seems likely to do. Mr. Dickens has himself endeavored to convey to us, as the result of his observations on some classes of society in America, that corrupt phraseology is intimately associated with degeneracy of character. Slang differs widely from the broad Scotch which abounds so much in the Waverly Novels. That is the language of a whole people, in which the remnants of a fine old tongue are preserved, and linger amidst the more modern English, like the grand old pine trees of the country, still towering nobly above the tame cultivation which has crept in around them. It differs widely, too, from the provincial dialects of England, which arose insensibly, are spoken unconsciously, and are often in part due to a pronunciation moulded by climate, or conformation of the organs of speech. But slang arose in towns, amid thieves and gamblers, who had need of an obscure phraseology; it was adopted by those who wished to be thought initiated into secrets not known to every one; it came to be used as a cheap substitute for wit; but wherever it goes, it bears the stamp of its nativity, and an impress of crime, concealment, and baseness. The man of pure and honorable feeling cannot use it; and its spread will be an index of the departure of these qualities from society.

The mention of the Waverly Novels and their broad Scottish dialect, leads unavoidably to the remark, that, unlike the author of these matchless productions, Mr. Dickens makes his low characters almost always *vulgar*. It is not easy to define vulgarity, but every one can feel it; and we know that Edie Ochiltree, Cuddie Headrigg, Bailie Nicol Jarvie, and Dominic Sampson are not vulgar, in spite of their accent, language, and station; neither are Jeanie Deans, or Meg Merriees, or the Mucklebackits; and while the author draws them with perfect truth, he often conveys through their mouths lessons of the greatest moral elevation. Every reader must have felt how much otherwise it is with Mr. Dickens.

In the next place, the good characters in Mr. Dickens' novels do not seem to have a wholesome moral tendency. The reason is, that many of them—all the author's favorites—exhibit an excellence flowing from constitution and temperament, and not from the influence of moral or religious motive. They act from impulse, not from principle. They present no struggle of contending passions; they are instinctively incapable of evil; they are therefore not constituted like other

human beings; and do not feel the force of temptation as it assails our less perfect breasts. It is this that makes them unreal,

"Faultless monsters, that the world ne'er saw."

This is the true meaning of "the simple heart," which Mr. Dickens so perpetually eulogizes. Indeed, they often degenerate into simpletons, sometimes into mere idiots. Such characters are uninstructional; for in contemplating them we lose sight of the great fact of the corruption of human nature; from which it follows that virtue, whether in the Christian or the heathen breast, consists in the triumph of good principle over evil propensity, and the victory of moral and religious motives over the allurements of temptation. Even heathen moralists have delighted to portray the passions as fierce and impure animals, bridled and tamed by conscience. The best dramatists and novelists have taken many a subject from this conflict; and have represented at one time the temporary triumph of the baser motive; at another, the conquest of good resolution over severe assaults; and again, the firm adherence to duty through a long course of suffering and difficult exertion. They are uninstructional, because the absence of high principle, as the spring of action, prevents the reader, especially the young, from scanning and analyzing motives, duties, and passions; and instead of being in that way stimulated to earnest thought and self-examination, he is lulled into a pleasing indifference and frivolity of mind.

Another error is the undue prominence given to good temper and kindness, which are constantly made substitutes for all other virtues, and an atonement for the want of them; while a defect in these good qualities is the signal for instant condemnation, and the charge of hypocrisy. It is unfortunate also, that Mr. Dickens so frequently represents persons with pretensions to virtue and piety as mere rogues and hypocrites, and never depicts any whose station as clergymen, or reputation for piety, is consistently adorned and verified. It is not surprising if he has thus created in the minds of some an impression that he holds the claims of religion itself in contempt.

But, indeed, the mere omission of religion in his good characters and sentimental passages is sufficiently striking. We are no admirers of religious novels, nor do we think them a good vehicle for advice on that solemn subject; and we have no fancy for those written expressly to expound or argue a particular set of doctrines—for such as the "The Anglo-Catholic Family," or the "Dis-senter's Progress into the Bosom of the Church." But if the value of religion is felt at all by the author of a tale, he can hardly help letting us see it as the spring of action in his good characters, or, at least, as furnishing his own standard of right and wrong in his judgments and views of things. But surely, if at no other time, the omission must be culpable when one so capable as Mr. Dickens of moving the feelings, leads us into the most solemn scenes, and takes us to the death-bed of the young, the fair, and the good, and spares no art to "ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears." When our hearts are touched, it is not right, and to a well constituted mind it is painful, to leave us with a few vague sentiments scarcely even of natural religion, and a picturesque sketch perhaps of a Bible in the background, but with no reference to the revelation it

contains, and to those truths which furnish the only true ground of hope to the dying, and of consolation to the bereaved.

We cannot but sometimes contrast the tone of Mr. Dickens' purely sentimental passages with that of Sir Walter Scott on similar occasions, and the stilted pomp with which the former often parades a flaunting rag of threadbare morality, with the quiet and graceful ease with which the latter points out and enforces a useful lesson. Indeed, it seems unavoidable that the high standard which is afforded by the novels of Scott should be perpetually referred to for trying all his followers in the same path of literature; and, surely, when it is remembered how eminently his romances are distinguished by shrewd practical good sense, as well as by pure feeling and correct moral tone, by an unaffected and manly simplicity of style, notwithstanding the rich variety of knowledge, overflowing, not displayed, in every page, he is well entitled to be regarded as the guide of the critic as well as the model of succeeding novelists.

Lastly, the form of publication of Mr. Dickens' works must be attended with bad consequences. The reading of a novel is not now the undertaking it once was, a thing to be done occasionally on a holiday and almost by stealth. The monthly number comes in so winningly, with methodical punctuality, and with so moderate an amount at a time, that novel-reading becomes a sort of stated occupation, and not to have seen the last part of *Martin Chuzzlewit* is about as irregular as not to have balanced your books. Useful as a certain amount of novel reading may be, this is not the right way to indulge in it. It is not a mere healthy recreation, like a match at cricket, a lively conversation, or a game at backgammon. It throws us into a state of unreal excitement, a trance, or dream, which we should be allowed to dream out, and then be sent back to the atmosphere of reality again, cured by our brief surfeit of the desire to indulge again soon in the same delirium of feverish interest. But now our dreams are mingled with our daily business; the school-boy hurries over his lessons to get to the new number of Dickens, or Lever, or Warren, and these cheap and abundant publications absorb the energies which, after the daily task, might be usefully employed in the search after wholesome knowledge.*

It is plain, also, that the form of publication must tend greatly to increase any pernicious influence in these or other similar works. For the characters and incidents are kept long before the mind, and we have time to become very familiar with them, as we wait and long to know how Sam Weller gave evidence in a court of justice; how Jonas Chuzzlewit accomplished the murder of Montague Tigg; or how Dick Swiveller played at cribbage with the Marchioness, or discoursed the affairs of the Glorious Apollo with Mr. Chucker. The impressions are not allowed to be effaced; they are renewed at short intervals, till the whole story, and actors, and moral, wind themselves into the mind, and produce a full and

lasting influence; while the jokes and idioms, and slang phrases of the successive numbers are repeated and dwelt on in the intervals, until, by being gradually stored up in the memory, they at length tinge the language of ordinary conversation. It is scarcely necessary to add, how very injurious to the novel, as a work of art, this mode of publication must be, and the opportunity it gives to the author to know the sentiments of the public, and to them to interfere with the conduct of the tale. Mr. Dickens has told us that while the *Old Curiosity Shop* was in course of publication, he had hundreds of letters, chiefly from ladies, beseeching him to spare little Nell, which, finding he had such a hold on their sympathies, he very properly refused to do.

We have reserved for the conclusion of our review the "*Christmas Carol*" and the "*Chimes*," because they belong to a different class of compositions, and because we do not wish to part from an author whose genius has so often delighted us, with these somewhat austere remarks. The former little story abounds with mannerism, but with the best as well as the less pleasing characteristics of the author. We have, no doubt, his carelessness and incorrectness of style—but then all his copiousness and variety;—his tendency to overstrained and extravagant imagery—but then, his unrivalled exuberance of life and animation; his occasional petulant sneers at religious people and the strict observance of Sunday—but then, his own touching mode of awakening sympathy with the joys and sorrows of the poor. We had at one time marked for grave animadversion some instances of bad taste, and the moral process by which *Old Scrooge* is converted at once from an *Arthur Grudge* into a *Brother Cheeryble*. But the Christmas dinner of *Tom Cratchit* and his family rose to recollection, and the spirit of *Tiny Tim*, "who did *not* die after all," sealed our lips; a hundred bright, sparkling, fantastic images crowded into the memory; we could see the sweeps pelting each other with snow-balls, laughing heartily when they hit, and laughing still more heartily when they missed, and the shops with their tempting stores, and the game of romps at the nephew's in the evening; and then *Old Scrooge* himself, after sending the turkey to *Bob Cratchit's*—seemed quietly to take the pen from our unresisting fingers.

But what bells are these swinging, now in bright sunshine and now in deep shade, greeting the New Year with a half-glad half-melancholy peal! The *Chimes*;—telling, however, no "*Goblin Story*," but one very real, full of truth, and regarding sober flesh and blood. Their sound is a pleasant one; for in this little tale there is a great deal reminding us of the best parts of the *Pickwick Papers*, its clear portraiture, and its effective satire. There is all the author's wonted vivid minuteness of description, which does not overlook the speckled spiders in the belfrey, or the brass toasting-fork in *Tugby's* parlor, which "spread out its idle fingers as if it wanted to be measured for a glove." There are gentle touches of nature that bring tears to the eye, and dismal strains that thrill through the heart. These last are conveyed in a dream, which should not be here, because the idea is a plagiarism from the *Christmas Carol*, and are communicated by serial and goblin personages, who are of no particular use. In this dream is revealed to *Toby Veck*, the simple-hearted ticket-porter, a sketch of what *might have been* the

* The view taken above is confirmed by a remark of Dr. Arnold, (*Life*, vol. ii., p. 159; and *Sermons*, vol. iv., 39—41;) that the increase of frivolity and childishness, and the decrease of manly thoughtfulness, which he had observed with pain in the great school under his charge, was owing to the periodical form given to works of amusement, (he mentions *Pickwick* and *Nicholas Nickleby* as instances,) harmless, perhaps, in themselves.

fate of his daughter, but what is every day in sad reality—the hard life and final desperation of the disregarded and unpitied poor:—

“Such work, such work,” says the spirit of Lillian, “so many hours, so many days, so many long, long nights of hopeless, cheerless, never-ending work—not to heap up riches, not to live grandly and gaily, not to live upon enough, however coarse, but to earn bare bread, to scrape together just enough to toil upon, and want upon, and keep alive in us the consciousness of our hard fate.”

The end is crime, and the broken heart, and the fatal plunge. We cannot, however, forgive the author for the cruelty of inflicting this dream on poor Toby Veck, who could certainly not distinguish accurately between what *might have been* and what *might be*, and who so well deserved rather a bright peep into futurity. The object of the whole piece is to satirize those in authority, who, by unfeeling harshness, goad the poor to crime, and then “abandon the vile, nor trace the unfenced precipices by which they fell from good,” and to awaken in the breast of the reader greater sympathy with the sufferings, and greater forbearance towards the vices, of the wretched. Such being evidently the drift of the book, we do not care to criticize its style minutely, or to inquire whether its views are not a little one-sided, and the sentimental passages a little vague and rhapsodical; it is enough that there is a tendency to awaken those emotions of kindness towards the poor which are now too feebly, and can never be too strongly felt, by the richer classes; and seeing him engaged in so good a work, we heartily wish him success.

From Fraser's Magazine.

A SPRING CAROL.

THE spring's free sunshine falleth
Like balm upon the heart:
And care and fear, dull shadows!
Are hastening to depart.
Oh! time of resurrection
From sadness unto bliss;
From death, decay, and silence,
To loveliness like this.
Oh! season of rejoicing,
That fills my heart and brain
With visions such as never,
Methought, should come again.
Oh! blessed time, renewing
The light that childhood wore;
Till thought, and hope, and feeling,
Grow earnest as of yore!

Though youth has faded from me,
Perchance before its time,
Like a flower, pale and blighted,
Amid its gayest prime;
Though now I value lightly
The noisy joys of life,
And deem its vain ambition
A mad and useless strife,
Thank God! the fount of feeling
Hath deep, exhaustless springs,
And the love once poured so freely
On frail and worldly things,
Is now more freely given
To the blossoms of the sod,

To the trees, whose leafy branches
Are whispering of God.

The young green lime bends o'er me,
Through its boughs the sunbeams pass,
Making here and there bright islands
'Mid the shadows on the grass.
The butterfly is wending
Its way from flower to flower,
Like a freed and happy spirit—
Meet emblem of such hour!
Loud sings the hidden cuckoo
In his bower of leaves all day,
And many a voice of gladness
Is answering his lay.
The rose is opening slowly,
The lilac's scented cones
Are musical till nightfall,
With the wild-bees' drowsy tones.

The oaks, moss-grown and aged,
How beautiful they seem;
With glory wrapt about them,
Like the glory of a dream!
How lovingly the sunshine
Clings round the tufts of green;
And all is fair and joyful
As if winter had not been!
Far off, the furze is blooming,
With spaces, far and near,
Of lawn, where now are straying
Large herds of graceful deer;
And turfey pathways wending
Through sunshine and through shade,
And wooded hills enfolding
This lovely forest glade.

I turn, and see the fruit-trees
With blossoms pink and white,
Like gems of Eastern story
In the gardens of delight;
And strewn like fairy favors
Are flowers of every hue
Among the grasses shining,
Red, yellow, white and blue.
The pines, so tall and regal,
Their shadowy branches wave,
Like plume-crowned pillars standing
Round a mighty monarch's grave.
Less sorrowful than stately,
Those dark unbending trees
Give out a silv'ry murmur
To the gentle evening breeze.

In this season of life's triumph
Man's spirit hath a share,
It can see the grave unclosing,
Yet feel all ends not there.
It smiles to see the conquest
Of beauty o'er decay,
With the merry lark up-soaring
It greets the dawning day.
Not vainly by such gladness
The poet's heart is stirred,
These sights and sounds not vainly
By him are seen and heard.
All fears that crowded o'er him,
Like clouds asunder roll,
Spring's hope and joyful promise
Sink deep into his soul.

From Chambers' Journal.

"TALES OF THE COLONIES."

EIGHTEEN months ago, we noticed a work under the above title, of which it would be difficult to say whether it abounded more in the spirit-stirring scenes usually found in fiction, or in sound views respecting emigration to, and settlement in, perhaps the finest of the Australian colonies—Van Diemen's Land. As to a great extent the adventures of a settler—an English farmer—in that distant colony, who, after undergoing many mishaps, while the country was still in a crude condition, had lived to reap the reward of his perseverance, such a work could not fail to be very generally acceptable; and we are glad to know that it has been so much so as to pass already into a third edition. Desirous of rendering his work more extensively available, the author has judiciously issued it in a single volume;* and as a copy of this cheap edition has been placed under our notice, we take leave to bring it once more before our readers.

Having on the former occasion described the contents of the book at considerable length, it is now unnecessary to say more on that subject. Being desirous, however, of conveying an idea of the author's powers of narration, we may offer the following extract, which refers to a state of society in the colony, now, we believe, gone.

THE BUSHRANGER.

In crossing the country one day, and at a distance from any habitation, Mr. Thornley, the settler, to his surprise and fear beheld at a short distance approaching him a noted bushranger, known by the name of "the Gipsy," who had latterly, with a band of associates, become the dread of the colony. He was a tall, well-made man, one apparently above the ordinary character of convicts, and whom it was distressing to see in such a situation. The parties approached each other with mutual distrust. Thornley knew he had a desperate character to deal with, and pointed his gun at him; but the bushranger seemed desirous of a parley, and after a few words, says the writer, he laid his gun quietly on the grass, and then passed round me, and sat down at a few yards' distance, so that I was between him and his weapon. "Well, Mr. Thornley," said he, "will that do? You see I am now unarmed. I don't ask you to do the same, because I cannot expect you to trust to me, but the truth is, I want to have a little talk with you. I have something on my mind which weighs heavy on me, and whom to speak to I do not know. I know your character, and that you have never been hard on your government men, as some are. At any rate, speak to some one I must. Are you inclined to listen to me?"

I was exceedingly moved at this unexpected appeal to me at such a time and in such a place. There was no sound, and no object save ourselves, to disturb the vast solitude of the wilderness. Below us flowed the Clyde, beneath an abrupt precipice; around were undulating hills, almost bare of trees; in the distance towered the snowy mountain which formed the boundary to the landscape. I looked at my companion doubtfully; for I had heard so many stories of the treachery of the bushrangers, that I feared for a moment that this acting might only be a trick to throw me off my

*London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1846.

guard. Besides, this was the very man whom I knew to have been at the head of the party of bushrangers who had been captured at the Great Lake.

He observed the doubt and hesitation which were expressed in my looks, and pointed to his gun which was on the other side of me.

"What more can I do," said he, "to convince you that I meditate neither violence nor treachery against you? Indeed, when you know my purpose, you will see that they would defeat my own object."

"What is your purpose, then? Tell me at once—are you one of the late party of bushrangers who have done such mischief in the island?"

"I am: and more than that, I am—or rather was—their leader. I planned the escape from Macquarie harbor; and it was I who kept them together, and made them understand their strength, and how to use it. But that's nothing now. I do not want to talk to you about that. But I tell you who and what I am, that you may see I have no disguise with you; because I have a great favor—a very great favor—to ask of you; and if I can obtain it from you on no other terms, I am almost inclined to say, take me to camp as your prisoner, and let the capture of the Gipsy—ah! I see you know that name, and the terror it has given to the merciless wretches who pursue me—I say, let the capture of the Gipsy, and his death, if you will—for it must come to that at last—be the price of the favor that I have to beg of you!"

"Speak on, my man," I said: "you have done some ill deeds, but this is not the time to taunt you with them. What do you want of me! and if it is anything that an honest man can do, I promise you beforehand that I will do it."

"You will!—but you do not know it yet. Now listen to me. Perhaps you do not know that I have been in the colony for ten years. I was a lifer. It's bad that; better hang a man at once than punish him for life: there ought to be a prospect of an end to suffering; then the man can look forward to something; he would have hope left. But never mind that. I only speak of it because I believe it was the feeling of despair that first led me wrong, and drove me from bad to worse. Shortly after my landing I was assigned to a very good master. There were not many settlers then, and we did not know so much of the country as we do now. As I was handy in many things, and able to earn money, I soon got my liberty on the old condition; that is of paying so much a-week to my master. That trick is not played now, but it was then, and by some of the big ones too. However, all I cared for was my liberty, and I was glad enough to get that for seven shillings a-week. But still I was a government prisoner, and that galled me; for I knew I was liable to lose my license at the caprice of my master, and to be called into government employ. Besides, I got acquainted with a young woman, and married her, and then I felt the bitterness of slavery worse than ever; for I was attached to her sincerely, and I could not contemplate the chance of parting from her without pain. So about three years after I had been in this way, I made an attempt to escape with her in a vessel that was sailing for England. It was a mad scheme, I know; but what will not a man risk for his liberty!"

"What led you to think of going back to England! What were you sent out for?"

"I have no reason to care for telling the truth. I was one of a gang of poachers in Herefordshire, and on a certain night we were surprised by the keepers, and somehow, I don't know how, we came to blows; and the long and the short of it is, one of the keepers was killed; and there's the truth of it."

"And you were tried for the murder?" "I and two others were; and one was hanged, and I and my mate were transported for life." "Well, the less that's said about that the better; now go on with your story; but let me know what it is you would have me do for you."

"I'll come to that presently; but I must tell you something about my story, or you will not understand me. I was discovered in the vessel, concealed among the casks, by the searching party, and brought on shore with my wife; and you know, I suppose, that the punishment is death. But Colonel Davey—he was governor then—let me off; but I was condemned to work in chains in government employ. This was a horrid life, and I determined not to stand it. There were one or two others in the chain-gang all ready for a start into the bush, if they had any one to plan for them. I was always a good one at head-work, and it was not long before I contrived one night to get rid of our fetters. There were three others besides myself. We got on the top of the wall very cleverly, and first one dropped down, (it was as dark as pitch, and we could not see what became of him,) then another dropped, and then the third. Not a word was spoken. I was the last, and glad enough was I when I felt myself sliding down the rope outside the yard. But I had to grin on the other side of my mouth when I came to the bottom. One of the sneaks whom I had trusted had betrayed us, and I found myself in the arms of two constables, who grasped me tightly. I gave one of them a sickener, and could have easily managed the other, but he gave the alarm, and then lots of others sprang up, and lights and soldiers appeared. I was overpowered by so many. They bound my arms, and then I was tried for the attempt to escape, and the assault on the constable, and condemned to Macquarie harbor for life.

"I have not told you that my wife brought me a child. It is now seven years old. I loved that child, Mr. Thorley, more than a parent usually loves his child. It was all in all to me. It was the only bright thing that I had to look upon. When I was sentenced to Macquarie harbor for life, it would have been a mercy to put me to death. I should have put myself to death, if it had not been for the thought of that little girl. Well, sir, I will not say more about that. When a man takes to the bush, and has done what I have done, he is thought to be a monster without feeling or affection. But people don't understand us. There is no man, sir, depend upon it, so bad that he has not some good in him; and I have had some experience: for I have seen the worst of us—the very worst—in the most miserable of all conditions—for that Macquarie harbor is a real hell upon earth! There is no time to tell you about the hardships and the miseries which the prisoners suffer in that horrible place—it soon kills them. But my greatest misery was being deprived of my little girl—my plaything—my darling—my life! I had not been at Macquarie harbor a month, before news came that my wife was dead. I'll tell you the

truth, sir: attached to her as I was, I was rather glad than sorry for it. I could not bear the thought of her falling into anybody else's hands; and as our separation was now absolutely and hopelessly forever—it is the truth—I was rather glad than sorry when I heard of her death. But my poor little child! I thought of her night and day, wondering and thinking what would become of her! I could think of nothing else. At last my thoughts began to turn to the possibility of escaping from Macquarie harbor, desperate as the attempt appeared; for, to cross the bush without arms, and without provisions, exposed to the attacks of the natives, seemed all but an impossibility. But almost anything may be done by resolution and patience, and watching your opportunity."

[The escape having been effected,] "We scrambled away as well as we could, till we got a little distance off, and out of hearing, and then we set to with a will, and rid ourselves of our fetters, all except three, and these were too tightly fitted to be got off on a sudden without better tools. We got the three chained men along with us, however, as well as we could, for we would not leave them; so we helped them on by turns; and the next day, when we were more easy, we contrived to rid them of their incumbrances. We hastened on all night. I ought to tell you that we heard the bell rung and the alarm given; but we had gained an hour good, and the ungagging of the sentinels and overseers, and hearing their story, took up some time no doubt. Besides, it is not easy to hit on a track in the dusk, and as there were fourteen of us, armed with two muskets, our pursuers would not proceed so briskly as they otherwise might, and would not scatter themselves to look after us. We were without provisions; but we did not care about that; and not being used to long walks, we were soon knocked up. But the desire of liberty kept us up, and we struck right across the country in as straight a line as we could guess. The second day we were all very sick and faint, and the night before was very cold, and we were cramped and unfit to travel. The second night we all crept into a cave, which was sandy inside, where we lay pretty warm, but we were ravenously hungry. We might have shot more than one kangaroo that day, but it was agreed that we should not fire, lest the report of our gun should betray our resting-place to our pursuers. As we lay huddled together, we heard the opossums squeeling in the trees about, and two of us, who were least tired, tried to get some of them. When we climbed up the trees they sprang away like squirrels, and we had no chance with them that way; besides, it was dark, and we could distinguish them only faintly and obscurely. We did contrive, however, to kill five by pelting them on a long overhanging bough; but they remained suspended by their tails, and did not drop, although dead. To hungry men a dead opossum is something; so one of us contrived to climb to them and get them down; and then we lighted a fire in the cave, quite at the extremity inside, to prevent the flame from being seen, and roasted them as the natives do. They were horrid rank things to eat, and almost made us sick, hungry as we were; but I don't think a hair of them was left among us. The next day we shot a kangaroo; but we feared to light a fire because of the smoke, so we ate it raw.

"We first struck on the outskirts of New Norfolk, and we debated what we should do. Some

were for attacking the settlement, and getting arms; but I persuaded them that it would be better for us to endeavor to seize some small vessel, and escape altogether from the colony; and in the mean time to keep ourselves close, and not give any alarm. My companions agreed to this, and we struck across the country to Brighton Plains, and so to Pitt Water, where we expected to find some large boats, or perhaps some small vessel, by means of which we might get away."

"And how was it that you did not follow that plan?"

"We did follow it: we got to Pitt Water, and lay snug there for a while; but we were obliged to rob a settler's house of provisions for food, and that first gave the alarm. We made a dash at a boat, but it was too late; precautions had been taken, and the soldiers were out after us. We were then obliged to retreat from Pitt Water, intending to get into the neighborhood of the lakes, and go farther westward if necessary, and retreat to the coast, where we judged we should be too far off to be molested."

"You did a great deal of mischief at Pitt Water before you left it, if all the stories are true."

"We did, Mr. Thornley, I own it: but my men were determined to have arms, and the settlers of course resisted, and some of my men got wounded, and that made them savage."

"And afterwards you attacked poor Moss' cottage?"

"My men had been told that he had a large sum in dollars at his hut—I am surprised that settlers can be so foolish as to take valuables into the bush—that was all they wanted."

"But why did you take poor Moss along with you?"

"I was obliged to do it to save his life. Some of my men would have knocked him on the head if I had not prevented them. It's true, Mr. Thornley, it is indeed—I saved his life."

"Well, that's something in your favor. And now, as the sun is sinking fast, and as the dusk will come on us presently, tell me at once what you would have me do for you."

"Mr. Thornley," said the bushranger, "I have told you of my little girl. I have seen her since the dispersion of my party at the Great Lake. You know that I and another escaped. Since then I have ventured in disguise into Hobart Town itself, and have there seen my child. The sight of her, and her embraces, have produced in me a strange feeling. I would willingly sacrifice my life to do her good; and I cannot conceal from myself that the chances are that I must be taken at last; and that if I do not perish miserably in the bush, I shall be betrayed, and shot or hanged."

"And what can I do to prevent it?"

"You can do nothing to prevent that end, for I know that I am too deep in for it to be pardoned. If I were to give myself up, the government would be obliged to hang me for example's sake. No, no; I know my own condition, and I foresee my own fate. It is not of myself that I am thinking, but of my child. Mr. Thornley, will you do this for me—will you do an act of kindness and charity to a wretched man, who has only one thing to care for in this world? I know it is much to ask, and that I ought not to be disappointed if you refuse it. Will you keep an eye on my poor child, and, so far as you can, protect her? I cannot ask you to provide for her; but be her protector, and let her little innocent heart

know that there is some one in the wide world to whom she may look up for advice—for assistance, perhaps, in difficulty; at all events, for kindness and sympathy: this is my request. Will you have so much compassion on the poor, blasted, and hunted bushranger, as to promise to do for me this act of kindness?"

I gazed with astonishment, and, I must add, not without visible concern, on the passionate appeal of this desperate man in behalf of his child. I saw he was in earnest: there is no mistaking a man under such circumstances. I rapidly contemplated all the inconveniences of such an awkward charge as a hanged bushranger's orphan. As these thoughts passed through my mind, I caught the eye of the father. There was an expression in it of such utter abandonment of everything but the fate of his little daughter, which seemed to depend on my answer, that I was fairly overcome, and could not refuse him. "I will look after her," I said; "but there must be no more blood on your hands; you must promise me that. She shall be cared for; and now that I have said it, that's enough—I never break my word."

"Enough," said he, "and more than I expected. I thank you for this, Mr. Thornley, and could thank you on my knees. But what is that? Look there! A man on horseback, and more on foot. I must be on my guard."

As he spoke, the horseman galloped swiftly towards us. The men on foot came on in a body, and I perceived they were a party of soldiers. The Gipsy regarded them earnestly for a moment, and then ran to his gun, but in his eagerness he tripped and fell. The horseman, who was one of the constables from Hobart Town, was too quick for him. Before he could recover himself and seize his gun, the horseman was upon him. "Surrender, you desperate villain, or I'll shoot you."

The Gipsy clutched the horse's bridle, which reared and plunged, throwing the constable from his seat. He was a powerful and active man, and catching hold of the Gipsy in his descent, he grappled with him, and tried to pinion his arms. He failed in this, and a fearful struggle took place between them. "Come on," cried the constable to the soldiers; "let us take him alive."

The soldiers came on at a run. In the meantime, the constable had got the Gipsy down, and the soldiers were close at hand, when suddenly, and with a convulsive effort, the Gipsy got his arms round the body of his captor, and with desperate efforts rolled himself round and round, with the constable interlaced in his arms, to the edge of the precipice. "For God's sake!" cried the constable with a shriek of agony, "help, help! We shall be over!" But it was too late. The soldiers were in the act of grasping the wretched man's clothes, when the bushranger, with a last convulsive struggle, whirled the body of his antagonist over the dreadful precipice, himself accompanying him in his fall. We gazed over the edge, and beheld the bodies of the two clasped fast together, turning over and over in the air, till they came with a terrible shock to the ground, smashed and lifeless. As the precipice overhung the river, the bodies had not far to roll before they splashed into the water, and we saw them no more.

The reader may be interested to know that Mr. Thornley was better than his word. He sought the daughter of the unfortunate man, took her home to his house, and afterwards sent her to England.

From *Tait's Magazine*.

FRANCE UNDER NAPOLEON.*

THE former work of M. Thiers, and that which he has now begun, will together comprehend the History of France during a generation, in which, more prominently than in any other era, France stood forth as the ruling spirit of Europe, and in which also, more clearly than in any other period since the fall of the Roman Empire, events have occurred that must permanently affect the state of European society. We are now long past the time, when the French Revolution could be talked of as a catastrophe influencing France alone, or influencing France but during the time of its endurance. It was a turning point in the destiny of the world. Either for good or for evil—for evil, as some faint-hearted and weak-eyed gazers on the page of history would still contend—for good to the human race, as we more courageously and more wisely trust and believe—it has taken its place among those mighty social changes, which at once arise from causes operating on the whole circle of European civilization, and produce effects modifying the whole character of that civilization from generation to generation.

And the one of the sections into which the contest between things old and new divided itself, is not less instructive or less interesting than the other. We have learned but half of the portentous lesson which is laid open to us, when we have made ourselves acquainted with that chaotic struggle of principles and passions, which furnished the matter for M. Thiers' "History of the French Revolution." That history closes with the last days of the Directory. It closes at a time when neither for France nor for the rest of Europe had the revolution worked nearly all the evil which it was doomed to work; at a time when, directly at least, the revolution had not yet begun to work, either for Europe at large or for France, that vast amount of good, which, as alike a great example of worthy ends to be aimed at and as a formidable warning against errors in the pursuit of the ends, it has already shown itself to have been destined to accomplish. A revolution prompted by principles thoroughly enlightened, fostered by motives thoroughly pure, and commenced by means thoroughly pacific and constitutional, had unfortunately been attempted by a nation which, if we regard it in the mass, must be pronounced to have been utterly unworthy of the blessings to which the contemplated changes were in themselves likely to lead. Undeserving of freedom, the French nation knew not how to use the gift when it was put into their hands. The first steps of their emancipation plunged them into anarchy, irreligion, and massacre. They dishonored that sacred name of Liberty which they had proudly written upon their banner: and they were punished—more for the sins of their governors than for their own—by having to pass again under the yoke, and to learn some of the duties of freemen from a despot whom they themselves had been obliged to place on the throne of the Capets. That which the French nation did and suffered during the anarchy of the revolution, is, if regarded

* History of the Consulate and the Empire of France under Napoleon: forming a sequel to "The History of the French Revolution." By M. A. Thiers, late Prime Minister of France, &c. Translated by D. Forbes Campbell, Esq., with the sanction and approval of the Author. London: Colburn. Vols. I. and II.

alone, a perplexing riddle. The first and principal part of the solution is to be sought in that which they did and suffered under the stern sway of Napoleon: and it yet remains to be seen, whether, even after the bitter training they received from the restored Bourbons, they are even now fully instructed in those lessons of political wisdom, which the observation of their vicissitudes has taught to the other nations of Europe.

We are still too near to the date of the French Revolution, to be ripe for a complete estimate of its historical character and relations. And not only national prepossessions, but prejudices arising accidentally out of the position in which France at present stands, cannot but tend in a considerable degree to neutralize the advantages which a native Frenchman possesses, for writing the history of the most momentous epoch in the annals of his country. Some of those disqualifications must attach themselves with particular force to any historian who has been active as a French statesman; and that M. Thiers must labor under such disqualifications in a higher degree than most politicians of his country, will probably be suspected strongly on this side of the British Channel. How far these suspicions are well founded, the progress of his history will show. Meanwhile the merit of the writer's earlier work is a sufficient guarantee for its excellence in the points by which that work was most favorably distinguished. We are sure to find a narrative which is always clear and often eloquent—a treatment of statistical details marked by that skill of popular exposition which has made the writer so famous as a debater—a system of political principles qualifying him for discerning clearly the elements of good, which lay hid in the revolutionary chaos, and leading him into error only through an occasional betrayal of leanings somewhat too democratic for most of his British readers—and an appreciation of the personal characters of the leading actors in his history, which will be always in the main temperate and kindly, although it may not unfrequently pass into that moral indifferentism, which his earlier work shares with that of his friend and fellow-laborer Mignet. In some respects, as he himself tells us, we may look for better things than those which the "History of the Revolution" gave us.

"Fifteen years have elapsed since I recorded the events of our first Revolution. Those fifteen years have been passed amid the storms of public life: I have seen an ancient throne crumbled to pieces and a new throne rise up; I have seen the French Revolution pursue its invincible course: and though the scenes which I have witnessed have not excited in me any great surprise, I have not the presumption to believe that the experience of men and of business has taught me nothing; I have the confidence, on the contrary, of having learned much, and of thus being more apt perhaps to appreciate and describe the great things done by our fathers during those heroic times. But I am certain that experience has not frozen within me the generous sentiments of my youth; I am certain that I love, as I ever did love, the liberty and the glory of France."

The History of the Consulate and Empire opens by presenting to us a picture of the weakness and danger of France, as she lay when her sceptre was wrested from the incompetent hands of the Directory. No nation was ever more in want of internal security and repose—more eager to obtain

those blessings—more ready to accept them thankfully from any hand strong enough to bestow them—more willing to reward the bestower, by paying any price he might exact, even though that price should involve the abandonment of the leading principles, for the sake of which the wiser and more patriotic citizens of France had entered upon the experiment which in the mean time had issued so disastrously. The historian has painted vigorously that state of distrust, or rather despair, which, filling the minds of almost all men in the nation, made it an easy thing for a man of commanding intellect and powerful resolution, to become virtually the sovereign of the French people.

"Is it surprising that France, to which the Bourbons could not be presented in 1799, and which, after the ill success of the Directorial Constitution, began to have no faith in the republic—is it surprising, I say, that France should throw herself into the arms of that young general who had conquered Italy and Egypt, a stranger to all the parties, affecting to disdain them all, endowed with an energetic will, showing equal aptness for military and civil affairs, and affording glimpses of an ambition which, instead of alarming the nation, was then hailed by it as a hope? Less glory than he had acquired would have sufficed to enable a man to seize the reins of government; for, some time previously, General Joubert had been sent to Novi, that he might there earn those titles which he still wanted, for effecting the revolution, since styled in our annals that of the 18th of Brumaire. The unfortunate Joubert was defeated and fell at Novi; but young Bonaparte, always fortunate and victorious, at least at that time, escaping the dangers of the sea as well as the dangers of battles, had returned from Egypt to France in an almost miraculous manner; and, on his first appearance, the Directory succumbed. All parties hastened to meet him, demanding of him order, victory, and peace.

"It was not, however, in a day, that the authority of one could supersede that mob-government where so many, alternately oppressed or oppressors, had enjoyed for a moment a share of the supreme power. It was necessary to save appearances, and, in order to induce harassed France to submit to absolute power, to lead her to it through a glorious, restorative, and semi-republican government. It was requisite, in short, that the Consulate should pave the way to the Empire."

The internal disorganization of France was rendered tenfold more alarming by the dangers which menaced her from her enemies. She not only wanted the restoration of order, and the establishment of judicious government at home; she wanted also the reconstruction of that military power which she had been able to build up for a moment in the feverish exultation of her new republican freedom, and the decay of which, through the mismanagement and misfortunes of her latest rulers, was alike dangerous to the national independence and mortifying to the deeply-seated national vanity.

"At home, La Vendée again in insurrection, abroad, the principal powers of Europe in arms, rendered the danger of the war doubly pressing. It was necessary, by the adoption of some financial measure, to supply the first wants of the famished armies; it was necessary to reorganize them, to move them forward, to give them able commanders, to add new victories to those which had been

gained at the conclusion of the last campaign; it was necessary, above all, to cure foreign cabinets of the notion of an approaching social dissolution in France, which rendered some so confident in the result of the war, others so shy in their relations with us; and all this could only be accomplished by a strong government, able to curb parties, and to enforce unity of action, without which there cannot be, in the exertions that it makes to save itself, either harmony, or energy, or success.

"The disease had arrived at that height which is frequently followed by a favorable turn, on one condition indeed, that the patient has sufficient strength left to get over the crisis. Fortunately, the strength of France was still great. The Revolution, though derided by those whom it had jostled, or whose illusions it had not realized, was, after all, the cause of justice and of reason; and it still excited the attachment which a great cause always excites. It had, moreover, numerous partisans, bound to its fortunes, in all those who had acquired new situations, bought the possessions of emigrants, or acted a part by which they had compromised themselves. In short, the nation was not so exhausted, morally and physically, as to submit quietly to the invasion of its territory by the Austrians and Russians. On the contrary, it felt indignant at this idea: its armies swarmed with admirable soldiers, officers, generals, who needed only a good direction. All these forces were ready to unite spontaneously in a single hand, if that hand was capable of directing them. Circumstances, therefore, favored the man of genius who was about to present himself; for genius itself has need of circumstances.

"Had young Bonaparte, for example, come forward in 1789, even with his talents and his glory, to preserve French society, at that time tending on all sides to dissolution, because its elements had become incompatible, in vain would he have propped it with his mighty arm: his human strength would have availed nothing against the powers of nature. At this period, on the contrary, when that old society, broken up, as it was requisite that it should be, before it was recast in a new mould, presented only scattered elements, but tending of themselves to approximate, it was prepared to accommodate itself to all the efforts of the able hand that knew how to grapple it. General Bonaparte, therefore, had for him both his own genius and the favor of circumstances. He had a whole society to organize, but a society willing to be organized and by him, because it had immense confidence in him, inspired by his unparalleled successes."

In the emergency which then impended over France, the military renown of General Bonaparte was doubtless a qualification without which his rise to the supreme power would have been impossible. The nation wanted a leader for her armies; and such a leader, if successful in his earliest undertakings, could have defeated at home all attempts at rivalry that might have been made by persons less brilliantly endowed. But the conqueror of Italy possessed other advantages, which immensely facilitated the task already marked out for him by his daring ambition. The chief of these advantages are well described by M. Thiers. On the one hand there was that wonderful quickness and dexterity, through which the young Corsican contrived to impress every one with respect for his natural talents, for his acquired knowledge,

for his aptitude for administrative and political business. It became the fashion to wonder at the versatility exhibited by the idol of the day. On the other hand, it was one of his greatest advantages—and an advantage which no one could have used with more consummate skill—that he was entirely unconcerned in the earliest and most bloody period of the republican history. He was thus not only comparatively pure in character, but, as uncommitted to any of the prevailing factions, might be supposed open to receive impressions from all, and liable to become the patron of any which might be able to secure his favor. The enthusiastic republicans, while wisely dreading his suspected ambition, gladly consented to use him as the instrument for keeping the Bourbons at a distance. The more moderate and constitutionally-inclined citizens, hoped to find in him the head of a republic, in which the government should be strong, yet the people free. The royalists, or many of them, (and Louis XVIII. among the rest,) were foolish enough to hope that he would be so obliging as to hold the sovereign power in trust, until circumstances should enable him to lay it humbly at the feet of his legitimate king, and to accept as his recompense the honors and wealth which the royal hand might deign to bestow upon him.

By common consent of all whose voices could in any way influence the decision, General Bonaparte, on the fall of the Directory, was appointed one of the Three Provisional Consuls, who were to hold office for three years only, but were charged with the task of remodelling the whole constitution. Associated with Roger Ducos, who was quite unimportant, and with the speculative and indolent Sieyès, he stepped into the first place as easily as if it had been a matter of right. At the very first meeting of the consuls for business, he took the chair with all coolness on a casual invitation from Ducos. "We have," said Sieyès to Talleyrand the same evening—"we have a master who knows how to do everything, who can do everything, and who will do everything." M. Thiers, in citing this well-known remark, gives the Abbé credit for "a resignation which does honor to his reason and his patriotism." Perhaps some better founded feeling than resignation is to be traced in some of the arrangements incorporated—with an unquestionable reference to the dangers to be apprehended from the military consul's ambition—into that elaborate constitution, the framing of which constituted the share of Sieyès in the duties of the consulate.

At the head of the republican government of France, there was to be placed, according to this constitution, an officer to be called the Grand Elector. Everything was to be done to make this eminent person august: every precaution was invented for rendering him absolutely powerless. There was but one man in France to whom the office could have been offered; and if that man accepted the office, his ambition was paralyzed forever. He himself indeed would not admit that even the chains which his colleague had tried to forge for him, would have been strong enough to bind his active hands. But he saw the snare which was laid for him, and used all means for avoiding it. Sieyès threatened to retire to the country, and leave him to deal as he best might with the awakened suspicions of the people. Bonaparte answered sternly, "Let him go. I will get a constitution drawn up by my friend Rœderer, propose

it to the two legislative sections, and satisfy public opinion, which requires the affair to be settled." But this threat of violence was not needed. Left to discharge as he pleased the real duties of government, Bonaparte had used most industriously and most successfully, as well as wisely and sagaciously, for the country and for himself, the opportunities of increasing his popularity which this short reign allowed him. He had made himself perfectly sure of his ground, before he announced his fixed resolution to refuse acquiescence in this cardinal point of the proposed constitution. He heaped on the proposed office his bitterest sarcasms.

"Your grand elector," said he to M. Sieyès, "is a do-nothing king; and the time of do-nothing kings is gone by. What man of head and heart would submit to such a sluggish life, at the price of six millions and an abode in the Tuilleries! What! nominate persons who act, and not act one's self! it is inadmissible. And, then, you think by this device to prevent your grand elector from intermeddling in the government. Were I this grand elector, I would nevertheless engage to do all that you wished me not to do. I would say to the two consuls of peace and war, "If you do not choose such a person, or if you do not take such a measure, I will turn you out." And I would soon oblige them to act as I pleased. I would make myself master again in a roundabout way."

M. Thiers compares the grand elector to the king of England; and there is some reason for the parallel. It is at least abundantly plain, that the moment this point was given up and the office of first consul determined upon, with its sweeping powers and its ten years' duration, the constitution of France had ceased to be republican. It had become an elective monarchy, and a monarchy in which the power of the first magistrate—having no aristocracy to curb it—was wider and more securely founded than that of any other monarch in Europe. Nothing remained for the person who might obtain the office, but to take care that he should use firmly the opportunity it gave him of preserving possession against all intruders. The representation of the people was a mere farce. The coöperation of the second and third consuls was, as M. Thiers calls it, a mask to hide the immense authority which the first consul was to wield. Sieyès accepted an estate from the legislative commission, and retired from public life. General Bonaparte, entering upon his office of first consul in the end of December, 1799, was thenceforth as truly master of France as if he had at once placed on his head the imperial crown. In February following, with great state and ceremony, he took up his residence in the Tuilleries. The next day, in going through the palace with his secretary, "Well, Bourrienne," said he, "here we are, in the Tuilleries; and here now we must stay!"

The first consul had formidable duties before him—duties from whose performance any weaker mind must have recoiled—duties whose successful execution was an aim worthy of his iron will, of his singular union of talents, of his remarkable aptitude in finding out fit instruments for the prosecution of his designs. He had to complete that task of tranquillizing and reorganizing the interior of the country, upon which he had entered with such vigor during the provisional government. The means which he used for the purpose, espe-

cially those which bore upon the reestablishment of financial order and public credit, are described by the historian with much fulness and excellent clearness. It behoved him to accomplish this great undertaking even if France was to remain in peace. Still more imperatively was the undertaking necessary, if the wars of the French republic with foreign powers were to be continued. And that those wars would be continued, no one could for a moment doubt. The first consul himself had not the slightest wish that hostilities should cease. This is just as certain in regard to his views at this time, as it is that, in a later stage of the contest he was really anxious for peace. At his first assumption of the government he saw plainly, that a renewed career of conquest and of glory was necessary, for enabling him to vanquish the obstacles with which he had already to contend at home, and which would have become too strong even for him, if the French nation had been allowed leisure to make themselves exactly acquainted with the position in which the new constitution placed them towards their master. Monsieur Thiers unquestionably, here as in many other places, does Napoleon much more than justice, when he represents him as being, at this time, not indeed hopeful that peace could be attained, but sincerely anxious for its attainment. The contrary is distinctly proved by Montholon's Memoirs as well as by other authorities. But, on the other hand, there is nothing that is one whit too severe in the censures which the historian deals out upon the policy of the allied powers, and especially upon that of the English cabinet. The remonstrances and warnings of the Whig leaders in parliament were treated with indifference and contempt. Pitt himself, who at the commencement of the ruinous contest had been wise enough to desire averting it, was now carried away by the torrent of influence, royal and aristocratical and political, to which the course of occurrences had afforded a vent; and he had it for a time in his power even to allege the popularity of the "just and necessary war," as a reason for treating with scorn all overtures for an accommodation.

The war was renewed by the Austrian armies on the continent, supported by the British fleet. Its opening events furnish to the historian the materials for two animated and momentous chapters, the importance of which is adequately indicated by their titles. The one is headed "Ulm and Genoa," the other "Marengo." The heroes of the former chapter are Moreau and Masséna; Napoleon himself, again at the head of his invincibles, is the ruling spirit of the latter.

The least interesting portion of this warlike history, is that which relates to the campaign in southern Germany, in which the armies of Moreau and Kray manœuvred on the Rhine and Danube, and which ended by Moreau's successful attempt to shut up the Austrian army in Ulm. The most curious point here is the conduct of Bonaparte towards Moreau, and the light which it throws on the jealousy supposed to have been felt by him towards that brave and skilful, but temporizing general. It is maintained strongly by M. Thiers, that no such jealousy existed. In proof of this doubtful assertion, a full account is given of the plan which the first consul had formed for the campaign. This plan was characterized by his own peculiar boldness, and offered to the general (if successful) an opportunity of rivalling the fame of Bonaparte himself; but, on the other

hand, it was exposed to risk of failure in several particulars, and required a constant promptitude and fertility of expedients which Moreau did not possess. He was alarmed by the risks it involved, and insisted on being allowed to adopt a scheme of tactics more accordant with his own cautious character. The result of the discussion is related by M. Thiers, from information furnished to him by the officer who became the medium of communication.

"It is a sight worthy of the attention of history, that of these two men, opposed to each other in an interesting circumstance, which exhibited so conspicuously their diversities in mind and character. The plan of Moreau, as is frequently the case with the plans of second-rate men, had only the appearances of prudence; but it might succeed in the execution, for, we must incessantly repeat it, the execution redeems everything: sometimes it causes the best combinations to miscarry, and the worst to succeed. Moreau persisted, therefore, in his ideas. The first consul, wishing to persuade him by means of a chosen agent, summoned to Paris General Dessoles, chief of the staff of the army of Germany, possessing an acute, penetrating mind, worthy of serving for a link between two powerful and susceptible men; for he had a desire to conciliate his superiors, which is not always found in subordinates. The first consul, therefore, called him to Paris about the middle of March, (end of Ventôse,) and kept him there several days. After explaining his ideas to him, he made him perfectly comprehend them, and even prefer them to those of Moreau. General Dessoles, nevertheless, persisted in advising the first consul to adopt Moreau's plan, because it was necessary, in his opinion, to leave the general who operates, to act according to his own ideas and character, when he is moreover a man worthy of the command intrusted to him. 'Your plan,' said he to the first consul, 'is grander, more decisive, probably also more sure; but it is not adapted to the genius of him who is to execute it. You have a way of carrying on war which is superior to any other; Moreau has his, inferior, no doubt, to yours, but yet excellent. Leave him to act: he will act well, slowly perhaps, but surely; and he will procure for you all the results that you need for the success of your general combinations. If, on the other hand, you insist on the execution of your ideas, you will upset him, you will even offend him, and you will obtain nothing from him, by wanting to obtain too much.' The first consul, as well versed in the knowledge of men as in that of his profession, appreciated the wisdom of the advice of General Dessoles, and gave way. 'You are right,' said he; 'Moreau is not capable of appreciating and executing the plan which I have conceived. Let him do as he pleases, provided he throws Marshal Kray upon Ulm and Ratisbon, and afterwards sends back his left wing, in time, upon Switzerland. The plan, which he does not comprehend, which he dares not venture to execute, I will execute myself, on another part of the theatre of war. What he dares not do on the Rhine, I will do on the Alps. He may, by and by, regret the glory which he relinquishes to me.' Proud and profound words, containing an entire military prophecy, as the reader will be able to judge presently."

The narrative of Masséna's heroic defence of Genoa (if successful) an opportunity of rivalling the fame of Bonaparte himself; but, on the other

incidents in the history of the French wars in Italy. The bravery and self-devotion of the general and his sacrificed army, are indeed the only circumstances capable (and even these capable but imperfectly) of tempting us to forget that course of cruel and unprincipled rapacity, which was openly practised by Masséna in his own dealings with the Italians, and countenanced by him when his example was followed by his troops. This is one of the points over which M. Thiers passes with a light and timid step: indeed, the tenderness with which he touches on it is more indicative of national prepossessions, than creditable to his historical impartiality.

In May, 1800, Bonaparte effected his celebrated passage of the St. Bernard. The facts of this remarkable triumph of human art and courage over the resistance of nature, have long been before the world. There was little or nothing new for the historian of the consulate to communicate; but that which there was to tell he has told with equal perspicuity and spirit. The crossing of the mountain with the artillery, and the forcing of the pass of Bard, are related picturesquely and with interest. A little personal anecdote, introduced in the midst of the historical exposition, exhibits one of those traits of kindness which we are willing to believe natural, and which agreeably relieve the mind in its contemplation of the many painful features inevitably presented by the biography of a mighty conqueror.

"Artists have delineated Napoleon crossing the Alpine heights mounted on a fiery steed. The plain truth is, that he ascended the St. Bernard in that gray surtout which he usually wore, upon a mule, led by a guide belonging to the country; evincing, even in the difficult passes, the abstraction of a mind occupied elsewhere, conversing with the officers scattered on the road, and then, at intervals, questioning the guide who attended him, making him relate the particulars of his life, his pleasures, his pains, like an idle traveller, who has nothing better to do. This guide, who was quite young, gave him a simple recital of the details of his obscure existence, and especially the vexation he felt, because, for want of a little money, he could not marry one of the girls of his valley. The first consul, sometimes listening, sometimes questioning the passengers with whom the mountain was covered, arrived at the Hospice, where the worthy monks gave him a warm reception. No sooner had he alighted from his mule than he wrote a note which he handed to his guide, dearing him to be sure and deliver it to the quarter-master of the army, who had been left on the other side of the St. Bernard. In the evening, the young man, on returning to St. Pierre, learned with surprise what powerful traveller it was whom he had guided in the morning, and that General Bonaparte had ordered that a house and a piece of ground should be given to him immediately, and that he should be supplied, in short, with the means requisite for marrying and for realizing all the dreams of his modest ambition. This mountaineer died not long since, in his own country, the owner of land given to him by the ruler of the world. This singular act of beneficence, at a moment when his mind was engaged by such mighty interests, is worthy of attention. If there were nothing in it but a mere conqueror's caprice, dispensing at random good or evil, alternately overthrowing empires or rearing a cottage, it may

be useful to record such caprices, if only to tempt the masters of the earth to imitation; but such an act reveals something more. The human soul, in those moments when it is filled with ardent desires, is disposed to kindness: it does good by way of meriting that which it is soliciting of Providence."

In a month after the passage of the Alps, the great battle of Marengo laid Italy, for the second time, at the feet of him who, by birth and language one of her sons, was destined to make himself her master by the aid of foreign armies. The battle is described with great clearness and impartiality. Indeed, the historian is much less apt to veil the faults or mistakes of his hero when he treats of his military operations, than when he comes upon awkward points in his administration or his diplomacy. No attempt is made to disguise the oversights which had been committed, and which, in the early part of that bloody day, made the Austrians really victorious. Full justice is done to the exertions both of Kellermann and Desaix: and the estimate of comparative merit is made, rationally and fairly, in the following terms:—

"Some detractors of General Bonaparte have pretended to attribute to General Killermann the victory of Marengo, and all the results which that memorable battle brought in its train. Why, then, if General Bonaparte must be stripped of this glory, not ascribe it to that noble victim of the happiest inspiration, to that Desaix, who, anticipating the orders of his chief, sacrificed his life, but won the day! Or why not ascribe it to that intrepid defender of Genoa, who, by detaining the Austrians on the Apennines, gave General Bonaparte time to descend from the Alps, and delivered them up to him almost half destroyed! According to some people Generals Killermann, Desaix, and Masséna, would be the real conquerors of Marengo—all, excepting General Bonaparte. But, in this world, the voice of nations has always decreed glory; and the voice of nations has proclaimed conqueror him who discovered, with the glance of genius, the use that might be made of the high Alps, for debouching on the rear of the Austrians; who deceived their vigilance for three successive months; who created an army which did not exist; who caused its formation to be disbelieved by all Europe; who crossed the St. Bernard without beaten road, appeared unexpectedly in the midst of Italy, confounded with astonishment, surrounded his unfortunate adversary with marvellous art, and fought with him a decisive battle, lost in the morning, regained in the evening, and sure to have been regained, if not on that day, yet on the next; for, besides Desaix's 6000 men, 10,000 hastening up from the Tessino, and 10,000 posted on the Lower Po, would have furnished infallible means for destroying the hostile army. Let us suppose, in fact, the Austrians, victorious on the 14th of June, entering the defile of La Stradella, finding at Placenza Generals Duhesme and Loison, with 10,000 men, ready to dispute with them the passage of the Po, and at their heels General Bonaparte, reinforced by Generals Desaix and Monecy; what would the Austrians have done in that dangerous place, stopped by a well-defended river, and pursued by an army superior in number! They would have succumbed more disastrously than in the plains of the Bormida. The real conqueror of Marengo was, therefore, he who chained

Fortune by his combinations, profound, admirable, unequalled in the history of great captains.

"For the rest, he was ably served by his lieutenants, and there is no need to sacrifice any glory for the purpose of building up his. Masséna, by an heroic defence of Genoa—Desaix, by the most happy determination—Lannes, by incomparable firmness in the plain of Marengo—Kellermann, by a splendid charge of cavalry—all aided him in his triumph. He rewarded them all in the most signal manner; and, as for Desaix, he evinced for his death the noblest sorrow. The first consul decreed magnificent honors to the man who had rendered France so important a service; he even adopted his military family, and placed about his own person his two aides-de-camp, who were thrown out of employment by the death of their general; these were Colonels Rapp and Savary."

The first volume of the History closes with the return of the first consul in triumph to Paris, and with the commencement of the negotiations for peace with Austria, in the summer of 1800.

The second volume relates the events of the first year, during which General Bonaparte wielded the power which he had thus firmly clutched in his grasp. Those events crowd upon each other with a rapidity which makes it difficult, even for the historian himself, clearly to arrange or distinctly to portray them; and which puts it altogether out of the question to attempt, in a cursory survey of his work, more than a glance at one or two of the points most generally interesting.

We must pass over without remark that opening chapter of the volume, in which are described the tragical vicissitudes undergone by the French army in Egypt, after their invincible general, Bonaparte, had deserted them, flying to Europe (as he himself and M. Thiers are agreed in asserting) with the noble design of saving France, but influenced, perhaps, as it may now be allowable to believe, by motives which were not wholly of so lofty or so pure a nature. Nor can we bestow even a passing notice on the narrative, which we have read with much satisfaction as well as amusement, of the first consul's diplomatic dealings with those foreign powers, which at length he appears to have been really desirous to conciliate, and which now felt it necessary to recognize in the French Republic something more respectable than that horde of murderers and robbers, with which it had at one time been declared infamous as well as unsafe for the legitimate sovereigns of Europe to hold any intercourse. The king of Prussia was already on friendly terms with France. The king and queen of Spain were made friendly through artful addresses to their personal foibles, and still more through the influence of their infamous favorite, Godoy the Prince of Peace, whose character, as well as those of his nominal master and real mistress, is painted in lively colors. Paul I., the insane emperor of Russia, already jealous of his allies, was rendered, by politic attentions, as fiercely eager in his admiration of Napoleon, as he had formerly been in his hate and terror of French democracy. Neither into the particulars of these intrigues, nor into the curious history of those negotiations with Austria, which, at first mortifyingly abortive, issued at length in the Peace of Luneville, is it possible for us to enter.

But we are tempted to dwell on the tragic scene

which closed the life of the Emperor Paul. In regard to it, M. Thiers has been able to collect some information not previously published; and he presents us with a narrative which he is perhaps right in believing to be the most complete recital that will ever be obtained of this horrible catastrophe.

The deviser of the conspiracy was (as has long been known) Count Pahlen, an officer of distinction, and then governor of St. Petersburg, who is described as being a Russian, such as Russians were in the days of Peter the Great. The safety of the empire, and the lives of individuals, seemed to him and to others to be alike capable of being preserved in no other way than by the destruction of the imperial lunatic. Communications were made to the Grand Duke Alexander, who was led to expect that nothing was contemplated beyond dethroning his father; and who, with a simplicity which was wonderful if it really existed, believed that he had sufficiently ensured the emperor's safety, by exacting a pledge that no violence should be attempted against his person. Actors were then engaged for the scene of blood: but even the most active and undaunted of these, the Hanoverian general, Benningsen, asserted that the deposition of the emperor was the only part of the design with which he was made acquainted. The event showed that some of Pahlen's agents were more competently instructed. The count himself behaved with imperturbable composure. When the suspicious emperor charged him, almost in direct terms, with being cognizant of a conspiracy against his life, he answered by coolly avowing the fact, and declaring that he had taken part in the plot for the purpose of defeating it. When, a few hours before the murder, Paul ordered a despatch to be written to his ambassador at Berlin, threatening an invasion of Prussia, Pahlen deliberately added, in his own handwriting, an announcement that the emperor was indisposed, and that the consequences might prove serious. On the 23d of March, 1800, at Pahlen's dinner-table, he and Benningsen, carefully keeping themselves sober, explained to their half-intoxicated party of selected guests, that they were expected to proceed to the palace and compel Paul to abdicate. That which followed will be best told in the words of M. Thiers.

"The night appearing sufficiently advanced, the conspirators, to the number of about sixty, sallied forth, divided into two bands. Count Pahlen took one under his direction, General Benningsen the command of the other; both officers, dressed in their full uniform, and wearing their sashes and orders, marched forward, sword in hand. The palace Michael was constructed and guarded like a fortress; but the bridges were lowered, and the gates thrown open to the chiefs of the conspirators. Benningsen's party marched first, and proceeded direct towards the emperor's apartments. Count Pahlen remained behind, with his reserved body of conspirators. This man, who had organized the conspiracy, disdained to assist personally in its execution. He was only there to provide for any unexpected emergencies. Benningsen penetrated into the apartment of the sleeping monarch. Two heyduks were on duty as his body-guard. These brave and faithful attendants attempted to defend their sovereign. One was struck down by a blow from a sabre; the other took flight, crying out for help—cries utterly unavailing in a palace, the guards of which are

almost all accomplices in the plot! A valet, who slept in a room adjoining that of the emperor, ran to the scene; they compelled him, by force, to open the door of his master's chamber. The unhappy Paul might have found a refuge in the apartments of the empress; but, in his distrustful suspicions, he had taken the precaution, every night, to barricade the door which led to them. All escape being cut off, he flung himself to the bottom of the bed, and concealed himself behind the folds of a screen. Plato Soubow ran to the imperial bed, and, finding it empty, cried out in alarm, 'The emperor has escaped; we are lost!' But, at the same instant, Benningesen caught sight of the prince, rushed towards him, sword in hand, and presented to him the act of abdication. 'You have ceased to reign!' he exclaimed to him; 'the Grand Duke Alexander is now emperor. I summon you, in his name, to resign the empire, and to sign this act of abdication. On this condition alone I answer for your life.' Plato Soubow repeated the same summons. The emperor, confused and lost in dismay, demanded of them what he had done to deserve such treatment. 'For years past you have never ceased to persecute us,' retorted the half-intoxicated assassins. They then pressed upon the unhappy Paul, who struggled hard, expostulated, and implored them in vain. At this moment a noise was heard; it was the footsteps of some of the conspirators who had remained behind; but the assassins, believing that some one was coming to the assistance of the emperor, fled in disorder. Benningesen alone, inflexibly resolute, remained in the presence of the monarch, and, advancing towards him, with his sword pointed at his breast, prevented him stirring from the spot. The conspirators, having recognized each other, reëntered the chamber, the theatre of their crime. They again hemmed in the unfortunate monarch, in order to force him to subscribe his abdication. The emperor for an instant tried to defend himself. In the scuffle, the lamp which gave light to the frightful scene, was overturned and extinguished. Benningesen ran to procure another, and, on his return, discovered Paul expiring under the blows of two assassins: one had broken in his skull with the pommel of his sword, whilst the other was strangling him with his sash.

"Whilst this scene was enacting, Count Pahlen had remained outside, with the second band of conspirators. When he was told that all was over, he ordered the body of the emperor to be laid out on the bed, and placed a guard of thirty men at the door of the apartment, with orders not to admit any one, even the members of the imperial family. He then repaired to the grand duke, to announce to him the terrible occurrence of the night.

"The grand duke, in a state of violent agitation, demanded of him when he approached, what had become of his father? The silence of Count Pahlen soon dissipated the fatal illusions he had cherished, in imagining that an act of abdication was only contemplated. The grief of the young prince was profound; it continued to be, we are told, the secret remorse of his life, as he was naturally of a good and generous nature. He threw himself upon a chair, and burst into tears; would listen no longer to anything, but loaded Pahlen with bitter reproaches, which the latter received with an imperturbable composure.

"Plato Soubow went in quest of the Grand Duke

Constantine, who was wholly ignorant of what was going on, but who has been unjustly accused of having been implicated in this bloody catastrophe. He came to the spot trembling, believing that all his family were to be sacrificed, found his brother overwhelmed with despair, and then learnt everything which had taken place. Count Pahlen had desired a lady of the palace, who was very intimate with the empress, to acquaint her with the fact of her tragical widowhood. This princess rushed in haste towards her husband's apartments, and attempted to reach his death-bed; but the guards kept her back. Having for an instant recovered from her first paroxysm of grief, she felt, together with the emotions of sorrow, the rising impulses of ambition awaken in her breast. She thought of the Great Catherine, and wished to reign. She despatched several persons to Alexander, who was about to be proclaimed, telling him that the throne belonged of right to her, and that it was she, and not he, who ought to be proclaimed as successor. This was a new embarrassment; this was increased anguish for the already lacerated heart of the son, who, about to ascend the steps of the throne, had to pass between the corpse of a murdered father, and an agonized mother in tears, frantically demanding, by turns, her husband, or the sceptre. The night was consumed while these appalling and tragical events were passing; the day approached; it was necessary to leave no time for reflection; it was of importance that the death of Paul and the accession of his successor should be proclaimed at the same time. Count Pahlen approached the young prince: 'You have wept sufficiently as a child,' said he; 'come now and reign.' He tore him from this house of mourning, and, followed by Benningesen, hastened to present him to the troops.

"The first regiment they met was that of Préobrajensky. As it was entirely devoted to Paul I. their reception was very cold. But the others, who were attached to the grand duke, and who, besides, were under the influence of Count Pahlen, who possessed considerable ascendancy over the army, did not hesitate to cry, 'Long live Alexander.' The example was followed; and soon the young emperor was proclaimed, and placed in possession of the throne. He returned, and took up his residence with his wife, the Empress Elizabeth, at the Winter Palace.

"St. Petersburg was filled with consternation at the news of this bloody catastrophe. The impression it created, proved that the manners of the empire had undergone a change, and that, since 1762, Russian manners had become modified by the influence of European civilization. It may be said to the honor of Russia, that if she had already progressed since 1762, she has equally advanced since 1800. The Russians exhibited, on that occasion, feelings which did them honor. They feared Paul I. and his insanity, more than they hated him, as he was not of a sanguinary character. The horrible circumstances of his death were immediately known, and inspired the deepest commiseration. His body lay in state, according to usage; but infinite precautions were used to disguise his wounds. Military gloves concealed the mutilation of his hands. A large hat completely covered his head. His face was disfigured by contusions; but it was given out that he had died of apoplexy."

But, before calling on us to contemplate this

barbarous act of a barbarian race, the historian has led us through a series of incidents and speculations, in which we recognize more easily the character of modern Europe, and the nature of the influences by which European history is chiefly moulded. The first consul was steadily and skilfully pursuing his course—conquering abroad in order to gain advantages in treaties—completing the remodelling and consolidation of civil institutions at home, partly (we may hope) in obedience to patriotic and philanthropic principles, but more, as it is to be suspected, with the desire of fitting France better and better to become the instrument of his aggrandizement—and studying, in all his dealings with questions that involved the interests or awakened the feelings of factions in the nation, at once to conciliate those who could be conciliated, and to disarm those that could and might have used their power to resist him. The financial reforms proceeded with intelligence and success; the emigrants were treated with lenity; the moderate revolutionists were caressed and trusted; the untameable democrats were watched and crippled; the press was subjected to restraints, which no man but he who then governed France would have dared to speak of, or been allowed to impose. And, meanwhile, there was taken that which, in the state of feeling then prevalent, might have seemed to be the boldest step of all. Measures were adopted—especially by indulgence to the priests, and by the allowance (to those who chose it) of worshipping in the churches on Sunday instead of the decadi—for that restoration of the Catholic religion, which Bonaparte had already determined on effecting, and which, in no long time, he was able to effect as easily as the first republicans had effected its overthrow. Even the feeling of aristocracy was flattered by this extraordinary man, who, quite uncommitted to the extreme principles of the revolution, and proudly conscious how difficult it would be to shake him in his seat, now seemed actually to take a pride in bidding defiance to all those influences to which he had owed his unexampled elevation. Yet, in this, as in all things else, there was cool and sagacious calculation hid beneath the appearance of reckless daring. The first step in the homage of Bonaparte to the spirit of the old regime, was taken in a way which enlisted the national and military pride of France, unconsciously, yet unavoidably, on the side of the feelings which it was wished to reëxcite. The splendid festival of the 23d September, 1800, was the occasion upon which the experiment was tried.

“The delivery to the French army of the three fortresses of Ulm, Ingolstadt, and Philipsburg, took place most seasonably for the celebration of the fête of the 1st Vendémiaire. It could not fail to revive the hopes of peace, by furnishing evidence of the extremity to which Austria was reduced. This fête, one of the two which the Constitution had retained, was destined to celebrate the anniversary of the foundation of the republic. The first consul determined that it should not be less pompous than that of the 4th of July, so opportunely heightened by the presentation to the Invalides of the colors taken in the last campaign: he resolved that it should be distinguished by a character as patriotic, but more serious, from all those which had been given during the course of the revolution, and, above all, that it should be exempt from the ridicule attached to the imitation of ancient customs in modern times.

“Religion, it must be confessed, leaves a great void in the solemnities of nations, when it is excluded from them. Public games, theatrical representations, and fires illumining the night with their brightness, may occupy, during several hours, the multitude assembled to rejoice at any joyful occurrence, but cannot fill up an entire day. In all ages nations have been disposed to celebrate their victories at the foot of their altars, and they have converted their public ceremonies into an act of thanksgiving to the Deity. But altars France then had none. Those which had been erected to the goddess of Reason during the reign of terror, those which the Theophilanthropists innocently strewed with flowers during the licentious system of the Directory, were covered with a ridicule never to be effaced; for, in regard to altars, none are respectable but those which are ancient (!) Now, the old Catholic altar of France had not yet been restored. Nothing, consequently, was left but ceremonies in some sort academic, beneath the dome of the Invalides; elegant discourses, such as M. de Fontanes could deliver; or patriotic airs, such as a Mehul or a Lesueur could compose. The first consul, sensible of all this, sought therefore to supply the place of the religious feature by a profoundly moral feature.

“The homage to Washington, the presentation of the colors taken at Marengo, had already supplied materials for the two fêtes celebrated during his consulship. He contrived to find, in a great reparative act, the subject-matter of the fête of the 1st of Vendémiaire, year IX. (23d September, 1800.)

“At the time of the violation of the tombs at St. Denis, the body of Turenne had been found in perfect preservation. Amidst the excesses of the populace, an involuntary feeling of respect had saved these remains from the general profanation. Deposited at first in the Jardin des Plantes, they had afterwards been consigned to the care of M. Alexandre Lenoir, a man whose pious zeal, worthy of being recorded in history, had preserved for us a multitude of ancient monuments, which he had collected in the museum of the Petits Augustins. There lay these remains of Turenne, exposed to the curiosity, rather than to the respect, of visitors. The first consul conceived the idea of depositing the relics of this great man beneath the dome of the Invalides, and under the guard of our country's veterans. To glorify an illustrious general and a servant of the ancient monarchy, was reconciling the glories of Louis XIV. with those of the republic; it was reëstablishing respect for the past, without offending the present; it was, in short, the whole policy of the first consul, under the noblest and the most touching form. This removal was to take place on the last complementary day of the year VIII. (22d of September,) and, on the following day, the first stone of the monument to Kléber and Desaix was to be laid. Thus, at the moment when our earth, in obedience to the laws which govern its motions, was completing one great century, and giving birth to another, (no less famous in its turn, if it prove one day worthy of its commencement,) at this moment the first consul resolved to pay a joint homage to the hero of past times and to the twin heroes of the present time. To render these two ceremonies the more striking, he imitated in some points what had been practised at the federation of 1790, and desired all the departments to send to him representatives, who, by their presence,

should give to these fêtes not merely a Parisian, but a national character. The departments cordially responded to this appeal, and chose distinguished citizens, whom curiosity, a desire to see with their own eyes disorder succeeded by tranquillity, the miseries of anarchy by prosperity, and the desire especially to approach and to converse with a great man, drew in great numbers to Paris.

"On the fifth complementary day, in the year VIII. (September 22d,) the public authorities repaired to the museum of the Petits Augustins, to fetch the car on which was laid the body of Turenne. On this car, drawn by four white horses, was placed the sword of the hero of the monarchy, preserved in the family of Bouillon, and lent to the government for that noble ceremony. Four old generals, mutilated in the service of the republic, held the slips of the car; it was preceded by a pie-balled horse, like one which Turenne frequently rode, harnessed as horses were in his time, led by a black, and offering an accurate representation of some scenes from the age to which this homage was paid. Around the car marched the invalids, followed by some of those fine troops which had just returned from the banks of the Po and of the Danube. This extraordinary and noble procession passed through Paris, amidst an immense concourse, and proceeded to the Invalides, where the first consul awaited it, surrounded by the envoys of the departments, both those of the old France of Louis XIV., and those of new France; these latter representing Belgium and Luxemburg, the Rhenish provinces, Savoy, and the county of Nice. The precious relique borne by this train was placed under the dome. Carnot, minister of war, delivered a simple and suitable address; and, while music of a solemn kind pealed through the vaulted edifice, the body of Turenne was deposited beneath the monument where it now reposes, and where it was soon to be rejoined by his companion in glory, the illustrious and virtuous Vauban; where he was destined to be joined one day by the author of the great things which we are here relating; where he will certainly remain, surrounded by this august company, throughout the ages which Heaven may reserve for France.

"If, in times like ours, when faith is quenched, anything can supply its place, and equal, perhaps, the pomp of religion, it is such spectacles.

"On the evening of that day, a gratuitous representation of the Tartuffe and the Cid was given to the people of the capital, with a view to afford them an amusement less coarse than usual. The first consul attended the performance. His presence, his intention, instinctively guessed by that impressible and intelligent populace, all concurred to maintain, in that tumultuous assemblage, perfect decorum, a very unusual thing at gratuitous representations. The silence was interrupted only by cries, a thousand times repeated, of '*Vive la République! Vive le Général Bonaparte!*'

"On the following day, the first consul, accompanied, as on the preceding, by the public authorities and the envoys of the departments, repaired to the Place des Victoires. There was to be raised a monument in the Egyptian style, destined to receive the mortal remains of Kléber and Desaix, who, according to the intention of the first consul, were to rest side by side. He laid the first stone,

and then proceeded on horseback to the Invalides. There the minister of the interior, who was his brother Lucien, delivered a speech on the state of the republic, which made a strong impression. Certain passages were highly applauded, among others, the following, relative to the present age and the age of Louis XIV.: 'One might say, that at this moment those two great ages have met to express mutual admiration over that august tomb.' The speaker, while pronouncing these words, pointed to the tomb of Turenne. He was answered by unanimous applause; proving that all hearts, without derogating from the present, were willing to take again from the past what deserved reviving. And, that the spectacle might be complete, that the ordinary illusions of human nature might have their share in these scenes, otherwise so noble, the orator further exclaimed: 'Happy the generation which sees a revolution begun under monarchy terminate in a republic!'

"During this ceremony, the first consul had received a telegraphic despatch, announcing the armistice of Hohenlinden and the cession of the three fortresses of Philippsburg, Ulm, and Ingolstadt. He sent his brother Lucien a note, which was read to those present, and greeted with greater applause than the academic harangue of the minister of the interior. Notwithstanding the respect due to the place, shouts of, '*Vive Bonaparte! Vive la République!*' shook the vaults of the noble edifice. An immediate publication of the news in Paris produced a more profound satisfaction than all the rejoicings destined for the amusement of the multitude. People were not afraid of war; they were full of confidence in the genius of the first consul, and in the courage of the French armies, if it must be continued: but, after so many battles, after so many troubles, they wished to enjoy in peace the glory acquired, and the prosperity that was beginning to dawn."

The effect which the first consul's course of policy produced, in reconciling the nation at large to his government, was all that he could have desired. Hardly, perhaps, was there any party, much interested in political questions, that did not find in his measures something to disapprove. But nowhere was there any large party which had not become convinced, that his rule was the safest under which France could then be placed.

"In all parties there are two sets of persons; the one numerous, and honest, whom a man may bring over to himself by realizing the wishes of the country; the other, small in number, stubborn and factious, which, far from contenting, you deeply mortify by realizing those wishes, because you deprive it of its grievances. With the exception of this latter class, all the parties were satisfied; and lent freely their support to the first consul; or resigned themselves, at least, to his government, if their cause was irreconcilable with his; as the royalists, for example. The patriots of '89—and, ten years before, these comprised nearly all France—the patriots of '89, at first hurried on by enthusiasm towards the Revolution, soon borne back at the sight of the bloody scaffold, now disposed to think that they had been mistaken on almost everything, conceived that they had at length found, under the consular government, all that was possible to be realized in their wishes. The abolition of the feudal system, civil equality, a certain intervention of the country in its affairs, no great deal of liberty, but much order, the triumphant position of France in Europe—all this, very different it is

true, from what they had at first wished for, but now sufficient in their estimation, all this seemed ensured to them. M. De la Fayette, who in many respects, resembled those men, excepting that he was less convinced—M. de la Fayette, released from the dungeons of Olmütz, through an act of the first consul's, proved, by his perfectly disinterested assiduities towards him, the esteem which he felt for his government, and the adhesion of those who entertained sentiments like his own. As for the more ardent revolutionists, who, without being attached to the Revolution from participation in its condemnable excesses, adhered to it from conviction and from sentiment—these were pleased with the first consul for being the reverse of the Bourbons and ensuring their definitive exclusion. The purchasers of national domains, though looking black at times, on account of his indulgence towards the emigrants, had no doubt of his resolution to uphold the inviolability of the new properties, and clung to him as to an invincible sword, that secured them from the only real danger with which they were threatened, the triumph of the Bourbons and the emigrants by means of the arms of Europe.

“As for that timid and well-disposed portion of the royalist party, which sought, above all, to be relieved from all further dread of the scaffold, exile, or confiscation, which, for the first time for ten years past, began not to have them before its eyes, it was almost happy; for, with it, to have nothing to fear, was almost happiness. All that the first consul did not yet grant, it finally anticipated from him, if I may so express myself. To see the people in their workshops, the tradesmen at their counters, the nobility in the government, the priests at the altar, the Bourbons in the Tuilleries, and General Bonaparte at their side, in the highest station imaginable for a subject, would have been to these royalists perfection. Of these things there were three or four, which already they clearly discerned in the acts and plans of the first consul. As for the last, that of seeing the Bourbons again in the Tuilleries, they were disposed, in their good-natured credulity, to expect it of him, as one of the miracles of his astounding genius; and, if the difficulty of believing that a man would thus give up to others a crown which he held in his hand, staggered those possessed of some perspicacity, their resolution was soon taken. ‘Let him make himself king,’ said they, ‘but let him save us, for monarchy alone can save us!’ A great man, in default of a legitimate prince, seemed acceptable to them; but a king they must have at any rate.

“Thus, by ensuring to the patriots of '89 civil equality; to the purchasers of the national domains, to the staunchest patriots, the exclusion of the Bourbons; to the moderate royalists personal safety, the reestablishment of religion; to all, order, justice, national greatness, he had won the honest and disinterested mass of all the parties.

“There was still, what there always is, the implacable portion of these parties, that which time never changes but by consigning it to the grave. Those who compose it are, in general, the most conscientious, or the most guilty of men; and these are always last upon the breach.”

We are now to see how far Bonaparte found himself able to presume on his position in regard to both of those sections, into which the community is thus described to us as having been divided:—the vast majority, satisfied in the main with

the consular government, and not likely to be aroused into dissatisfaction, unless by some overwhelming misfortune, or some fatal error, on the part of him by whom the power of that government was wielded;—the small but dangerous minority, composed of those implacable adherents either of legitimate monarchy or of anarchical republicanism, who could not be appeased, and who would hesitate at no means promising satisfaction to their hatred. If there were, in the heart of the French nation, any calmly patriotic thinkers, who already saw and feared the elements of despotic sway, which were even then working actively, and were about to manifest themselves unequivocally to the whole world—such thinkers, unprepared to act unless by open and honest means, and unpossessed of any means of the sort, remained silent as well as inactive. The events of that critical period present no proof that such men existed: the history now open before us does not recognize the fact that they did exist.

The contrary influences which acted upon Napoleon in the choice of the principles by which he was to be guided in the further development of his scheme of government, were represented by two of his most active ministers. These were, also, each in his own sphere, two of the most remarkable men of our times. Fouché, the minister of police, represented the republican principle; and he, on all occasions when advice could safely be offered to his master, advocated a cautious maintenance of democratic forms and doctrines. For the monarchical principle similar services were performed, with much greater dexterity, and with incomparably greater success, by the most artful diplomatist of modern Europe, M. de Talleyrand, who was the minister for foreign affairs. Of each of these adroit intriguers, M. Thiers has sketched a lively portrait. He thus describes Fouché.

“The police was not at that period what fortunately it has since become, a mere surveillance, without power, charged solely with warning and giving information to justice. It was an immense arbitrary authority deposited in the hands of a single man. The minister of the police could exile these as revolutionists, could recall those as emigrants, fix for all the place of their residence, continue or remove the sequestration from the property of returned emigrants, restore or take away his church from a priest, suppress or reprimand a journal which had displeased him; lastly, point out any person to the mistrust or the favor of a government, which then had an extraordinary number of places to give away, and which soon had the wealth of Europe to distribute among its creatures. The minister of the police, on whom the institutions of the time conferred such attributions, though placed under the supreme and vigilant authority of the first consul, yet possessed a formidable power over the whole nation.

“M. Fouché, charged to exercise this power, formerly an oratorian and a conventionalist, was an intelligent and a crafty personage, neither good nor wicked, well acquainted with men, especially the bad, and despising them; employing the funds of the police in supporting the agents of troubles as much as in watching them; always ready to procure bread or a place for every person weary of political agitations; thus making friends for the government, and more especially for himself; creating for himself obliged dependents, far superior to credulous and deceitful spies, who never:

failed to inform him of everything that it was his interest to know; having persons under obligations to him in all the parties, even among the royalists, whom he knew how to manage, and to repress at the right time; always forewarned, never overrating danger, nor exaggerating it to his master; clearly distinguishing an imprudent man from one really to be feared, knowing when to caution the one, to proceed against the other; in short, managing the police better than it ever was managed, for it consists in disarming animosities as much as in repressing them; a superior minister, if he had had elevated intentions, if his indulgence had sprung from any other principle than an indifference to good and evil, if his activity had proceeded from any other motive than a passion for interfering in everything, which rendered him irksome and suspicious to the first consul, and frequently gave him the appearance of a vulgar intriguer. For the rest, his intelligent but ignoble countenance, was a faithful mirror of the qualities and vices of his soul.

"The first consul, chary of his confidence, never granted it freely, especially to men for whom he had no esteem. He made use of M. Fouché, and at the same time distrusted him. Hence he sometimes sought to dispense with or to control him, by giving money to De Bourrienne, his secretary, to Murat, the commandant of Paris, but especially to Savary, his aid-de-camp, in order to compose in this way several contradictory policies. But M. Fouché always contrived to convict these bastard policies of awkwardness and puerility, proved himself alone to be well informed; and, while frequently crossing the first consul, nevertheless made his peace with him by that manner of treating men in which was mingled neither love nor hate, but an incessant application to wean them, one by one, from an agitated and factious existence."

Here is the companion to this historical portrait.

"M. De Talleyrand performed a totally contrary part; he had neither affection for M. Fouché nor resemblance to him. They had both been formerly priests, the one having belonged to the superior, the other to the inferior clergy; and yet they had nothing in common, but their having both taken advantage of the Revolution to cast aside, the former the prelate's robes, the latter the humble gown of the oratorian professor. How strange, it must be confessed, and how characteristic of that deeply convulsed society, was the spectacle presented by this government, composed of a soldier and two priests who had abjured their profession, and, though thus composed, having none the less splendor, grandeur, and influence in the world.

"M. de Talleyrand, descended from a family of the noblest lineage, destined by his birth for the army, doomed to the priesthood by an accident which deprived him of the use of one foot, having no liking for this imposed profession, successively bishop, courtier, revolutionist, and emigrant, then afterwards minister for foreign affairs under the Directory, M. de Talleyrand had retained something of all these different states. There was to be found in him a touch of the bishop, of the man of quality, and of the revolutionist. Having no firmly fixed opinion, but only a natural moderation, which was opposed to every species of exaggeration; capable of entering at once into the feelings of those whom he wished to please, either from liking or from interest; speaking a unique

language peculiar to that society which had Voltaire for instructor; full of smart, poignant repartees, which rendered him as formidable as he was attractive; by turns caressing or disdainful, demonstrative or impenetrable; careless, dignified, lame without loss of gracefulness; in short, one of the most extraordinary personages, and such a one as a revolution alone can produce, he was the most seducing of negotiators, but at the same time incapable of directing, as head, the affairs of a great state; for every leader should possess a resolute will, settled views, and application; and he had none of these. His will was confined to pleasing, his views consisted in the opinions of the moment, his application was next to nothing. In a word, he was an accomplished ambassador, but not a directing minister: he it understood, however, that this expression is to be taken in its most elevated acceptation. For the rest, he held no other post under the consular government. The first consul, who allowed no person the right to give an opinion on the affairs of war and of diplomacy, merely employed him to negotiate with the foreign ministers, on bases previously prescribed; and this M. de Talleyrand did with art that will never be surpassed. He possessed, however, a moral merit; that of being fond of peace under a master who was fond of war, and of showing that he was so. Endowed with exquisite taste, uniting with it unerring tact, and even a useful indolence, he was able to render real services, by simply opposing to the first consul's exuberance of language, pen, and action, his sobriety, his perfect moderation, and his very propensity to do nothing. But he made little impression on that imperious master, from whom he extorted no respect either by genius or by conviction. Thus he had no more empire than M. Fouché, nay, even less, though quite as much employed, and more agreeable."

Using those two men while he placed no faith in them, and treating the third consul, Lebrun, as being what he was—a useful and plodding superintendent of administrative details—Bonaparte bestowed all his real confidence on the second consul, his faithful and cautious friend, Cambacérés. This prudent person counselled his master privately with faithfulness and courage: publicly he approved of everything the first consul did. Exercising in reality, immense power over Bonaparte's mind, he was content to appear absolutely powerless. He was content to eat and drink like an Apicius, to wear splendid clothes, to receive the homage of a few insignificant toad-eaters, and to be believed and called, by those who thought themselves shrewd observers, a tool, a cipher, a nonentity: and all this, too, while he quietly corrected or prevented blunders of his patron, managed to keep the senate in due subservience, and silently promoted, with all his might, those ambitious designs, of which he perhaps was more fully in the secret than any other man living.

"The consul Cambacérés was qualified more especially to temper his vehemence in regard to persons, and his precipitation in regard to things. Amidst this conflict of two opposite tendencies, one urging to a precipitate reaction, the other, on the contrary, combating that reaction, M. Cambacérés, inflexible when the maintenance of order was in question, was, in everything else, always a decided advocate for not going too fast. He did not oppose the end to which things were visibly tending; for he kept incessantly repeating, 'Let them in due time decree as much power as they

please to the first consul, well, and good, but not too soon.' He wished especially that reality should always be preferred to appearance, real power to that which was but ostentation. A first consul, possessing the power to do all that he pleased for the welfare of the state, seemed to him far superior to a crowned prince, cramped in his action. To act, and too keep out of sight, above all, never to act too quickly, constituted the whole of his wisdom. This most certainly is not genius, but it is prudence; and for founding a great state, both are requisite."

Besides Cambacérés, however, there were other persons, who were supposed to possess much of the first consul's confidence, and to be authorized organs for communicating his wishes. These were his brothers, of whom, however, Joseph and Lucien alone were at that time engaged in public life, and Lucien much more efficiently and zealously than Joseph. These persons were accustomed openly to represent the existing state of things as merely temporary, as a prudent concession to revolutionary prejudices, and as necessarily destined to give way to something which should make the system independent of the life or death of the first consul himself. What they meant was sufficiently plain, even if they had not also complained of the consul's want of children, and maintained without reserve that he must divorce his wife and take a new one for the sake of issue. The introduction of this topic is, for us as well as for M. Thiers, a temptation to digress. The ominous warnings thus thrown out were the causes of much misery to a light-minded, but attractive person, whose history and character are thus depicted for us.

"Josephine Bonaparte, who had been married first to the Count de Beauharnais, then to the young general who had saved the convention on the 13th Vendémiaire, and now shared with him a place which began to resemble a throne, was a Creole by birth, and had all the graces, all the defects, usual in women who are so born. Kind-hearted, profuse, and frivolous—not a beauty, but perfectly elegant, and endowed with infinite fascination, she could please much more than women who were superior to her in understanding and personal charms. The levity of her conduct, depicted to her husband in the most unfavorable colors when he returned from Egypt, filled him with anger. He had thoughts of separating himself from a wife whom, right or wrong, he believed to be culpable. She wept a long time at his feet; her two children, Hortense and Eugène Beauharnais, both very dear to General Bonaparte, wept too; he was overcome, and yielded to a conjugal tenderness, which, for many years, was with him paramount to policy. He forgot the real or alleged faults of Josephine; he loved her still, but not as in the early period of their union. The unbounded extravagance, the vexatious imprudences, in which she daily indulged, frequently excited in her husband gusts of impatience which he could not repress; but he forgave her with the kindness which prosperity inspires, and could not long be angry with a woman, who had shared the first moments of his nascent greatness, and who, from the day of their union, seemed to have brought fortune along with her.

"Madame Bonaparte was altogether a woman of the *ancien régime*, devout, superstitious, nay, a royalist, detesting what she called the Jacobins, who hated her in return; seeking only the society

of the ancient nobility, who, returning in throngs, as we have said, used to visit her in the morning. They had known her the wife of an honorable man, pretty high in rank and in military standing, the unfortunate Beauharnais, who died on the revolutionary scaffold; they found her the wife of a *parvenu*, but of a *parvenu* more powerful than any prince in Europe; they did not hesitate to go and solicit favors, while affecting to look down upon her. She was eager to make them partakers of her power, and to render them services. She even took pains to excite in them a sort of illusion which they were fond of indulging, that, in reality, General Bonaparte was only waiting for a favorable occasion to recall the Bourbons, and to restore the inheritance which belonged to them. And, singularly enough, this illusion which she delighted to instil into them, she would almost fain have shared herself; for she would rather have seen her husband a subject of the Bourbons, but a subject the protector of his kings, surrounded by the homage of the ancient French aristocracy, than crowned monarch by the hand of the nation. She was a very faint-hearted woman. Though giddy, she loved that man who covered her with glory, and loved him the more since she was less beloved by him. Not conceiving it possible that he could set his daring foot on the steps of the throne, without falling immediately beneath the dagger of republicans or royalists, she foresaw her children, her husband, and herself, overwhelmed in one general ruin. But, supposing that he ascended safe and sound to that usurped throne, another fear harrowed her heart—it would not be her lot to share his elevation. If General Bonaparte should some day be made king or emperor, it would evidently be under the pretext of giving a stable government to France, by rendering it hereditary; and unfortunately her physicians left her no hope of ever having more children. She recollected on this subject the extraordinary prediction of a woman, a sort of Pythoness then in vogue, who had told her: 'You will occupy the first place in the world, but only for a short time.' She had already heard the brothers of the first consul pronounce the fatal word, divorce. The victim of grandeur, whom, to judge of her lot from the external splendor by which she was surrounded, the queens of Europe might have envied, was a prey to corroding care. Each advance of fortune added apparently to her happiness, but really augmented her distress; and if she did escape from her keen anxieties, it was by a levity of character which saved her long and intense thought. The attachment of General Bonaparte for her, his gusts of passion, when he gave way to them, repaired the next moment by demonstrations of the greatest kindness, served also to cheer her. Hurried away, moreover, like all the people of that time, by a stupefying whirlwind, she reckoned upon the god of revolutions, upon chance; and, after painful agitations, she returned to the enjoyment of her fortune. She strove, meanwhile, to divert her husband from his ideas of an exaggerated greatness; ventured even to talk to him of the Bourbons, at the risk of raising storms; and, in spite of her partialities, which ought to have led her to prefer M. de Talleyrand to M. Fouché, she had taken a liking to the latter, because, thorough Jacobin as he was, she said, he dared tell the truth to the first consul; and to tell the truth to the first consul was, in her estimation, to advise him to uphold the republic,

but to increase at the same time his consular power."

Returning to the narrative from which we have thus been led astray, we come to an experiment which was the result of the combined influences operating on the mind of Napoleon. To that experiment it cannot be doubted but he was a party, if indeed it did not emanate directly from himself. It was one of those mistakes which he so often committed through overweening confidence in his own strength, and which no man could redeem with greater readiness and dexterity. In October, 1800, there appeared a pamphlet, entitled "A Parallel between Cæsar, Cromwell, Monk, and Bonaparte." The question was, in which of the three preceding instances the parallel for the first consul was to be found. It could not be found in Monk: the restoration of the Bourbons was an act too absurd to be thought of. It was not to be found in Cromwell; whom the pamphleteer, by the way, treated very unjustly, and who, it was asserted, was represented more fitly by Robespierre. The protector's real disqualification for representing Bonaparte was, his not having made himself a king in name as well as in reality. The parallel sought was found in Julius Cæsar, and was declared to be perfect in all respects but one; that Cæsar had oppressed the honest men and elevated dangerous men and knaves, while Napoleon had annihilated the wicked factions, and raised the honest citizens to safety and honor. The republic was pronounced to be happy, if Bonaparte were immortal; and a frightful picture was drawn of the mischiefs that must fall upon France, if the first consul were to die while things remained on their present footing. "Frenchmen," these were the last words of the address, "you are sleeping on the brink of an abyss!" This pamphlet was currently attributed to Lucien Bonaparte, but is pronounced by M. Thiers to have been composed by M. de Fontanes, who had already been selected by the first consul as the writer of harangues to be pronounced upon public occasions.

"All that it contained, excepting the flatteries of language, was true; but those truths were very premature, to judge from the impression which they produced. Lucien, minister of the interior, employed the means at his disposal for circulating this pamphlet over all France. He filled Paris and the provinces with it, taking care to conceal its origin. The publication produced a great effect. In reality, it said only what everybody thought; but it required of France an avowal which a very legitimate pride did not yet permit her to make. Eight years before, the French had abolished a royalty of fourteen centuries; and were they to come so soon and confess, at the feet of a general of thirty, that they were wrong, and beseech him to revive that royalty in his person! They were willing enough to invest him with a power equal to that of kings; but it was necessary at least to save appearances, were it merely for the sake of the national dignity. True, this young warrior had already gained admirable victories, and already restored, to some extent, security throughout the country; but he had scarcely commenced the reconciliation of parties, the reorganization of France, the compilation of its laws, and above all, he had not yet given peace to the world. There were then many titles yet left for him to acquire, but which he was sure of soon concentrating on his glorious head.

"The impression was general and painful. The

prefects reported from all quarters that the pamphlet produced a mischievous effect; that it supplied the demagogue faction with some justification; that Cæsars called forth Brutuses; that the publication was imprudent, and to be regretted. In Paris the impression was the same. In the council of state the disapprobation was not concealed. The first consul, whether he had been concerned in the pamphlet, or whether he had been compromised without his knowledge by impatient and unskilful friends, deemed it incumbent on him to disavow it, especially in the eyes of the revolutionary party. He sent for M. Fouché, and asked him publicly how he could suffer such publications to be circulated. 'I know the author,' replied the minister.—'If you know him, you ought to have sent him to Vincennes.' 'I could not send him to Vincennes,' rejoined M. Fouché, 'for it is your own brother.' At these words General Bonaparte complained bitterly of that brother, who had already compromised him oftener than once. A feeling of displeasure with Lucien Bonaparte was the consequence. One day, the latter not being punctual at the council of the ministers, which was frequently the case, and many complaints being preferred against his administration, the first consul expressed strong dissatisfaction, and seemed disposed to dismiss him immediately. But Cambacérés advised him not to proceed so harshly, and not to take the portfolio of the interior from Lucien, without giving him a suitable compensation. The first consul complied. M. Cambacérés contrived the embassy to Spain, and was directed to offer it to Lucien. He had no difficulty in persuading him to accept it. Lucien set off; and before long the imprudent pamphlet ceased to be thought of.

"Thus, a first attempt at assassination against the first consul had provoked in his favor a first attempt at elevation: but the one was as mad as the other was awkward. It was requisite that General Bonaparte should purchase by fresh services an augmentation of authority, which nobody yet defined with precision, but which all foresaw confusedly in the future, and to which he or his friends already aspired in an open manner. At all events, his fortune was soon to furnish him, in services rendered, in dangers encountered, with immense claims, which France would no longer resist."

The attempt at assassination alluded to in this extract had taken place shortly before the publication of the pamphlet. It arose among the republicans, and, as M. Thiers has truly said, was more ridiculous than criminal. It deserves notice mainly that a cordial acquiescence may be expressed in the sentence of condemnation, which the historian pronounces upon the conduct of the government in regard to it. The government actually nursed and encouraged the plot, through the agency of police spies, in order that it might proceed so far as to give them a pretence for exaggerating the first consul's danger. Nay, they went a step farther: for, on the next occurrence of the same sort—the plot of the Infernal Machine, on which our space will not allow us to enter—Bonaparte, led away by his hatred and distrust of the republicans, and little influenced at any time by pure feelings of justice, actually punished with death the chief of those persons whom his own servants had tempted into the planning of a crime, and who had really after all never had the courage to attempt executing the evil design that had been

in contemplation. It is unnecessary to remind our readers that our own domestic history—in a section of it with which the publisher of this Magazine had occasion to be personally connected—has furnished a parallel to the unprincipled act thus perpetrated by the French consular government.

In passing rapidly through the two volumes now before us, we have bestowed attention chiefly on those incidents and principles which paved for Napoleon the way to the imperial throne. We have been compelled to leave untouched many topics which, to some readers of the work, may appear even more important and instructive. And thus, in our rapid survey of the second volume, the limits of our space compel us to pause without entering at all upon two themes which possessed great public importance. The one embraces the history of that campaign in Southern Germany, which was distinguished by Moreau's great victory at Hohenlinden, and which led to the renewal of the negotiations with Austria and to the peace of Luneville. The other topic is treated in the last book of the volume, in which M. Thiers is chiefly occupied with describing, not exactly as we should like, yet with no substantial inaccuracy, the policy pursued by England in regard to the maritime rights of the neutral powers. In this part of the narrative the principal event is Nelson's bombardment of Copenhagen.

The volume closes in April, 1801, when Mr. Addington had succeeded Mr. Pitt as premier of England, and when the negotiations for a general peace were about to be opened. We shall receive with good will, and study with care, the portions which shall next be presented of the elaborate historical work so well begun. We do not doubt that, when it shall have been completed, it will be fully worthy of occupying a place beside the author's brilliant "History of the French Revolution."

From the Critic.

A Treatise on Corns, Bunions, the Diseases of the Nails, and the General Management of the Feet.
By LEWIS DURLACHER, Surgeon Chiropodist to the Queen. London, Simpkin & Co. 1845.

How few are exempt from the plague of corns; yet how few have the slightest knowledge of their physiology. Aided by Mr. Durlacher's useful treatise, we proceed to convey to our readers some information upon a subject that interests everybody, and of which nobody seems to know anything.

The skin is an extended tissue, composed of tendinous fibres, felt together like the texture of a hat. It is densely supplied with pores. "The cuticle, or outside skin, is composed of round scales, so minute," says Leuwenhoek, "that one grain of sand would cover from 200 to 250." He considers that the perspiration does not penetrate the scales, but oozes between them. These scales are not permanent, but come away in clusters.

The friction and pressure to which all prominent parts of the extremities are exposed, cause, by the local irritation they produce, the effusion or secretion of a larger quantity of epidermis than can be got rid of by the ordinary processes of nature. The scales consequently accumulate, and lie layer upon layer, forming indurated masses

of larger or smaller size, constituting corns, callosities, or other diseases of the part, according to their situation, and the severity of the pressure or friction.

The predisposing causes of corns are *pressure* and *friction*, and this is

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CORNS.

"Improperly made shoes invariably produce pressure upon the integuments of the toes and prominent parts of the feet, to which is opposed a corresponding resistance from the bone immediately beneath; in consequence of which, the vessels of the dermis are compressed between them, become injured, congested, and, after a time, hypertrophied; a larger quantity of lymph is thrown out than is required for the formation of the normal cuticle, so that layers are generated considerably sooner than the outer lamina is worn off, thus forming layer upon layer, which become interwoven, and adhere together.

"If the cause be removed, the inflammatory action ceases, and the result is simply an external induration of superficial irregular scales or laminae; if continued, the irritation keeps up the increased action of the papillae, more epidermic secretion is poured out upon the under surface of the already thickened cuticle, where it coagulates, producing bulbs or projections, generally of conical shape, descending into corresponding cells or follicles of irregular depths, according to the injury caused upon the immediate parts, where the external pressure is most severe. In this manner the process continues to the full development; the surrounding congestion ceases, lymph is thrown out, which becomes organized, and forms a protective sheath or sac round each bulb to its apex, and thus the formation of the corn is completed.

"These bulbs are composed of layers, decreasing more and more in size as they approach the secreting point in the dermis, where they become condensed and opaque by compression, visible as white or yellowish specks, according to the coloring matter of the skin, when the outer portion of the induration has been removed.

"These irregularities, or projections, are what have been incorrectly called stems, or roots."

Corns produced by friction alone, are generally superficial, and seldom painful.

After dealing skilfully with malformation of the toe-nails, bunions, and other diseases of the foot, Mr. Durlacher proceeds to the hands, and his tenth chapter is devoted to

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE FINGER-NAILS.

"According to European fashion, they should be of an oval figure, transparent, without specks or ridges of any kind; the semi-lunar fold, or white half-circle, should be fully developed, and the pellicle, or cuticle which forms the configuration around the root of the nail, thin and well defined, and, when properly arranged, should represent, as nearly as possible, the shape of a half-filbert.

"The proper arrangement of the nails is to cut them of an oval shape, corresponding with the form of the fingers; they should not be allowed to grow too long, as it is difficult to keep them clean; nor too short, as it allows the end of the fingers to become flattened and enlarged, by being pressed upwards against the nails, and gives them a clumsy appearance. The epidermis which forms the semicircle around, and adheres to the nail,

requires particular attention, as it is frequently dragged on with its growth, drawing the skin below the nail so tense, as to cause it to crack and separate into what are called ag-nails. This is easily remedied by carefully separating the skin from the nail by a blunt, half-round instrument. Many persons are in the habit of continually cutting this pellicle, in consequence of which it becomes exceedingly irregular, and often injurious to the growth of the nail. They also frequently pick under the nails with a pin, pen-knife, or the point of sharp scissors, with the intention of keeping them clean, by doing which they often loosen them and occasion considerable injury.

"The nails should be cleansed with a brush not too hard, and the semicircular skin should not be cut away, but only loosened, without touching the quick, the fingers being afterwards dipped in tepid water, and the skin pushed back with a towel. This method, which should be practised daily, will keep the nails of a proper shape, prevent ag-nails, and the pellicle from thickening or becoming ragged.

"When the nails are naturally rugged, or ill-formed, the longitudinal ridges or fibres should be slightly scraped and rubbed with lemon, afterwards rinsed in water, and well dried with the towel; but if the nails are very thin, no benefit will be derived by scraping; on the contrary, it might cause them to split. If the nails grow more to one side than the other, they should be cut in such a manner as to make the point come as near as possible in the centre of the end of the finger."

Warts are sometimes troublesome companions, and always unsightly. They are hard, indolent tumors, or tubercles, differing in structure from corns, as they arise from the true skin, and are composed of an elongated bundle of its papillæ, inclosed in sheaths of cuticle; whereas corns are a disorder of the epidermis alone.

The reader is aware of the many superstitious cures for warts. "Etmuller seriously mentions as a remedy the green moss gathered from the skulls of persons who have died a violent death; this is to be exposed to the air, and made into a paste; and Juncker states that a thread drawn from the shirt of a dying criminal from near the armpit, is equally valuable. As many knots are to be tied in the thread as there are warts to be destroyed, and each knot is to be rubbed on the corresponding wart, after which the thread is directed to be buried in a moist place. As the knots rot away, so says Juncker, will the warts consume and disappear. He adds, he has never known it to fail." But quitting these amusing absurdities, let us see what our author prescribes for

CURE OF WARTS.

"The general methodic treatment consists in the application of caustic alkalies, acids, and escharotics, or else their removal by the ligature or the knife.

"The pendulous or sessile wart, which is connected with the integuments by a small foot-stalk, is readily removable by the application of a liga-

ture of horse-hair or waxed silk thrown around and drawn tight, and secured with a surgeon's knot. When deprived of the access of blood, by which its vitality is sustained, the wart will gradually shrivel up and separate. If there should afterwards appear any remains of a root, it must be touched with nitrate of silver until destroyed, for if any portion remain, the wart is certain to be reproduced.

"The caustic alkalies may be frequently applied for the removal of the round and flat warts, but they will not always be successful. The best treatment is to cut the wart as close as possible without giving pain, and, while yet bleeding, freely to rub the lunar caustic on it. This operation is to be repeated, until the whole is entirely destroyed. In some cases nitric acid may be used instead of the nitrate of silver, but great care is requisite in using either of these escharotics, when the wart is seated near or upon a joint, where the skin is thin, as considerable mischief may follow their indiscriminate application."

A concluding chapter on the management of the feet abounds in useful suggestions. Mr. Durlacher recommends that care be taken to have the stockings of proper length; he thinks if they could be made like gloves, with a separate place for each toe, corns might be entirely prevented. Shoes should always be a size larger than the foot. The feet should be washed every day. Here are some

HINTS TO SPORTSMEN.

"Sportsmen, during the shooting season, ought to wear woollen stockings, and change them daily; the shoes should be made right and left, and to fit firmly over the instep and round the ankle, so as to prevent the foot from slipping about in them; the soles ought to be considerably thicker than are usually made, with a full tread, and the waist narrow: the outside should not be too much twisted, but he made straight until above the little toe, and then shaped to the foot; the upper leather should be very pliable and soft, lined throughout (instead of the usual narrow pieces pressing on the toes) and properly fitted, so as not to have any ridges or uneven surface. If the shoes can be depended on as waterproof, it would be preferable.

"The foot of the stocking, as far up as the ankle, should be well rubbed over with common yellow soap, to prevent the feet from being chafed or galled. Stockings thus prepared ought to be worn constantly during the season. Half-a-dozen pairs may be prepared at once, so as to have them always in readiness. When the stockings are changed in the evening, of course the clean ones should be worn without soap.

"After the day's fatigue, the feet should be kept for ten or fifteen minutes in hot water, in which two large handfuls of salt have been previously dissolved, then wiped thoroughly dry, and well rubbed with Eau de Cologne, brandy, or other spirit."

We now close Mr. Durlacher's volume, which we can commend to all who have a painful interest in any of the topics it treats so sensibly.

